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HOGG'S

WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME II.—NEW SERIES.

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HOGG'S

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THE 'OLD HEAVY.'

A COMPANION TO THE 'OLD LEITH SMACK.'

Some time ago, we gave our reminiscences of bygone travelling in our experience of an 'old Leith smack.' There was another means of transit, not indeed subject to so many uncertainties, not so much a vehicle of variety, yet by no means deficient in interest or amusement. It presented, indeed, not unfrequently a brief epitome of human life, and drew forth a sufficient amount of character and incident to entertain, if not to instruct. True, there is something flat in the 'dull tame shore,' when contrasted with the freshness of the bright blue sea; but you may still go to sea even in a Leith smack, if you list, while an 'old heavy' is so perfectly a thing of the past, that it is quite certain that you will never put your foot in one.

An 'old heavy,' my tender juvenile reader, was a sort of stage-coach, the genuine description of which as *heavy* was peculiarly apposite, but the particular species of which sometimes rejoiced in such titles as the 'Dispatch,' the 'Bath Fly,' the 'Rocket'—a kind of legal, or rather conventional fiction—a playful delusion common to all ages since man first began to impose upon himself and his fellow-creatures. The 'old heavies' tea'd and dinner'd at the regular houses, and the passengers regularly walked up the heavy hills, which seemed to have been left for the pure purpose of accommodating the heavy coaches; our ancestors always preferring to go straight over a hill rather than to avoid or cut it; just like an obstinate man, who must have his own way *in* his own way, when everybody knows that you may get your own way with great ease by a little compliance. The coachmen and guards were as heavy in their way as the coaches, for they were clothed in so many heavy coats that it seemed as hard to get at their real man as it is to find the inner bulb of an onion, from which you may strip off coat after coat *ad infinitum*, as the gravedigger used to do in the tragedy of 'Hamlet.' What an operation it was for an old heavy guard to lock the wheel! an operation performed, too, at the prospect of every little declivity. He was not going to endanger himself, like the degenerate guards of modern Tallyhoes or Taglionis, by getting down as the coach was going on. The only danger that he underwent was that of a fit of apoplexy in the violent and convulsive efforts he made to extricate himself from the chasm between the coach and the coach-wheel, where you expected him to stick for ever. After the lapse of some seconds and a terrific struggle, occasioned by the driver's frantic attempts to back his hard-mouthed horses, you heard a clanking of chains, such as was supposed in our younger days to be sacred to ghosts and goblins: a distant parley ensued between the two deliberate officials, in which the demerits of some grey mare, or the vices of some roan filly fell indistinctly upon the ears of us outsiders, who were snugly ensconced behind the luggage; and at length the guard's jolly purple face slowly emerged from behind the back of the coach, rising like the sun when he looks so brandy-faced and dissipated in a frosty fog, and with a deliberate 'all right,' we were off again.

But we have anticipated. Let us go back to breakfast, and set fairly out for a long, though not, we hope, a tedious journey. Talk of travelling now-a-days! Why, you cannot get a good day's ride in the length, much less the breadth, of this great little island. You are seldom, if ever, obliged to get up before your ordinary time, or to undergo the adventure of shivering for an hour in a cold coach-office, in those chilly little hours that precede the dawn of day. What a service of danger, and *of course of glory*, it was to shave yourself with a shaking hand, by a flickering candle—danger indeed! when you were answerable for your own blood. We have bolted a scalding cup of coffee in the intervals of dressing. The 'old heavy' will no doubt stop to breakfast, but not for some hours, so it is best to be fortified within. The streets are silent and deserted, but the inn-yard even at this early hour is busy enough. Porters and passengers, coachmen and guards, ostlers and helpers, all the multitudinous nondescripts of a great hotel, especially the ambiguous individuals that form the 'tail' of 'boots,' are astir. We have clambered up to the hind seat of the coach—we confess to the *outside*. An author's luggage is soon stowed away, and his pocket was seldom too heavy to prevent his getting on to the roof of an 'old heavy.' You see, in those days there was some little feeling of superiority in the *insiders*. They did not mix freely at dinner with the outsiders. There was a kind of first-class feeling—of course extinct in these days—a sort of caste, which was subsequently worn down by the splendour of the quick coaches, those dashing equipages which baronets deigned to drive, and upon the box of which lords and members of parliament loved to ride. There was, we say, a sentiment of superiority among the insiders, and you see, little dears—for to such of our readers we address ourselves as are only learning the black-letter alphabet of the great world's grammar—you see, little dears, there are no degrees and distinctions in human life so petty and minute but there are found human souls petty and minute enough to take a pride in them. Do you perceive that little papilionaceous biped—that majestic specimen of the *genus homo*, he will furnish us with a specimen and an illustration.

'Giard, have I got a *hinside* place in the Prince of Wales?'

'What name, sir, if *you* please.'

'Julius Augustus Mountstewart.'

'No, sir, no sich name in the vay-bill.'

'Perdition! how is that—I sent my servant——'

'Oh, here you are—'*Outside* place—prefers the box—to be took up at the corner of Somerville Street. Pound to pay.''

'*Outside!* I can't possible ride outside! I told my fellow, as plain as I could speak, an *inside* place.'

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'Ah well, then, you see, sir, he turned his *inside* out.' So spake the guard, chuckling at his own small wit, and the dandy's great folly; but the latter continued grumbling audibly, and consigning his *fellow* to everlasting destruction; for there were four bright eyes looking at him out of the coach-window. And does the little dandy think that such bright eyes cannot see through his shallow devices? Must it not strike every one that if he had a *fellow* he would not be carrying his own portmanteau, to say nothing of bespeaking the box? There is nothing more amusing than to see one of these simpletons trying to impose upon the natural shrewdness and good sense of women, in whose estimation he thinks himself unrivalled, while their natural politeness alone prevents the manifestation of that contempt which is reigning in their heart of hearts. Our dandy fretted and fumed for some time before he 'clomb' to the box, so evidently *acting a part* that he deceived no one but himself, which he did in the idea that he was deceiving everybody. And for what did this genius forfeit all respect?—the paltry imposition, had it been successful, that he kept a *fellow*, and ought to have had an inside place. Such, however, is the common fate of affectation—as unsuccessful as it is contemptible. Paha! for a man to pretend to *be* something that he cannot be, to *do* something that he cannot do—to impose upon one for the sake of the imposition. Affectation makes one so indignant—it is such an insult to one's common sense—so direct an affront to one's understanding! Well, 'tis of no use for an old fellow to put himself in a pet; but, my little dears, always act naturally, artlessly—be something, anything, but do not affect to be what you are not.

Here is another sort of being—a different, but not a better specimen of humanity—an old fellow, buttoned up to the throat with a comforter to cherish his chin, and a Welsh wig to keep his ears warm. There is something about the set of his square lip and the form of his pursed-up brow, that seems to speak of dogged selfishness. To be sure, one ought not to judge in such matters, but it does seem as *hard* a face as we have seen. The man appears an impersonation of selfishness. So we thought, and so he proved. He only pauses to call his nephew an ass for exposing his chest to the night-air, then, squaring his shoulders to secure as much room in the coach as he can, disappears into that vehicle, followed by his reckless relation.

We are all right at last—the young widow and her little girl next to us—the rest of the passengers, all seal-skin and oil-skin—the guard, opposite to us, blowing, not a keyed-bugle, but an old-fashioned horn, at the hazard of bursting a blood-vessel. The young widow presses down her child's head as we clear the gateway, though she forgets to stoop herself, and, moreover, there is a pile of luggage high enough to protect the head of an Irish giant; and the little blue-eyed fairy clings to my leg, as we turn out of the inn-yard, the coach giving a lurch to leeward on the broken paving, enough to break the springs or overturn anything but an 'old heavy.'

By the time that we had got quite clear of London, the dull, mysterious light of early dawn was beginning to display the features of the country. That cold, livid glimmer, which begins to chequer the east, was revealing the forms of clouds that had been sailing unseen over our heads. Dark masses of trees, and light patches of building came out in the grey morning, and the straggling lamps looked impertinent and obtrusive as they 'began to pale their ineffectual fires.' As we get farther on, we find that there are swelling meads and hedgerow-trees, as green and fresh as when we were a boy, though they were dark enough just now: and there are prattling brooks and silent rivulets, just as there were before *we* lived in London, and positively *they* have not grown older; and the lark, we see, is just as early a riser though other folks are not. It is still a cold, grey, cheerless prospect though; the very look of it makes one button the top button, for all the crimson streaks with which the eastern clouds are wrinkled. But here it comes!—here comes the first warm smile of the sun, and now we find that the bushes are not dropping with dew, as we had supposed, but glittering with diamonds, and the rivulet is not dull lead but virgin silver; and everything is so light, and bright, and joyous, that our very spirit seems to sing within us, making melody in our heart unto God. That one first ray of the sun has done it all. It is like the light of heaven bursting on the soul—the day-spring from on high—the one pure gleam of *faith*, that expands in holy hope, and expatiates in cheerful charity, and sheds a glow of heaven upon earthly things. It is the one cold world that it was before that same ray of faith penetrated into the darkest recesses of the soul; the same dull everyday objects of sense are around us, but we see them *in a new light*. And so it is with the first sunbeam that makes even this flat tame common, upon which we are entering, so beautiful. But we are getting on no faster than an 'old heavy.' We must not be so discursive, or we shall never reach our journey's end. Besides, everybody knows what a sunrise is. To be sure, you are quite right, beloved reader, but then there is deep philosophy in being pleased with trifles. Our little friend is laughing at the shadow of the coach with its long spindle-shaped wheels, and the horses with queer lanky legs stretching half over the common.

Our guard was at once a most patronising and good-tempered personage. He was evidently on the best terms with all the pretty barmaids, the knowing hostlers, and deliberate pikemen on the road—on the best terms also with a greater man, *himself*. He obviously considered a guardship the summit of human glory. Had he been one of *the* guards—'the guards' themselves, instead of an indefinite article on an 'old heavy' coach, he could not have held his head higher. His vanity, however, was consistent with the purest kindliness. There was, indeed, something inexpressibly condescending in the familiar nod, the passing smile, with which, from his exalted position, he recognised his acquaintances; but it was a kindly condescension fitted to hurt no man's feelings. Stablemen, toll-keepers, pretty barmaids (no, not the barmaids) were made to keep their distance, but that distance was signified in the blandest and most benignant manner. The claims of coachmen to a certain extent of familiarity were indeed admitted; but then we shrewdly suspect a latent sentiment lurking in our friend's bosom, that coachmen were comparatively ephemeral officials, dignitaries of an hour. In his demeanour towards them, there seemed something like the haughty kindness with which hereditary rank looks down upon elected greatness. Evidently the *change* of coachmen was a great derogation from their dignity. Why, had he been one of 'the guards' themselves he must have been *changed* every day at St James's; so you see, after all, he might think 'old heavy' guards the greatest order of men, and perhaps himself the greatest of 'old heavy' guards. Well, well, hold thy faith, honest friend—it pleases thee, and does us no harm. Our guard had a *heart*, my friend, and that's the thing to make up for many a little bit of vanity. Our guard had a heart, as you will see. We began to suspect it, from the care which he took to procure straw for the little girl's feet; and when he refused a fee from two boys, because they were going back to school, we knew it. The boys were set down, about nine o'clock, at Dr Ladcane's Academy, East Oldhambury. We remember the hour and the place, because from them we date our intimacy with the guard, which has lasted all the rest of his life, up to this time, when he is a very old and a very decrepit man, the lodge-keeper at Fairfield Park, which easy office, we are proud to say, we procured for him. Well, sir, when the guard got up again at Dr Ladcane's gate, we began to gossip with him; and many an amusing incident—yea, perils by 'flood and field,' did he relate. One hairbreadth escape, especially, interested our friend the little girl, who made great eyes upon the occasion. During a very serious winter's flood, a bridge, by which they had to pass, had been swept away. There was nobody but himself and the coachman, and the latter feared to face the danger; but he, having the sacred charge of his majesty's mails (another dignity, you see) he determined to try a ford somewhat farther down. He mounted

one of the horses, rode on, and took the stream. The turbid water came roaring down like a rapid. Midway from shore to shore, the horse lost footing, tried to swim, but could not stem the current, rolled over, and lost its rider. There was he, swept on by the impetuous tide, sometimes head above sometimes under water, until he struck against the arch of a bridge. The water was so high, that he was carried against the very keystone, and, fixing his grasp upon the brickwork above, he clung for dear life. There he was, with strength of body and presence of mind enough to hold on with his hands, though his legs were sucked under by the insidious water. He could not have resisted the downdraught many seconds, but happily he had been seen by some rustics, who succeeded in dragging him on to the bridge, which was then entire, though it afterwards crumbled under the rising waters like a cottage of clay. So he was saved, but it cost him a fearful struggle, to say nothing of his finger-nails. The widow winced as ladies do when they hear something that sets their teeth on edge, and the little girl looked at his fingers, to see if the nails were grown again.

'Stop here half an hour to breakfast.' Half an hour, reader!—these were days for you!—none of your boiling tea or scalding coffee, at a five-minute refreshment-room. To be sure, in a refreshment-room the young ladies' ringlets are worth half the money, and the half-hour was too often a pleasant fallacy, well nigh expended in putting an 'old heavy' breakfast upon the table; but if you did get your time, think what a deal of eating and drinking might be done in half an hour! A stage-coach passenger's meal was always a sad scene of selfishness. Disposed to make the most of a short time, and freed from the ordinary rules of etiquette, everybody seemed desirous to do what is expressed by that nasty Yankee phrase 'go ahead.' It was every man for himself, no matter for the other half of the proverb. We are, alas! all selfish, too selfish. What, then, must he be who is generally pointed at by such selfish beings as a selfish man? Such was the old fellow in the Welsh wig and comforter. To save his own time, he set the waiters at once to carve for him whatever he might want. He eyed everything you took as if he thought that *your* gain must be *his* loss. He scowled upon you when you reached for anything beside him, in such a sort that you almost expected a growl like that of a snarling cur when you remove a bone that he cannot pick because he has got another in his mouth. Then the coffee was thick, the tea was thin, the eggs were hard, the fowls were tough, the ham was lean, the beef was fat. We are not for a man putting up with everything that may be imposed upon him; he ought to resist aggression, on public as well as personal grounds, and when we pay a good price we are entitled to a good article; but there was a great deal, and there is not a little, of the paltry spirit of grumbling for the sake of grandeur. Men seem to think that it looks big to find fault, and that by so doing they exalt themselves in the eyes of others. They are egregiously mistaken. It will immediately occur to a man of common sense, what is good enough for *me* is good enough for *you*, unless, indeed, you claim to be a very superior being, which wounds one's pride. Besides, *your* censure is an oblique sneer on *my* silence, and here again one's *amour propre* is injured; so, for both causes, down goes the grumbler in one's esteem fifty per cent below par. The old man's nephew, Charles, was quite a contrast to his uncle; but of him more anon. The little dandy in the cutaway coat, who has been perched upon the box like a Tomtit upon a rail, has now an opportunity to show off. He has been holding the reins whenever the coachman got down, to show his coachmanship—holding the reins, at the hazard of being pulled off his perch by the mere shaking of the horses' heads. He now swears at the breakfast in a most manly style—swearing, you know, is manly in the estimation of some bipeds—he vows that there is nothing on the table fit to eat, calls tea and coffee wishy-washy stuff at any rate, and orders a glass of ale and a biscuit, which, as the ladies whisper audibly to one another, come cheaper. At this, the discomfited dandy affects an air of indifference and walks away. The old fellow, having been caught in an undignified attempt to pocket a portion of a fowl, swears that the fowls are not eatable, and pays his money with a growl. We return to our posts, and are off again.

We can hardly persuade ourselves that it is not afternoon, though the dial of the old red brick church gives us the lie. We have been up so many hours that it ought to be afternoon; and as the sun gets high, and the day hot, we take an afternoon's nap in the morning. The guard, too, gets drowsy, and begins butting at us with his head in a most terrific manner. We are really half afraid that this human battering-ram will knock us off the coach; but he suddenly wakes up, looks very wise and very dignified, and pleasantly informs the party that he was nearly asleep. Before many minutes have elapsed, he is as sound as ever again, but this time his tendency to fall takes a lateral direction, and he nods over the side of the coach in a way that threatens every time to destroy his equilibrium. We, indeed, know that he is too old a hand to be in any danger; but the young widow utters a faint exclamation at every pitch, and the little girl pinches our calf in an agony of apprehension. Drawing off the child's attention from the danger of the guard, by playfully telling her to count how many legs of mutton she sees in the meadows, we address ourselves to the young widow, and, with the skill of a surgeon carefully probing a wound, dive into the sorrows of her wounded heart. None of your nonsense, ladies—we are a married man, the father of a family. It is a curious thing that the state of widowhood, of all states and conditions in the wide world, should have become a theme for light-hearted satire, and that even among modern writers, who are so much distinguished for *feeling*. We know it is all in jest, and ought to be taken in good part. Well, we are the last to quarrel with a little badinage, and we love modern authors for their heart's sake; but we sometimes think there is somewhat too much of this. There is indeed a fashion in these things: old maids and old bachelors are seldom out of fashion as subjects of merriment—married people had their day, and if you look into old comedies, a wretchedly dirty day you will find it to have been—but now widows seem to have their turn again, a worse turn than any of them. Of course, there are exceptions. We believe the widow of Ephesus to have been one of them, and these exceptions seem to countenance your jests; but, generally speaking, what an object for one's tenderest sympathies, and blandest courtesies, and most charitable constructions, is a widow! If she has been bereaved late in life, when years of kindly intercourse and common everyday attentions have formed themselves into habit, what a vacuum in her existence! Who is there to care with her and for her in the way she has been accustomed to? who to gossip with her upon every event of her everyday life? who to talk of old times? —her children. Oh, if she has children it is Heaven's own alleviation; but still they are grown up, they are naturally and necessarily looking out for themselves, they are busy in the world, and cannot enter into the thoughts and feelings of declining age. And should she have been bereaved in early life, when the affections are most powerful—when early love is blighted, and early attachments torn asunder—when the prospect of coming years is suddenly blasted, can you conceive the bitterness of her spirit? Here again we say that children are a blessing. True, they are left upon the wide waste of the world, bereft of a father's (an earthly father's) care; and manifold anxieties on their account are to be endured; but, we might even ask, are these manifold anxieties, when weighed in the true balance of wisdom, intrinsically evil? have they not diverted that drooping spirit into energy and exertion, and given those harrowed affections somewhat to expand upon, and produced an amount of happiness immeasurably to outweigh the cold comfort of diminished worldly anxiety? But, childless or not, what is there in the condition of a young widow on which to hang a jest? While these thoughts have been passing in our mind, our companion has been telling us a very common, but a very touching tale of sorrow and disappointment. Positively there is nothing to

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repeat. Wasted energies, heart-crushing anxieties, cruel disappointments, blighting and destroying the vigour of a man, and bringing him down to the grave: while the meeker and more yielding spirit of a woman has bowed, and bent, and survived the tempest. This is really so commonplace a thing that we cannot insult the reader with the repetition of it: but had he heard, as we did, the relation of poverty, and anxiety, and distress, drawn out, not obtruded, from those lips, and seen those gentle pensive eyes swimming in tears, he might have wished, as we did, that the young widow had been a little poorer, so that we could have offered her a pound—a little elder or a little younger, so that we might have had more to say to her. We did the best thing under the circumstances that could be done—we stooped down, to hide our emotion, and caressed the child.

We are now passing through a country town—an old English country town, with its dark red brick, long-roofed, queer-shaped houses, all angles and gables, some of them a step down, instead of a step up, from the pavement. As we turn the corner of the street, we expect to be pitched into the saddler's first-floor window, with its great heavy frames, and little latticed lozenge-shaped panes of green glass. The market-place, a long roof upon massive stone pillars, is before us; and under it a group of gammers in red cloaks, and gaffers in grey coats, and rustics in smock-frocks, forming, amid the fresh green and gay tints of vegetables, no mean bit of colour. Our little companion is laughing to see the coach, no bigger than Queen Mab's, and upside down too, careering in three great coloured bottles, as we pass the druggist's window. But if we are amused to see the people, much more are they interested in our appearance. The cobbler has cast down his awl, and the tailor is off his board in a twinkling; the smith's forge has ceased to roar, his bellows to sigh; heads are poked out from hutch doors, and appear from all odd corners and outlets of the sloping roofs. Some espials, indeed, are more covertly made. Betty comes out with the key on her finger, evidently bent on some household errand, and not to nod and simper at the guard; and her young mistress is plucking off the dead leaves of the geraniums in the window—the last thing in her thoughts being stage-coach passengers, the last object in the world to see and be seen. Even old granny has wiped her glasses and perched them upon her nose as we pass, while the little chubby cherub on her knee is flattening his nose, for which there is no occasion, against the window-pane, to catch the last glimpse of us.

After passing through the little market-town, we observed with some dismay that the clouds had assumed a very ominous appearance. The gleams of watery sunshine were faint and few, and those ugly-looking masses of cloud that appear of spectral whiteness against a dark stormy sky, were stalking, like giant ghosts, upon the horizon. The dust and straw began to form little playful whirls upon the road, and other equally significant prognostics gave notice of the coming change of weather. Nor were they false predictions. In a little time it came. The rain began in that sober, settled, determined way, which seemed to say, 'I am not to be put off my purpose—I am no transient, insignificant shower—I am going to rain in earnest, and will have my rain out.' We were soon steaming under the treacherous canopy of cotton umbrellas. We say treacherous, because, when you think you are all snug, you suddenly find that your right arm, or your left knee, or some other outlying spot, is getting the full benefit of the storm; or, what is worse, your neighbour is directing a gentle jet into your neck, or round the brim of your hat, or into your greatcoat pocket. The mountain of luggage, too, behind which we were sitting, like other mountains, gathered the rain on its summit; and in every gulley and ravine, that is, every crease and fold of the tarpaulin, sent down little mountain-torrents to the seat whereon we sat—a particularly agreeable phenomenon, redolent of rheumatism, and one from which all the art of the umbrella-maker cannot pretend to defend you. In short, it was not long before we were all wet through.

'Hold hard, Tom! hold hard!' exclaimed the guard, holding hard by the strap, and bawling until he was black in the face.

'What's the start?' cried the coachman, pulling up with might and main.

'Jist you hold hard a minute will'ee;' and down got our friend. 'You couldn't make room for a little girl, could'ee?' said he, opening the coach-door; 'she'll be very small, and uncommon wet.'

'We're not going to have wet people crammed into the coach,' quoth old Welsh wig.

'Well, but, sir, it's enough to give the poor little thing her death of cold.'

'We cannot help that; we might catch our death o' cold by letting her in. Shut the door, my man—shut the door; don't you see how the rain's coming in.'

'Well, if ever I see the like o' that. You're a great *I* without ever a dot to it howsomever.'

'Don't you be saucy, fellow,' said Welsh wig, importantly.

'No fellow of yourn, master, that's one comfort; leastaways only a fellow-creature, which you don't seem to care about.'

'That's right, my man; you have saved me some silver at the journey's end by your impertinence.'

'Thank'ee kindly, sir. Some people do a deal of business in that way; but keep the fee, and I'll—think it out.'

'Now, Joe,' quoth the coachman, 'what's to be done?'

'Only an old gentleman as is so wery kind that I cannot get away. Maybe he'll order you a glass of grog to keep the cold out.' And the guard slammed the door, saying the door might be slammed, or something very like it. Before he could re-ascend, however, the window went down, and away went the guard's hat into the coach. 'Hallo! what's the go?' cried that official, and immediately a head was protruded from the window, with his hat upon it, and a face of irresistible comicality. 'Well, if ever I see the like of that,' quoth the guard.

'You haven't even a little girl that you could hand in here have'e?' said a voice, admirably imitating that of the guard; 'she may be very small, but she must be uncommon wet;' and instantly a fashionable round hat was crushed down upon the guard's bullet head. All this was done so quickly that we were quite bewildered; but the thing was soon explained, for, the coach-door flying open, out came the old fellow's nephew with a bound. 'Hand down that little live bundle,' he cried. 'Make haste—with care—right side upwards.' The child was lowered down, and deposited in a corner of the coach, and the youngster came up among us. '*All right!*' cried the guard, very emphatically, and the impatient coachman was allowed to proceed. As he did so, the window was again let down, and out came the old gentleman's head. 'Charles, you're a fool,' exclaimed he to his nephew. 'Thank'ee kindly, uncle,' was the reply, and away we went.

By this move we got one of the merriest, most hearty companions we ever met with, and he is always the same. He dines with us, to this day, once a fortnight, and on the alternate week we dine with him.

Talking of dinner, we performed that diurnal duty conscientiously enough—a duty, by the way, which few neglect who can help it—at the Red Lion at Overferry. We dare say you know the house. As the weather was now fine, the little girl came out again to her mamma, but Charles did not vacate his post, for he said the party inside was rather slow, and there was no need for that in an 'old heavy.' When we got the little girl up again, the mirth and fun grew fast and furious. Charles played the clarionet upon his nose—the flute upon his fingers—drew corks out of his thumb—had humming-bees in his gloves, and buzzing-flies in his pocket handkerchief; and a hundred other antics did he devise to divert her. You may be pretty sure of a man who puts his wits to work to amuse children. Our little friend was in a paroxysm of pleasure, in which her mother of course participated. The funny gentleman was at the highest pinnacle of honour and glory, and all went 'merry as a marriage-bell;' but as in the jour-

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ney of life so in that of an 'old heavy;' human joy is subject to manifold interruptions. We had now got down amid the rough stone walls, and sharp pitching hills, and white eye-insulting roads, of Oxfordshire, where the trees are few and far between, and the water by the wayside, after a heavy shower, looks like milk and water, because there is more chalk than cheese in that part of the country. The guard had got down to lock the wheel, and, having resumed his seat, seized with the infection of hilarity, and being urged thereto by our humming an air from the Creation, was favouring us with a portion of 'bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,' when, as the locked wheel went ploughing up the road down the sharp declivity, crash! went a chain of the skid, and the ponderous iron mass came round with the released wheel, revolving at the extent of its chain with the fury of a thunderbolt. It narrowly missed a man's head, which it must have smashed, as it did the lid of a box which overhung the roof of the coach. The guard pulled us all to the side farthest away, and fortunate it was that he did so, for at the next revolution of the wheel the ponderous missile so strangely attached to it, smashed a part of the seat. The child and its mother uttered piercing shrieks; scared with this and the crash of the revolving skid, the horses became restive; the driver tried to pull them up, but the sudden impetus of the released wheel had urged them on. Of all the coach accidents that it was ever our fate to witness, this was the most remarkable and the most appalling; and, what is singular—though a few seconds only could have elapsed in its continuance, and all was terror and confusion, every incident is distinctly impressed upon our memory. It was a scene of such painful interest that it seems to have affected the mind, like one of those vivid dreams which pourtray the events of years in a few seconds. The skid now getting more intricately involved in the wheel, did not revolve with it, but we could positively hear the crash of the spokes, knowing that the destruction of the wheel must consummate our fate. Meanwhile the splinter bars were dashing against the flanks of the horses; the pace was every instant becoming accelerated down the declivity; the 'old heavy' was rocking more and more every moment, like a ship rolling in a cross sea; and at length, while the guard intreated us all to sit still, and threw his bulky body before the child, over we went, with the fury of an avalanche. Of all the scenes of confusion that ever we witnessed, that was one of the greatest; shrieks and shouts, added to the plunging of the horses, the breaking of glass, the lamentations of the wounded, the cries for help, all was consternation. As soon as we could distinguish anything, we found that we had been shot over a low wall, on to the back of an old cow, who, having broke my fall, revenged herself for the fright that we had given her by rising suddenly and pitching us over her head; while one of our fellow-passengers was sitting opposite to us, doubled up in a ditch, with a portmanteau on his chest, and a hare round his neck. The next person whom we saw was the widow, on her feet, running about looking after her child, though a thin stream of blood was oozing down her own fair cheek. 'There is not very much the matter with the mother at least,' thought we, and as the child was saved by falling on the rotund corporation of the guard, *she* was more frightened than hurt. The widow pressed her child to her bosom in an agony of *joy*. She was dreadfully agitated when she saw a spot of blood upon the little one's brow, but when she found that it came from her own cheek, she did not care for it. Having felt all our limbs, to ascertain that we had got the right number, we went to help the man in the ditch: he was a good deal bruised by the portmanteau, but had no bones broken. The guard, too, had escaped with some severe contusions, but a man beside him had his leg broken, and was lying insensible in the road. In front, the little dandy, being so light, had been pitched right over the horses' heads; but, alighting on his head on a *soft* place, had sustained little injury. The coachman, however, had received some ghastly wounds, the luggage having been thrown forward upon him. All this time we had lost our friend Charles, but at length we saw him at a little distance, dragging his leg heavily after him, while his arm hung down like the wing of a hurt wild-fowl. He made a feeble attempt to smile when he saw me, and tried to jest; but it would not do, and he sank down upon the side of the road, exhausted and insensible. His uncle, too, was the only inside passenger badly hurt. Had he kept his seat, like the rest, he might also have escaped; but when he found the catastrophe about to approach he must needs open the door, and endeavour to get out. The consequence was, that when the coach went over he was badly cut with the window, his collar-bone was broken, and he was otherwise seriously injured. It happened that the accident occurred near to the few straggling cottages that constitute the hamlet of Whitethorn. To this place the sufferers were conveyed, and every attention paid to them that the case required. It chanced that the young widow lived not above half a mile from the place; she had requested to be set down there, but had been thus rudely set down a little too soon. She now sent for her old mother—a poor, but very worthy woman—to bring lint, and lotions, and what not, for the sufferers. A surgeon was soon in attendance, and every assistance rendered; so that when we left them next day, we were satisfied that no fatal result, at least, was likely to ensue.

Having settled our business in the west, we returned in about a month, and found Charles, his arm in a sling, sitting in the sun at the cottage-door, playing with the child, whose name, he told us in confidence, was Euphemia. We found the old gentleman still in bed, in a weakly condition, and the young widow giving him his medicine. We learned from Charles that his selfishness had been quite subdued by her unwearied attention, and that he could not bear to have her out of his sight. We left them with many good wishes, and promises of correspondence; and what do you think was the next thing we heard about them? You would never guess, so we may as well tell you—why, that Charles had married the young widow, the old gentleman having quickened their courtship by telling his nephew that he had half a mind to have her himself. Now, you would hardly believe this if it wasn't in print. As hinted above, we are now old friends. Charles beats us at cribbage, but we think we have the better of him at draughts and backgammon. IOTA.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

INTRODUCTION.

[A pack of old and young hounds.]

'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.'—*Solomon.*

'Be merry, man! and take not far in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow!
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blithe in heart for any aventure;
For oft with wysure* it has been said aforrow†
Without gladness availis no trèsure.

Follow on pity; fly trouble and debate;
With famous folkis hold thy company;
Be charitable, and humble in thine estate,
For worldly honour lastis but a cry;
For trouble in earth take no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor:
Who lives merry, he lives mightily:
Without gladness availis no treasure.'—*Dunbar's 'Golden Terge.'*

'There are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become the one happy and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different view in which they consider things, persons, and events, and the effect of those different views upon their minds. In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences. Those who are disposed to be happy, fix their attention on the conveniences of things—the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines or the fineness of the weather; while those who are disposed to be unhappy, think and

* Wisdom. † Before.

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speak only of the contraries. Hence, they are continually discontented themselves, and, by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied; but, as the disposition to criticise and to be disgusted is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is unawares grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured when those who have it are convinced of its bad effect on their felicity, I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes; for as many are offended by, and nobody loves this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them, which is always disagreeable and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.'—*Franklin.*

'Nothing can be more wretched than a restless roving mind, which a vain curiosity spurs on to endless searches; ransacking, as the poet says, the bowels of the earth and the infernal regions; and who must always be prying into his neighbour's thoughts, not aware that true felicity is only to be found at home, by attending on his own mind, that divine intellect which is within him, and paying to it the service which its nature requires. That service is to preserve it clear of passion and inconsiderateness, and discontentment with anything that happens.'—*Marcus Antoninus, the Roman emperor.*

'The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variableness of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world, but such a desponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination. Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life—a temper which keeps the man always in alarm, disposes him to judge of everything in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and, at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good, and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents, should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.'—*The Rambler, No.* 29.

'Though the boast of absolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulse, and a patient submission to the tyranny of casual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boasts its derivation from a celestial original, and hopes for a union with infinite goodness, and unvariable felicity.'—*Ib., No.* 6.

'Know thyself. Command thyself. Govern thy anger. Apply thyself to discipline. What thou knowest, do. Enjoy what thou possessest. Be not troubled upon every occasion.'—*Precepts of the Seven Sophists.*

'The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom of the God of nature, in whose hand are richness and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, life and death.'

'The tow'ring summit of Olympus knows
Nor raging hurricanes nor hoary snows;
But high, in the superior skies, is seen,
Above the clouds, eternally serene:
While, at its steady foot, the rushing rain
And rattling thunders spend their force in vain:—
So, the just man, disdaining all control,
In perfect peace preserves his steady soul:
Always himself, nought can his virtue move,
Nor is he sway'd by hatred or by love.'—*Claudian.*

'His ready smile a parent's warmth expreat;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distreat;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven,
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'—*Goldsmith.*

'There are more disorders of the mind than of the body, and of a more dangerous nature; for these very disorders are the more offensive, because they belong to the mind, and disturb that; and the mind, when disordered, is, as Ennius saith, in a constant error—it can neither bear nor endure anything, and is under the perpetual influence of desires. Now, what disorders can be worse to the body than these two distempers of the mind (for I overlook others)—weakness and desires?'—*Cicero's 'Tusculan Disputations.'*

'All things whatsoever may be divided into two sorts; those that are, and those that are not in our power. Of the former sort are our opinions and notions of things, our affections, our desires, and our aversions; and, in short, all our actions of every kind are in our power. Of the latter, are the body, riches, glory, magistracies, and, in a word, whatever is not our own proper action.—*Chap.* 1.

The things in our own power, are in their own nature free, not capable of being countermanded or hindered; but those that are not in our power are feeble, servile, liable to opposition, and not ours but another's.—*Chap.* 2.

Remember, then, that if you mistake those things for free which nature hath made servile, and fancy that your own which is indeed another's, you shall be sure to meet with many hindrances and disappointments, much trouble and great distractions, and continually be finding fault both with gods and men.—*Chap.* 3.

Trouble not yourself with wishing that things may be just as you would have them, but be well pleased they should be just as they are, and then you will live easy.—*Chap.* 13.

Upon every fresh accident, turn your eyes inward, and examine how you are qualified to encounter it. If labour and difficulty come in your way, you will find a remedy in hardiness and resolution. If you lie under the obloquy of an ill tongue, patience and meekness are the proper fence against it. And thus, if you do but prepare and use yourself by degrees, no accident whatever will be able to surprise or subdue you.—*Chap.* 14.

If you desire that your wife and children and friends may never die, this is a senseless wish; for you would have what is not your own to be in your own power, and would dispose of that which is another's. But if you will needs be wishing, and would wish so as not to be disappointed, this may be done, and, therefore, the best way is to practise upon that which is in our own power.—*Chap.* 19.

It is the peculiar quality, and a character of an undisciplined man, and a man of the world, to expect no advantage, and to apprehend no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him: whereas the philosopher, quite contrary, looks only inward, and apprehends no good or evil can happen to him, but from himself alone.—*Chap.* 72.

The first and most useful topic in philosophy is the

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moral part, which teaches men their duty; as, for instance, that they should not lie: the second is the demonstrative part, which gives us infallible proofs of it, and shows us evident reasons wherefore we ought not to lie: the third is the distinguishing and argumentative part, which instructs us what a demonstration is, and how this in the case before us is one—what is a consequence, what a contradiction, what is true, and what is false. Now, from hence it is plain, that the last of these is subservient to the second; that the second is subordinate to the first; and that the first is the most important and necessary point of all—that which all our studies should be directed to, and wherein they should all centre and rest at last. But we quite invert this order. The third employs most of our time and pains, and the first is not thought worth either; so that, by a strange absurdity, we commit the crime, and at the same time value ourselves exceedingly for being able to demonstrate beyond all contradiction, that we ought not to do it.'—*Chap.* 78; *The Manual of Epictetus.*

'Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess: that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue. . . .
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.'—*Armstrong.*

'Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long.'—*Goldsmith.*

'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'—*Young.*

'But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied).
This noble end is, to produce the soul:
To show the virtues in their fairest light,
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.'—*Armstrong.*

'We take less pains to be happy than to appear so.'

'The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind than upon any one external circumstance: nay, more than upon all external things put together.'

'The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are nothing in comparison of those inward distresses of mind occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.'

'Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects cannot afford true pleasure, any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system, can promote health.'

[Sportsmen closetted, and Hunt agreed on.]

'One would think,' said Mr Brown to his friend Mr Smith, who had been giving him a long and lugubrious account of some petty annoyance he had been subjected to, and of others which he apprehended, 'that the hubbub and clamour of the nineteenth century should leave neither time nor quiet for dust and cobwebs to get into one's mind. The dark ages would seem to have been the times for that.'

'No doubt,' agreed Mr Smith.

'Their shadows and silence,' continued Mr Brown, 'brought out the bats and owls, and imagination sat and listened till spectres glided by, and spiders crawled into the chambers of human thought, and wove their webs, and caught their flies, and not a mouse stirred to disturb them.'

'Yes, yes, but times are changed.'

'Not quite so.'

'How d'ye make that out?'

'By facts.'

'Where are they?'

'Go and seek them as I did. Look at my finger! It points to a nation of dust and spider-thread, labelled 'Learning and philosophy.''

'It matters not what is in other countries, it is my own I speak of.'

'Plenty of the raw and woven material here too.'

'Where?'

'Everywhere.'

'Easy to make assertions.'

'Not easy to get rid of facts though.'

'Name one.'

'A thousand, were it necessary. I don't speak of the webs of vanity, and cartloads of stuff of all sorts, that are brought to the public markets. I am not prepared to attack that branch of the trade, as it might throw a great many hands idle, and make the roads dangerous; but I speak of the private manufacturer, and of the consumer of his own goods. The craft I know well, and the unprofitable nature of the business and the difficulty of getting out when once in.'

'Speak plainly, man; I am tired of your figures—whom do you mean?'

'The self-tormentor—the destroyer of one's own peace—the maker of one's own misery—the man who mourns for what he has not, and refuses to enjoy what he has—who forgets that he deserves nothing, and should be content with anything—who sees disease in health, and night in the sun, and has always too much or too little of everything—and, as if the present and the past were too small a field to work on, the future is had recourse to, and converted into a swamp of noisome creatures.'

'Very unlikely a man should be so ingenious against himself.'

'Nothing so common, for all that.'

'Do not all people desire to be happy?'

'Yes; but they wont let themselves be happy—they take the pains to be miserable, and they succeed. They think happiness too precious to be found at home, and in the simple pleasures of that table which nature has spread for all. They go abroad to seek it, and expect to find it in what is great and rare and beyond the reach of the multitude, and cannot believe that one can be happy with what is shared in common. They think it is something to be found as one finds a treasure—something lying hidden in a secret place which one stumbles on by accident, not in themselves, but out of themselves, forgetting that

'Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.'

Or as Horace has it—

'Active in indolence abroad we roam
In quest of happiness, which dwells at home;
With vain pursuits fatigued, at length you'll find
No place excludes it from an equal mind.'

'All places,' says Shakspeare, 'that the eye of heaven visits, are to a wise man ports and happy havens.''

'I know those who seek it both ways and don't find it.'

'So do I.'

'Well?'

'There are different ways of seeking; and honey and poison may be extracted from the same flower. The same well will give pleasure and pain to the thirsty man and the mad dog; and some men are not contented with poisoning the wells for themselves, but must needs poison them for others.'

'Your abominable figures—cannot you speak plainly?'

'I'll speak as I please, and particularly because it gives you pain.'

'That looks very like poisoning the wells for others.'

'I thought you did not understand me.'

'That part of it is plain enough; but how a man should poison the wells for himself, is a piece of pure contradiction and absurdity. You need not trouble yourself to explain—I don't want it.'

'You have saved me the trouble.'

'Aye?'

'Yes.'

'How?'

'Because you are at this moment an illustration and proof of my assertion.'

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'What well have I poisoned within myself, pray?'
'Equanimity.'
'Indeed.'
'Yes! I've still my eyesight.'
'And your tongue.'
'And my ears too.'
'And impertinence to boot.'
'And my fists besides.'
'Oho!'
'Aha!'
'Is it there you are?
'It is here I am; I make no pretensions to ubiquity, and as I am my own nearest neighbour, I always act a friendly part toward myself and'——

Will you speak a moment reader at the foot of the page.*

'Personal and relative misery!' reiterated Mr Smith; 'monomania, madness, and hypochondria, say you?'

'Yes,' replied Mr Brown, 'the whole often arise from a man not knowing himself—not taking the trouble to notice a law of mind as common as the sun, and as certain in its operation as the turning of the earth upon its axis. If I whistle a tune for half an hour in the morning, will it not dog me all day, and poke up its snout into every company I enter? and if I repeat the same act or indulge in the same kind of thought for a length of time, can I hinder the law of habit from taking effect? But I will call on you after breakfast to-morrow, and make a round of the patients I have in my eye. Goodbye.'

'Goodbye,' said Mr Smith, rather sulkily, and out of sorts, and took his leave.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CAPON TREE†

Old Capon tree, old Capon tree,
Thou standest telling of the past;
Of Jedworth's forest wild and free
Thou art alone, forsaken, last.
Thou witness of dark ages gone,
Ere time doth lay his scythe to thee,
I fain would know what thou hast known,
Thou sere and timeworn Capon tree.

Jed 'wander'd at its own sweet will'
When thy green spring-time first began;
The wolf's lone howl the glades would fill,
As through their moonlit depths he ran;
The antler'd deer, with ears alert,
Would listen to his deadly foe,
Then bound away, with panting heart,
O'er ridge of oak, through brake of sloe.

Say, didst thou flourish‡ when those bands,
The Eternal City's legion'd ones,
Did strike their prows 'gainst Albyn's sands,
To combat with her savage sons?
And did the breeze, as, passing by,
It whisper'd through thy spreading boughs,
Bear on the Roman battle-cry,
And answering shriek of painted foes?

And did the startled deer upspring
From thy wide top's far-spreading shade;
And did the wild bull's bellow ring
Through forest, scaur, and tangled glade,
As that unwonted battle-cry
The breeze through Jedworth's forest bore?
Now forest, Roman, all gone by;
Rome's tongue a memory—no more.

The hoary Druid bless'd thy shade,
And held thee sacred, mystic tree;
What were the gods to whom he pray'd?
What sort of faith had he in thee?
Hast thou e'er seen the sacred knife—
The breast of human victim bared?
Or, when the blood ebb'd with his life,
His agonised shrieking heard?

Old Capon tree, thou must have seen
That, of all creatures on this earth,
Man to his kind has falsest been
And cruellest; yet there is mirth,
And joy, and love, and goodness much.
Oh! would that, in a world so fair,
The beautiful man's heart might touch—
That crime-born sorrow were more rare!

Rough savage hordes, with stealthy stride,
Have wander'd mid thy brethren hoar;
And many a host, in warlike pride,
Has pass'd thee in the days of yore;
And holy monk and castellane,
And knight and baron debonair,
Have mingled in the glancing train,
With courtly prince and lady fair.

Ah! didst thou see that hapless queen,
The fair, the wrong'd, not blameless Mary!
She wander'd, sure, 'mong paths so sheen,
When at fair Jedworth she would tarry;
And did the fays among thy boughs
Not pine to see their charms surpass'd?
Ah! sunk beneath most cruel woes,
Unenvied was her fate at last!

'Twas in yon glen* that Richmond's knight
Was caught by Douglas in the toil;
In vain were numbers, valour, might—
The well-plann'd ambush all could foil;
Entrapp'd and conquer'd all, or slain,
It was the southron's fate to yield,
And Douglas from his king did gain
Another blazon to his shield.

Old Fernherst,† whose battled keep
Still towers embosom'd in the woods,
Where, now, all warlike echoes sleep,
Has rung to sounds of Border feuds;
The English, Scotch, and Frenchman's shout,
The clang of arms, the victim's wail,
The din of onslaught, siege, and rout,
Have sped along thy native vale.

With thee, old tree, I live again,
To wander through Jed's forest wide,
To see the mail-clad warrior-train
Upon some Border foray ride;
To hear the clang of hound and horn,
See falcon's stoop, and heron's wile;
Hear matin chime, at grey-eyed morn,
From fair St Mary's‡ hallow'd pile.

Sweet Jedworth! nestling in the vale,
Surrounded by the forest lone,
Thy beauties graced the minstrel's tale,
And oft to princely guests were known.
No princes now with thee remain,
Thy ancient woods are wede away;
The winds sweep through thy ruin'd fane;
And monks and abbots, where are they?

I love not the unsparing hate
That would all ancient things reject;
Nothing that e'er has been held great,
Or good, or true, deserves neglect;
And though we many errors find,
These errors, once, were view'd as sooth
Were labours of the human mind
Struggling, as mind is yet, for truth.

* I am sorry to call you out, but as I saw you were feeling unpleasant, and apprehensive of a scuffle between these two gentlemen, I thought it proper to assure you that you need not in the slightest degree be alarmed. These persons are old friends, and take great familiarities with one another; and though they sometimes differ and talk sharply to each other, they are always good friends again when they meet. And now, if you please, we will step up stairs again.

† The 'Capon tree' is a large and very old oak near Jedburgh.

‡ The ascertained ages of some trees shows this to be by no means an improbable supposition.

* This glen is about a quarter of a mile from the Capon tree, and is generally supposed to be the place where the event here alluded to occurred.

† Fernherst stands at the distance of half a mile from the tree.

‡ Jedburgh Abbey.

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The human ocean-stream rolls on
With hidden depths and ceaseless tide:
A single wave, now ages gone,
Will never, in effect, subside,
But still, though all unmark'd by man,
Will modify the heaving whole:
Some acted thought, through all time's span,
Shall tincture ev'ry living soul.

And now, old Capon tree, farewell!
There is an awe bred by the thought
That thou, with silent tongue, dost tell
Of swarming millions graveward brought—
Fallen as thou hast shed thy leaves!
That glory, honour, gladness, shame—
That every passion which still heaves
The breast, was and will be the same. Ω

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

The sage Lilliputians and Belfeuscians exhausted all their eloquence, oratory, and grammar, and then employed swords and arrows in demonstrating the peculiar and legitimate end on which the egg should be broken; and the larger specimens of humanity on this side of the globe, have been equally earnest and virulent in discussing the functions of what is termed the 'government.' There is not a harder question extant than the definition of the precise sphere of action belonging to the supreme council of a nation, and there has probably been more precious time wasted in disputing the particular extent of what are its duties, than upon any other subject of general interest. One class of economists has expended its energy in demonstrating what government should do; another has been equally active and earnest in the converse. One has looked upon government as a positive or active organisation, the other as a negative or restrictive one only, and these seem to be the great points at which politicians join issue.

It is true, however, that government is not initiative in its character, neither is it instructive. It is restrictive and punitive; it is not monitory. It possesses the judicial attributes of humanity, but it seems to be destitute of the paternal type. It might be asked, whether it is not well that this is the case. It can be confidently asserted that its being the case does not produce stagnation in the generosity and charity of the nation. It may be disputed whether the co-operation of government could conduce to extend the sphere, and add energy to the vitality of private benevolence; it is a fact beyond dispute, that its passivity, in regard to works of beneficence and mercy, has never affected the activities of those noble individuals who have voluntarily engaged in these. If the visible or governmental aspect of the British mind is procreant with animosities and antagonisms, and if parliament seems only to be the stage where opinion comes to grapple and contend with opinion, there is an invisible unseen sphere, where the universal English heart can feel its warm blood flow smoothly and sweetly in unison with every noble and generous Christian aspiration, and where Englishmen, rejoicing in a common Saviour, and leaning upon a common anchor, can forget in how little they differ in opinion, while remembering how much they agree in thought and purpose. If the great council of the nation itself only recognises a judicial capacity in its functions, the great nation does not forget the paternal attribute of that nature which is superior to politics—humanity.

If we were asked to illustrate by visible types the two aspects of the British character, public and private—legislative and benevolent—we should point to the Old Bailey, and to the Blackfriars Ragged School. The one is the government house of correction, the other that of private goodness. The government beholds the little outcasts of England, the embryo element of crime and destitution, grow up to inhabit that dark and gloomy prison, and to swing before it some Monday morning at the nation's expense. The Ragged School Unionist, laying his plastic hand paternally upon the brow of the poor benighted child of crime, and recognising beneath his torn garments, matted hair, and sunken eyes, the immortal light of a soul which God made and cares for, and which Christ died to save, leads him from the dark wilderness of Westminster, Wapping, or Dockhead, to a better light and a state becoming a man.

In 1844 there were thousands of rude, dirty, boisterous children, who congregated in the courts and alleys of London, and who roamed about, living on the garbage of the markets, or the proceeds of beggary and petty theft, and who pillowed their houseless heads in the stairs and entries of the low localities in which they germinated. If these creatures presented themselves at the door of a Sunday School, it was only to disturb and mock the assembly, the purpose of whose meeting they did not understand; and whose character, if admitted, they soon transformed from Sabbath sedateness to that of ribald mirth and foul rudeness. The mandate of our Lord, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' did not, could not, apply to these poor children, who wore the visages and possessed the generic attributes of fiends. But, thanks be to God and to those whom he inspired to do his work, a revolution in the condition of these little heathens of London, and Britain generally, is going on, silently as thought, but efficiently as Christian heart could desire; and since 1844, twenty-eight schools have been established by private benevolence in London alone, and incorporated into a union, whose large heart is panting to extend its sympathies and expand its sphere of action.

Perhaps there could be no higher tribute of glory offered to the genius of Christian benevolence, than the constitution and purposes of this Ragged School Union. Peer, prelate, and princely merchant; active energetic tradesman, zealous missionary, and lowly but high-souled workman, are all combined to aid in reclaiming the eighty thousand outcasts who roam the streets of the great Babylon of London. The purse to aid, the head to conceive, and the hands and patience to execute, are all spontaneously offered with devotion and gratitude upon the shrine of benevolence, from the one great principle of Christian duty. We are favoured with a report of the London Ragged School Union for 1848, by our friend R. D. Box, Esq. of Regent Street, one of the most active and zealous of the directory, and who also furnished us with several most interesting and gratifying details of the working and progress of the industrial school system. 'Ours is a pioneer association,' says Mr Box; 'we go into the darkest sloughs of moral despond, and we seek to rescue the young creatures darkling in these, that we may lead them forth to a better day and to a holy purpose. Our educational efforts are not our finite efforts; they are what may be termed merely precursory. The children rescued from the pits of Blackfriars and Westminster, are not merely awakened to a sense of their misery, and then left to look around them, and hopelessly mourn that they were ever born, or knew that there was a state nobler than that of banishment. The Ragged School Union has been instrumental in providing a home, and country, and sphere of honourable action, for many in private establishments, and for all such as may be inclined to take advantage of emigration.'

The following is a short analysis of the character of those poor young creatures now being tended and taught in the South London Schools, Broadwall, Blackfriars, through the efforts of Lord Ashley, Mr Box, and their generous colleagues, who have personally visited and beheld the miseries there existent. The statistics gathered from the school-books will give an idea of the class of children admitted into these schools: 267 have lost one parent or both; 39 have stepmothers; 19 are the offspring of convicts; 33 have been in prison; 76 live by selling articles in the streets; and 41 are beggars; some are known by the name of 'mud-larks:' they are to be seen wading in the Thames at low-water, searching for coals and whatever comes in their way. Their willingness to attend these schools and to learn is truly praiseworthy and encou-

raging, and the gratitude they manifest to their teachers is enough to overcome the most frigid indifference to their wretched condition. Seventy-three of these poor children have purchased Bibles for themselves, which are sold by the Union at sixpence each. In other localities the same distinctions of character prevail in regard to the condition of the children, and kindness, patience, and firmness are producing the sweetest results. When these schools were first opened, many were the scenes of complete riot and 'lark,' as uproar is termed by the children. Gradually, however, the purpose of the establishments began to impress those for whose benefit they had been founded, and now they are attended by children who feel and acknowledge them to be, in the fullest sense, blessings. Cleanliness, industry, and the rudiments of a literary education, as well as the frugal and economical principles of a domestic education, are being inculcated in these schools every day, conducing to the peace and safety of the community at large, and the good of the poor children in particular.

Through the representations of the Ragged School Committee, the government have now been induced to take up the children at the point where the labours of the philanthropists virtually cease. One of the functions imposed upon government is the transportation of the condemned vicious; the Ragged School Union have induced them to undertake the emigration of the virtuous. Had these children been left in their former lost condition, there is no doubt but legal necessity would have compelled the country to send them to Australia to perpetuate the penal character of the colony, and to corrupt its already deeply tainted but improving population. Private benevolence has rescued these children from the mirey way of inevitable theft and murder, but it has not been able to provide them all with a stage for honourable progress. The penal colony can therefore become a prize colony; it can cease to be the prison-house of the aliens of crime, and may be made the home of the industrious and virtuous as well. It is, therefore, proposed that five hundred boys and five hundred girls annually, strong, healthy, and intelligent, shall be allowed the privilege of emigrating to Australia, under the supervision and at the expense of the government. This will not be compulsory but primuniary. It will not be an imposition but a privilege. Provided with good garments and Bibles (which they shall be able to read) by the Ragged School Union, these children, who have no parents, or are the offspring of convicts, shall be sent to Adelaide, Port Philip, or some other colony in Australia, where benevolent persons, not agents of the government, but kindred spirits with the philanthropists of England, shall take an interest in them, and, in concert with the colonial officers, will see that they are provided with employment, and are well used by their employers. This is perhaps the most magnificent scheme of a benevolently paternal character that ever an association of private individuals was engaged in; and it will not only conduce to the strength and progress of the colony, but it will redound to the honour and glory of the British nation.

It is impossible to calculate the advantages likely to accrue to individuals from the establishment of these Ragged Schools. They have opened up to the benevolent a world of which they had scarcely any general conception six years ago; and they have brought the most extremely destitute under the notice of those who can do them good, and who are also willing to do so. Two years ago, little Dick, like another Whittington, was running about the streets of London, shoeless, ragged, hungry, and letterless. He is an orphan, and had no one to care for him save his widow mother, who had others to care for as well as him. His bare feet were upon the incline of demoralisation; the tendency was downward. He was caught by the Ragged School Union, however, and his course of retrogression was arrested, and his eyes were pointed upwards. He is now in the establishment of a wealthy and influential member of the Ragged School Directory, whose heart is even larger than his means. The little orphan's body has a sense now of the word comfort; and as he employs himself at his light but to him remunerative labour, his kind master smiles to hear him chant like the lark the hopeful infant rhyme—

'There is a happy land
Far, far away.'

If little Dick preserves his innocence and grows in intelligence and diligence, his patron will become his friend, and who knows what he may be?

London—great mighty London! where the extremes of wealth and misery, crime and benevolence, meet each other in violent attrition—where vice seems to battle in frenzied efforts with the calm energy of Christian reclamation—where the good and true shine forth in their full activity and splendour—and where the evil shrink into the deepest pits of sin and misery—there is not in thy whole mighty compass one institution that can claim a holier homage from thy great heart than the Ragged School Union. All the participle sectarian elements of the great brotherhood of Christians is blended upon its platform into one phalanx, owning but a single purpose, recognising only humanity in the objects of their charity, and only Christ as their inspiration and leader, as they obey the mandate, 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in,' in order that to them may be fulfilled the glorious promise, 'And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'

THE COVERINGS OF ANIMALS.

CASHMERE GOATS.

In no arrangement of nature is the wisdom and goodness of the Creator more beautifully illustrated than in the various forms and constitution of the coverings of animals. The adaptation of these coverings to the peculiar climate and circumstances of the various creatures is so striking and so perfect, and almost all of them are so subservient to the wants and uses of man, that they occupy a conspicuous place both in natural history and in the social economy of all nations. To all the inferior animals God has given a finite external clothing, which, by an admirable arrangement of Providence, varies, both in colour and fabric, according to the seasons. To rational man he has given the privilege of clothing himself artificially, according to his tastes and ability, from all the natural clothing of animals. The coverings of the inferior tribes vary in quality according to the size of the wearers. The smaller kinds of creatures, whose bodies are of course disposed to yield their caloric more rapidly to the atmosphere, are generally enrobed in soft, warm furs, in order to protect them from the cold; and the larger animals are again covered with a coarser, looser fabric, which is, however, capable of a certain adaptation to the seasons. The coverings of animals are of great textile variety, from the coarse quills of the porcupine to the dust on the butterfly's wing. We have the prickles of the hedgehog; the bristles of the sow; the hair of the horse and cow, and other animals; the fur of the marmot and rat; the feathers and downs of birds; the shells and scales of the tortoise, crocodile, and other marine animals; the wool of the sheep and mountain-goats; and then there is that infinite variety of naked creatures, comprising from the elephant to the frog. Variety of covering is not confined to the creatures which specially inhabit *terra firma;* for in the sea there is the naked whale, the smaller scale-covered tenants of the deep, the amphibious *phoca* with its hairy raiment, and the imbricated lobster.

The quills of the porcupine are put to use, in some parts of the East, as utensils for teasing wool and silk, being somewhat analogous in character to our heckles; bristles form an extensive portion of European trade, being used in brushmaking, and are an essential requisite in the manufacture of boots and shoes. They are chiefly brought from Russia, and constitute a considerable part of the exports of that empire. In the polar regions, where

the creatures are clad with fur or thick hair, man borrows from them their raiment; and in the warm regions of the torrid zone, he decorates his almost naked body with their feathers. His shoes and boots are made from the prepared skins of the horse and ox, and even for his silk and velvet he is dependent upon a humble worm.

We refer more particularly, however, to the Cashmere goat, whose wool, manufactured into cloth, has long constituted one of the most expensive and famous articles of Indian manufacture and trade. The most expensive and beautiful textile articles in the possession of eastern potentates and grandees are their Cashmere shawls. These valuable adjuncts to the wardrobe of an Indian prince were celebrated in the days of the Crusades, and formed a part of the imports from the East to Venice, when that republic was in her state of commercial glory; and to this day a real Cashmere shawl is a most expensive purchase.

Wool is only a modification of hair, as, indeed, if we observe closely, the textile coverings of animals seem just to graduate, by a process of modification, from the hard distinct quill down to the soft fibre of fur. Nature has furnished to all quadrupeds, more or less, two sorts of hair—the one being soft, downy, and curly, and the other flat, and imparting a distinct colour to the animal, and also seeming to be an organ of sensation. The two sorts of hair generally become thicker as they are subjected to cold—the frizzled, curly, greyish sort becoming finer as the cold to which it is exposed becomes dryer. This frizzled hair, or wool, is the valuable texture which covers the Angora and Cashmere goats. The former feed in the rocky, solitary fastnesses of the mountains of Thibet; the latter in those mountains which encircle the Valley of Cashmere. By a scrupulous comparison of sorts, it seems that the wool of the goats of Thibet and those of Cashmere are almost identical in quality, and consequently are equally valuable. There are several kinds of goats, exhibiting some differences in form; but in the produce of the wool there is no difference, the latter being chiefly, if not entirely, dependent upon climate.

The goat of Cashmere is a smallish animal, measuring about two feet high at the neck joint, and about three feet from the tip of the snout to the root of the tail. The length of the tail, which is slightly curved upwards, is about six inches, and is covered with long and gracefully hanging wool. The head measures about nine inches from the snout to the point between the horns, which horns are erect and spiral, diverging to a point, and measuring about a foot long. The silky hair or wool is very long on some parts of the body, and falls in a smooth glossy braid from the back, unlike that of the Angora goat, which gathers in twisted, matted bunches. This creature, which is an object of special care and veneration in its native regions, is of a very gentle disposition and capable of domestication; its head and neck are of a black or grey colour, and its body is generally white. Of course the wool or hair which covers the goat is not all of the same quality; the finest silky sort is almost always greyish, and is found on particular parts of the body; the neck and belly being covered with the inferior sorts.

These creatures have been brought to Europe, but attempts to propagate the species and render it common have failed. It has constituted a very interesting specimen in a menagerie, but it has never been rendered the denizen of our Alpine regions. It has been asserted by Cuvier that the European goats produce a hair which, although greatly inferior to that of the goats of Cashmere and Thibet, is nevertheless capable of being woven into a fabric far finer in quality than that made from the most delicate merino wool. Several attempts have been made to bring this fibre into use, but hitherto without success. Wool still maintains a general reception in Europe, and no cloth manufactured from goat-hair that we are aware of has ever competed even in the smallest degree with it. Those shawls which are generally graced with the name of Cashmere in this country do not contain a particle of the substance from which the name is derived. Real Cashmere shawls seldom find their way from the interior of India, where they are highly prized; and if they do reach Europe it is generally as royal gifts, or as the property of some nabob's lady—so highly prized and valuable to man is the covering which nature so freely yields to a mountain-goat.

SACRED PSALMODY.*

It is especially the duty of a Christian congregation to cultivate psalmody, inasmuch as, in most churches, this is the only part of the public worship of God in which the people take an active and obvious part. It is true that in no part of the service ought the people to be mere spectators; in prayer, they ought to pray; and while the preacher reads or expounds God's Word, they ought to be in the condition of intelligent recipients of that Word. Still in both these parts of the worship they are silent; the service is with them one of the heart and mind alone; there is nothing indicating to the senses that they are partakers in the exercise which is conducted by the person occupying the pulpit. It is otherwise in the psalmody. There the preacher simply prescribes the exercise, and announces the theme, and the people assume as *their* part the performance of the service. This is peculiarly and properly their part of the public worship. They then summon attention to themselves as the parties vocally and ostensibly engaged in the service of God. Is it not, then, of vast importance that they should do their own part well? Is it not disgraceful if, having but this one thing to do, they either cannot or will not do it respectably? Is it not absurd for a congregation to be careful that every part of the service should be well conducted except that which they have to conduct themselves? Surely a regard to consistency, a feeling of honourable pride, a sense of common decency, to say nothing of other and higher motives, ought to prevent such improprieties, and lead to such a cultivation of the art of sacred music by *all* our people as should enable them, when they stand up to praise God with a song, to do what they thus openly pretend to do, in such a manner as, if it should not excite admiration, would at least prevent disgust and contempt.

The direct advantages of a taste for psalmody to the parties cultivating it, form another evidence of the importance of such cultivation. This exercise, when properly conducted, tends to gratify the taste, to exhilarate the feelings, to refresh the heart, and to increase the devotional tendencies of those engaging in it. Whatever some ascetic moralists may say to the contrary, there is no doubt that mental recreation and refreshment are great blessings, and ought to be sought in due measure by all proper means; and if music conveyed no other benefits than these, we would still advocate its pursuit. Milton, in his treatise on education, presses upon those who have the care of youth, this advantage of music. 'An interval of rest may,' says he, 'with both profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned, either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or, in unimaginable touches adorns and graces the well studied chords of some choice composer. Sometimes the lute or soft organ-stops, waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, material, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered passions.' Such are the benefits of music, and especially sacred music, as a mental tonic and discipline; and when to these we can add its effect on our spiritual well-being, a strong case surely is made out in its favour. But besides these, there is one other advantage which may be mentioned, flowing directly from music when wisely cultivated, but especially realised in the pursuit and practice of sacred music. I refer to its healthy effect upon the body, both by the physical exercise of singing, and by the exhilarating influence it has on the spirits. A medical poet (Armstrong) tells us that music

* Abridged from an admirable series of Lectures in the Scottish Congregational Magazine.

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'Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physics, melody, and song.'

Without going so far as this (the imagination of the poet having here carried him a little beyond the bounds of sober science and observation), I am bold to affirm, that in the *due* and *wise* use of music there is a valuable aid to health, and it strongly impresses itself upon my mind, that in the use of music on the Lord's day, of a kind adapted to the religious character of that day, there is a wise and gracious provision for the refreshment of the worshippers, wearied as they for the most part are with the labours of the preceding week, and for enabling them to return with renewed alacrity to their daily toil. In this there seems nothing extravagant or improbable. Among other beneficent uses of the Sabbath, its effect in preserving the health, by recruiting the energies of the people, is one of the most obvious. Now, for this, mere cessation from toil is not enough. There needs also something to exhilarate and produce a wholesome reaction in the system; and what so well adapted for this as music? To this exercise, therefore, the Sabbath should be largely devoted, and with Christian people, of course, the music selected will be such as not to counteract the other and more sacred purposes of the day. The songs of the Sabbath will be with them the songs of Zion, and such songs the Sabbath ought to have. In the dwellings of the righteous, the voice of joy and melody should be heard all through that joyful day. A still and songless Sabbath is an unhappy invention of Puritanism, unknown either to the ancient Jewish or to the early Christian church. The day when God rested from his work of creation,—the day on which Christ rose from the dead—has ever been in the church, until with some in these later times, a day of sacred mirth and sacred music. Let it be so still. Let us revive the ancient practice, and enjoy the former blessing; and at any rate, in the sanctuary let the toil-worn worshipper, whose ear all through the busy days of the preceding week has been stunned with the din of the work-shop or the market-place, and who has come to the house of God, hoping to be relieved and reinvigorated, not be deprived of the benefit which the sacred strains of music are calculated to produce upon his exhausted frame. Let him forget his toil amid the swelling jubilee of his assembled brethren. Let his sinking energies be again roused as he listens to and joins in the gladsome melodies of the day of rest. Let him be carried by the elevating bursts of song away from the recollection of earth's toils, and cares, and sorrows; and let him have such a real and ennobling foretaste of that place where the anthem never ceases, and the hallelujah is ever renewed, that, forgetting all besides, he shall be ready to exclaim,

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.'

Besides these more direct advantages accruing from the study and practice of sacred music, there are others of a more incidental kind, some of which it may be worth while cursorily to mention. And first among these I would place the opportunity afforded by the psalmody of the church for instilling, in an attractive and memorable manner, religious truth into the minds of the people. In every proper hymn or psalm, there is an embodiment of some great principle or idea of a devotional kind; this is set forth in a poetical or at least rythmical form, and the words thus put together, being sung to an attractive tune, the idea not only comes to be familiar to the mind, but, what is of more importance, it comes to be surrounded with agreeable associations, which tend to make us love it and cling to it. In this way, truth may be almost insensibly fixed in our memories and affections, like a seed cast into the soil, to bear fruit after many days. In regard to the younger and less instructed part of our congregations, especially, may this beneficial result be expected to display itself. It is a well known fact, that in many cases conversion to God has been effected through the medium of hymns conveying into the mind the saving truths of the gospel; and how often has it happened, that the lingering recollection of the psalmody of the church enjoyed in early life has in after years, amid the throng of worldly cares, or the trials of life, or it may be the seductions of passion, come in to exert a holy and a balmy influence upon the soul!

As closely associated with this, may be mentioned the tendency of good psalmody to convey known and acknowledged truths in a forcible and edifying manner into the heart of the Christian. Every one must have felt how prone we are to receive truth with a sluggish acquiescence, and to allow it to fall into a state of dormant inactivity in our minds. Now for this there are few counteractives more influential and simple than psalmody. It rouses the inert spirit, quickens the susceptibilities, stimulates the intellect, and leads to a lively apprehension as well as a cordial appreciation of the truths embodied in the song. 'Reason with man,' says a judicious writer, 'and you do but address his understanding; you gain, it may be, his cold conviction. Embody the truth in a creed or confession of faith, to this he also yields assent, and remains as unconvinced as before. But express it in the sacred song,—let it mingle with his devotions in the sanctuary and in the family,—let his most endeared associations cluster around it as the central point, not only of his faith, but of his hopes, his joys; and what before was a speculative belief has become a living sentiment, the governing principle both of the understanding and the heart.'* An advantage so important as this, ought to be eagerly sought after by the people of God, and the greater their tendency to let the truth slip out of their minds, the more anxious should they be to provide a continual restorative in an efficient and well conducted psalmody, both at the family altar and in the sanctuary.

In fine, we may observe here, that a taste for sacred song has often been the means of propagating and preserving religious truth among the community when otherwise it might have been lost. There can be little doubt that in the primitive days of the church, Christianity owed much to its psalmody both for the promulgation and preservation of its truths among the people; and it may with confidence be asserted, that the primitive hymns in adoration of the Trinity did quite as much to overthrow the heresy of Arius, as the arguments and eloquence of Athanasius. At the Reformation, Luther and his associates made use of this medium for the propagation of their views, and it is a well ascertained fact, that in the Lutheran church spiritual life has been sustained among the people, notwithstanding at one time the almost entire defalcation of the clergy from evangelical truth, by the popular love for psalmody created and diffused by Luther. In England also, who can question the wide-spread influence of the hymns of Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts in diffusing and sustaining a relish for evangelical piety throughout the dissenting community? whilst, on the other hand, it is the liturgy and music of the Church of England which have secured to its doctrines the affections and the convictions of the multitude who adhere to its communion. How important, then, that we should not lose hold of this powerful instrument of evangelical effort! How important that our psalmody should be such as at once to attract men to the consideration of the truth, to instil that truth into their minds, and to provide a channel through which that truth may flow down to coming generations—a channel which has already exhibited its capacity of continuing free and full when others have been choked up or dried!

If these remarks on the importance of this part of religious worship be just, how inexcusable, how foolish, and how sinful must be the conduct of those who habitually neglect it, as well as of those who attend to it in an indifferent, callous, or perfunctory manner!

An exercise so enjoined upon us, and so adapted to be useful to us, ought to enlist our warmest interest, and be

* Coleman's 'Church without a Prelate.'

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attended to by us with the most scrupulous care. Each individual ought to cultivate whatever spark of musical talent there may be in him; we should all be as solicitous to sing well, as we ought to be to pray well, and a Christian congregation ought especially to spare no expense, and leave no efforts untried, to secure for itself proficiency in this exercise. How melancholy to reflect that multitudes in our churches never so much as think of joining in the psalmody—that many join after a manner that makes all who hear them wish they would hold their peace, and that in hardly any of our congregations is the music more than barely passable, or not positively offensive. These things ought not so to be. We suffer —the cause of truth and of God suffers—because of these things. By our niggardliness or our negligence, we come short of what God has in his wisdom provided for our benefit. And as truth will not triumph in this world if left to its own unaided energies, it is greatly to be feared that the apostles of error, wiser in their own generation than the children of light, may take advantage of our neglect, and thrust us from the field. Oh, that along with a deeper spirit of devotion and piety, there might descend upon the church a holy and zealous determination to find a fitting utterance by which that spirit might express itself in song! Oh, that whilst imitating the sanctity, we might also emulate the song of heaven! Oh, that the daughter of Zion would, as of old, welcome her king with hosannahs worthy of his audience! Then should be fulfilled to her that which is written—'The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee: He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in his love; He will rejoice over thee with singing.'

A VISIT TO BREMEN.

The paddles were at length in motion, the sails slowly filling, the town of Hull we had just left behind us, and now sat watching the joyous ripples as they gave back the quiet moon in their ever restless mirror. Thus we sat far into the night, wondering about the country where we hoped to land.

At the close of the second day we found ourselves slowly threading among the sandbanks of the Elbe. Its northern shore is not without beauty, though the red-tiled country houses look strangely out from the encircling woods. Safely escaped from that bane of travel, porters and luggage, and ensconced in the Victoria Hotel at Hamburgh, we threw open the window to drink in a long draught of the warm, pure air floating across the Alster, laden with the music of bands in the distance, harps nearer at hand, and the fragrance of blooming burdens borne by flower-girls, who sometimes lightened them by throwing a shower of nosegays into the room where we sat, and then, in their coquettish costume, bonnets like inverted baskets, and flying ribbons, came tripping up, and patiently awaited payment.

A few days in Hamburgh passed quickly by in seeing what was to be seen and rowing upon the Alster, much to the peril of its swan palaces, our chief rower being short-sighted, and possessing about as intimate an acquaintance with the art as with the ancestors of the man in the moon. At eight o'clock one sunshiny morning we quitted Hamburgh by extra post, and seven the same evening saw us, wearied man and beast, enter the Oster Thor of Bremen, and roll on, rudely clattering, in front of the fine old Rathhaus and statue of Roland. Glad, pleasant weeks were those beneath the roof of our hospitable German friends, but interesting to few beyond. In our extreme simplicity and ignorance, we were at first disposed to give some measure of credence to long tirades upon the freedom of their *freistadt*, with which some devoted Bremenite occasionally favoured us. A little farther penetration, however, led us to the conclusion that, save the saffron inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, there existed scarcely another people less conscious of their own imperfections and necessities. Its government was as despotic, if not more so, than that of almost any other German state. Admission to the senate, formerly containing sixteen, but now twelve members, could only be hoped for by some star-favoured mortal blessed with a long line of uncles, cousins, &c., of whom some, at least, had been thus successful. The people had no voice whatever in such elections; on these occasions they took part, not so much in the government of their town as in its confectionery! Immediately on the nomination of the new senator, bakers flock from all quarters with huge edible burdens and deposit them in his house, which, after the reception of congratulatory visits, is laid utterly waste. What can become of all the furniture is beyond the flight of our imagination; stow the chairs and carpets up in the garret as they may, and the damask and rosewood amid coffee-sacks and hams, festooned by crackling fragrant paper bags of marjorum and thyme, still it remains to us among the things incomprehensible. The next day the senator takes his oath and is duly installed; the ensuing morning all ladies who can plead special invitation or the remotest relationship to the new dignitary assemble in his house for the gracious purpose of dispensing chocolate to the populace. Every room is thrown open, and soon becomes filled and filled again by the mob, who hasten to drink the chocolate and fill mouths and pockets with cigars, cakes, and sugared cracknels, glistening in tempting abundance. This lasts until midday; they call it '*tisen*.' In the hall of the Rathhaus the ceremony of installation takes place, but, not understanding low German very readily, it was, for the most part, unintelligible to us.

The exterior of the Rathhaus presents a fine piece of ancient architecture, very rich in curious stone carvings. It stands on a slight elevation in the open market-place. Immediately facing it is the house called the Schutting, where the commercial members of the senate meet to hold their deliberations. Between the two, but nearer the Rathhaus, stands the Rolands-säule, an old stone statue of the great Roland; its place was originally occupied by an ancient one of wood, which was traitorously burned down in 1366. In 1404 another was erected of stone and gaily painted; in 1512 it was repaired and painted afresh in stone colour. There he still stands, the faithful servant of Charlemagne, emblem rather of freedom and of his master's right than of the beautiful lay bearing his name. The council-hall of the Rathhaus is perhaps more remarkable for its singularity and antiquity than for its beauty. On the one side there is a low gallery, ascended by a winding stair of rich dark oak, carved with quaint and beautiful devices; the front of the gallery corresponds with it, and amply repays lengthened investigation. At the upper end are lofty windows, with stained glass figures of Ferdinand III. and the six then reigning electors; on the south side the arms of many burgomasters and senators are also represented in stained glass. The ceiling is painted, and down the centre are portraits of the German emperors, but very ill executed. Beneath, and extending the whole length of the building, is the celebrated wine-cellar, one side occupied by huge casks, and the other divided into small rooms or rather compartments, accommodating six or seven persons, and forming a favourite evening resort for the discussion of politics, Rhine wine, and oysters. It also contains a spacious hall, frequently used for large dinner or supper parties. The roof of the whole cellar is vaulted, and supported by massy stone pillars. Long, silent, chilling corridors, strongly contrasting with the warm, sparkling merriment of the more inhabited part, conduct you to the Vault of the Twelve Apostles. Peter, Andrew, John, there they all stand, twelve ponderous vats, whose hidden liquid treasure, hallowed by time, wells forth only as tribute to high worth and genius—to those from whom the state has received a service well meriting the honour of so rare an acknowledgment. To these twelve did Wilhelm Hauff inscribe his well-known 'Phantasieen im Bremen Rathskeller.' Another vault also, called the Rose, from its having a large rose painted upon the ceiling, contains twelve casks of Rosenwein two hundred years old.

Having thus paid our homage to the venerable Rathhaus, we visited the Cathedral, which, however, can lay but

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small claim to external beauty. Within it is well worth seeing, though not to be compared with some more widely celebrated continental churches. It is now the only place of worship in Bremen which the Lutherans occupy; four services are held there every Sunday. The majority of the population are adherents of the Reformed Church, and many of them Rationalists, notwithstanding the high *name* for sanctity still attaching to the inhabitants of Bremen, which name serves now only to render *them* self-satisfied and *others* more fully alive to that healthier religious tone as a something that has passed away with the summers that are gone, to be followed by a waste hoar winter, but, may we hope, to be again succeeded by a new summer still brighter than the former, not to become paralysed by the rude winter's blast or enchaining ice.

The Museum is a fine modern building, containing spacious reading and billiard-rooms, frequented nightly for at least a short hour by most of the Bremen citizens. The collections of birds, animals, &c. are very good, the butterflies especially so. In one room is shown the skeleton of Madame Gottfried, the celebrated poisoner, and also the head, which is preserved in spirits. The swollen lineaments and unnatural hue leave no traces of her famed beauty. Many persons still reside in Bremen whose constitutions have been shaken or health irrecoverably ruined in consequence of her taste for 'giving a little something,' as she gently expressed it. But we were well nigh forgetting the modern lion of Bremen, the ramparts, perhaps from their having been our daily walk. The broad deep moat still remains, and upon the elevation once occupied by the walls now stands a long line of cheerful and commodious dwellings, from which you look down the green sloping bank, studded with trees and shrubs, across the clear water and queenly swans, to the opposite side, which lies beyond the gates of the town. This fact appears to have conveyed the certainty of country, and induced many wealthy citizens to pitch their summer tents in the charming though little secluded locality. At both ends of the semicircular rampart you find the river Weser, which here stays its intricate windings and flows in a direct course. The new theatre occupies a lofty and commanding site upon the ramparts, near the Bishop's Gate. As might be anticipated from a town in Germany, where the taste for amusements of this nature is indulged more universally and with far greater facility than in England, the Bremen theatre is more extensive and better supported than we should dream of finding in any English town of 70,000 inhabitants.

Among other things which alike amused and perplexed us in Bremen society was the universal relationship, not to say cousinship, resulting from perpetual intermarriages. These large families visit much among themselves, but beyond the last link of actual connection there is, generally speaking, but little, if any, intercourse. This very exclusive custom is entirely peculiar to Bremen. Germans from the south cry loudly against it when they come to the rigid northern regions. Each family has its 'familientag,' on the evening of which they all assemble at the various houses in rotation every month or fortnight, to spend usually terribly dull evenings, but sometimes animated and pleasant ones. To such parties non-relatives and strangers cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted. Besides these are the frequent ladies' parties—a German rather than a Bremen peculiarity. As a novelty these are highly amusing. Such a knitting and nodding, laughing and chatting, singing and occasionally dancing! They are sometimes as delightful as they are at others insufferably irksome. In these assemblies Dame Gossip is a frequent visiter, but ill-natured scandal is rarely heard; balls, concerts, news of the day, &c., all come in their turn; literary subjects have also their place there, and animated discussions often rise respecting the merits of a favourite author. This subject is ardently sustained by the *schwärmerisch* order of young ladies, who dote on the intelligible of Jean Paul, are lost in admiration at the extreme mystifications, weep over Ida Hahn Hahn, and, in fact, everything. At about nine o'clock, after an abundance of sweet things, the ladies disperse. Curious, indeed, are the sights at this time in the streets. Various companies—for numbers of these parties take place every night—are to be seen issuing from all streets, corners, and doors, each two or three preceded by a bonnetless servant-maid in wooden shoes or pattens of dangerous height, clattering along with a huge lantern containing two candles, which throw a dim light upon perhaps half a flagstone at a time. The ladies all look as though they had aimed at making themselves as black, round, and utterly undistinguishable as possible; but you may sometimes recognise a merry voice from the 'far depths' of mantles, hoods, and veils, laughing its friendly *gute nacht*. An hour later, joined by husbands and brothers, and supper over, cigars and knitting-needles are resumed, and on the one hand the news from the Museum, on the other the result of the evening's gossip, are amply detailed.

The exhibition of paintings, which makes the annual circuit of Germany, commencing at Berlin, visits Bremen every other year. The present century teems with German painters, but still does not appear to promise much: during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries little or no progress was made. In the spring of the alternate year there is an exhibition of Bremen manufactures of every description. An almost incredible number of cigars are manufactured in Bremen and exported, and no small amount is smoked. Boys of the lower order often begin a preparatory course of tobacco at four or five! When will these philosophical Teutonians have common sense enough to see the absurd and ruinous folly of their universal slavery to such an unnatural habit?

The present state of Bremen, as regards politics, is very unsettled, owing to the late disturbances that have taken place there also. How far the former constitution may become improved remains to be seen. We would wish most cordially peace and progress to the excellent inhabitants and their cheerful, picturesque town, to us so fraught with happy recollections of open-hearted kindness and affection, of pleasant days and joyous evenings; hoping also that a land like Germany, so fitted for and well deserving the freedom she is now winning, may continue steadily to progress in all that is calculated to prove to her of lasting benefit.

THE TEACHING OF NATURE.

It is through the medium of the eye the child receives its first impressions, and these, we need not say, are perhaps the most important of its existence. Whatever objects a child is most familiarly brought into contact with, the whole of its after life takes a certain hue from. Are the impressions pleasant—those of green fields, babbling brooks, sun and sky—so may much of its future longings be: are they of the narrow lane, the endless brick wall, the dismal cellar, or row of shops, the chances are that in after life its heart has never half the freshness—never that exuberant participation in nature of the former. The boy brought up within city walls, to whom nature 'unadorned, adorned the most,' is limited to a view of gardens on window-sills, and whose bird-fancying has never ventured beyond pursuit of the draggled, smoky sparrow that chirps in the area or on the slates, can have few thoughts in unison with him to whom the linnet's song, the heather-bell or bonny broom, the hazel glen, where the burn sings to the trees, the humble bee and sporting butterfly, with all dumb but glorious nature beside, are every-day experiences. The same perception of the beautiful can never be supposed to exist in the two minds: the harmonies concerted with nature in the heart of each, how different! The knowledge of the one may be as extensive, more correct, more critical than that of the other, but he has no poetry in it. Nor is it less true that this early familiarity with nature continues to exercise a life-long influence. The key to its storehouse once found there is ever a yearning after its secrets and a love for its companionship. Like the expatriated from a loved home, the man whose infancy has been spent amongst

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the heathery hills or dells of his own land has always the same keen longing to be among the heather; his heart bounds at the sight of it; his life-blood glows at the thought of it; there's music in its very name to him; unlike all artificial sweets, it never palls his appetite; yea, even when the dimness of death may be gathering over his eye and its chills upon his brow, his last wish often is that his bones may lie where the daisy will bloom and the lark chant its morning hymn above him. If proof were needed of what we assert, in reference to the effect of this influence, we refer you to our literature. Take any of our city poets born and bred within the sound of Bow Bells, and compare their stilted nature in stays with Wilson, Wordsworth, Cowper, Scott, or Crabbe's life-like glowing imagery. Turn from them all, a single moment, to him to whom nature was kinsman, whose great ardent heart throbbed in unison with it—the master prophet of Scotland—Burns, and tell us, is not nature's own poetry the best, and was not the whistling ploughman, with that spirit of his so nurtured and tutored by its influences, better taught, with a kindlier and a more heroic heart than they all, and was not his song a nobler and a sweeter one? Try, again, our prose literature. Take the best of all our English essayists. Try Addison, Johnson, or Charles Lamb, with all his gentleness, quick fancy, and overflowing love for everything animate and inanimate. How tame when any of them describe natural scenery—how cold the goddess seems when painted by their pens! Hearken but one moment, in comparison, to that 'old man eloquent,' Christopher, when, with his crutch, he ge's loose on 'our parish,' rambles into some desert of rocks, strides through the forest, or tumbles down for a siesta on the sunny hillside. How he talks, moralises! how he preaches and expounds that 'book lying before him—that book of beauty!' With what enthusiasm he revels and riots in it! How it seems as if his very heart were overflowing with the theme! You read entranced, and wonder as you read, spell-bound, over the dazzling page. Your eye glistens and your heart melts as you feel *his* did when he wrote: you see the very heart of the man beaming in the words.

Turn again, if you will, to our preachers. There are some preachers to whom the book of nature is a sealed one, and its vast treasures locked in an everlasting prison-house. It never supplies a fact, an argument, a simile; nothing beyond a few very venerable stereotype phrases, and these not borrowed from itself. They seem to entertain a truly evangelical and edifying dread of opening its pages lest some startling, bewildering heresy should stare them in the face, as if the two books of God could contradict each other, or as if the one was not given for the wise end of confirming the other. But let the question be honestly asked, Have not the thoughts of the mighty dead, even in communicating the greatest truth to man, been all the more undying because robed often with the drapery of nature? What cottage hearth is a stranger to the genius of rare old John Bunyan? and will he not be known, and loved, and cherished even when the memories of ten thousand other teachers shall be swept into night? There is another—a prophet whose footprints yet mark his path—the echo of whose voice still lingers in our ear—we need not name him in Scotland. Whence all that rich and copious stream of eloquence with which his every theme stood invested? Rob these essays, sermons, and lectures of his of what in them is borrowed from a right perusal and application of the wonders of the book of nature, and you drag them down to little more than strings of insipid platitudes. There is a greater still. Nigh two thousand years ago, a teacher, whose words can never die, traversed the fields and paths of old Judea, sometimes with a few followers, at others with thousands. To him every incident in nature furnished a text. The blade of grass, the lily of the vale, the trailing vine, the flock on the hillside, the well, the scattered seed, the bridegroom on his way, the glory of the day, the cloudy canopy of night, and the bright star of morning, were themes from which lessons were drawn such as man never taught, yet such as he disdains feebly to imitate. Oh that this book, so open and so free to all, should have its teaching and inspiration so little thought of in comparison with the scholastic drudgery called education—that youthful hearts and minds, instead of being expanded and warmed by its influences, should be doomed to shuffle through so much unnatural misery, and forced to rear such an equally unnatural crop as that popularly called *accomplishments!*

The natural bent of childhood is to seek its enjoyment in nature and copy from it. It is directed in its pursuit of pleasure or knowledge by the eye. Nature, then, should be its first lesson-book—better than all others, because the one meant for it. His whole existence proclaims this fact till school drudgery spoils him. Does not the child prefer flowers to toys, the butterfly to the picture, the bird to the most ingenious piece of mechanism, and the green fields to the finest walls in the world? Think you that yon ragged urchin building a dam in the gutter is not happier, and has not his faculties in more full operation, than that other urchin seated on the carpet, pulling to pieces a dissected map or Noah's ark? We maintain he is. The fewer and more natural the toys the more room for contrivance, and the more contrivance the more enjoyment. A dozen of oyster-shells will please better and longer, and afford scope for more constructive ingenuity than the best series of wooden bits of board curiously joined you could procure in any toy-shop. But give him a dog, a cat, or even a tame tiger if you have one, to play with, and it will please him better than all. He will get curious about the animal, and curiosity is the key to knowledge. It is that curiosity you parents should seek to excite in him concerning the objects he comes in contact with, and if you supply it properly you cannot fail to make a prodigy of your child. You need no books: the fewer of these the better to teach a child; ay, and a man too, when he wishes to learn well, and is forced to nature and his own resources, the better taught will he be. To excite this curiosity you must set something before his eye, and where in the fields can a lack be of such objects? But this is often to be best done with things appearing ridiculous to parents. Let him run after all exhibitions of Punch. You should take him to all booths and shows, wherever there is nothing immoral or scandalous to propriety, if there's anything to be seen, from a puppet dancing to an elephant, let him look at it. You need not, in the plenitude of your own wisdom, point out the strings and wires by which the puppets are worked as the spring of all the wonder. Soon enough he'll come to learn, and learn by sad experience, how all the puppets on this stage of ours are jerked to and fro, and made to do their 'spirting gently' with little more than wires and springs. He'll soon enough come to know, so you needn't tell him how mournful Comus is without the merry mask, and what a pale, sad visage Harlequin may dance with. These are matters for the world's experience to teach. Let his wonder grow, and ripen, and expand, but sow no acrimony or distrust in his heart, or you spoil his curiosity and give him scorpions for bread.

This speaking of nature as a school-book leads us necessarily into the Pestalozzian system of instructing children, which elsewhere having been in this journal explained, we need not repeat, the whole theory of which, however, is, by tangible natural objects, so to form a connection between the mind of the child and the outer world, that it becomes a reflective, instructed being, with that mind capable of understanding what it sees and may read, and not alone with an English grammar or Latin noun supplying a living soul.

But that education from external objects should have an earlier date than school-time, perhaps the most important part of it begins sooner. Think you not, oh mothers! that that very picture of yourself or of its father yet unbreeched and unbuttoned, delighting more in noise and riot than aught else, has no eye for the beautiful? Think you not it cannot mark the smile or scowl upon the mother's brow, and that that smile and the tenderer word it ushers have no depth of meaning to its soul? Think

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you not that in after years a time may come when the shadows of intervening days may be rolled back, when the mind may retrace its channel through all the windings of the stream, the sunny spots it has journeyed along, the rocks and barriers it has surged over, and the deep still pools it has lingered in loath to leave, back to the fountain-head, to the time when that smile rested on it, awakening in its first dreamland of sensation a speechless pleasure that gilded like a sunbeam the valley of existence all through? Or, may not the scowl and angry murmur fall upon the warm ductile mind and rest there, like a spot of brooding darkness that will in future years knit the brows and harrow the heart, and make remembrance of a mother and of all that is holiest on this earth, no thing of joy, no beauty ever dwelling in the heart, but a hard necessity passed welcomely over? Oh, how much of truth, and love, and beauty may a mother's constant smile instil into the heart of a child, and that will ever abide there in darkness and sorrow, and even may, amid the wanderings of a sad and sinful lot, fill and overflow the soul like the echo of the music of a bright langsyne! Has a mother then no education to give? Are there no sweet pictures, fireside pictures, no Penates for the child's first worship in her own face or the glad green earth around, and ought not delight in the beautiful to be the first harmony concerted in its mind?

To quit babyhood and its interests, let us say that the book of nature is, *par excellence*, next to One, the best book for man. The earth the air, the sky are yours, brother. As a sentient being there is all that can gladden and gratify your nature in them. They are yours freely. No tax is laid on them. Your actual possession of any part of either may be limited enough, but your enjoyment of them all need have no limit. He who calls himself possessor of a thousand acres may have less real pleasure within his walled policies than we have in looking over the same wall at them. We cannot be denied a love of all within those walls any more than he. The bird carols as sweetly to us, the roe skips as gracefully, the stream murmurs as musically, the forest glade is as refreshing, the old ruin as picturesque and as full of association, the flowers as beautiful, the air as pleasure-laden with their fragrance—all, all things as brimful of delight to our heart as to that of him called owner, for desire and feeling are common to us both. Can I not say, then,

> 'I care not, fortune, what you me deny;
> You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face,
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.'

But this book is fraught with instruction. *Its lessons are all lessons of love.* There is no acrimony in aught it teaches. It inculcates no malice between man and man. As heaven's sunshine warms all, rich and poor, and shines none the less cheerily into the cottage-chamber than it does through the palace-window, nor refuses alike to gladden every man because foul wrong has been done his brother man; so the philosophy drawn from nature hath love and generosity to all in its code, and the very incense that you breathe whispers peace and good-will to men. *Its lessons are lessons of truth.* There may be error in human philosophy, and error oft there is in it. Through many a crooked, tortuous path it may lead you, and lead you wrong at last. Cold, distrustful, and sick the heart may become under its influence; tossed to and fro by its perplexities, oft with glimpses of right, but never without a shadow of wrong. It may be you cannot fathom all the depths of nature's philosophy or search its treasures out, for the storehouse is inexhaustible, and on its bypaths the stamp of INFINITUDE; yet not a barrier is this to any reaper in its fields, or even to the humblest gleaner in his track. What is gained, be the result great or small, will never prove a bundle of tares. You will never say, 'I went forth full and returned empty.' Bearing, as it does, the finger of WISDOM upon the smallest as well as mightiest work, error can nowhere lurk in its pages, nor its subtle poison taint the gathering of its vintage. *Its lessons are lessons of hope*, because they lead the heart of man to look to the source of nature, and because the conclusions drawn from all that stirs wonder or admiration, or manifests a power unerring, a wisdom unsearchable, and a care minute and marked, must lead reflection to the lesson—and why not we included? *Its lessons are all lessons of reverence.* They must, therefore, have their beginning in humility—assuredly they will end there—a few pebbles found on the shore the sum of life's labour. There is a class of would-be philosophers now emerging from chaos and likely to return again, whose nature is mysticism, the god of it a poetic idea. What a pity the world's art, wisdom, and philosophy must perish for ever with them! How mournful the thought that they are so far beyond the age that the question may reasonably be entertained if any succeeding age on this side of time will yield them prophetic honours! Their temple has been erected, and stands fair and gorgeous in the sunlight. Enter its portals. Twilight and confusion are its deities. The beams of God's sun shine not into it, and it smells of the dreary charnel-house. Its altars are polluted, its sacrifices vain. No, brothers; nature teaches something better than this. Poor were all its rewards to the scholar; its highest honours but an empty echo, its laurels but a fillet of withered leaves, its golden fruit but the apples on the Dead Sea's shore, unless it taught a higher, nobler lesson than this; and unless that fear which is the 'beginning of wisdom' and its close go hand in hand with all other knowledge, it will prove as useless in stirring life, love, and truth in the heart as the sunbeam flickering on yonder dead wall. Man must, if educated at all, become more god-like; and unless he can discern in the mighty wonders peopling earth's bosom, and in those 'motions that fill all space and sustain the dazzling universes in their course through the depths of time, a discernible first CAUSE operating, all else is lost. Above, below, around, there is Omnipresence speaking to finite creatures through finite forms, a language which only the living heart can understand. In the rain and sunshine, in the soft zephyr, in the cloud, the torrent, and the thunder, in the bursting blossom and the fading branch, in the returning seasons and the rolling star, there is the INFINITE ESSENCE and the mystic development of HIS WILL.'

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

See, the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus, to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
When like us you blighted fell;
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas, a truth we tell!

Griping misers! nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour! fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth;
Lo, the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth!

Virgins! much—too much presuming
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Youths! though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Yearly in our course returning
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach the truth, concerning
Heaven and earth, and pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd;
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf which shall not fade.

BISHOP HORNE.

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SOME CHAT ABOUT WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

BROAD STREET, Carnaby Market, which is now on the right hand side of Regent Street, London, is not a fashionable street, nor was it so even ninety years ago, but it was a good enough place then, whatever it may be now, for a hosier's shop; and the hosier who lived in number 28 was a comfortable man, with a fair share of business, and so felt, we may suppose, an average amount of joy on the 28th of November, 1757, when called to look at 'the little stranger,' a son of his, just born. In the same month had arrived into this planet, *via* London, not less than five hundred similar little strangers, with passports filled up for the present with half-names—sons of hosiers, other shopkeepers, tailors, doctors, noblemen; but of all these we are able to tell nothing; only of this one hosier's son, who in due time had his inherited half-name completed *ad libitum*, to remain *ad infinitum* (barring acts of Parliament), William Blake; for it happened that William Blake was to become, in its degree, one of those names that are, we may say, poems, and of the very richest, most essential kind. Of all the poems, of whatever sort, that genius gives to the world, the most noble, exquisite, complete, spiritual, is at last the beloved *name*. It is a magic phial holding the giant idea; a mere fluid symbol alchemically hardened into diamond; to each of us an abstract of all by each felt or known in connection with the man and his works, of whatever sort; a microcosm where nothing is unrepresented; even more: for to many people tasteless or careless of a poet's poems, this great poem, built up of all the rest, carries vague confidence and wholesome though blind respect. To happier others the magic name swarms with palpable figures; every letter is itself half-alive, like those we sometimes see in fantastic woodcuts. To these true lovers of genius this strange name-flower, first planted, last perfected in the garden, fed with aiding sucker from every one of the plants, great and small, stands at last with no various scent or hue wanting to its single bloom; one of those few sprung from earth's soil which earth allows us, without much contradiction, to call everlasting.

The name of William Blake, though not a famous or popular one, and never to be so, is dear to those familiar with it; and to increase their number, by however small an addition, is the object with which we write this. When six or eight years old he was observed to prefer a pencil and paper to other amusements; his childhood in this particular resembling that of many children who have grown up into artists, and of many children who have grown up into none at all. Consultation of mothers of families, and reference to fly-leaves and margins of most old school-books, will show the commonness of the propensity. It can hardly, however, in most of these cases, be called an *imitative* propensity, as it is often impossible to refer to natural antitypes the ideal symbols of men and the inferior animals usually found in these early cartoons; and it is just herein that the difference lies between a young Blake or a young Cimabue, and a young Smithson or a young Curlkail; not in that the two first like pencil and paper and scribble in their books, and that the others do not, but in that the young Blake's or Cimabue's 'men' have not invariably zig-zag faces, and pipes in their mouths, and no elbows nor knees; nor are their full-length portraits of ladies like isosceles triangles out of a comic Euclid; nor their trees like explosions of gunpowder; nor their delineations of the orb of day like a spider with lots of legs: whilst the efforts of the other young masters—Master Smithson and Master Curlkail—constantly exhibit their mannerisms. So that it is unsafe for parents to draw food for hasty hopes from the too careless and undistinguishing manner in which biographers often allude to the foreshadowings, or rather forebrightenings, of genius.

The art-gropings of our William Blake produced at last an effect upon even his father, who was no great judge of such matters—we mean a practical effect. He probably thought that the boy would become an artist in spite of all that could be done, and that it would be making the best of a bad business (looking on painting as such) to bring him up to an occupation uniting trade and art; and so William Blake, now a boy of fourteen, was apprenticed for seven years to Mr Basire, engraver. He spent these seven years diligently, we believe, in learning his business, and passed his leisure time in studies and strivings somewhat different from those of the majority of boys so situated. A volume of verses, written mostly in these years, shows, no doubt, here and there traces of a 'prentice hand,' but, on the whole, is very, very extraordinary. It is the work of one bound with sweet indentures to the muse for the term of his natural life. These poems, however, were not printed until his thirtieth year, when John Flaxman advised and assisted their publication; and the manliness and unimitation of such extracts as we have seen make us sometimes doubt that they were printed, in every instance, in the very form in which they were first produced. The strength of the imagination is often as great at sixteen as at any succeeding age; but the various qualities that make up the power of writing unimitative, unredundant, 'sheer' poetry very seldom join in bloom till a riper season. (Here if we be warned about 'inspiration,' we answer, that makes no difference in the case; only that if any one choose, instead of the last sentence, to read—'But the inspiration of poetry very seldom finds an adequate voice until a riper season'—he may do so.) It is fair, however, to remember that Pope wrote the purest bit of sweet verse he ever wrote, at the age of fourteen—

> 'Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound;'

and that Blake was, first and last, one of the most quaint and exceptional of poets, painters, and men. So the end of all this is that the poems written in his minority may, *or may not*, have been altered and improved in the next ten years, and we have, as in many other cases, the pleasure of the discussion for our gains. At all events, the question of what age a man was when he did anything is only of importance psychologically, and is nothing to the question, WHAT did he do? Blake did this—he produced POETRY. Not such produce as that name is so 'often profaned' to baptise, but genuine, free, golden poetry. It is exceedingly curious that freemasonry, by which this true gleam, touch, flavour, ring (to let every sense share in illustration), is at once perceived. On this we cannot now farther digress, except to say that it is plain whither this sort of judgment would tend, in respect to most productions of those really clever, sensible, even wise 'poets' of the new school equally removed from the Shaksperian and the Popeian, with Herr Van Art-to-weld at their head. Some of these men, it is to be feared, think little of kneading up solid prose essay, and, as the second stage, nicking off this dough into sizeable round, oval, or cornered verse-cakes, the odd bits being in no case wasted—perhaps dabbed up into an irregular *scon* of an ode, or else put by for the next baking. These verses are certainly well supported by logic; but it is just in that it can carry us faster and farther than logic that the peculiar force and privilege of POETRY chiefly consists. As to the manufactured article, who can mistake the quality of what has been with so much labour hammered, as it were, out of the cold metal? In truth, in high writing, thought must be born with its shape and its spirit commingled and reacting mutually; and writers who systematically conceive prose and concoct it into 'poetry,' do as unnatural a turn as the Indian tribes that alter the shape of their children's heads with boards and screws.

When he was twenty six years old, Blake made the happiest move of his life—married. By the way, perhaps, as regards age, this is the best time for a man to marry: the mind has then, generally, attained its manly solidity, without hardness to lessen its plasticity to new habits and sympathies. How much or how little they had known of each other previously does not appear; but one day Blake was relating, doubtless in a quaint, earnest, child-like manner, some misfortune or sorrow that he had suffered; and listening to him was a gentle girl, with quiet, attentive, brown eyes, who said at last, half-involuntarily, 'Oh,

I pity you from my heart!' 'Do you?' said Blake, 'then I love you for that.' 'And I love you,' replied the gentle spirit, as innocent and confiding as his own. And so came to pass one of the few real unions—one of mutual respect, perfect sympathy, tender affection.

The brown-eyed Katherine had true taste for art, and became skilful enough, after a time, to assist in colouring her husband's drawings. She copied with delight the strange verses he so often dictated. She honoured his painting, and his poetry, and his simplicity, and his mysticism. How strange that such a man should find, and without seeking, such a wife! Blake was not one fit to make search, and the best searcher would seek a million times in vain for such a prize. To a meditative saunterer on the shore, a careless wave bore in the ocean of life's richest pearl. But, alas! our William's father argued, likely very reasonably, *from the premises within his view*, that this would be 'a bad match,' and ought to be altogether discountenanced. So William, at the age of twenty-six, found himself obliged to leave his father's house in Broad Street, and with his Katherine, now also Blake, went to live in Green Street, Leicester Fields—an artistic neighbourhood.

This is not to be a 'life' of Blake. We wish there were a good one. Allan Cunningham's, the only one we know of, does not pretend to be more than a sketch. We wish there were a good one, illustrated with plenty of extracts from his verses, and from his drawings too, now that art is multiplying its luxuries so freely. Most of Blake's works are rare. His illustrations to 'Job' are to be had —to Blair's 'Grave' and Young's 'Night Thoughts' still more easily; but his own 'Songs of Innocence and Experience,' with sixty-four designs, or, as he calls them, 'inventions,' are scarcely ever, we think, publicly offered for sale; and as seldom, or more seldom, his 'Urizen,' twenty-seven inventions; and 'Gates of Paradise,' sixteen. The illustrations to 'Job,' the 'Grave,' and 'Night Thoughts,' are all interesting, but all have a peculiar character, which we intend to speak of by and by. As to the inventions that are wholly his own, some of them appear inexplicable, yet we cannot believe, taking full account of Blake's oddity, but also of his total freedom from quackery and affectation, that *any* are meaningless. Somewhat of the intuition of truth glimmers in the obscurest of his fantasies, as also somewhat of the wise insanity of raptured thought appears in even the slightest issues of either his pencil or pen.

Here are three unambitious verses on one of the mouldiest of themes—the muses. They are among the juvenile poems:—

'Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the east—
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;
Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth.

. . . . . .

How have ye left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you?
The languid strings now scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.'

These lines, which are from a dramatic poem called 'King Edward III.,' might have been written by Shakspeare:—

'Now we're alone, John Chandos, I'll unburden
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,
Commission'd to this fatal field of Cressy:
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
The shining helm, and string each stubborn bow;
And dancing to the neighing of the steeds;
Methinks the shout begins—the battle burns—
Methinks I see them perch on English cresta,
And breathe the wild flame of fierce war upon
The thronged enemy.'

These too:—

'Oh Dagworth! France is sick! The very sky,
Though sunshine light, it seems to me as pale
As is the fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shown by light of one weak taper.'

The little book of seventy poetic pages, from which these extracts come, was, as has been said, printed through the means of John Flaxman, who 'was so touched with many passages that he not only counselled their publication, but joined with a gentleman of the name of Matthews in the expense, and presented the printed sheets to the artist to dispose of for his own advantage.' This honoured adviser (Flaxman) was in age only a couple of years older than Blake; but in experience of life, a sage to a child. Blake, who was near seventy-one at his death, lived about a year longer than Flaxman. We may remark, in passing, that though one might suppose painting to be an unwholesome profession, from the confinement, inhalation of colours, &c., yet most of the celebrated painters lived to a good age—Raphael, alas! being one of the exceptions. Michael Angelo was about 89 when he died; Lionardo, 67; Francia, 68; Titian, 89; Cimabue and Giotto, each about 61; Murillo, 67; Rembrandt, 68 (some say more); Guido, 80; Gaspar Poussin, 62; Nicholas, 71; Claude, 81; Rubens, 63; Teniers, the elder, 67—the younger, 84; and amongst our own, Reynolds was 69; Hogarth, 64; Kneller, 74; Fuseli, 84; Wilson, 68; Barry, 65; Stothard, 79; West, 82; and our present Royal Academy is not without veteran members (some of whom, by the by, are abusing time's gentleness in a way that he will assuredly revenge on their reputations).

Blake tried a print-shop, which did not succeed; and for the last half of his life his way appears to have been undeviatingly this: 'The day was given to the graver, by which he earned enough to maintain himself respectably; and he bestowed his evenings upon painting and poetry, and intertwined these so closely in his compositions, that they cannot well be separated.' He happily believed that he could, if he chose, make a large fortune; 'but were I to love money,' he used to say, 'I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments.' Allan Cunningham wonders that he could thus, 'month after month, and year after year, lay down his graver, and retire from the battle for bread, to disport his fancy amid scenes of more than earthly splendour, and creatures pure as unfallen dew.' But the wonder is not well-founded: those who possess a natural love for the higher delights of the mind, when released from work, rush, like children, into the playground of imagination, and exercise their minds there with a keen expected zest, unknown to those who have all their time to themselves. This, of course, is said of spirits like Blake's, unlowered to grosser indulgences. And so he passed his quiet, happy evenings, in sketching designs, engraving his 'Inventions,' writing songs, and composing music; his wife by his side, encouraging and assisting him in all his undertakings. 'As he drew the figure,' says Cunningham, 'he meditated the song which was to accompany it, and the music to which the verse was to be sung was the offspring, too, of the same moment.' Of his music there are no specimens; he wanted the art of noting it down. If it equalled many of his drawings and some of his songs, we have lost melodies of real value. The first fruits were the 'Songs of Innocence and Experience,' a work original and natural, and of high merit, both in poetry and painting. It consists of some sixty-five or seventy scenes, presenting images of youth and manhood—of domestic sadness and fireside joy—of the gaiety, the innocence, and happiness of childhood. Every scene has its poetical accompaniment, curiously interwoven with the group or the landscape, and forming, from the beauty of the colour and the prettiness of the pencilling, a very fair picture of itself. Those designs are in general highly poetical, more allied, however, to heaven than to earth—a kind of spiritual abstractions and indicating a better world and fuller happiness than mortals enjoy. Here are the verses that accompany a picture of innocence:

'Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he, laughing, said to me:

Pipe a song about a lamb:
So I piped with merry cheer.

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Piper, pipe that song again;
So I piped—he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer;
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the waters clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.'

These verses, by the way, are well suggested by a writer in Blackwood, as a motto for the 'Children's Stories' of the Danish John Andersen—our Joe! every one's Joe!

Blake's Katherine is the inspirer of several of his lyrics; and no doubt the beauty of her 'dark eyes, white hands, slim and handsome shape,' is lovingly preserved in many of his drawings.

Blake, it seems, instead of rising in the world, became gradually more and more straitened in his means, for 'he wanted the skill of hand, and fine tact of fancy and taste, to impress upon the offspring of his thoughts that popular shape which gives such productions immediate circulation. His works were looked coldly on by the world, and were only esteemed by men of poetic minds, or those who were fond of things out of the common way.' His genius had not enough alloy for working uses. He became, in consequence, not cast down, but more retired in his habits than ever; using 'plain clothes, homely fare, and a cheap habitation'—for he had no *thought* even of dependence. His dear, good Katherine—a young and handsome woman—showed herself able to live, with contented, or rather happy mind, in the homeliest way, seeing no company, never from her husband's side, supporting, assisting, loving, even honouring the simple man, with his warm child-heart, and his dreamful imagination. Dear Katherine, *we* 'love you for that!' Your marriage-vow was well kept. And only think what Blake's case would have been, married to a woman misunderstanding or despising his peculiarities. The hint is enough for one's mind. And many peculiarities he had, easy to be ridiculed by an unsympathiser. In chief, one which grew stronger and stronger in him to the end—fostered by his hermit habits (a hermit ministered to by an angel, though), namely, his vision-seeing. With him, ideas of every sort always used to take body, shape, definite form, in his 'mind's eye;' and from this natural tendency, strengthened by exercise, and by the habits of his life, his ideas became at last so 'objective,' as often to confuse to himself the distinction between what was *seen* and what was only *thought of*. This was certainly an unhealthy state of the brain, but it was no more than the over-activity of a particular faculty, to a very unusual degree. We nearly all experience something of a similar kind in our sleep, and some of us, when broad awake, almost realise the common phrase, 'I actually see him before me,' in reference to an absent person. Allan Cunningham says—'An ordinary gallery would not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. The most propitious time for those 'angel visits' was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready, and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.' His portraits of Edward I., Wallace, and others, drawn thus, are described. Of the first two, an informant says, 'Hanging on the wall were the two warlike heads, of the size of common life; that of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody.'

Without taking any side as to phrenology, it seems to us very plain that Blake's artistically displayed peculiarities were caused by an excess of that faculty which phrenologists place in the 'organ of *form*.' Thus his ideas, both physical and metaphysical, were always of definite *shape*, and came at last to have the power of affecting the visual nerve, or the part of the brain in immediate connection therewith, and the nerve sympathetically, with force equal, or almost equal, to that exercised by external objects. Had he been a man of intemperate life, he would have seen an unprecedented number of 'devils,' not very blue—for he was no colourist—but with the most marked *outlines*. This is the characteristic of all his poetry that we have seen—all is objective; and in his illustrations of other men's writings, his adherence to literal form is often most absurd. He would, we really believe, have illustrated Hamlet's line about 'taking arms against a sea of troubles' by the figure of a muscular man going through the sword-exercise in front of an enormous wave. To give a few instances from his plates to Young's 'Night Thoughts;' the passage,

'Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue,
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone,'

is illustrated by the picture of an individual wakened from sleep by an old man ringing a large hand-bell in his ear. To 'his hand the good man fastens on the skies,' we have a tall figure holding on to an actual cloud. At the line 'we censure nature for a span too short,' there is a man *spanning* an infant with his hand! At

'Sense and reason show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust,'

we have a male and a female figure pointing to as palpable a door as ever John Bunyan went through in his spiritual travels. In fact, Blake should have illustrated Bunyan, and Swedenborg, whose heaven itself is 'as the body of a man.' The picture to 'shall I question loud the thunder?' represents an awful black face, looking out of the clouds at a man whose hair is very naturally standing on end. At 'sense wandering through a wilderness of joy,' sense is a woman, and the 'wilderness of joy' has hill and dale. 'Death's cowl' is a literal hood, held above her by two gigantic hands. So on all through the book. 'Darkness' is a black angel; 'disease,' a messenger with phials of wrath; and death 'plucks down the sun' with a real brawny hand. Not the least characteristic design is that to the celebrated passage on the death of Narcissa—

'I flew—I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
And bore her nearer to the sun.'

Blake shows us a man literally lifting up a reclimng female towards the chariot of day, which speeds through the sky behind Apollo's team. A 'queen lily' is stretching out her arms in the same direction. His noted peculiarity—love of *form*—shows itself also in his insisting on *marked outlines* in all cases. 'The great and golden rule of art,' he writes, in a catalogue of his own pictures, 'is this—that the more distinct, and sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art.' The chiaro-'scuro painters of the Venetian and Flemish schools he calls 'tempting demons,' infusing remembrance of their styles and love of imitation, and 'hindering all power of individual thought.' Passages like these, let the manner of expression be what it may, have well-considered meanings in them; and this is a point worthy of some little consideration in the present age. Obscurity is a bad fault, or a bad defect; but barrenness is worse. A mine is better than easy digging; a stutterer of wisdom, or even any nourishment for thought, is better than one voluble of commonplace.

Blake spent the last year of his life in Fountain Court, Strand. It is curious and affecting to think of this gentle hermit of the desert of a great city working into old age ceaselessly and cheerfully, though scarce able, with all, to keep himself from very poverty—at last not able; and to his last hour gazing with a look that never turned aside towards his ideal of truth and beauty, and with a spirit pure, noble, and child-innocent, drawn on and on without pause or change by its divine longing. Think what you

will of his works and his visions; but just picture to yourself, after his own fashion, this one man in the great London tornado of life-breath, ever whirling round with its trade, pleasure, crime—this one man, day after day for a long life, in it but not of it—(others such there may have been hidden in that mighty crowd, but we *know* of but the one)—scraping, as it were, his daily subsistence from copperplates, and using all his sweet leisure moments in effort, wholly without motives of vanity or money, to embody his mind's ideal in poetry, painting, and music. His mind was a true shrine for that trinity of sense. For poetry is really 'sensuous,' as Milton declared long ago, though the fact has since, apparently, been forgotten.

Who, after drawing on his mind's easel such a picture of William Blake in Fountain Court, but will think it worthy of being surrounded with a golden frame of loving thoughts, and hung in a good light in the grand gallery of memory? But the picture is but half painted; a second figure is to be introduced: a sweet, gentle, loving woman—the dark-eyed Katherine—ever present, ever good.

With all Blake's toil, unsuccess, and poverty, we truly *envy* him his life, in the amiable sense of the word. He had a contented mind, which is more than riches; and his work for bread was at least parallel to his labour of love. His mind's ideal was as little sullied in action as ever mortal's; and though he knew that he had not gained success, in the popular sense, he always believed it to be *below* his reach, and easily obtainable by stooping for it, which he gloried in never doing. But all this is not what we envy him for. It is for his Katherine. Any one's life is truly 'successful' who finds such a partner, lover, perfect friend, as Katherine Boutcher was to William Blake. Not now, however—in Fountain Court—is she 'young and handsome,' except in Blake's heart; the dark eyes are dimmed a good deal with the breath of time; and of late there have been anxiety and night-watchings to dull them more; for her husband, now in his seventy-first year, is confined to bed, though he still employs himself with the pencils, touching and improving. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands; and to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.' He saw his wife in tears. Suddenly he said, 'Stay, Kate, I must draw your portrait: you have ever been an angel to me;' and, almost in the act of fixing that beloved image, his own body was changed into a still picture of himself. Happy and loving was the end. He died in Fountain Court, Strand, in the year 1827. London reader, pray connect Blake and Fountain Court together in memorial links, if you have not already done so, and add one more to the crowd of local associations that give London the power of being the most interesting place in the world (next to the place of childhood) to any man or woman of English tongue. But even a London reader may very easily be ignorant of the exact whereabout of Fountain Court, Strand. It lies off Beaufort Buildings, which is nearly opposite to Exeter Hall, and at one corner of which stands Ackerman's print-shop.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. VIII.

PASSAGE OF MALACCA STRAIT—INCIDENTS OFF MALACCA—STRAIT OF SINGAPORE—SIGHTS IN SINGAPORE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Our patience was sorely tried in the passage of Malacca Strait. The wind kept right ahead with only a point or two of variation, and interrupted occasionally by a calm or a squall; and when we got into the narrow and shallow parts of the strait, we encountered an ebb tide setting against us, sometimes at the rate of two miles an hour, for about twelve hours a-day. Of course we could make no headway against this, and we had to drop anchor, in water varying from ten to twenty fathoms, every time the tide turned. The constant tacking of the ship in working to windward through narrow channels, and the incessant letting go and heaving up of the anchor, made the work very harassing for the crew; and before we had done with the straits the songs at the windlass got very dull and lifeless, or were even altogether abortive, and then how heavy the anchor was! The weather being hot—thermometer generally about 85 deg.—as soon as the ground-tackle was down and the sails furled, a number of the men used to strip and jump from the sprit-sail yard for a bathe, notwithstanding that water-snakes were very plentiful, and sharks were likely not far off. But what cares Jack for contingencies? Danger must be very imminent indeed before he forego present gratification. As for me, who hauled a rope or took the wheel occasionally, only for the sake of exercise and variety, and to whom time was no great object, I enjoyed the sailing very much. We were always near land, and always seeing new phases, both of animate and inanimate nature; and the navigation being intricate, and not unmixed with a spice of risk and danger, gave rise to a degree of pleasant excitement, increased sometimes by sailing matches with other vessels with which we came in contact. A Dutch barque kept us company the most of the way, and for some days we had no fewer than six vessels to cope with—two ships, a barque (the Dutchman), a brig, and two native craft. One of the ships got to windward very fast and soon left us; with the other (a large one of about 1000 tons) we were pretty equally matched, and we ultimately arrived at Singapore together. One of the native craft was a pretty little three-masted vessel with fore and aft sails; she used to shoot ahead in light winds, but we generally made up again in stiff breezes. The other native was a clumsy affair with mat sails. It was very interesting to watch the evolutions and the capabilities of the different vessels, and we did our utmost to maintain the credit of our ship. In getting under weigh, the captain and I used sometimes to sheet home and hoist a royal ourselves, in order that sail might be made more rapidly; and I frequently took the wheel for a short time, to the end that an additional hand might be available for the heavy work.

One day we anchored for a tide in sight of the town of Malacca, but too far off for going ashore. Native boats came off to us with fowls, eggs, sweet potatoes, coco-nuts, mangosteens, pine-apples, pomaloes, rambutans, Malacca canes, Penang-lawyers (a sort of walking-stick so called), and various other things, of which we made considerable purchases. Mangosteens are peculiar to the Malay peninsula, and I think they are about the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. They happened to be in perfection at the time, so we bought several baskets of them, and, regardless of all consequences, had a huge feed forthwith. They are about the size of an orange, with a hard, dark red husk, which, when broken up, exposes the pure white, soft, luscious, melting matter inside: the remembrance is enough to make one's mouth water. The same evening, as soon as the tide turned in our favour, we got under weigh, and soon afterwards were caught in a very severe squall—a regular 'Sumatra.' The heavy black clouds, darting out lightning, were seen as usual rising rapidly from the horizon, and there was barely time to clew up everything but the topsails when we were taken flat aback. The topsails were instantly lowered, but the fore one was blown in pieces, and, from the difficulty of getting another bent in such rain and darkness, the ship was again anchored as soon as it could be done with safety. In the morning we found ourselves still in sight of Malacca, and abreast of a group of five or six islands. Our friend the Dutchman appeared with almost a complete suit of new sails, the most of his former ones having likely been blown to pieces in the squall.

After knocking about for seventeen days in Malacca Strait, we entered the Strait of Singapore, the communication between the two being by a passage six or eight miles wide, bounded on one side by Tanjong Boulus (the southernmost point of the continent of Asia), and on the other by the Carimon Islands. From the entrance of this strait we had only thirty miles to the town of Singapore, but this short piece of navigation was very intricate.

Our course lay through innumerable islands—I tried in vain to count them—some nearly level with the water, but most of them rocky elevations showing red and white sandstone-like cliffs. One of the small low islands was just a bank of reddish sand, with a solitary mangrove-tree growing on it. Another presented a similar appearance, with the addition of black rocks in the neighbourhood. Four trees grew on this one, and at some distance from it a mangrove-tree was seen growing out of the water, serving to mark the position of a dangerous reef stretching away from the island. The large rocky islands were covered with bushes and tall solitary trees.

On the afternoon of the same day on which we entered the strait, we dropped anchor in Singapore roads. The moon was full on the night of our arrival, and the scene which it lighted up was very beautiful. The smooth sea studded with islands and ships—the town with its glimmering lights stretching along the margin of the bay—sampans (small light boats so named) gliding noiselessly about—and larger boats with white sails glancing in the moon—were some of the objects making up the picture.

A motley population is that of Singapore, made up of Europeans of various nations, Chinese, Malays, Armenians, Jews, Parsees, Arabs, various races from India, Javanese, Bugis, Balinese, Siamese, &c. The Chinese, however, greatly preponderate in numbers, and give the chief character to the place. They have a very fine temple, or *joss-house*, full of rich carving and gilding, and containing about half-a-dozen very respectable-looking images. The outside of the roof is ornamented with figures in glazed earthenware and porcelain, and in moonlight it sparkles as if studded with gems. Opposite this temple a temporary Chinese theatre had been erected, where we occasionally saw dramatic spectacles on the stage open to the street.

While strolling through the town one evening we came upon a very curious Chinese exhibition. Tables were placed along the middle of a street, and piled up with fruits and sweetmeats of every shape, and decorated with flowers and paper flags. Immense candles and painted paper lanterns gave illumination, and *joss-sticks* were burning upon everything. Towards one end there were several grotesque images of gods, covered by a canvass awning, and surrounded with elaborate ornaments. A priest in a slate-coloured dress was chanting prayers and presenting offerings before them, and he had several attendants to accompany him with rude music. A pile of small square pieces of paper, inscribed with Chinese characters and covered with gold leaf, lay before the priest, and after many ceremonies they were scattered about and burned. Wishing to know what they were, I watched an opportunity and saved a couple of them from the flames. In another part of the town we saw a party of Chinese burning large ornaments made of slips of bamboo and gilt paper, which we were told had been carried about in procession during the day. I asked several people what all this meant, but could get no satisfactory information; afterwards, however, I found reason to suppose that it was part of the rites in honour of the dead—paper representations of money and clothes being annually burned by the Chinese for the use of their relations in the world of spirits. The feast laid out on the street was, I believe, intended for the same charitable purpose; but as *smoke* seemed to be the most suitable form in which to supply money and clothes to the departed spirits, so the aerial emanations from the viands were all they got to satisfy the longings of their appetites, whilst the grosser and more substantial realities fell to the share of the corporeal votaries who took part in the service.

During the week's stay at Singapore I had several drives in the neighbourhood of the town. The country which I thus saw consisted, for the most part, of low hills separated by marshy valleys. The hills are only partially cleared of the native jungle, but there are fine nutmeg plantations on some of them, and others are nearly covered with pine-apples. The marshes are occupied chiefly by mangrove-trees, although some are drained and cultivated. Eastward of the town is a village occupied by Bugis; the houses are wooden sheds elevated on poles on account of the marshy nature of the ground beneath them; and beyond this the country is low and swampy for several miles, and covered mostly with coco-nut and plantain-trees. Pine-apples are frequently seen growing like thistles by the roadsides. The native forests are filled with *poon*-trees, which grow straight and branchless to a great height. Masts 80 feet long can be got from them, and when rough dressed they are sold at Singapore for about a dollar per lineal foot. A considerable quantity of gambier is produced in the interior of the island, and nutmegs, cloves, sugar, coffee, pepper, &c. are also cultivated to some extent. The nutmegs, I was told, would bring, along with the mace, 100 dollars a pecul (about 133 lbs.); whilst I saw wild ones from Amboyna exposed to sale for only six dollars. Among the trees cultivated occasionally, but not indigenous, I saw sago-palms and bread-fruit.

In our excursions we were always sure of seeing a number of boys, and even grown-up men, engaged in flying kites; and this amusement seems to be a favourite with Malays everywhere, for at Batavia and the Coco Islands, as well as at this place, it was remarkably popular. The kites are generally of a more fanciful form than those made in this country, and a deal of ingenuity must be exercised in their construction. They are often made in the shape of birds, and so natural that a spectator may sometimes be deceived by the representation, and in flying them the boys contrive to make them swoop towards each other as if in hostile encounter. I have seen kites also in the form of ships sailing in the air; but perhaps the finest invention connected with them is one which we saw in operation at the Coco Islands. One forenoon, while the captain and I were approaching the settlement on the islands in the ship's gig, we were surprised by hearing musical sounds coming as if from a number of Æolian harps hung among the trees. On landing, however, we were unable to trace the music to any particular spot; it was all around us and above us; and the variety of the tones, and the fitful manner in which they swelled and died away, made it evident that they came from many sources. Delighted with this fairy music, and puzzling ourselves in vain to account for it, we walked on to the village, and in answer to our inquiries our attention was directed to a number of large kites high up in the air whence the sounds proceeded. In form these kites were pretty much like those made at home, with the addition of a streaming tail of coloured ribbons. Each had also attached to it a small musical apparatus, made, I believe, with a piece of bamboo and a reed, and a number of these, all pitched differently, being brought together, gave rise to the beautiful effect mentioned. If the juvenile kite-manufacturers of this country would take a lesson from these Malays, they might render the amusement considerably more pleasing and intellectual.

THE LONDON ANECDOTES FOR ALL READERS.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A GLANCE at the title of the present series of volumes is apt to lead to the idea that the contents are made up solely of records of the 'Great Babylon.' Our readers will immediately perceive, however, that although the '*London* Anecdotes' have a local habitation and name, they are nevertheless intended for general diffusion, and that they as legitimately belong to readers in Lothian as in London. It would be a work of supererogation to criticise anecdotes. They are but mere particles of history; compact finite facts, which constitute the nuclei of more elaborate and extended details of men and things. They are not valued for their literary merit, but for their point and interest in relation to whoever or whatever is famous or wonderful. The 'London Anecdotes' are a collection of novel and entertaining facts, which have been caught

* London: D. Bogue.

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as they ran the rounds of the newspapers, literary journals, chit-chat clubs, and electric telegraphs, and put into the form of a handsome shilling's worth. We shall present our readers with some of the fare, which we dare say will be more agreeable to them than a mere bill of contents. We have two volumes of these scraps before us; one relating exclusively to the wonder-working 'Electric Telegraph,' the other to 'Popular Authors.' We will, in the meantime, see to the working of the 'whispering wires,' reserving the 'Popular Authors' for another occasion. ''Modern science,' it has been well remarked by one of its brightest ornaments (Sir David Brewster), 'may be regarded as one vast miracle.' Among its marvels, the applications of electricity, to speak advisedly, are the most startling. True it may be that its nomenclature is traceable to the *electron* of the Greeks; and some four-and-twenty centuries ago, the roving old bachelor, Thales, whilst strolling along the sea-shore, may have picked up a piece of amber, and from it produced the first electric power; though it is hard to associate the philosopher with a spark. Nevertheless, the glass tube and silk handkerchief phenomena belong to the moderns. Franklin identified lightning with electricity about a hundred years since, but the adaptation of this mysterious power—the writing on the line—to the every-day conveniences of life, belongs to our own century, nay, almost to the present *decade*.'

'In 1794, according to 'Voigt's Magazine,' Reizen made use of the electric spark for the telegraph. In 1798, according to the same authority, Dr Salva, of Madrid, constructed a telegraph similar to that suggested by Reizen. The Prince of Peace witnessed the experiments with much satisfaction; and the Infant Don Antonio engaged with Dr Salva in improving his apparatus. His experiments, it is stated, were conducted *through many miles*, although there does not appear to have been published any description of his plan. In the 'Monthly Magazine' for February, 1797, we find the following corroborative evidence of the application: 'The Prince of Peace, who testifies the most laudable zeal for the progress of science, understanding that Dr Don Francisco Salva had read, at the Royal Academy of Sciences at Barcelona, a memoir on the application of electricity to the telegraph, and presented, at the same time, an electrical telegraph of his own invention, requested to examine the apparatus himself. Satisfied with the exactness and celerity with which communications may be made by means of it, he introduced the doctor to the King of Spain. The Prince of Peace afterwards, in the presence of their majesties and the whole court, made some communications by this telegraph, completely to their satisfaction. The Infant Don Antonio proposes to have one of them on the most complete construction, which shall possess power sufficient to communicate between the greatest distances, by land or sea. With this view his highness has ordered the construction of a machine, the cylinder of which is more than forty inches in diameter, and he intends, as soon as it is finished, to undertake a series of curious and useful experiments, in conjunction with Dr Salva. This is an employment worthy of a great prince; and as soon as the results reach us, we shall enjoy much pleasure in presenting them to the public.' However, we hear no more of the experiments; but we next have Soemmering's voltaic electric telegraph, described before the Academy of Sciences at Munich, in 1809. Then came Mr Ronalds, of Hammersmith, in 1816: his experiments appear to have been successful, so far as they went; and, after reporting the result, 'Why,' he continues, 'has no serious trial yet been made of the qualifications of so diligent a courier? and if he should be proved competent to the task, why should not our kings hold councils at Brighton with their ministers in London? Why should not our government govern at Portsmouth almost as promptly as at Downing Street? Why should our defaulters escape by default of our foggy climate? Let us have electric conversazione offices, communicating with each other all over the kingdom, if we can.' There is also another candidate, one Mr Porter, of Harrow, who memorialised the House of Commons upon the subject, and who, in 1825, proposed 'a method of instantaneous communication with outposts, which neither foggy weather nor the darkness of night need prevent.' He asserts the right of England to a priority in the paternity of the electric telegraph over Germans and Americans, contending that the 'magic saddle' should, at least, be placed upon the right horse. Nevertheless, the use of the galvanic battery for the telegraph—the most important stage of the discovery—must be referred to 1819, when Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, ascertained that magnetism is induced on a soft piece of iron by allowing a current of electricity to pass at right angles round it, having it previously bound with copper wire, and that the magnetism ceases immediately the contact is broken.'

We shall now proceed from the historical to the practical, and illustrate the progress of that revolution in the course of all things, from love to robbery, now being effected by this subtile electric agent: 'The telegraph had only been completed from London to Liverpool a few days, when its power as a police agent was exemplified upon an interesting scale. One eventful Saturday, a droll-looking, dark-complexioned little Frenchman took up his abode at the Trafalgar, in Bath Street. On the following day, another gentleman, a Yankee, took up his quarters at the same hotel, to sojourn there until the ship Patrick Henry slipped cable for New York. The 'strangers' soon became intimate; ate and drank together, and were inseparable companions. Little or nothing was known of the Frenchman, except that he was without any wardrobe beyond that which he wore. Frequently he complained of the non-arrival of his *trone* from London; uttering ever and anon an interjectional curse upon the railway company, whom he saddled with its mysterious miscarriage. This, with ludicrous effrontery, he urged as a plea for his shortness of cash. His friend, however, philanthropically supplied his wants, and paid his way for him. As he was about to cross the Atlantic, he wished to cash some Bank of England notes, under the impression that gold was more serviceable in America. Accordingly he went to one of the Liverpool banks, and with him his constant friend, the Frenchman, who said, as usual, to his benefactor, 'Vere thou goest, I vill go.' The notes were refused, on the ground that the bank was short of gold; and the owner of them returned with the Frenchman to their hotel, and replaced them in his portmanteau in his bedroom. On the following day, the man of money, wishing to see the lions of Liverpool and the embryo beauties of Birkenhead, invited the Frenchman to join him; but the latter, as will be seen from the sequel, had more reasons than one for staying at home, and of departing, by an affectation of indisposition and ennui, from his usual declaration of 'Vere thou goest, I will go.' In an hour or so the absentee returned, and found that the Frenchman had fled, after having broken open the portmanteau and taken therefrom a £50 note, one £20, and three £10. Beneath lay a bag of fifty sovereigns, but this had been overlooked. The thief had left Liverpool by the express train for London; but full descriptive particulars of the Frenchman and the fraud had preceded him, by the hue and cry of the telegraph; and behold him collared and in custody while presenting his benefactor's notes at the bank!'

It is said that 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' and the following anecdote would seem to prove that even a railway, in consequence of the electric telegraph, is no smoother a track than any heretofore known on which lovers may dance their course *a-la-Columbine*. 'A young girl left Cambridge by the new Defiance coach for the railway terminus at Ware, *en route* to meet her lover in London. Fortunately, the father missed the maiden; and the telegraph at Cambridge having communicated a description of her to the telegraph at Ware, two policemen made themselves known to the fair runaway, and induced her to accompany them back to Cambridge, where she had to endure the paternal frown in-

stead of enjoying the attention of her affianced at Shoreditch.'

Grim old fathers and watchful guardians need not, however, suppose that the whispering wires are out and out inimical to Cupid; the following will prove the reverse: 'It appears that a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston had formed an attachment for a handsome young man, who was a clerk in her father's counting-house; and she determined to marry him, although her father had previously promised her in marriage to another suitor. The father having heard of the attachment feigned ignorance of it, but determined to cause it to be broken off. For this purpose he directed the young man to proceed to England, by steamer, upon business, and the lover accordingly arrived, *en route*, in New York. In the meantime the young lady had gained some knowledge of her father's intentions, and sent a message to that effect to her lover in New York, by the following expedient:—She took her place in the telegraphic office in Boston, and he did the same, with a magistrate, in the office in New York; and the exchange of consent being given by the electric flash, they were thus married by telegraph! Shortly after, the lady's father insisted upon her marriage with the gentleman he had selected for her; and judge of his amazement when she told him she was already the wife of Mr B., then on his way to England; adding an explanation of the novel way in which the ceremony was performed. The merchant threatened to protest against the validity of the marriage, but did not carry his threat into execution.'

The electric telegraph certainly surpasses all creation as a detective agent. It has caught old Time 'napping,' and putting off his time upon his circuit. Here is the fact notified and attested:—'By the electric telegraph on the Great Western Railway has been accomplished the apparent paradox of sending a message in 1845, and receiving it in 1844! Thus, a few seconds after the clock had struck twelve, on the night of the 31st of December, the superintendent at Paddington signalled his brother officer at Slough that he wished him a happy new year. An answer was instantly returned, suggesting that the wish was premature, as the year had not yet arrived at Slough! The fact is, the difference of longitude makes the point of midnight at Slough a little *after* that at Paddington; so that a given instant, which was after midnight at one station, was before midnight at the other; or the wonder may be more readily understood when it is recollected that the motion of electricity is far more rapid than the diurnal motion of the earth.—We hear of similar feats in the United States. Thus, a letter from Indiana says: 'That wonderful invention the magnetic telegraph passes through our country from the eastern cities, communicating intelligence almost instantaneously. News has been transmitted from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, a distance of 750 miles, on one unbroken chain of wires. Of course, as Cincinnati is 13 degrees west of Philadelphia, or 40 minutes of time later, the news is thus much ahead of the time.''

Whither shall the robber now flee to escape the foot of his captor? 'A person entered the Wolverton station of the London and North Western Railway, and took a third-class ticket for Birmingham. The train started, and had nearly arrived at Blisworth, a distance of ten miles, when a police-officer inquired of the station-master at Wolverton what persons had taken tickets at that station by the last train. On the information being afforded him, the officer was led to believe that a person suspected of a robbery, committed in the neighbourhood on the previous evening, had proceeded with his booty by that train. The electric telegraph from Wolverton to Blisworth was immediately put into use, and the necessary information sent thither. On the arrival of the train at Blisworth, the carriages were inspected, and a person answering the description found. He was apprehended, and the stolen goods were found among his luggage. He was brought back by the next train to Wolverton, and safely lodged the same evening in the Aylesbury jail.'

If the telegraph acts as an informer and detector, it is also prompt and honest, as the following evidence will show: 'One morning a lady inadvertently left her purse, containing £30, on the counter at the Witham station of the Eastern Counties Railway. It remained unobserved by the station-clerk until both the train and the lady had left, whereupon he instantly telegraphed the occurrence to the authorities at the Chelmsford station, who, on the train's arrival, made inquiry of all the lady passengers, who immediately commenced an investigation of pockets, reticules, and purses. Amongst others one found that she was no longer mistress of her little mint, and she was informed, through the master medium of electric language, that her purse was safe at Witham, and would be forwarded by the following train.'

'A gentleman resident at Falkirk was booked at Leeds for Newcastle, by the York and North Midland Railway. His luggage was given in charge to one of the company's servants, and ere the train started the passenger was told that all was right. On arriving at the York station inquiry was made for the luggage, which contained valuable documents, but it could not be found. Application was made to the superintendent of the railway telegraph, the alarm-bell was touched, the vibrations reached Leeds, from which, in the course of three minutes, the following colloquy took place between the superintendent at York and his correspondent at Leeds:—'Is a carpet bag and hat-box with you, addressed Mr —— ?' 'Yes.'—'Forward it by first down train.' 'Yes.'—'Did you not say of the luggage, 'All's right?'' 'Yes.'—'Then forward it to the Falkirk station at your own expense.' 'Yes.' In due course the luggage reached Falkirk station, 'all right,' and free of charge.'

The following are rather good jokes: 'A cunning butcher one morning took a ticket at the Derby railway station for a trip to Birmingham. He was about to seat himself in the train when he was accosted by one of the officers as to a dog he had with him, for which, it appeared, he had not paid the usual fare. The butcher stoutly refused to pay what was demanded, and, after the exchange of sundry words between the disputants, the animal was 'taken in charge,' much to the chagrin of its owner. In a brief interval, the dog either escaped or was released, and scampered along the platform towards the place where it had been separated from its master, who, during a trifling delay of the train, had just time to secure the animal, ere the whistle blew, and the carriages were in motion: this circumstance, however, did not escape observation, as appears in the sequel. The traveller patted his dog, in the exuberance of his delight at having 'done the railway chaps for once;' and then, turning to a fellow-passenger, and casting an incredulous, half-contemptuous glance at the magic wires along the line, confidently exclaimed, 'They may *telescope* me NOW, if they CAN!' Onward sped the train; Birmingham was at length reached; but the man of economy had not walked many paces from the carriage in which he had been seated, before he was interrupted by a sudden tap, followed by—'You've not paid for that dog!' The butcher stared at the officer, then at his dog, and paid the money, growling out, 'Telescoped, by jingo!''

'Mr ——, of York, travelling by railway, fell into conversation with a gentleman on the subject of the electric telegraph. While speaking of the simplicity of the mode of working it, and giving instances of the short space of time in which a communication could be despatched the distance of fifty or one hundred miles, he was disbelieved by his companion, who could not be persuaded, except by some practical illustration, that the telegraph could work such wonders as was alleged. The train passed on, and at length arrived at the terminus, when the stranger found that his umbrella was lost, or had been removed from its place. If removed, how, or by whom, the sequel will discover. He comm nicated his loss to Mr ——, who, with great promptitude, observed, 'Oh, the telegraph, sir! Come with me to the telegraph office.' The stranger was almost tempted to indulge in ridicule, but he was

assured that the umbrella would be heard of in a few seconds. He entered the office. The telegraph was set in motion, and in an unaccountably short space of time, the lost umbrella was drawn from under the counter upon which the dial stood, the stranger ejaculating, 'Well, gentlemen, seeing is believing!' and the individual who, not an hour before, was unwilling to believe the most ordinary telegraphic feats, now left the office with his opinion so far changed, as to suppose that the umbrella had actually been *carried along the wires* from the place where he imagined it had been left!'

These constitute a part of the matter of the 'London Anecdotes' relative to the electric telegraph—anecdotes which the most fertile and fanciful imagination could not have conceived a few years ago, but which are now revolving in gossipping circles, and every place besides, as rapidly as the electric fluid does on the wires, and the truthfulness of which does not admit of question.

THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

(From the 'Story of the Seasons,' by H. G. Adams.)

I scatter plenty o'er the land,
I reap the yellow corn;
Mine is the joyous harvest home,
And mine the hunter's horn;
The full round moon
Will look down soon
On fields all closely shorn.

I bid the swallows wing their flight
To climes beyond the sea;
The nightingale, by day or night,
Singeth no song to me;
For I send the blast
That flieth fast,
To strip the forest-tree;

But first I tinge the quiv'ring leaves
With crimson and with gold,
And cover it as with a robe
Right glorious to behold.
Then out I call—
'Pride hath a fall!'
And it standeth bare and cold.

I shake the rattling nuts to earth,
I send the acorns down,
With fir-cones strew the forest-walks,
And when I chance to frown
The mightiest tree
Submissively
Boweth his stately crown.

WOLFGANG MOZART.

Upon a beautiful morning in the month of April, 1762, a little girl about eight years of age, and a boy about two years her junior, descended the vine-covered bank of Kosoheez, at the foot of which murmured and flowed the pure and rapid waters of the river Moldau, which loses itself in the ancient forest of Bohemia. Instead of dancing on their path with all that lively gaiety so common to young people of their age, these two children held each other by the hand, and walked slowly along, with thoughtful brows, and downcast eyes, and the gravity of years stamped upon their faces; yet all the easy grace, candour, and simplicity of childhood were observable in their countenances and motions. Their dress announced the poverty of their condition. The little girl's robes were faded and worn, while those of the boy were patched with cloths of different colours at both knees and elbows. Nevertheless, poor though they seemed, it was easy to be perceived that a kind and attentive mother had tastefully combed and braided their long, fair ringlets, and had washed their delicate hands, and handsome, intelligent faces—thus investing poverty with its chiefest dignity and grace, that of personal cleanliness. They held in their hands each a large piece of bread, upon which from time to time they cast their eyes without venturing to eat. When they had reached the foot of the descent, and were about to seek shelter beneath the green boughs of the forest-trees, the little boy broke silence. 'Did you remark, my sister,' said he, with a sad voice, 'in what manner our mother gave us our breakfast this morning, and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread again?''

'Yes, my brother,' replied the little girl, shaking her pretty head and sighing, 'she wept—I saw her tears, and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is even no more bread in the house, so you must be content.' But wherefore do you weep?' added the little girl, suddenly melting into tears at the sight of her brother's emotion.

'I weep because you do so,' replied Wolfgang, in his turn; and then he added, 'I grieve, too, that I have not bread enough for my breakfast.'

'Poor little thing,' said his sister, kissing the tears from his eyes, and fondling him, as if she had been twenty instead of only two years his senior, 'you are never without some great grief; but come, let us wander below the green spreading branches of the tall trees, and pluck the little flowers which peep from the clustered grass that grows beneath them; and you shall eat what bread you have, and we shall wreathe our brows with blossoms, and forget that we are hungry.'

As she spoke, Fredrika led her brother into the forest-path that skirted the margin of the Kosoheez, and began to cull the wild blossoms from its banks, and to laugh in the fullness of her joy. High overhead towered the ash, fir, and elm trees, and the golden sunbeams struggled through their openings, and fell upon the moss-grown stones, and wild fox-gloves, and trefoils, and ferns, that clustered by the river's side. The songs of the birds came echoing from the far recesses of the deep, green wood, and fell upon the ears of the children, like heaven-attuned harmonies, until the soul of the little boy was stirred within him, and his lips quivered with un undefinable emotion.

'Fredrika,' said he, in a soft whisper, as he turned his large blue eyes towards those distant azure spots of the concave sky, which could be seen through the shady foliage over his head—'Fredrika,' said he, as the flowers dropped from his hand, and his face assumed a devotional character, 'what a sweet place this would be in which to pray!'

'True, my Wolfgang,' said the child, struck by her brother's earnestness; 'but for what and to whom will we pray?'

'We shall pray for some means to make my mother smile oftener, and my father to seem less sad—we shall ask that poverty may go from our dwelling-place, and leave us happiness instead—and we shall pray to God, who dwells in the blue heavens which you see yonder through the dense leaves of the forest.'

'And he will listen to us,' said the little girl, joining her hands, and kneeling with charming simplicity upon the ground, while her brother bent down at her side. 'My mother says that he always listens to the prayers of children who love their parents.'

'My sister,' said Wolfgang, after he had knelt some time in silence, 'shall we address ourselves to our Lady of Loretto, or to the great St John Nepomucene?'

'To St John,' responded the sister; and she closed her beautiful eyes, and exclaimed, in low solemn tones, while her brother's voice mingled with hers, 'Oh, good St John, give us the means of being useful to our parents!'

Dependency, the parent of prayer, is a prime attribute of childhood. The tender soul and tender frame alike cry for support and protection. 'Lead us not into temptation,' says the young feeble spirit, as it looks upward to the bright region from which it so lately came, and forward on the dark world which it yet scarcely knows. 'Give us each day our daily bread,' cries the body, as it bends its knees upon the sward. Prayer, so profitable during all ages, is a necessity of childhood, and the act of it is one of infancy's most holy aspects. As the little boy and girl knelt upon the soft green grass, and uttered their sweet filial aspirations, the sunbeams fell upon their closed eyes and spiri-

tualised features, as if they loved so to do; and the eyes of a man, who was concealed by the dense foliage which surrounded the spot where they knelt, shone on them too, with such an expression as an angel might wear, if it listened to such silvery voices. The man was of lofty, noble stature; his countenance was mild and benevolent, and his dress was rich but simple. He stood silent and thoughtful, and leaned upon the tree behind which the lovely children knelt.

'St John of Nepomucene, direct us how we may assist our parents,' said the little boy, rising from his knees, and assisting his sister to do so also.

'We have finished our prayers, then, Wolfgang,' said Fredrika, as she kissed her brother's lips.

'And we have discovered the means for which we have prayed,' exclaimed the boy, interrupting her, while his face lighted up with joy, and his bright eyes sparkled with hope. 'I knew that we should discover some way of assisting our parents.'

'And what way have you discovered, our wise Wolfgang?' cried Fredrika, laughing.

'Has not our mother over and over again told us that we were good children?' said the boy, with sweet naïveté, 'and has not our father often declared that you could sing, and that I could play well upon the piano? Now, we shall rise some fine morning,' said the child, with a serious air, 'and we shall take each other's hands, and we shall wander far away over green plains, and by hedge-paths and rivers, until we discover, on our route, some stately castle; and you shall sing, and I shall play upon the piano, and the rich folks of the castle shall give us gold. Fredrika,' said the wrapt, dreaming boy, while his little breast heaved with the earnestness and fulness of his feelings, and his eyes shone as if with an inspiration, 'I shall make the piano tremble with the most enchanting airs, till everybody who listens to it shall tremble too, and then they shall embrace thee and me, and shall give us pearls, and jewels, and bonbons; but I shall say we will have none of these—give us money, I pray you, that we may carry it to our father and mother.'

'Ah, what a dreamer thou art,' cried the little girl, as she embraced the enthusiastic child, and kissed him.

'But more than that, sister,' continued the castle-building infant, with a profusion of expression and ideality, uncommon in one so young—'more than that, sister,' he cried, as he embraced her; 'the king shall hear of us, and shall send an envoy for us; and he shall give to me a silken tunic, and to thee a robe of satin; and we shall go to the royal palace, amongst beautiful ladies, with broidered robes, feathers, gold, and jewels; and I shall sit at the piano—what a piano! with wood bright as a looking-glass, with silver pedals, and notes of pearls and diamonds; and we shall play till the court is ravished with our music, and then we shall be caressed and embraced, and the king shall demand of me what I wish; and I shall answer 'what the king pleases,' and then he shall give me a castle, and shall send for my father and mother.'

A burst of laughter interrupted the recital of the bold young piano-player, who, looking fearfully first at his sister and then quickly from side to side, perceived the stranger, who had listened in his concealment to every word which had been uttered; and now, seeing that he was discovered, he approached the children with a smiling countenance, exclaiming, 'Do not be afraid, my children; for the great St John Nepomucene has sent me as an envoy to you.' The innocent children looked in each other's faces at these words, and then they gazed upon the pretended messenger.

'Ah, well, so much the better,' cried the boy; 'if you are his envoy you have done what I wish, I hope.'

'No, no,' said the stranger, seating himself upon the trunk of a tree, and placing Wolfgang and his more aged and more bashful sister before him, 'I shall only grant what you desire upon condition that you answer me truly the questions I shall ask you, and I shall know if you lie.'

'I never lie,' said the little boy, proudly.

'I shall see whether you do or not,' said the stranger, smiling, and patting him on the head. 'What is your father's name?'

'Leopold Mozart,' said the boy, bowing. 'He is chapel-master, and plays upon the violin and piano, but oftener the violin.'

'And does thy mother still live?'

'Yes, she does,' said Wolfgang, smiling, 'and a dear mother is mine.'

'How many children are there of you?' continued the stranger, in an interested manner.

The little boy shook his head, as if he did not know, and remained silent, while his sister, taking up the word, modestly replied, 'We are seven in all, but two only remain, my brother and I; the others have all died.'

'And your father is very poor, my dear child?' said the stranger, in a kindly tone, to the little girl.

'Ah yes, very poor,' she exclaimed, while the tears started into her eyes. 'Look,' said she, holding up the piece of bread which yet remained untasted, 'that is all the bread that we had in the house this morning, and when my mother gave it to us she bade us go to the fields and eat it, for it grieved her to see us fare so poorly.'

'Poor children,' said the stranger, with lively emotion, 'where do your parents dwell?'

'Above there, upon the hill, sir, in that little house whose roof you can perceive from where we stand,' replied Wolfgang.

'That house belongs to Dusseck, the musician, I know,' said the stranger, looking upward in the direction pointed out by the children. 'And now tell me,' he continued, while he patted their cheeks and smiled to them, and at the same time wiped a tear from his eye—'tell me what you demanded of the great Nepomucene, when I saw you praying a little ago.'

'That we might discover the means of gaining money, and assisting our parents,' said the little girl, quietly; 'and my brother declares that he has discovered those means, although I much fear that he has not.'

'If Wolfgang is able to play well upon the piano, as he said, his idea can be put in operation,' said the stranger, smiling, 'and I can aid him.'

'My brother is only six years of age,' said the little girl, looking fondly on the boy, 'but he can compose very beautiful pieces already, my father says.'

'Compose, and he so young!' cried the astonished envoy of the great St John, as he looked half-doubtingly on the child.

'Are you astonished at this?' said Wolfgang, laughing, and holding up his pretty head. 'Ah, well, come to our house, and you shall see.'

The stranger bent his head, reflected for a moment, and then said in a half-serious, half-jocular way, 'My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that much revered saint of Bohemia, wills that you now return to the home of your parents, remain there all day, and before evening comes you shall hear some news.' The stranger was retiring, after speaking these words, when the lively little Wolfgang caught him by the skirts of his tunic, and exclaimed, 'One word, sir. My sister Fredrika did not tell you that we prayed that Nepomucene might send a dinner to my mother—might he not send it, then, sir, to-day?' and the boy looked archly at the envoy.

'Your mother may depend upon it,' said the stranger, laughing. 'Is there anything else he can send to yourselves?'

'Nothing, sir,' cried the lively children in one breath, as they clasped each other's hands, and set out for home; 'we wish but happiness to our father and mother.'

The home of Leopold Mozart, which stood upon the hill of Kosoheez, and overlooked a lovely landscape of cultured fields, and dense forest, and rolling river, was not a very great house, nor was it superbly furnished. One large apartment served as many purposes as the solitary subject of the Grand-duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, who was army, police, and court, peasant and 'organisation of labour,' all in his own single person. The principal chamber of Leopold Mozart's home served for kitchen, dining-room,

and parlour. On one side was a lofty chimney, with stew-pans suspended in the inside thereof; the other side was occupied by a piano, over which, suspended from the wall, hung a violin. In the centre stood a table of black wood, and surrounding it were several seats formed of straw. As the children entered this humble apartment, they were met by a young woman, whose neat and clean appearance bespoke industry and order, but whose face was indicative of anxiety and care. 'And wherefore are you so soon returned, my children?' said she, embracing Wolfgang and Fredrika.

'Hillo! Wolfgang and Fredrika returned so early from the fields,' exclaimed a man at the same time, who had just followed them into the house, and whose handsome form, intelligent features, and easy carriage and language, but ill-accorded with his humble threadbare raiment; 'and what curious sights have you seen this morning?' he repeated, fondling the boy.

'Curious enough, I tell you, my dear father,' cried the lively child. 'We saw the messenger of John of Nepomucene: and what a messenger! He had such a figure as you see in a picture, and the air of a king.'

'And did he speak to you, my boy?' said the chapel-master, smiling.

'Ay, that he did,' cried Wolfgang, with an arch expression, 'and he will be here soon after he has sent dinner, and when I begin to play a sonata on the piano.'

M. Mozart could not restrain his laughter at the excessive simplicity of his little boy, and, placing him on his knee, he exclaimed, in a tone of raillery, 'And shall he give you anything else but dinner, Wolfgang?'

'Yes, father, a palace, and valets, and fine robes, and plenty of money;' and the boy continued to prattle on in this style until a loud tapping was heard at the door of the chapel-master's humble house. When Madame Mozart opened the door, a little covered vehicle was standing before it, with two attendants in charge of it.

'Is this Leopold Mozart's, the chapel-master,' said a fat, portly man, who puffed and blew, either with the exertion of whipping up the little horses, or carrying the flesh that covered his bones.

'Yes, sir,' said Madame Mozart, making a low courtesy, for it was seldom that she had the pleasure of even seeing so fat a man.

'Then the person whom Wolfgang Mozart met in the wood this morning sends the dinner he promised;' and so saying the cook and his assistant covered the black centre-table with rich and well-cooked viands.

M. Mozart and his wife gazed in stupified wonder upon the rich succulent food which was set before them, ready to be eaten, and at last finding speech—'You must tell me to whom I owe this mysterious banquet,' said the chapel-master, as he recovered from his astonishment; but the fat, burly cook shook his head, declared that the children knew as much of their benefactor as he could tell, then, bidding them good-day, he mounted his vehicle, and, driving off quickly, left the family of Mozart in a state of wonder and amazement.

'He must indeed be the envoy of some good saint, who could do so kind a deed,' said the mother of Wolfgang, as she looked round the table with a tearful eye, 'and although the name of the good man is unknown, his memory nevertheless lives in our hearts.'

Just as the feast was being ended, and while the hearts of the family danced within them with a livelier joy than they had felt for many a day, the clock of a neighbouring convent struck two, and little Wolfgang, as if recalled to himself by the sound, left his seat, and approached the piano. 'The stranger,' said he, as if speaking to himself, 'looked astonished when Fredrika told him that I could compose; but were he in this house now, I should let him hear such a sonata.' As he spake, the child ran his tiny little fingers along the touches, which he could hardly reach, with an ease and precision which it was astonishing to look upon; then, as if the sound recalled some bright glorious vision, beyond mortal ken, his little eyes closed, his face became lighted with a most seraphic expression, and, abandoning himself to the instrument, he produced sounds so soft, so perfect, so decided, and so harmonious, that even his father and mother sat mute with astonishment. The rich and capricious fancy of the infantile composer seemed to have taken the wings of an angel, and to have attuned that instrument with the melodious thrilling harpings of heaven. His little bosom heaved as his feeble, tiny fingers swept over the ivory and ebon touches with the ease and rapidity of the most accomplished master, and his face was suffused with a soft rapturous smile, as the harmony that filled his soul lent its magic influences to that passive piano. The poet-musician—for in music there is a glorious, lofty element of poetry—forgot everything in the fulness of his devotion to his art. The sounds of the far-off land, where hosts of cherubim, seated on rainbow-rims, struck their lyric-strings, till the hills of heaven sent back the strains again, seemed to waken his young genius from the latent slumbers of its youth. He, so lately from that pure fresh heaven above, where all is bliss, and glory, and brightness, that we forget when we come down upon the earth, seemed to have retained in all its fulness of power the music-language of the hosts above. He could still speak to them, and hear them, through the sense of exquisite genius.

'Oh, embrace me, my boy!' cried the enraptured father with enthusiasm, as he held the feeble child to his bosom, and looked upon him with all the pride of a father and an artist. 'With God's help,' he cried, 'thou shalt one day be a great man.' Then suddenly desponding, as he reflected for a moment upon his true position, he exclaimed, in a sad tone, 'But who in all the world knows of thee but thy father, my poor boy? who shall lead thee from the obscurity of this little dwelling, and the humble condition of a chapel-master's son? who shall raise thee from the depths of misery and poverty and become thy protector?'

'I will,' cried a voice from behind, and, turning round towards the spot whence the response proceeded, Wolfgang, with pleasure, recognised the envoy of St John Nepomucene, and Leopold Mozart, with awe and wonder, inclined his head as he recognised Francis I. of Austria, who had come to spend some time in the quiet seclusion of Kosoheez, and whom he had frequently seen at the chapel.

A few days after this adventure Wolfgang and his father set out for Vienna, in order to appear at the court of the Empress Marie Theresa, at the command of her husband the emperor.

'Beginning a life of labour at six years of age. Alas!' said his mother, weeping, 'how hard is the lot of the poor!'

'I shall work for you, my mother, and a life of labour shall then be a life of pleasure,' cried the child, as he threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her.

Wolfgang Mozart, dressed in a gay court costume, was led to the imperial palace of Vienna, and conducted by the master of the ceremonies into the concert-hall. It was tenantless when the little musician entered, but the first thing that attracted his eyes was a splendid piano, before which he quickly and almost instinctively seated himself, while his father passed out upon a balcony which commanded a noble view of the splendid royal gardens. Alone in the great saloon, with his instrument before him, the boy began to play, timidly at first, for the full rich tones of the grand instrument seemed to fill the whole spacious apartment with a tremulous sense of life; then, as his ear became familiar with the tones, he burst into one of his most beautiful strains of improvisation, and gave himself wholly up to his instrument. The boy, lost in the fancies which gave life and the power of a noble accentuation to his fingers, and the chords which they touched, did not observe the rustling of silken robes, the waving of perfumed plumes, the glitter of gems and gold, and the sparkling of pearls, nor the soft footfalls of little feet, as the gay courtly train entered the saloon. It was only when he had finished, and the last vibration of the instrument had died away, that he looked around, and found himself gazed on by bright eyes, and regarded with lovely smiling countenances.

'How beautifully you play!' cried a little girl, as she

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ran to the side of the little musician, and took his hand. 'Will you teach me to play as well?'

'Ah, it is a wearisome, toilsome thing to learn to play,' said the boy, innocently. 'You must sit long, and grow tired, and then begin again. I will not learn you until you are bigger, and then you will not feel it so sore upon you.'

'And who taught you?' said the child, as she parted his curls and looked into his eyes.

'My father, and the good St John Nepomucene,' said the boy, archly.

'Then you and the saint may learn me,' cried the little Princess Marie Antoinette, clapping her hands at the thought.

'Great princesses do not need the saints to teach them,' said the boy; 'they don't need to play for bread.'

Wolfgang Mozart, at the age of eight years, appeared before the court of Versailles and ravished his auditory with the precocity of his genius. He played the organ in the chapel royal, before the king and his courtiers, in a style that had never been surpassed by the most accomplished masters. At that early period of his life, he composed two sonatas, which are still extant to attest the richness of his fancy and the fulness of his powers of development. One of these he dedicated to Victoire, daughter of the King of France, and the other to the Countess of Tesse. In 1768, he returned to Vienna, where he composed, at fourteen years of age, his opera of 'Mithridates,' which was honoured with twenty successive performances.

In 1776, a young man sat in a quiet retired box in an opera-house in Paris, with his head resting upon his hand, listening to the performance of the celebrated 'Alcesta,' whose glorious strains fell almost unregarded upon the ears of the cold throng, who had come determined to condemn it. The young man was of small stature, and his long fair hair fell round his pale cheeks and neck, but his countenance was as beautiful as that of an Apollo Belvidere, and it seemed to sympathise with every emotional change of the opera. Beside him stood a handsome man, whose eyes rolled from side to side of the theatre with an expression of blended chagrin and defiance, and whose lips quivered, as he strove to return the half-sneering glances that were sometimes cast on him from loungers in the opposite tiers of boxes. The curtain fell at last amidst solemn silence; not a solitary plaudit greeted the labours and hopes of the Chevalier de Gluck, whose opera had just died of cold contempt and envy. The composer stood still as a statue, and not a muscle of his handsome features moved, as hundreds of eyes were fixed upon him, and hundreds of lips were curled in affected pity. He felt that the fruits of his genius had deserved another fate, and, proud in that consciousness, he looked forth calmly upon his enemies. The young man who sat beside him seemed alone overpowered with his emotions in all that vast assembly, or he was lost in reverie, for the curtain had fallen some time before he seemed to be aware of the fact. At last he suddenly roused himself, looked quickly and furtively round upon the audience, then suddenly throwing himself into the arms of his friend, while he burst into tears, he passionately exclaimed, 'Ah, the barbarians—the cold, frigid hearts of ice and bronze—what now could move them?'

'Ah, never mind, my dear boy,' whispered Gluck in his ear, while he pressed him to his breast, and his lip now visibly quivered; 'they shall do me justice in thirty years hence. Now, however, the commendation of Wolfgang Mozart is worth a world of such fame as they could give.'

It was little Wolfgang whom the chevalier pressed to his heart so tenderly, and whose opinion he now valued so highly. The visioned glories that had danced before the mental eyes of the fanciful boy had known something like reality, and that, too, at an early age. He had won the flattery and applause of courts and kings; he had sat before assembled thousands of the proudest and the gayest of the world's great peers, and he had created for them sources of exquisite enjoyment, which their senses had never known before, and which their imaginings had never conceived. At last he sat in his own sweet home at Vienna, revelling in melodious harmonic dreams, and swanlike singing his soul away, while his mortal frame dissolved in the fervour of his spirit.

One day Mozart sat at his piano, with his head inclined upon the touches, and his eyes half-closed. He was weary and feeble, for his body had yielded to his active spirit the tribute which the physical frame ever pays to genius. Wolfgang's cheek was pale, and his brow was heavy—for he had expended the rosy tints of the one and the glories of the other in his devotion to his art, and now he leaned quietly forward upon the instrument which slept in his sleep. Before him also lay paper in confused piles, scraps of unfinished sonatas and oratorios—fragmentary symbols of the revealings of his fancy, which by the magic of their power would yet create worlds of thought, and wild joys in sympathetic souls unborn. Instruments lay scattered all around the room, like a hundred voiceless tongues, of which this weary, feeble man was the soul—the only revelant and awakener.

'Awake, Wolfgang,' said a voice in the ear of the sleeping composer, and Mozart, raising his head from its recumbent position, looked calmly and without apparent wonder in the face of his visiter. That face, however, could not be very distinctly scanned, for it was covered with long black hair, and shaded by a dark cloak and broad hat.

'What do you require of me?' demanded the composer at last, when he had passed his hand across his brow, and recovered sufficient energy to speak.

'I address myself to Wolfgang Mozart?' said the stranger, in a deep low voice, and in a tone of interrogatory.

'And to whom have I the honour to speak?' replied the musician.

'To one who would have you compose a requiem before this day month, and who would pay you amply for it.'

'A requiem!' said Mozart, musing, and smoothing his high polished brow with his palm. 'Come to me, then, and it shall be done.'

With all the enthusiasm of which his ardent nature was capable, he devoted himself to this work. When his wife would hang over him, and beseech him to forego such close application to study, he would smile and exclaim, 'I labour for my own death.' Indeed, the fire of that composition was supplied by the vital warmth of his lifeblood. Death he felt was in his cup, as he bent his noble head over the page, which received upon its white bosom the transfusions of his life, and the records of his immortality; but still, with an ardour that knew no abatement, and a devotion which partook of all that religious unction of which his soul was so full, he laboured to leave his sublime thoughts to posterity, and, as the swan upon its crystal river sings as its lovely form floats downward to its death, so he, singing as man never sung, finished his 'Agnus Dei' with his expiring breath and strength, then laid him down in sleep.

They placed the body of the young man—for he was only thirty-six years of age—upon a splendid bier, and they covered him with a richly-broidered pall, and the deep-toned organ pealed through the long aisles and lofty arches of the cathedral, and five hundred voices chanted the soft, solemn, soul-subduing requiem over him who had once been a little, ragged, hungry child, fain to wander by the banks of the Moldau, and in the woods of Kosoheez, in order to forget that he had no dinner; but who now had won fame even before death, and whom his own generation, as well as posterity, delighted and delight to honour, as the most eminent musical genius of any age.

A GOOD SCHOOLMASTER AND BAD PATRONS.

THE following excellent story of an American schoolmaster is from a New York paper:—I heard one of your committees interfering with a vengeance, and turning out a schoolmaster for enormities in the way of illustrating lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of his pupils in natural philosophy, and tried to get some appa-

ratus, but was told to 'do the teaching,' and 'leave the nonsense.' But, nothing daunted, he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys, if they would bring him a mouse or two the next day, he would show them the effects of nitrogen-gas upon them. The day came, but the committee reproved him, because, forsooth, the boys, in their eagerness to learn, had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbing the house. He promised to be better, but, when he came to astronomy, he committed a most atrocious crime—for, being deficient of an orrery, he took the biggest boy in the school, and, placing him in the middle for the Sun, told him now to turn round slowly upon his axis, as the sun did; then he placed a little boy for Mercury next to him; a girl for Venus; then a representation of the Earth; then a fiery little fellow for Mars; and so on, till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each one how fast he was to turn on his heel as he went round his orbit. At a given signal the Sun commenced revolving, and away went the whole team of planets round him, each boy keeping in his proper distance from the centre, trotting with proper velocity in his orbit, and whirling round in due proportion as he performed his revolution. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys retained; for do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would ever forget that he had an easy time walking round the lubber in the centre? while Will, who represented Hercules, must have been much out of breath scampering round his orbit. But if the boys did not forget the lesson, neither did the master; they danced, but he paid the piper; for, horrified, the committee dismissed him at once!—he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

FIRST DAY'S HUNT.

[Unkennelling the Hounds.]

'Of chance or change, oh, let not man complain
Else shall he never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale;—
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd.
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloom'd.'

Beattie's Minstrel.

'When you see a neighbour in tears, and hear him lament the absence of his son, the hazards of his voyage into some remote part of the world, or the loss of his estate, keep upon your guard, for fear lest some false ideas that may arise upon these occasions surprise you into a mistake, as if this man was really miserable upon the account of these outward accidents; but be sure to distinguish wisely, and tell yourself immediately, that the thing which really affects this person is not really the accident itself (for other people, under his circumstances, are not equally affected with it), but merely the opinion which he hath formed to himself concerning this accident.'—*Manual of Epictetus, Chap.* 22.

'In the character of Maximus, I remarked these eminent qualities: a perfect command and mastery of himself, so as never to be carried away by the violence of any passion, or seduced by the charms of inconsiderate and blind desire: cheerfulness and good humour in sickness, and all other afflicting circumstances: a steadiness and evenness of temper, wherein the sweet and pleasant were mixed with the polite and manly, and which, free of all sourness and peevishness, set off every action that was to be done, by a graceful and engaging manner of doing it: such sincerity in speaking, and such integrity in acting, that no man disbelieved what he said, or doubted of the good intention of what he did: a mind more knowing and elevated than to be struck with wonder and admiration: more firm and steady than to be overcome with terror, or stunned by any accident: never in a hurry, nor ever in a loitering and sauntering way: never disconcerted and at a loss what to do: a countenance never dejected nor ever distorted by a disdainful sneer: a disposition the very reverse of anger and jealousy, beneficent and forgiving, faithful and true. His character was, moreover, enlivened by a strain of gaiety and graceful pleasantry.

Be thou like a rock that is beaten continually by the waves. The rock stands firm while the timid waves sink down before it. Unhappy me! sayest thou, that this misfortune should befall me; but why not rather, happy me! whom this misfortune does not aggrieve, neither overwhelm with the weight of present, nor the fear of impending evil? The misfortune might have happened to any man, but it is not every man could bear it without repining. . . . Can any misfortune hinder thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, circumspect, and cautious against error, modest, generous, with what other qualifications are the true aim and proper virtues of human nature? Remember finally to make use of this maxim on every occurrence that has a tendency to give thee pain—to wit, the occurrence itself is no unhappiness, but happy is the man who has fortitude to bear it.

Say to thyself in the morning, this day I shall have occasion to be in company with men of vicious characters: such as the overbusy and meddling, the ungrateful, the insolent and injurious, the crafty, the envious, the selfish. All these vices they owe to their ignorance of what is good and what is evil: but I being well informed of the nature of good and evil, that they are the same with honest and dishonest, as also of the nature of him who errs, that he is my kinsmen, not in respect of flesh and blood, but as we are both partakers of that divine particle, the mind—being, I say, well informed of this, I can neither be hurt by any of them; for none can involve me in dishonesty, nor can I be angry at or hate my kinsman, for we were made to act in concert, as much as the hands, the feet, the eyelids, the upper and lower rows of teeth. To act therefore in opposition to one another is against nature; and to harbour indignation and hatred is acting in opposition.

All vain and idle thoughts that have no tendency to any good and valuable purpose, ought to be debarred, not to mention such as are the offspring of a designing, crafty, and malignant heart. And thou art to accustom thyself to entertain only such thoughts, as if one should ask thee unexpectedly what is now in thy mind, thou couldst immediately answer with all freedom, it is this or that, so as to manifest the simplicity of thy heart, thy meekness, thy social disposition, thy contempt of pleasure and all sensual enjoyments, having no malice, envy, jealousy, or other weakness whereof to be ashamed.'—*Commentaries of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus.*

'Happy, oh! happy he, who, not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind reposed, all discontent rejecting,
In silent pace his way to heaven prepares;
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.'

Willy's Madrigals, 1602.

'To be perpetually alarmed either with the fear of thieves or fire; to distrust your domestics lest they should plunder you; if this be the pleasure and satisfaction of riches, welcome poverty—may I never be rich.'—*Horace, First Satire.*

'All animals are more happy, and have more understanding than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable. His evils, however, are not brought on him by himself and his own fault; he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream; another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature.'—*Menander.*

'It is the part of a wise and of a good man to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior deal with him;

for servants are not only men, but a kind of humble friends: and fortune has no more power over them than over their masters: and he that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress of argument, either upon the one, or upon the other. . . . But we live as if a servant (or slave) were not made of the same materials with his master, or to breathe the same air, or to live and die under the same conditions. It is worthy of observation, that the most imperious masters over their own servants, are, at the same time, the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. I will not distinguish a servant by his office, but by his manners. The one is the work of fortune, the other of virtue. . . . The body of a servant may be bought and sold, but his mind is free.'—*Seneca.*

'Though thy wide-stretch'd dominions should extend
To India's utmost bounds, though down to thee
The Mede, the Arab, and the Persian bow,
If thy desires are wicked, if by fear
Or anger thou art sway'd, thou'rt but a slave
And in thy breast shall feel the tyrant's power.
. . . . . .
Act not a double part, nor, false thyself,
Give ear to rumours, for whoe'er does so
Shall be affrighted at each idle noise,
And never, never know an hour's peace.'
Claudian's Advice to a Prince.

'Happy,' said I, 'are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!' But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. 'Happier,' said she, 'are they whom virtue conducts to the mansions of content!' 'What,' said I, 'does virtue then reside in the vale?' 'I am found,' said she, 'in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence, but I alone can guide thee to felicity.'—*The Hill of Science—Aitkin.*

[Meeting of Huntsmen and Breaking of Cover.]

'How are you this morning?'

'Only so so,' said Mr Smith,—'slept very ill last night, and had frightful dreams. Their impression is not off yet. Always something bad comes after these. In fact, I have had no letter this morning yet from Tom, and have reason to apprehend the worst. The vessel is a week due, at least if she had fair wind.'

'Had she fair wind?'

'How should I know?'

'I can't tell, but you seem to know.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean, that you presume she had fair wind.'

'I presume no such thing.'

'You apprehend the worst.'

'Well.'

'Because the vessel is a week due, and due because she had fair wind; but not due if she had foul or contrary winds.'

'You don't understand these matters. It is needless to open one's mind to you—as well expect sympathy from——'

'Come then, and I'll show you your superiors in the sublime art of self-vexation. Would you like one in the last stage first?'

'I think I shall defer this matter till to-morrow; I'm not in the mood to-day.'

'The best mood then you can be in. Come along!—down this lane, and up Charles's Street, and we come to patient No. I. She is a friend of my own—a spinster lady of some fifty years of age.'

The unhappy lady who was about to be shown off as a selected specimen of some new philosophy, had just left the breakfast-table of the family with whom she boarded, and had seated herself by the fire of her own sitting-room. She was sighing frequently, and occasionally wringing her hands, and speaking at times to herself, but so low as not to be heard. She seemed sixty rather than fifty, was about middle size, and inclining to corpulency. Soft masses of fat, here and there streaked with red, swelled out her cheeks, and diminished the effect of her nose, especially in a side view, and a loose bag hung beneath her chin like a pelican's pouch, and her eyes were little and half shut with a glazed expression in them, like those of a person addicted to stimulants, though she used none, and altogether she associated a faded colony under a tropical climate, though you could not well tell how.

'Is Miss Pender within?' asked Mr Brown.

'Yes, sir,' said the servant.

'Not engaged, is she?'

'I'll see, sir.'

'Walk in, gentlemen,' said the girl, as she returned, 'Miss Pender will be with you immediately.'

Immediately turned out half an hour, and brought in Miss Pender, a very different looking person from what she had been but a short while before. She rustled in silks, and shone with smiles, and gave a stately courtesy as she entered.

'My dear aunt, I was just passing with my friend,' said Mr Brown, 'and dropped in to see you. Allow me to introduce Mr Smith.'

'Pray, be seated, sir,' said Miss Pender to Mr Smith, with a gracious smile and gentle voice. 'I'm so obliged by your attention, John,' she added, in a very bland manner. 'And how is our dear friend, and the children?'

'All in good health and spirits, aunt,' replied Mr Brown.

'I'm so glad of that,' replied Miss Pender. 'May I hope, sir,' continued she, addressing Mr Smith, 'that your lady and family are well, if I am right in supposing that you have the felicity to be a husband and a father?'

'All well, thank you,' said Mr Smith, 'at least so far as I know.'

'What a pity it is,' remarked Miss Pender, 'that they should grow up and go away. One can never long say how it is with them, or what they are about when out of one's sight.'

'True, ma'am,' said Mr Smith, thoughtfully.

'So many temptations in the world.'

'Many indeed.'

'Getting always worse too, I think.'

'No doubt of it.'

'The one would seem to corrupt the other, as fast they grow up; it is quite terrible to think of it.'

'Very distressing,' said Mr Smith.

'And where do you think, sir, the matter will stop?'

'It is difficult to say, ma'am.'

'You need not laugh, John; it is quite true, though you are pleased to think otherwise. Your laughing wont make the world better.'

'Nor your scolding either, I fear, aunt.'

'Telling the truth is not scolding, John. It is right that people should be put upon their guard, and especially the young.'

'Certainly,' said Mr Smith.

'When one is aware that he is in the company of thieves,' continued Miss Pender, 'he can take means to protect his property; but if he is not aware, he is in a manner unprotected, and is sure to be plundered.'

Miss Pender and Mr Smith went on for some time reciprocating dismal views of human nature, and gloomy auguries for the future, when Mr Brown reminded his friend it was time to be gone.

'And what is there very peculiar about that lady?' said Mr Smith, as he and Mr Brown reached the street; 'slightly prim, no doubt, and somewhat antiquated—a tincture of bitterness it may be, but sensible withal, and seemingly comfortable.'

'What a system of deceit and false signs is human life!' said Mr Brown musingly. 'Anger looks pleased, envy pities, malice smiles, and misery laughs, and the counterfeit takes. We are not safe in saying a person is happy by merely looking at him, and seeing him occasionally, and summing up his external advantages, however numerous these may be. I know the remark is stale, but

people don't think of it as they ought; in fact, though they say otherwise, they don't believe it. I was twenty years in convincing myself of it. As Phædrus says,

'The tinsel glitter, and the specious mien,
Delude the most; few pry behind the scene.'

'No doubt,' agreed Mr Smith, 'the thoughts and feelings of the mind are what alone determine the question of personal comfort.'

'And therefore,' pursued Mr Brown, 'we cannot say what a man's happiness or misery is, except he lay open to us the inmost recesses of his heart. But it is seldom a man discloses all that he feels or thinks, even to his most intimate friends, much less to the world. I know that joy and grief have their appropriate external indices, and I daresay, when very intense and long continued, they will force themselves into the countenance; but all men affect these signs more or less, in order to hide the true state of their thoughts and emotions from each other, and hence arise all sorts of mistakes and misconceptions, corroding passions, and false pursuits. Had we but the faculty to see into men's minds as we see into ice, we would learn contentment from the sight; but we have no such faculty, and hence we are deceived by what we see and hear, and think those happy who are in reality wretched. I had a laughing, talking acquaintance once, and every one thought him as happy as he was gay. I saw him a few hours before his death; there was no change in his manner, except increased gaiety, and yet he died by his own hand.'

'Indeed! that was Colonel Gardiner's case repeated, only ending worse.'

'There are many Colonel Gardiners—envied of their acquaintance, yet wishing themselves dogs.'

'Your friend must have been insane.'

'No doubt, but insanity brought on by foolish thinking—by anticipating evils which were not likely to occur, or, if they did, were not insupportable, as is shown by many bearing them without repining. The right or wrong views we take of things make them tolerable or intolerable.'

'What was it your friend dreaded?'

'That he would not succeed in the profession for which he was preparing himself, as competition was great and his influence was small, and that he would be cast upon his friends, and live disrespected and die unnoticed. What at first might have been crushed as an acorn beneath his foot, became at last a mighty oak which shook and overthrew his mind.'

'An extraordinary case certainly.'

'By no means, it happens every day, though not, it may be, in the same manner. Thousands of instances are kept from the public eye, too, by superior powers of endurance on the part of the sufferers. They die natural deaths, that is, they do not die by hemp or steel, looped or wielded by their own hands, but they die as surely and more painfully by mental stabbing and strangulation. I read only yesterday, after I left you, of a man who fancied his affairs much worse than they were, and who killed his wife and children to save them from destitution. The likelihood is, that the morbid apprehension first suggested itself to him while in dull spirits, and he gave place to it, and turned it in his mind, and recurred and re-recurred to it, till it grew and expanded, and gathered kindred trains of thought, and filled and occupied the mind, and at length became an hundred-headed monster that glistened and tossed at remonstrance, at reason, and at fact. It is dangerous to form opinions, or determine upon any course of action, while labouring under prostration of spirits from any cause. The probability is, that our views shall be morbid and our opinions false. Few men are wise in anger, but fewer still under nervous depression.'

'Your view about that poor man may be right, but other views might be taken, and quite as plausible.'

'True, and none of them might be correct; but all we can do in such cases is to reason from those which are similar and ascertained. I grant there are physical causes which lead, by the operation of laws which cannot be resisted, to insanity. It is not of these I speak, but of those mental operations and processes which many put in force against themselves, so as to induce habitual misery and sometimes confirmed lunacy. My aunt, now, whom you have just seen, is an illustration of this, and of the false signs we were speaking of.'

'Are you serious?'

'I am.'

'There is no mark of derangement about her, and she seems as happy as one can be in her circumstances.'

'She is neither the one nor the other, but a miserable monomaniac. Nay, I do not jest. Her parents died when she was twenty-six. She was left a competency, and began housekeeping on her own account. The first servant she had, purloined some wearing apparel. She brooded over her loss till she began to suspect the honesty of her second maid. Temptations were put in her way, till the girl at last suspected my aunt's motives, and broadly challenged her with them. A quarrel ensued, and they separated. Her successor was carefully picked out from a remote part of the country, and, as ill fortune would have it, she appropriated some trifling thing, and sent it home to a little sister. I need not name step by step the progress of the matter. It came to this, that my aunt annoyed every friend and acquaintance she had with unceasing bitter prattle about the dishonesty of servants. She was remonstrated with, and warned of the consequences—the desertion and derision of acquaintances—the misery she would inflict upon herself—and the certain repulsion of any admirer that might turn up.'

'And did these considerations not weigh with her?' inquired Mr Smith.

'Only for a time, and only so far as speaking was concerned. She broke out again in a few months, and became worse than ever. Term after term, and often in the middle of it, servant after servant was dismissed; and some of them brought actions at law against her for defamation of character, and latterly no one would serve her at any price. She was, in consequence, forced to give up housekeeping, and betake herself to lodgings. The pest was in her mind, and she took it with her. It soon showed itself, and caused the family she went to, to part with her.'

'But how did it show itself under these circumstances?'

'To give you an idea I will give you a case. One of her landladies—for she has had a great many—asked her one morning why she sighed and looked so sad. 'I have slept none,' said my aunt.—'Were you not well, Miss Pender?'—'Oh, yes, but I could not sleep for thinking of the dishonesty in the world.'—'I hope, Miss Pender,' said the landlady, 'you have no reason to think any one dishonest in this house?'—'These servants are not to be depended on anywhere,' said my aunt.—'I can implicitly depend on mine,' said the landlady; 'she has been with me five years, and never afforded me the slightest ground for suspicion.'—'Yes, but they are so cunning,' said my aunt.—'Have you missed anything?' inquired the landlady.—'I think I have,' said my aunt.—'You think, Miss Pender! you ought to be sure ere you make a charge of that kind. The girl's character is as precious as yours or mine, perhaps more so—it is her all, and she has an aged mother to support. I thought you kept your drawers and wardrobe locked.'—'Yes,' said my aunt, 'but these girls have sweethearts among wrights and blacksmiths, and get false keys and pick-locks from them. I found out several cases of that kind among my servants.'—'Did they confess so?' asked the landlady.—'No,' said my aunt, 'but I questioned them so hard sometimes, and charged them so sharply with it, that they got red with shame, and looked the very picture of guilt, and I knew they had done it.'—'They might get red with indignation as well as shame,' said the landlady.—'Yes, but I knew it was the colour of guilt and not of anger,' said my aunt, 'there is a great difference between them. Your girl, it is true, pretends to be religious, but these religious people steal as well as others.'—'No religious person will do so,' said the landlady.—'They will do so,' persisted my aunt; 'for I had a girl once who was very religious and well principled, and I said to her one day, 'How is it, Mary, that so many things are going amissing, and you are so religious?' 'Oh, mem,' said she, 'reli-

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gious people can pick up a thing as well as other folk.'—'She had been gibing you,' said the landlady. 'Pretenders to religion may steal, but no religious or well-principled person will.'

'Certainly not,' said Mr Smith.

'Well,' continued Mr Brown, 'the disease or evil habit gathered strength, like other evil habits, by indulgence, until in fact it became the keynote to all her feelings and modes of thinking, so that by the time she arrived at forty, she was a confirmed and hopeless monomaniac.'

'But may it not have been,' suggested Mr Smith, 'the result of constitution, and not of mismanagement of thought?'

'No,' said Mr Brown; 'I believe there may have been a slightly irritable temper to begin with, which would so far favour the unpleasant thoughts that have become fixed in her mind; but I am persuaded, if she had offered timely resistance, she would have escaped the terrible calamity which has settled down upon her.'

'It is difficult to say,' hesitated Mr Smith.

'It is not difficult to say. The matter is not a problematical one. It has been long known, and the evidence is open to every one who will take the trouble to satisfy himself.'

'And is the pilfering of servants the only subject on which she talks foolishly?'

'Yes, but it has given a meanness and bitterness to all her views and actions. She listens at kitchen and room doors, feigns deafness and near-sightedness, and tells stories of herself to prove both, that she may throw people off their guard. She seems when in company to be observing nothing, and yet nothing escapes her, as is shown afterwards by the references she makes. She locks her drawers too, and keeps threads hanging out by a slender hold in order to detect entrants; and sometimes she will leave one open, with a few useless things in it, and go out, and maintain, on her return, it has been unlocked and rifled. It is her chief occupation at night to turn over and count her articles, and sometimes it will be far in the morning ere she retires to rest.'

'And is it always the servant of the house she accuses?'

'Yes, except once I believe, when the servant got into her favour, by telling her all that was going on in the family; for she is very curious and delights to pry into other people's affairs, and is sure always to put the worst construction upon their actions.'

'That is bad indeed,' said Mr Smith.

'Very bad; but only the spreading out of the waters of bitterness which collect elsewhere.'

'Pitiful! And the servant, you say, escaped in that instance? Did not this cure her for the time?'

'Not at all, she fixed the charge on the mistress.'

'I have not heard of such a case.'

'In truth it is painful, and even disgusting to dwell on it. So violent indeed is her antipathy to servants as a class, that she cannot conceal her indignation, if any one venture to hint that any of them will get to heaven.'

'Monstrous!' cried Mr Smith. 'I am tired of this matter, let us drop it. It is enough to give one the jaundice.'

'With our talking,' said Mr Brown, 'we have passed the square I meant to take you to next. Let us just turn back, it is not far.'

'I'll turn none. Good day.'

'Do come!'

'You need not insist.'

'We shan't be long.'

'Long or short.'

'A first-rate case.'

'All the worse.'

'Ripe as a cherry.'

'Pull and eat it yourself then.'

'Let us run halves.'

'You're welcome to the whole.'

'Grapes of Sodom! grapes of Sodom! who'll buy?' shouted Mr Brown after Mr Smith, as he rapidly disappeared round the corner.

A SUPREME CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

The character of the present times seems unfavourable for discussion or speculation. The world is not only in a state of agitation, but of fierce temperamental irritation. A frenzied disease, more virulent and as universal as the potato blight, is firing the veins and eating at the constitution of humanity; and violent spasms and convulsive delirium are the premonitory symptoms of affection, while war-cries and campaigns are the confirmed typa of the universal disorder. The great business of the world seems now to be to fight. For six thousand years mankind have preserved and glorified the chivalry of Cain; they have tramped over hecatombs of murdered men, and waded through rubicons of blood, in order to clutch the phantom glory; they have sacrificed thirty-two thousand millions of lives at the shrine of Mars, and, in order to fatten the holocaustal oblation, they have mixed with the human flesh, and bone, and blood that God made, the wine, and corn, and raiment, and roof-trees that tens of millions of hands had produced. Study history, good reader, that great day-book and ledger of human transactions, and square the debit of 'glory' or gain with the per contra of sacrifice and suffering there written down, and say is it not a wonder that men are not weary of appealing to the sword's arbitration? Yet they are not so. In the New World the man who sits upon the curule chair of a republic which proclaims labour as its chivalry, has provoked bloodshed and carnage, and evoked the bitterest hatred in a sister state, that an ambition less excusable and more reprehensible than that of the worst days of Roman dominance, might be gratified. The yell of war echoes from the shores of the Rio Grande to the Bosphorus. The cohorts of the Czar and the legions of the United States are full of latent fury; and these two nations are but the extremes of a system of military frenzy that rolls its eyes northward and southward, from Scandinavia to Sicily. The eagle of France sits perched upon the Alps, and looks with scintillating eyes upon the Valley d'Aosta. The Dane and Scanian, united by affinity of blood, as if all men were not of one blood, stand shoulder to shoulder, and defy the Pruss and his brother Holsteiner. The traitor of Naples marshals his mercenaries of Switzerland and his Madonna-loving lazzaroni to make another Strada Toledo of Palermo. Austria, broken into fifty fragments, seeks to agglomerate her empyreal elements once more by fire and sword. The peasant of Gallicia revenges his serfdom and brutal ignorance upon his lord with billhook and scythe; and the torch of the rick and chateau-burner nightly reddens the Bohemian sky. The Servian comes sweeping from his hills to join in the general melee; and the Pope's spiritual power succumbs to the war spirit of the modern Romans. The tread of armies, the growl of artillery, and the clash of martial preparation, seem to monopolise the acoustic element, and to fill the ear with sounds of nought but war and rumours of war. The world—albeit war-bubbles, and froths, and foams upon the surface of things—is not, however, wholly inoculated with the *maladie a la Bobadil*. Commerce, though crippled, stills pursues her glorious way; labour, though half paralysed, still swings his hammer, high with a productive and conservative purpose; and thoughtful Christian men still dream of the advent of a day of peace. 'The Lord has promised it, and it will come,' is an aspiration that lives strong in the souls of thousands; and so they work and pray that humanity may soon hail the glad millennial day. Under the surface, below the visible stage of magnificent action, there has been going on a counteracting influence to the war mania, which, being moral and religious, is silent, but nevertheless powerful. It has not been blowing a trumpet in men's ears, nor appealing to their eyes; it has been whispering to the heart and reason, and now it is about to present itself to the world in something like shape and form.

The idea of a Supreme Congress of Nations is an idea of high antiquity. It is one of those unembodied thoughts of our ancestors which was cast upon the tide of specula-

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tion, and left to float there until men who could appreciate it and would adopt it might catch its inspiration. The thought, sublime as truth and glorious as peace, has been presented to monarchs, and states, and nations, and they have looked at it, and called it beautiful but impracticable. The ideas that humanity requires, however, are never lost, howsoever man may decry them; they outlive generations of men and generations of prejudices, and come up again and again, until they are seen through the true medium and rendered practicable. Nations have been fighting and slaying for ages, destroying life and wasting treasure, and it would seem as if their bloody deeds had only been noted to glorify and exalt them; but morality and religion, nursing the idea of a Supreme Congress of Nations, has been arraying against the dagon of battle the moral sense and religious convictions of the good and true among men, and now the culminating point of a great enterprise approaches.

One of the most fertile causes of war is nationality. This little sectional feeling, which is limited by a jealous geography, has produced more discord and bloodshed than tongue could tell or pen describe. Joined with this egotism of nationhood, there has ever been a false chivalry ready to step forward as the arbiter of its own cause. The dispute of Dandy Dinmont with Jock o' Dawstane Cleugh concerning the marches of their farms, sprung from the very same principles of human nature which have inspired almost all the desolating wars that have swept, hurricane-like, over the face of the fair earth. The ground of dispute was valueless to both, but the idea of yielding was unendurable to either. The rival neighbours had broken each other's heads, and had wrought each other, personally, serious injury, but still the moral point of dispute was unsettled; the idea of right had never been satisfactorily arranged, until the law—the quiet, inquiring, surveying, supervisory law—came in with its rational mind to convince the disputants and settle all discord with a word. This homely illustration is a correct parallel of the war procedure of nations regarding points of dispute, and of the purpose of the Supreme Congress of Nations. It is proposed that henceforth, instead of allowing soldiers to be the arbiters in national disputes, men who are proverbially choleric, and notoriously unqualified to patiently examine intricate questions involving knowledge and research, there shall be elected by each great nation joining the pact one of the wisest and best of her citizens, to be a member of the Supreme Congress of Nations, which Congress shall settle all disputes relative to the international affairs of the several countries of which the Congress would be representative. In September, 1848, several hundreds of thoughtful, earnest men, from England, America, Germany, Spain, Italy, and France shall meet in convention at Paris, in order to confer concerning the basis of such a great conventional council as we have spoken of. The functions of this council will be defined and discussed, and governments will be appealed to to entertain the project.

There have been many precedents for such a council, although none ever exemplified so noble a purpose. The Councils of Verona and Paris, and the foundation of the Holy Alliance, afford sufficient ground for the establishment of this counter Congress, which shall supersede all necessity for armed discussion henceforth in the affairs of nations. All Europe was nearly embroiled in war two years ago, because of certain royal marriage arrangements, and commerce stood trembling as she watched the diplomatic finesse, which, while it consummated the purpose of ambition, almost involved Europe in blood and broil. With a council of nations invested with finite authority, and viewed through the medium of supreme moral veneration, such fears would never be superinduced nor entertained. All disputes would be national disputes; and all decisions would be honourable, peaceful, and economical decisions. Elihu Burritt and Joseph Sturge, with the League of Universal Brotherhood and the Peace Societies of Britain and America, have been lately labouring to educate the public mind upon this question of national arbitration, and now the result of their labours is about to find expression in Paris, where the yell and groan of revolt and agony were so lately heard to fill the agitated air. The world, despite of its fury and fever, is moving on to a better day therefore. It is a truth plain and palpable to the examining eye that she has two distinct and separate aspects—the physical and moral—the visible and latent. The physical and visible, although it brawls and hectors like a bully, and occupies the highways of action, from which calm and thoughtful men shrink, is nevertheless the weakest aspect of the two. The moral appeals to minds, and acts upon hearts; and while the physical frightens away its partisans with the fury of its mania, the moral wins them by its calmness and reason to its standard. We trust that the day is near when nations will be ruled more by the spirit of Christianity than by the spirit of chivalry; and when a supreme council, composed of the sagest and best men of all lands, shall be invested with power to sit in judgment upon the affairs of peaceful countries, the terms of whose neighbourly relations will no longer be left to the settlement of the vainglorious and passionate, who adopt the sword as their *vade mecum*, and the cannon as their legal counsellor.

REST.

Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?'

I stood by the ocean's waves,
As they roll'd in fury by,
And the madden'd billows flung
Their white foam to the sky;
And I breathed aloud these words
In my agony of soul,
'Mid the wild wind's swelling tones,
And the sea's unceasing roll,—
When, from out its dark depths, a voice seem'd to say,
'There is no rest here—away—away!'

I stood by the running stream,
As it bounded bright along,
A moment flashing in the light,
Then dancing gaily on;
And again I spoke those words,
In accents loud and clear,
When a low and musical voice
Came to my listening ear,
And in silvery tones it seem'd to say,
'There is no rest here—away—away!'

I wander'd forth at night,
And stood 'neath the vaulted sky;
'Twas gemm'd with a thousand stars,
Giving light as they shone on high.
I thought of their ceaseless course—
How year after year they roll,
And these words from my lips broke forth,
'Is there rest to be found for the soul?'
Then, from each tiny star, I heard a voice say,
'Think not to rest here—away—away!'

I stood 'mid the busy haunt
Of the peopled world once more,
And I heard its wild din swell
Like the ocean's angry roar;
I scann'd each face as it pass'd,
And peer'd into each dark eye,
And strove every thought to read,
As on the throng swept by;
But on each careworn brow the same look seem'd to say,
'I find no rest here—away—away!'

I turn'd to the Book of life,
And open'd its sacred page;
There I learn'd that there is no rest
To be found on the world's busy stage;
But it told me there is a home
In the skies far, far away,
Where sorrow and care cannot come—
In the realms of eternal day:
And a still, small voice whisper'd low in my ear,
'There *is* rest to be found—'tis here—'tis here!' ELLA.

PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

During the year 1845, M. Serres, in a course of lectures on comparative anthropology, delivered at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, threw out some new and interesting views on the relations of different branches of the human race with each other. A contemporary of the professor has published a summary of the lectures, showing the important influence which the extension of railways will have upon the interesting subject which they were intended to illustrate. Hitherto, the different groups of mankind scattered over the surface of the earth have lived isolated, kept aloof by governments and political institutions, or brought together only by war. It would seem that nature herself, by the intervention of mountain ranges, rivers, and oceans, wished to preserve the distinguishing characteristics between the races, until the highest type should have been developed. It is believed in certain quarters that this condition is accomplished: nations seek to become acquainted with each other; neither the political institutions established by ignorance, nor physical obstacles, exist in the same strength as formerly to divide them. The author of railways little thought that he had found the lever, looked for in vain by Archimedes, wherewith to move the world. It is scarcely fifteen years since the various governments of Europe began to turn their attention to railways: some have as yet done no more than construct sections of lines, nervous centres as it were, from which life is to be transmitted to every province. In a few years, the North Sea will be united to the Mediterranean by a line which, commencing at Edinburgh, touches Newcastle, York, London, Dover, and, recommencing at Boulogne on the other side of the Channel, stretches away to Paris, from Paris to Lyons, from Lyons to Avignon, from Avignon to Marseilles. Another line, of which portions are already constructed, commencing at Hamburgh, and terminating at Trieste, links the German Ocean to the Adriatic. In other directions, the Baltic and Black Seas are brought into communication with the English Channel—the whole forming a quadrilateral webwork of iron, including within its limits nearly all that is valuable in modern civilisation, and to which Russia, Spain, and Turkey in Europe will at no distant day attach themselves. Steam will now complete what printing began. In a moral point of view, the long lines of iron are so many conductors by which the thought of one nation will be communicated to others. Traversing the whole extent of Europe, they must produce a complete modification of custom-house law, and lead to a real holy alliance between mercantile communities. The great work begun by Guttenburg will now find its essential element of completion in the rapid circulation of men and ideas. Books are nothing in themselves, they exist only for those who read them. A material power is required for their penetration among the gloomy and remote populations which have for ages intrenched themselves sullenly behind their physical barriers. This power exists in steam and railways—the true auxiliaries of printing. How greatly will the intellectual aspect of the continent be changed, when all the capital cities are embraced within the scope of railways! In which respect steam appears to be as much the bond of union between the different sections of the human race as between distances.

Passing on to the next part of the subject, it becomes a question of natural history. The inhabited surface of the globe presents to us many varieties of the human species, which may be classed under four great divisions: the Caucasian, with white skin, and fine, smooth, and oily hair; the Mongolian, with yellow skin, hair coarse and stiff; the Ethopian, with black skin, hair hard and woolly: and the American, with skin combining both yellow and red, hair black, long, and harsh. Wherever these different races have been brought into contact, the result has always been the same; the blacks have obeyed the yellows; and both have succumbed to the whites.

Professor Serres shows a functional and organic degradation in proportion as we descend from the Caucasian to the inferior races. One remarkable fact is the lower position of the umbilicus in the American race; in them the navel is lower because the liver is large; and it is seen that when the liver is predominant, there is a corresponding predominance of voracity. In dissections of negroes, a remarkable flexuosity of the arteries has also been observed, from which results a retardation in the circulation of the blood. This hydraulic arrangement, as it may be called, which, at a certain period of life, is one of the conditions of existence in the white, is for the black the permanent law of his nature; a fact which, it has been presumed, will account for the torpor and apathy manifest in the negro character. According to M. Serres, the shortening of the neck, so common in the Ethiopian race, detracts not only from the grace of the form, but assists in rendering the black unskilful, awkward, and uninventive. In proportion to the shortening of the neck, the face projects forwards; a conformation apparently intended to facilitate the taking of food. As we descend the human scale, the nerves and spinal marrow become more and more voluminous in our approach to the African. A very marked antagonism exists between the face and the brain; where the former predominates the action of the senses predominates, and the action of the understanding sinks in the same proportion. The effect of civilisation, with regard to another portion of the human frame, appears to consist in diminishing the capacity of the abdomen, which in the vegetative and animal lives of savages and barbarians attains a considerable size. The Chinese, the American Indians, the African tribes, and many others, are all remarkable for corpulence.

In the amalgamation of the races, a natural law appears to prevail, which secures their elevation. The union of a negro with a white woman is frequently unfruitful and nearly always unfortunate. The reverse condition, on the contrary, is favourable and productive. In the first case, the offspring descends into the African, and in the second, rises into the Caucasian race.

Inferior races are absorbed by the superior. This fact is without exception. Everything tends to prove that the black race was primarily the most numerous; in their fecundity at the present day slavery finds its principal aliment; and their numbers have been diminished only by the encroachments of other races superior to them. In America the Indian tribes occupy the lowest position, with the exception of some thirty or forty individuals—the natives of Van Diemen's have entirely disappeared—the Guanches are no longer in existence—and the Caribs, although yet lingering in the American continent, have been completely annihilated in the West India islands. The same effects are observable on the other continent, where the feeble Hindoos are gradually disappearing before the more robust people by whom they are surrounded. Where the absorbing movement is natural, it turns to the advantage of progress; the inferior races, by losing themselves in the superior, impart to the latter certain dispositions which become new germs of development. Unhappily, the intervention of a blind force defeats this movement, and sweeps off primitive races with violence from the globe before they have had time to blend themselves with the Caucasian. Such destruction is deplorable: it is time that science should direct the conquests which brute force has wasted. Physiology teaches us that no race is altogether insignificant, since all are destined to pass into the superior. Let them then be left to multiply in peace, instead of being thrust out to perish in wilds and deserts; there is room for them and for us beneath the sun. Civilisation, it is true, cannot yield to barbarism; but it is only by renewing its powers in natural sources that they can be increased.

With these general principles, we have the means of judging of the influence of the crossing of the races upon society. By the vigorous action of one race, another may be drawn from the orbit which nature had traced for it, giving rise to new types in the change. The purer a race, the simpler is their social organisation, and the more limited their intellectual and national existence. But, in proportion to the elements they acquire by admixture, the

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more they are elevated, the wider their social organisation, and the more multiplied their functions. The elements are at first in disunion, but time effects their fusion, and during the fusion new developments are manifested, education compels the disappearance of moral and organic differences, which were once an obstacle to progress. Thus it is that nature, with a very small number of primitive races, has provided by an infinite variety of crosses for the material perfectibility of society. Nations which advance have nothing to fear from those which remain stationary. A superior race cannot be conquered without in the end impressing the force of their constitution upon their conquerors. In this way the Caucasian race, long oppressed in Asia by the Mongols, succeeded in liberating themselves; and now that once powerful people scarcely dare to defend themselves: the emperor of two hundred and fifty millions of yellow subjects opposes nothing but submission and silence to a handful of Englishmen.

Europe is the quarter of the world where the white race, free of all contact, develops most largely the whole of their characteristics. No one doubts the superiority of this race. While the Mongol, the Negro, the American, and the Malay were occupied in satisfying their material appetites, the Caucasian has measured the earth, and elevated himself to the idea of a first principle. While other nations had done no more than sketch the conquest of man over nature, the Caucasian has achieved the victory—mastered the elements and the seas. Still more remarkable has been the development of his will; leaving others to sleep under the yoke of a blind necessity, he has overcome all obstacles, creating new forces where his own were insufficient—and in this way increased his moral power by the discovery of printing and steam. Whenever he has come into contact with other races he has absorbed them, and derived from the Negro, American, and Mongol their nervous, bilious, and lymphatic temperaments, raising all to his own standard. The present population of Europe is the result of several successive migrations, and the crossing of these migrations one with the other. In this general movement the Celtic group preceded the Teutonic, which went before the Sclavonic. The formation of the continental nations is marked by halts and periods of repose in civilisation. Each one in turn contributed its characteristic qualities; and of these successive additions and admixtures results the present condition of Europe.

It has been erroneously supposed that this universal mingling of races would tend to the confusion and disappearance of the various characteristics: but the fusion does not involve entire uniformity. It has been recently demonstrated that the type is not effaced in the admixture. The eminent physiologist Milne Edwards has met with relics of ancient people in France, Germany, and Italy, whose features and other physical characteristics had survived their national death. In this way the features of the Cimbri, Dacians, and Scandinavians are yet preserved, and the countenance of the Huns, which once frightened Europe by its ugliness, re-appears in Hungary. Geographical position, too, it is believed, will always exert an important influence on the physical characteristics of the various sections of the human race.

The solution of the great problem of human progress appears thus to be effected by the union of social economy and natural science. According to the arguments adduced, the multiplicity of races at present existing on the earth will one day be transformed into something more complex —that of an infinite variety of individuals. No human type will be lost; all will be modified. The movement of unity, by which distances and races are to be brought nearer and nearer, is not a blind movement; it does not tend to destroy one group by another, as has long been believed, and to impress a uniform figure on the inhabitants of the earth: the result will be rather to introduce a greater diversity in character, and consequently in function. This physiological argument appears to add another motive to those already in action for the extension of our means of communication both by land and water. The human species is yet in course of formation, and the materials by which it is to be accomplished lie in bringing together the different races scattered over the earth's surface. Facilities for travelling will open a new source of admixture, whose result will be the multiplication of types. And, since the races advance physically and morally but as they are fertilised one by the other, we shall attain, by means of railways and new means of navigation, at the great philosophical fact, the universal progress which contains and combines in itself all other advances, the perfectibility of man and of nature.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

SECOND DAY'S HUNT.

[Hounds in full cry.]

'The sedentary stretch their lazy length,
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need; the languid eye the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.
Not such th' alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name,
Good health, and its associate in the most
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Even age itself seems privileged in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave,
Sprightly and old, almost without decay.

'The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns.
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable wo appears—
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.'—*The Task.*

"'And because they are free and your relations,' said Socrates to Aristarchus, 'do you think they ought to do nothing but eat and sleep? Do you observe that they who live thus idle and at their ease, lead more comfortable lives than others? Do you think them more content, more cheerful, that is to say, more happy, than those who employ themselves in any of those manufactures we have mentioned, or in whatever else tends to the utility or convenience of life? Do you imagine that idleness and laziness contribute toward our learning things necessary; that they can enable us to retain those things we have already learned; that they help to strengthen the body or keep it in health; that they can assist us to get riches or keep what we have got already; and do you believe that labour and industry are good for nothing? Why did your ladies learn what you say they know? did they believe them to be useless things, and had they resolved never to put them in practice? Is it a greater piece of wisdom to sit still and do nothing, than to busy one's self in things that are of use in life, and that turn to account?' What was proposed was forthwith executed. Aristarchus bought what he wanted; he laid in a provision of wool, and the ladies worked from morning to night. This occupation diverted their melancholy, and instead of the uneasiness there was before between them and Aristarchus, they began to live in a reciprocal satisfaction: the ladies loved him as their protector, and he considered them as persons who were very useful and necessary to him.'—*Xenophon's Memorabilia.*

'There is not anything in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life. It is every man's wish and design, and yet not one of a thousand knows wherein that happiness

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consists. We live, however, in a blind and eager pursuit of it, and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end. . . . It fares with us in human life, as with a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the neck of another, till the whole field seems to be one heap of miscarriages. And the mischief is, that the number of the multitude carry it against truth and justice, so that we must leave the crowd if we would be happy; for the question of a happy life is not to be decided by vote; nay, so far from it, that plurality of voices is still an argument of the wrong; the common people find it easier to believe than to judge, and content themselves with what is usual, never examining whether it be good or no. By the common people, is intended the man of title as well as the clouted shoe; for I do not distinguish them by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. . . . The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future—not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for, without finding it. . . . It must be a sound mind that makes a happy man; there must be a constancy and serenity in all conditions; a care for the things of this world but without trouble; and such an indifferency for the bounties of fortune, that, either with them or without them, we may live contentedly. There must be neither lamentation, nor quarrelling, nor sloth, nor fear; for it makes a discord in a man's life. He that fears, serves. The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are cheerful and quiet. . . . As the body is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; besides, without extraordinary moderation, their end is only pain and repentance. Whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.'—*Seneca.*

'As in walking, it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry and strain your leg, so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind, nor offend your judgment. And this rule, if you observe it carefully in all your deportment, will be a great security to you in your undertakings.

The necessities of the body are the proper measure of our care for the things of the world; and those that can supply these are enough, as the shoe is said to fit the man that answers to the bigness of the foot. But if once you leave this rule, and exceed those necessities, then you are carried into all the extravagancies in the world. Then you do not value your shoe for fitting the foot, unless it be gilded too; and afterwards from gilding you go to a rich purple; and from that again, to have it studded and set with jewels. For when once a man hath exceeded the bounds of moderation and convenience, he never knows where to stop.'—*Manual of Epictetus.*

'Some people seem resolved to spin out life as long as they can. They are for going to the utmost extent of nature, and will not venture a single pulse upon any consideration. But to doat upon breathing (for 'tis little more) at this rate, is to turn slave to all sorts of meanness and vice. Fright such a one but with the fear of death, and you may make him say or do what you please, though never so infamous or ridiculous; and if his cowardice is not tried thus far, yet this lean principle will be sure to keep him servile and insignificant. He will never touch at a great proposal, nor run any generous hazards for his friends or country. And is it worth one's while thus to value life above the ends and purposes of living? The resolution of Pompey was much more becoming, who, when he was dissuaded from embarking, because the weather was tempestuous, replied very handsomely, 'Gentlemen, make no more words on't. My voyage is necessary, my life is not so.'—*Jeremy Collier's Essays, 17th Century.*

> 'It is not growing like a tree
> In bulke, doth make man better be;
> Or standing long an oake, three hundred yeare,
> To fall a logge, at last, dry, bald, and seare:
> A lillie of a day
> Is fairer farre in May,
> Although it fall and die that night;
> It was the plant and flowre of light
> In small proportions we just beauties see:
> And in short measures life may perfect be.'—*Ben Jonson.*

'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'

'He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.'—*Solomon.*

'Chastise your passions that they may not punish you. As you would not wish to sail in a large and finely decorated and gilded ship, and sink, so neither is it eligible to inhabit a grand and sumptuous house, and be in a storm of passions and cares. They who have a good constitution of body, support heats and colds; and so they who have a right constitution of soul, bear the attacks of anger, and grief, and immoderate joy, and other passions. As it is better to be straitened for room upon a little couch in health, than to toss upon a wide bed in sickness, so it is better to contract yourself within the compass of a small fortune and be happy, than to have a great one and be wretched. . . . Whenever any one exceeds moderation, the most delightful things may become the most undelightful. . . . It is the character of a wise man to resist pleasure; and of a fool to be enslaved by it. In all vice, pleasure being presented like a bait, draws sensual minds to the hook of perdition. No one is free who doth not command himself. . . . He is a man of sense who doth not grieve for what he hath not, but rejoices in what he hath.'—*Epictetus.*

'There is no permanent and inviolable good but wisdom and virtue, though the study of it signifies little without the practice. Do not think it impossible to be a wise man without looking sour upon it.'—*Æsop's Advice to his son Ennius.*

> 'The best of things, beyond the measure, cloy;
> Sleeps balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
> The feast the dance—whate'er mankind desire—
> Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
> Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
> Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
> All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
> And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.'—*Homer.*

[New game started.]

Shortly after noon, next day, Mr Brown and Mr Smith were seen turning off into a clean quiet square in a secluded part of the town. It was chiefly occupied by persons of moderate but independent means, as old dowagers and stranded naval and military officers, and a sprinkling of decayed gentlemen, whose creditors had humanely relieved them of the management of their estates.

'I still question the propriety of calling upon him,' said Mr Smith, as they entered the square, 'he may think it impertinent, and guess the motive that brings us.'

'By no means,' said Mr Brown, firmly, 'he is glad when any one calls upon him. Though it excites him, it does him good, and breaks the monotony of his existence. We shan't wait long.'

Presently, they were conducted by an elderly woman, with a low sympathising voice, and a look as soft as velvet, and a step as stealthy as a cat's, along a narrow passage articulated with green baize doors, that opened to the touch as silently as if they had been meant for death to enter by, though in fact they were designed to keep him out. The master of these ceremonies sat ensconced in an inner chamber, with his mind occupied with one great subject. His visiters were not ushered immediately into his presence, but put into a room raised to summer heat, for the purpose of raising them to the temperature which was considered safe. So soon as this process was gone through, they were admitted into the apartment of the owner himself. He gave them a very polite reception, and

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immediately entered upon conversation. It was evident, however, that he was considerably flurried, and that it cost him a great effort to appear at ease. A slight flush passed over his countenance, and the muscles of his face were agitated, and he moved restlessly in his chair, and put his articles of outer dress in different situations. The room he sat in was raised to a painful heat, and as the free air was never permitted to pass through it, it had that close sultry feeling which is associated with the sick chamber. The door was lined at bottom, and all round, with several plies of soft woollen stuff, and the window was muffled up as if the pole had been outside; and in addition to all these precautions against the great enemy 'cold,' a large and deeply ignited fire made the close grate tick again as it expanded under its influence. One would have thought that a native of the torrid zone, just arrived, might have felt sufficiently comfortable there without much clothing—but so did not think the fastidious occupant. A high folding screen, lined with Turkey carpeting, stood as an inner barricade to the well-guarded door, and an easy-chair of huge dimensions stuffed all round the sides and roof, and looking the very paradise for superannuated poodles, formed the well chosen retreat of Samuel Pinkerton, Esquire. It might have been anticipated that he would look like Vulcan at his forge, or Jupiter in a thunder cloud, or a window in the setting sun; but there sat a wasted white man with a clammy cold look, and muffled up in shawls and blankets. A number of glasses, phials, powders, and medical books, lay on a table near him, and an old pampered plethoric cat wheezed on the hearth-rug beside him. On the subject of his health being referred to, he entered into a minute detail of his complaints, and of the varied phases they were from time to time presenting, under the influence of the different medicines he was employing. One would have thought, from the particularity of his descriptions, that he did little else than sit and watch his sensations from head to foot by night and by day. He spoke too with rather a professional air, and seemed perfectly intimate with the hard names and relative positions of the different functions of the body; and there was a frankness and earnestness about his manner, which, taken in connection with the knowledge he displayed on general subjects, made it difficult to believe that such a man could be the dupe of morbid feelings and diseased fancies. At any rate, a painful impression was left on the mind, that no man had ever before been visited with such a complication of inveterate diseases, or had passed through such a fearful amount of physical agony. Sleep seldom came, and, when it did, it brought terrible dreams with it.

'Last night,' said the unhappy invalid, 'I got into a doze about two in the morning, and immediately I was turned into a wheel, my arms and legs serving as spokes, and drawn wide asunder for the purpose, and I was driven on by some unseen power at a furious rate, over stiles, and ditches, and acute metal, and burning coals, and trundled at last over a precipice into a gulf of boiling pitch, which happily awoke me.'

'Are your dreams often of that painful description?' asked Mr Brown.

'Generally they are,' said Mr Pinkerton, 'I have been hanged, and stabbed, and suffocated a thousand times; and the most painful feeling is, that I am either powerless, or any effort I make is impotent and ineffectual; or, if I escape a robber, I am pursued by a mad bull, and if the bull disappear, I am hanging on the edge of a precipice, or walking on rotten planks, or in the midst of the orgies of fiends. The most pleasant I have had of late, was one which rather amused me when I awoke. I thought I was in the metropolis, and happened to turn aside into an old large court which I had not seen before. The houses were very high and dingy all round. I saw no one about, and began to think the place had been deserted, when I heard the creaking of some strange machine close by. I turned and saw an immense wheel revolving. It had boxes like a water-wheel, but deeper, and in the form of old-fashioned chairs with low backs. To my astonishment, the first one that went up past me was occupied by an old man, whose head was wrapped in a leathern apron, and his body in a blanket of moss, and he was looking intently on a hair that had grown thicker than a finger on the back of his hand. The next box contained a little fat man with an elephantine leg, and one side of his face pulled down; and the third had a woman and two children in it, as red as fire, and as merry as kittens, and she was pouring cold water on them, which went up in steam the moment it touched them, and they crowed after it in ecstacies of delight. There was a drunk man in the next chair, wanting both arms, with a gruff dingy countenance and black curly hair, vociferating oaths and snatches of sea-songs. I was wondering what all this could mean, when another box appeared, with an abandoned female in it, her face all swollen and the mark of a rope about her neck, and she was chuckling and half-hissing through her teeth—'I'll do for them yet, the villains—they'll catch the lint.' I concluded she had been hanged, and had been restored by some means or other, when my attention was arrested by the next box that came up. The man that sat in it seemed a madman. He leered and grinned at me in the strangest manner, and then burst into a fit of laughter, and then took off his neckerchief with a kind of theatrical pomposity, and taking up a razor, he gave it a strop or two across his palm, and felt his throat, and said, 'It will do.' I tried to rush forward and deter him from his purpose, when a man, whom I had not seen before, withheld me. Frantically I pointed to the suicide, but he smiled and said, 'Never fear—he has been going to do it for five years.' 'What in the world,' I said, 'is that wheel, and these strange people in it?' 'Oh,' said he, 'do you not know? that is the Patent Revolving Infirmary.' 'Patent Revolving Infirmary!' said I. 'Yes,' said he, and disappeared, and I awoke.'

'A strange conceit!' said Mr Brown.

'Very strange!' said Mr Smith.

To the utter horror and dismay of Mr Smith, his friend diverged into a subject which bore immediately on the case of Mr Pinkerton. He quoted the case of a woman, who imagined she had swallowed a serpent, and one Alexander, a noted physician, gave her an emetic, and conveyed a serpent into the basin, such as she conceived she had swallowed, and at the sight of it she was cured.

'Yes,' said Mr Pinkerton, laughing at the deceit which was practised on the woman, 'I remember having read that story in 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.' He mentions several others. One, I think, of a melancholy king, who fancied his head had been taken off; and Philodotus, his physician, cured him by causing him to wear a leaden cap, whose weight convinced him of his error; and another, I think, of a man who supposed his nose to be of such vast dimension that he was afraid to move lest he should dash it against a wall. His medical adviser took a large piece of flesh, and, holding it in his hand, took his patient by the nose, and pinched it, and made him believe that the flesh had been wrenched from his nose, and he was cured by the trick. But the most curious of all, I think, is that of a man who thought he was dead, and in consequence refused to eat. His physician put a man into a coffin, and set him by his patient's bedside. The feigned corpse, according to instruction, raised himself up, and partook of some food that was placed before him. The melancholy person asked if it was customary for dead men to eat, and, on being assured that it was, the hypochondriac began to eat also, and was instantly relieved of his distemper.'

'An ingenious device certainly,' said Mr Brown, laughing heartily.

'Strange case altogether,' said Mr Smith, joining in the laugh, but wondering more at the teller than the story.

'Very odd,' said Mr Pinkerton, laughing louder than either.

As a laugh is a good thing to part on, the two friends took advantage of it and left.

'Is it possible,' said Mr Smith, on getting outside the street door, 'that that gentleman can be deceiving himself as to the state of his health?'

'Quite possible,' said Mr Brown, wiping his face, and taking deep draughts of the fresh air. 'No doubt he is

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unwell, but he conceives himself much worse than he is, and the unnatural and deranged state of his system has been mainly brought on by false conceptions and false treatment of himself. While a young man, he rather over-studied himself, and brought on indigestion—the best maker of shadows, gorgons, fanatics, invalids, and mental incurables, I know. He gave heed to, and even studied his sensations, until they took a local habitation and a name in the pharmacopœia. He had recourse to this and that medicine—this and that doctor—and resorted at last to quacks and quack-medicines—the usual course of persons of this class, and it is a numerous one, as quacks well know. The tone of his stomach was destroyed by drugs, and the increased nervous irritation which followed, disposed him the more to indulge in all sorts of dismal apprehensions. His father happily came to town, and saw into the true state of the matter. He had him immediately conveyed, as a common sailor, on board of a merchantman which was about to sail for Calcutta. The captain was strictly enjoined to make him eat and work as the rest did. The young man resisted at first with all his might, but was obliged to submit. He came home well, with a nerve for anything, and a stomach for stones.'

'And how did he fall back?' inquired Mr Smith.

'After a second voyage, he entered the army, and remained in it till about twelve years ago, when his father died, and left him about a thousand a-year. He kept well for some time, till, on being seized with a species of intermittent fever, he had recourse to medical treatises for a cure, and got so deeply involved in them that the morbid feelings and apprehensions of his youth came back. He fell an easy prey—for old habits speedily revive, and he made no resistance. Year after year he sunk down into the pitiful condition he is now in.'

'I cannot believe,' said Mr Smith, 'that such a man should be the victim of mere fancies. His system must be seriously deranged.'

'His system is seriously deranged,' returned Mr Brown, 'but he has himself principally to blame for it. I believe there are certain constitutions which predispose to hypochondria, and monomania, and other things; but in many cases these might be avoided by proper caution.'

'What caution is necessary?' inquired Mr Smith.

'Simply resorting to the usual expedients of health—air, exercise, and suitable diet, and, best of all, regular occupation, and not allowing themselves to brood upon this and that sensation, till the prick of a pin becomes the thrust of a poniard. Try your great toe after it has been scratched or pinched—nurse its infant grief—concentrate attention upon it—reflect what small things often cause death, what a delicate machine the human body is, and what quickness of sympathy exists between its several parts, and how slight a derangement may put the whole in disorder, or bring it to a stop—recall sudden deaths which have arisen from trivial accidents, and then feel again how it is with your great toe. The pulsation is decidedly quicker and fuller, and the pain sensibly increased. These are symptoms of inflammation—inflammation is rapid in its progress—mortification often succeeds—amputation becomes necessary—the loss of a toe or a foot is a terrible thing—a wooden leg is frightful! Feel the toe again! It is up at fever-point, and its throb intolerable. Jump to your feet—go through a hornpipe, or sing your loudest song. How is it now?'

'Ha, ha, ha!' responded Mr Smith.

'It is laughable in the first stage, but not so in the third or fourth.'

'Nonsense!' ejaculated Mr Smith, 'you would make men worse than children.'

'Make them anything you like, but such is the fact. I have seen too many cases to doubt it. A slight beating at some people's hearts, and they infer a fit of apoplexy; their cheeks are stiffer than usual, and they apprehend locked-jaw; a slight cold is caught, and it is sure to end in consumption or asthma. In short, they see deaths-heads in everything, and the future presents nothing but darkness and places of skulls. They think it a sin to be cheerful, and look upon a smile as the precursor of a tear, and keep down every pleasurable emotion as a conspirator against their happiness. How often have I admired, and wished that sweet stanza were written upon every heart and dwelt upon every tongue—

> 'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
> My daily thanks employ;
> Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
> That tastes these gifts with joy.'

A cheerful heart is not the least certainly, but the sum and result of all, without which the gifts of Providence can neither be prized nor enjoyed—without which, indeed, they are only nominally blessings to us, but with which the plainest fare becomes a luxury and the poorest house a palace.'

'It is easy, Mr Brown, to say to the victim of disease 'Heed it not,' and to the sad heart 'Be cheerful.''

'It is easier saying than doing most things; but are we not to wash our hands because it is easier saying than doing it, and are we to do all in our power to bring on disease, and to be as fast miserable as possible, and then to watch over our gains with a sleepless jealousy, lest any should deprive us of them? I am not speaking of sorrow and distress which are real, but of those which are spurious and self-caused, and which might in great measure be avoided. These lead to no good, neither physical nor moral; they are simply gratuitous sorrows that work death, without merit and without meed. How many might pass comfortably through life, who otherwise distress themselves and annoy others by trifles of all sorts! The best thing that can befall such is a real calamity—one that will force them into positive conflict and endurance, and draw out all their energies to meet it. This is often the only cure for deep-seated melancholy and morbid apprehensions.'

'But may not the cure be worse than the disease?'

'No; imaginary evils are always worse than real. Real evils may be mitigated or overcome, but it is of the nature of imaginary evils to grow by what they feed on—the nurture of thought and the pictures of fancy. All passions, indeed, are formed and gather power in this way, and to unform or weaken them, it is necessary to remove what created or supports them.'

'To cease to think, that is?'

'No; but to cease to think on that subject. No easy task, I grant, but there is no other way for it. The best way, no doubt, is to take care what passions we encourage, and what habits we form; but if we will form evil habits, and foster evil passions, and cherish foolish fancies, we must just take the consequences. No man can stand between us and them. Our friends cannot avert or alter the laws of nature. Human laws may be trifled with, not divine; kings and beggars are equally dealt with here. Let us just step up to bedlam, and Dr Black will show you a patient whose insanity is clearly traceable to the causes we have been speaking of.'

'No,' said Mr Smith, testily; 'I've had quite enough of your friends for a day.'

'Well! wait a moment,' said Mr Brown, 'and I'll describe his case as well as I can.'

'No; good-bye!'

'One moment!'

'Not a moment!'

'Ha! ha! ha!' chuckled Mr Brown, and the two friends were soon out of sight of each other.

THE LONDON ANECDOTES FOR ALL READERS.*

POPULAR AUTHORS.

No anecdotes, we apprehend, possess such an interest to the reading public as those relating to authors. When a man reads a book which pleases him, he insensibly feels himself impelled to know something personally of the mind which produced it, and from this cause has grown that general appetite for information regarding authors

* London: D. Bogue.

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which prevails. There is no reading so instructive and interesting as biography, especially the biography of those who suddenly spring from obscurity to illuminate humanity with their genius, and who when they first become known to the world astonish it, while they draw its wondering eyes. The 'London Collection of Anecdotes of Popular Authors,' p es nts many novel and intimate shades of human character, which cannot fail to be acceptable to the readers of popular works, as these anecdotes refer to men who form the great popular literary mind of Britain.

In the first place, we present our readers with a picture, from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of the life of a popular author, which is as true as it is graphic, and may serve to show that the wit, and imagination, and liveliness which sparkle upon paper, may after all be draining the life-blood from a trembling heart and weary brain. It is a sketch of Laman Blanchard. 'For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his deathbed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months the income of a retired butler! And, so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place among his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.' No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggle, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in his career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus, generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked-for. The causes of diseases and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement.'

There is a narrow dark-looking row in London, as there are many of the same in that great city, which has a peculiar interest to the book-loving fraternity, and along whose pavement many ghosts of authors have floated in almost disembodied impersonality, gazing in at booksellers' windows, and looking wistfully at the manuscripts which they carried, and over which they had burned the midnight oil. The following historical account of Paternoster Row will be new to many of our readers:—'Little Britain, anciently Breton Street, from the mansion of the Duke of Bretagne on that spot, in more modern times became the 'Paternoster Row' of the booksellers: and a newspaper of 1664 states them to have published here within four years, four hundred and sixty-four pamphlets. One Chiswell, resident here in 1711, was the metropolitan bookseller, the 'Longman' of his time; and here lived Rawlinson ('Tom Folio' of 'The Tatler,' No. 158), who stuffed four chambers in Gray's Inn so full, that his bed was removed into the passage. John Day, the famous early printer, lived 'over Aldersgate.''

Perhaps no author ever sprung into popularity so suddenly and universally as Dickens. That popularity may be ascribed to the sympathy and geniality of Boz's style, and the thorough nationality and genuineness of his portraitures. An anecdote will illustrate the influence of his works upon foreigners and absentees. 'Mr Davy, who accompanied Colonel Cheney up the Euphrates, was for a time in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. 'Pickwick' happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the pacha had been interrupted. Mr Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled 'Papers' to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstacy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.'

We can easily understand upon what principle Junius sought to conceal his identity, but for what reason, save personal vanity and private *eclat*, the author of a work not involving personal responsibility or danger remains incognito, we cannot discover. The following relates to the writer of that splendid rescript of the sea and seafaring men, 'Tom Cringle's Log.' 'The author of this very successful work, (originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,') was a Mr Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1789, and educated at the High School. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies. He ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the 'Log.' Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till Mr Scott's death that the sons of Mr Blackwood were aware of his name.'

There are few more ludicrous circumstances recorded in the whole province of literature than those relative to the credulity of author-worshippers, or antiquarians generally. The following case of imposition is almost as wonderful as that of Chatterton, 'that wayward child of genius and of fortune.' 'Mr Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several tours. One of them consisted of an excursion upon the river Avon, during which he explored, with ardent curiosity, every locality associated with Shakspeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakspearian mania. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his parent attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own, in the language and manner of Shakspeare's time. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS said to be in the handwriting of Shakspeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers. The young man, being articled to a solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in the first instance, the deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Fraser. The ecstacy expressed by the father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse; and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of *Vortigern*, which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with the paper of the period (being the flyleaves of old books), and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *eclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world and all England was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised. The house of Mr Ireland, in Norfolk Street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of the highest rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The MSS. being mostly decreed genuine, were

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considered to be of inestimable worth; and at one time it was expected that Parliament would give any required sum for them. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain of the newspapers and public journals; notwithstanding which Mr Sheridan agreed to give £600 for permission to play 'Vortigern' at Drury-Lane theatre. So crowded a house was scarcely ever seen as on the night of the performance, and a vast number of persons could not obtain admission. The pre-determined malcontents began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and sceptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was accordingly withdrawn. The juvenile author was now so beset for information, that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet, wherein he confessed the entire fabrication. Besides 'Vortigern,' young Ireland also produced a play of 'Henry II.;' and, although there are in both such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakspeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality. The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr Ireland was the dupe of his zeal on such subjects; and the son never contemplated at the outset the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare (among them Drs Parr and Warton), that they fell on their knees before the MSS., and by their idolatry inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm, which at that stage it was not in his power to check. Sir Richard Phillips, who knew the parties, has thus related the affair in the 'Anecdote Library.' In the catalogue of Dr Parr's library at Hatton (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the Doctor: 'Ireland's (Samuel) great and impudent forgery, called 'Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, folio 1796.' I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of 'King Lear,' and a fragment of 'Hamlet.' Ireland told a lie when he imputed to *me* the words which *Joseph Warton* used the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor.—S.P.' Mr Ireland died about 1802. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances, not many years since. The reputed Shakspearian MSS. we remember to have seen for sale in a pawnbroker's window, in Wardour Street, Soho.'

Perhaps the name of no place in the vicinity of London is so universally known as that of Edmonton, and this knowledge may be attributed to the famous visit of that 'citizen of credit and renown,' who once set out to see the 'Bell' from 'famous London town.' The 'Bell,' which is a popular inn, still hangs out its 'wide-sounding' sign, and calls the lovers of fun and poetry to do their devoirs to 'porter' and the genius of Cowper. The following occurs in the life of the poet, as the origin of the world-famed ballad of 'John Gilpin':—'It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection; it was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood), to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad! So arose the pleasant poem of 'John Gilpin.' To Lady Austen's suggestion, also, we are indebted for the poem of the 'Task.''

The character of no great writer of this or any other epoch presents so many anomalies as that of Byron. Even his person partook of the remarkable duality and contradiction of his mind and sentiments. His head was that of an Apollo, his nether extremities like those of Pan. He was a wonderful combination of wonders, and claims the pity more than either the censure or admiration of humbler but happier minds. 'During the residence of Lord Byron at Venice, a clerk was sent from the office of Messrs Vizard & Co., of Lincoln's Inn, to procure his lordship's signature to a legal instrument. On his arrival, the clerk sent a message to the noble poet, who appointed to receive him on the following morning. Each party was punctual to the minute. His lordship had dressed himself with the most studious care; and, on the opening of the door of his apartment, it was evident that he had placed himself in what he thought a becoming *pose*. His right arm was displayed over the back of a splendid couch, and his head was gently supported by the fingers of his left hand. He bowed slightly as his visiter approached him, and appeared anxious that his recumbent attitude should remain for a time undisturbed. After the signing of the deed, the noble bard made a few inquiries upon the politics of England, in the tone of a finished exquisite. Some refreshment which was brought in afforded the messenger an opportunity for more minute observation. His lordship's hair had been curled and parted on the forehead; the collar of his shirt was thrown back, so that not only the throat but a considerable part of the bosom was exposed to view, though partially concealed by some fanciful ornament suspended round the neck. His waistcoat was of costly velvet, and his legs were enveloped in a superb wrapper. It is to be regretted that so great a mind as that of Byron could derive satisfaction from things so trivial and unimportant, but much more that it was liable to be disturbed by a recollection of personal imperfections. In the above interview, the clerk directed an accidental glance at his lordship's lame foot, when the smile that had played upon the visage of the poet became suddenly converted into a frown; his whole frame appeared discomposed; his tone of affected suavity became hard and imperious; and he called to an attendant to open the door, with a peevishness seldom exhibited even by the most irritable.'

When constrained to smile at such morbid and puerile vanity, who can fail to behold something exalted in the occurrence thus recorded?—'No one knew how to apologise for an affront with better grace, or with more delicacy, than Lord Byron. In the first edition of the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' the poet adverted in a note to two political tracts—one by Major Pasley, and the other by Gould Francis Leckie, Esq.—and concluded his remarks by attributing 'ignorance on the one hand, and prejudice on the other.' Mr Leckie, who felt offended at the severity, and, as he thought, injustice of the observations, wrote to Lord Byron, complaining of the affront. His lordship did not reply immediately to the letter; but, in about three weeks, he called upon Mr Leckie, and begged him to accept an elegantly-bound copy of a new edition of the poem, in which the offensive passage was omitted.'

Let us now turn from the vain and delicate aspects of his mind, to the satirical, and it will be allowed that he exemplifies something even fiendish in the ingenuity and keenness of his biting trenchant enmity to his literary foes. 'At the close of the first canto of 'Don Juan,' its noble author, by way of propitiating the reader for the morality of his poems, says:—

'The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
As children cutting teeth receive a coral;
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect,
My epical pretensions to the laurel;
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.

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I've sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.'

Now, 'the British' was a certain staid and grave high-church review, the editor of which received the poet's imputation of bribery as a serious accusation; and, accordingly, in his next number after the publication of 'Don Juan,' there appeared a postscript, in which the receipt of any bribe was stoutly denied, and the idea of such connivance altogether repudiated, the editor adding that he should continue to exercise his own judgment as to the merits of Lord Byron, as he had hitherto done in every instance! However, the affair was too ludicrous to be at once altogether dropped; and, so long as the prudish publication was in existence, it enjoyed the *sobriquet* of 'My Grandmother's Review.' By the way, there is another hoax connected with this poem. One day an old gentleman gravely inquired of a printseller for a portrait of 'Admiral Noah'—to illustrate 'Don Juan!''

We close our notice of these interesting little volumes with an anecdote which will ever be grateful to our countrymen, as a testimony to the ability of one of Scotland's greatest men, and honourable to the candour of the first orators of their day in England. 'When Dr Chalmers first visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood alone by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. 'If this be all,' said Canning to his companion, 'it will never do.' Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the conversation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. 'The tartan beats us,' said Mr Canning; 'we have no preaching like that in England.'

THE LAST POET.

Verses in German by Alex. Graf Von Aversperg, a nobleman of Vienna. Versified in English for the 'Instructor,' by Major Vwson.

CYNIC.

Oh, member of the moon-struck throng,
When will your ravings all be ended?
When will your long and tiresome song
Be all sung out, and lyre suspended?
Has not all nature's varied store
By bards been sought, and sung, and gather'd?
When will your rhapsodies be o'er?
Each stream is dried, each flower is wither'd.

POET.

As long as through yon azure skies
The glorious car of light is driven—
As long as gifted minstrel's eyes
Are turn'd in ecstacy to heaven—
As long as in the awful cloud
The tempest broods, and thunder breaking,
And at the peal so dread and loud
A single heart with fear is quaking—
As long as after silenced storm
The rainbow in the cloud is smiling;
Or hearts estranged (that once were warm)
Sigh for the bliss of reconciling—
As long as night sublime unfolds
Her scroll with golden letters burning:
Or sage the mystic page beholds,
Enraptured to it nightly turning—
Long as the moon through ether strays,
Or human breast with gladness glowing;
While zephyr through the forest plays,
Or boughs a cooling shade bestowing—
As long as verdant springs return
To bless the earth, or rose is blooming;
While Beauty's cheeks with blushes burn,
Or joy her lover's look illuming—
Long as above the sacred urn
Sad gloom the cypress-shade is making;
Or tears are seen in eyes that mourn,
Or heart beneath its burden breaking—
So long will *she*, bright maid of song,
A pilgrim walk on earth, elated,
And lead the laurell'd bard along—
The priest whom she has consecrated;
And when to lovely nature's reign
The day of doom the end is bringing,
The last of men in nature's fane
Will be the bard, her requiem singing.
The Lord of all does still uphold
In his right hand his bright creation;
And, as a flower that's freshly cull'd,
Regards it with benign sensation;
And when this fair majestic flower
Shall, like 'a parched scroll,' be furl'd,
And solar systems roll no more,
But all to dark confusion hurl'd,
Then, Cynic, if thy heart be strong,
Go, boldly ask, if still desiring,
'When will you close your tiresome song?'
Ev'n *now*, for, lo! the sun's expiring.

THE SABBATH.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.*

THE Puritan Sabbath—is there such a thing existing now, or has it gone with the things that were, to be looked at as a curiosity in the museum of the past? Can any one, in memory, take himself back to the unbroken stillness of that day, and recall the sense of religious awe which seemed to brood in the very atmosphere, checking the merry laugh of childhood, and chaining in unwonted stillness the tongue of volatile youth, and imparting even to the sunshine of heaven, and the unconscious notes of animals, a tone of its own gravity and repose? If you cannot remember these things, go back with me to the verge of early boyhood, and live with me one of the Sabbaths that I have spent beneath the roof of my uncle, Phineas Fletcher.

Imagine the long sunny hours of a Saturday afternoon insensibly slipping away, as we youngsters are exploring the length and breadth of a trout-stream, or chasing gay squirrels, or building mud milldams in the brook. The sun sinks lower and lower, but we still think it does not want half an hour to sundown. At last he so evidently is really *going down* that there is no room for scepticism or latitude of opinion on the subject; and with many a lingering regret we began to put away our fish-hooks and hang our hoops over our arm, preparatory to trudging homeward.

'Oh, Henry, don't you wish that Saturday afternoons lasted longer?' said little John to me.

'I do,' says Cousin Bill, who was never the boy to mince matters in giving his sentiments; 'and I wouldn't care if Sunday didn't come but once a-year.'

'Oh, Bill, that's wicked, I'm afraid,' says little conscientious Susan, who, with her doll in hand, was coming home from a Saturday afternoon visit.

'Can't help it,' says Bill, catching Susan's bag and toss-

* From Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims, by Mrs HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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ing it in the air; 'I never did like to sit still, and that's why I hate Sundays.'

'Hate Sundays! oh, Bill! Why, Aunt Kezzy says heaven is an *eternal* Sabbath—only think of that!'

'Well, I know I must be pretty different from what I am now before I could sit still for ever,' said Bill, in a lower and somewhat disconcerted tone, as if admitting the force of the consideration.

The rest of us began to look very grave, and to think that we must get to liking Sunday some time or other, or it would be a very bad thing for us. As we drew near the dwelling, the compact and business-like form of Aunt Kezzy was seen emerging from the house to hasten our approach. 'How often have I told you, young ones, not to stay out after sundown on Saturday night? Don't you know it's the same as Sunday, you wicked children, you? Come right into the house, every one of you, and never let me hear of such a thing again.'

This was Aunt Kezzy's regular exordium every Saturday night, for we children, being blinded, as she supposed, by natural depravity, always made strange mistakes in reckoning time on Saturday afternoons. After being duly suppered and scrubbed, we were enjoined to go to bed, and remember that to-morrow was Sunday, and that we must not laugh and play in the morning. With many a sorrowful look did Susan deposit her doll in the chest, and give one lingering look at the patchwork she was piecing for dolly's bed, while William, John, and myself emptied our pockets of all superfluous fish-hooks, bits of twine, pop-guns, slices of potato, marbles, and all the various items of boy property, which, to keep us from temptation, were taken into Aunt Kezzy's safe keeping over Sunday.

My Uncle Phineas was a man of great exactness, and Sunday was the centre of his whole worldly and religious system. Everything with regard to his worldly business was so arranged that by Saturday noon it seemed to come to a close of itself. All his accounts were looked over, his workmen paid, all borrowed things returned, and lent things sent after, and every tool and article belonging to the farm was returned to its own place at exactly such an hour every Saturday afternoon, and an hour before sundown every item of preparation, even to the blacking of his Sunday shoes and the brushing of his Sunday coat, was entirely concluded; and at the going down of the sun the stillness of the Sabbath seemed to settle down over the whole dwelling.

And now it is Sunday morning; and though all without is fragrance, and motion, and beauty, the dewdrops are twinkling, butterflies fluttering, and merry birds carolling and racketing as if they never could sing loud or fast enough, yet within there is such a stillness that the tick of the tall mahogany clock is audible through the whole house, and the buzz of the blue flies, as they whiz along up and down the window-panes, is a distinct item of hearing. Look into the best front room, and you may see the upright form of my Uncle Phineas, in his immaculate Sunday suit, with his Bible spread open on the little stand before him, and even a deeper than usual gravity settling down over his toil-worn features. Alongside, in well-brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, sat the whole of us younger people, each drawn up in a chair, with hat and handkerchief ready for the first stroke of the bell, while Aunt Kezzy, all trimmed, and primmed, and ready for the meeting, sat reading her psalm-book, only looking up occasionally to give an additional jerk to some shirt-collar, or the fifteenth pull to Susan's frock, or to repress any straggling looks that might be wandering about 'beholding vanity!' A stranger, in glancing at Uncle Phineas as he sat intent on his Sunday reading, might have seen that the Sabbath was *in his heart*—there was no mistake about it. It was plain that he had put by all worldly thoughts when he shut up his account-book, and that his mind was as free from earthly associations as his Sunday coat was from dust. The slave of worldliness, who is driven, by perplexing business or adventurous speculation, through the hours of a half-kept Sabbath to the fatigues of another week, might envy the unbroken quiet, the sunny tranquillity, which hallowed the weekly rest of my uncle.

The Sabbath of the Puritan Christians was the golden day, and all its associations, and all its thoughts, words, and deeds, were so entirely distinct from the ordinary material of life, that it was to him a sort of weekly translation—a quitting of this world to sojourn a day in a better; and year after year, as each Sabbath set its seal on the completed labours of a week, the pilgrim felt that one more stage of his earthly journey was completed, and that he was one week nearer to his eternal rest; and as years, with their changes, came on, and the strong man grew old, and missed, one after another, familiar forms that had risen around his earlier years, the face of the Sabbath became like that of an old and tried friend, carrying him back to the scenes of his youth, and connecting him with scenes long gone by, restoring to him the dew and freshness of brighter and more buoyant days.

Viewed simply as an institution for a Christian and mature mind, nothing could be more perfect than the Puritan Sabbath; if it had any failing, it was in the want of adaptation to children and to those not interested in its peculiar duties. If you had been in the dwelling of my uncle of a Sabbath morning, you must have found the unbroken silence delightful; the calm and quiet must have soothed and disposed you for contemplation, and the evident appearance of single-hearted devotion to the duties of the day in the elder part of the family must have been a striking addition to the picture. But, then, if your eye had watched attentively the motions of us juveniles, you might have seen that what was so very invigorating to the disciplined Christian was a weariness to young flesh and bones. Then there was not, as now, the intellectual relaxation afforded by the Sunday-school, with its various forms of religious exercise, its thousand modes of interesting and useful information. Our whole stock in this line was the Bible and primer, and these were our main dependence for whiling away the tedious hours between our early breakfast and the signal for meeting. How often was our invention stretched to find wherewithal to keep up our stock of excitement in a line with the duties of the day. For the first half hour, perhaps, a story in the Bible answered our purpose very well; but, having despatched the history of Joseph, or the story of the ten plagues, we then took to the primer; and then there was, first, the looking over the system of theological and ethical truth, commencing, 'In Adam's fall we sinned all,' and extending through three or four pages of pictorial and poetic embellishment. Next was the death of John Rogers, who was burned at Smithfield; and for a while we could entertain ourselves with counting all his 'nine children and one at the breast,' as in the picture they stand in a regular row, like a pair of stairs. These being done, came miscellaneous exercises of our own invention, such as counting all the psalms in the psalm-book backward and forward, to and from the Doxology, or numbering the books of the Bible, or some other such device as we deemed within the pale of religious employments. When all these failed, and it still wanted an hour of meeting-time, we looked up at the ceiling, and down at the floor, and all around into every corner, to see what we could do next; and happy was he who could spy a pin gleaming in some distant crack, and forthwith muster an occasion for getting down to pick it up. Then there was the infallible recollection that we wanted a drink of water, as an excuse to get out to the well; or else we heard some strange noise among the chickens, and insisted that it was essential that we should see what was the matter; or else pussy would jump on to the table, when all of us would spring to drive her down; while there was a most assiduous watching of the clock to see when the first bell would ring. Happy was it for us, in the interim, if we did not begin to look at each other and make up faces, or slyly slip off and on our shoes, or some other incipient attempts at roguery, which would gradually so undermine our gravity that there would be some sudden explosion of

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merriment, whereat Uncle Phineas would look up and say, '*tut, tut,*' and Aunt Kezzy would make a speech about wicked children breaking the Sabbath-day. I remember once how my Cousin Bill got into deep disgrace one Sunday by a roguish trick. He was just about to close his Bible with all sobriety, when snap came a grasshopper through an open window, and alighted in the middle of the page. Bill instantly kidnapped the intruder, for so important an auxiliary in the way of employment was not to be despised. Presently we children looked towards Bill, and there he sat, very demurely reading his Bible, with the grasshopper hanging by one leg from the corner of his mouth, kicking and sprawling, without in the least disturbing Master William's gravity. We all burst into an uproarious laugh. But it came to be rather a serious affair for Bill, as his good father was in the practice of enforcing truth and duty by certain modes of moral suasion much recommended by Solomon, though fallen into disrepute at the present day.

This morning picture may give a good specimen of the whole livelong Sunday, which presented only an alternation of similar scenes until sunset, when a universal unchaining of tongues and a general scamper proclaimed that the 'sun was down.' But, it may be asked, what was the result of all this strictness? Did it not disgust you with the Sabbath and with religion? No, it did not. It did not, because it was the result of *no unkindly feeling*, but of *consistent principle;* and consistency of principle is what even children learn to appreciate and revere. The law of obedience and of reverence for the Sabbath was constraining so equally on the young and the old, that its claims came to be regarded like those immutable laws of nature, which no one thinks of being out of patience with, though they sometimes bear hard on personal convenience. The effect of the system was to ingrain into our character a veneration for the Sabbath, which no friction of after-life would efface. I have lived to wander in many climates and foreign lands, where the Sabbath is an unknown name, or where it is only recognised by noisy mirth; but never has the day returned without bringing with it a breathing of religious awe, and even a yearning for the unbroken stillness, the placid repose, and the simple devotion, of the Puritan Sabbath.

ANOTHER SCENE.

'How late we are this morning,' said Mrs Roberts to her husband, glancing hurriedly at the clock, as they were sitting down to breakfast on a Sabbath morning. 'Really, it is a shame to us to be so late on Sundays. I wonder John and Henry are not up yet: Hannah, did you speak to them?'

'Yes, ma'am, but I could not make them mind; they said it was Sunday, and that we always have breakfast later on Sundays.'

'Well, it is a shame to us, I must say,' said Mrs Roberts, sitting down to the table. 'I never lie late myself unless something in particular happens. Last night I was out very late, and Sabbath before last I had a bad headache.'

'Well, well, my dear,' said Mr Roberts, 'it is not worth while to worry yourself about it; Sunday is a day of rest; everybody indulges a little of a Sunday morning—it is so very natural, you know; one's work done up, one feels like taking a little rest.'

'Well, I must say, it was not the way my mother brought me up,' said Mrs Roberts, 'and I really can't feel it to be right.'

This last part of the discourse had been listened to by two sleepy-looking boys, who had, meanwhile, taken their seats at table with that listless air which is the result of late sleeping.

'Oh, by the by, my dear, what did you give for those hams?' said Mr Roberts.

'Eleven cents a pound, I believe,' replied Mrs Roberts; 'but Stephens & Philips have some much nicer, canvass and all, for ten cents. I think we had better get our things at Stephens & Philips's in future, my dear.'

'Why, are they much cheaper?'

'Oh, a great deal; but I forget—it is Sunday. We ought to be thinking of other things. Boys, have you looked over your Sunday-school lesson?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Now, how strange! and here it wants only half an hour of the time, and you are not dressed either. Now see the bad effects of not being up in time.'

The boys looked sullen, and said 'they were up as soon as any one else in the house.'

'Well, your father and I had some excuse, because we were out late last night: you ought to have been up full three hours ago, and to have been all ready, with your lessons learned. Now, what do you suppose you shall do?'

'Oh, mother, do let us stay at home this one morning; we don't know the lesson, and it wont do any good for us to go.'

'No, indeed, I shall not. You must go, and get along as well as you can. It is all your own fault. Now go up stairs and hurry. We shall not find time for prayers this morning.'

The boys took themselves up stairs to 'hurry,' as directed, and soon one of them called from the top of the stairs, 'Mother! mother! the buttons are off this vest, so I can't wear it;' and 'Mother! here is a long rip in my best coat,' said another.

'Why did you not tell me of it before?' said Mrs Roberts, coming up stairs.

'I forgot it,' said the boy.

'Well, well, stand still; I must catch it together somehow, if it is Sunday. There! there is the bell! Stand still a minute!' and Mrs Roberts plied needle and thread and scissors; 'there, that will do for to-day. Dear me, how confused everything is to-day!'

'It is always just so on Sundays,' said John, flinging up his book and catching it again as he ran down stairs.

'It is always just so on Sundays.' The words struck rather unpleasantly on Mrs Roberts's conscience, for something told her that, whatever the reason might be, it *was* just so. On Sunday everything was later and more irregular than on any other day of the week.

'Hannah, you must boil that piece of beef for dinner to-day.'

'I thought you told me you didn't have cooking done on Sunday.'

'No, I do not, generally. I am very sorry Mr Roberts would get that piece of meat yesterday; we did not need it; but here it is on our hands; the weather is too hot to keep it. It wont do to let it spoil; so I must have it boiled, for aught I see.'

Hannah had lived four Sabbaths with Mrs Roberts, and on two of them she had been required to cook from similar reasoning. '*For once*' is apt, in such cases, to become a word of very extensive signification.

'It really worries me to have things go on so as they do on Sundays,' said Mrs Roberts to her husband; 'I never do feel as if we kept Sunday as we ought.'

'My dear, you have been saying so ever since we were married, and I do not see what you are going to do about it. For my part, I do not see why we do not do as well as people in general. We do not visit, nor receive company, nor read improper books. We go to church, and send the children to Sunday-school, and so the greater part of the day is spent in a religious way. Then out of church we have the children's Sunday-school books, and one or two religious newspapers: I think that is quite enough.'

'But, somehow, when I was a child, my mother——' said Mrs Roberts, hesitating.

'Oh, my dear, your mother must not be considered an exact pattern for these days. People were too strict in your mother's time; they carried the thing too far altogether; everybody allows it now.'

Mrs Roberts was silenced, but not satisfied. A strict religious education had left just conscience enough on this subject to make her uneasy.

These worthy people had a sort of general idea that

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Sunday ought to be kept, and they intended to keep it, but they had never taken the trouble to investigate or inquire as to the most proper way, nor was it so much an object of interest that their weekly arrangements were planned with any reference to it. Mr Roberts would often engage in business at the close of the week, which he knew would so fatigue him that he would be weary and listless on Sunday; and Mrs Roberts would allow her family cares to accumulate in the same way, so that she was either wearied with efforts to accomplish it before the Sabbath, or perplexed and worried by finding everything at loose ends on that day. They had the idea that Sunday was to be kept when it was perfectly convenient, and did not demand any sacrifice of time or money. But if stopping to keep the Sabbath in a journey would risk passage-money or a seat in the stage; or, in housekeeping, if it would involve any considerable inconvenience or expense, it was deemed a providential intimation that it was 'a work of necessity and mercy' to attend to secular matters. To their minds the fourth commandment read thus: 'Remember the Sabbath-day—to keep it holy when it comes convenient, and costs neither time nor money.'

As to the effects of this on the children, there was neither enough of strictness to make them respect the Sabbath, nor of religious interest to make them love it; of course, the little restraint there was proved just enough to lead them to dislike and despise it. Children soon perceive the course of their parent's feelings, and it was evident enough to the children of this family that their father and mother generally found themselves hurried into the Sabbath with hearts and minds full of this world, and their conversation and thoughts were so constantly turning to worldly things, and so awkwardly drawn back by a sense of religious obligation, that the Sabbath appeared more obviously a clog and a fetter than it did under the strictest *régime* of Puritan days.

SKETCH SECOND.

The little quiet village of Camden stands under the brow of a rugged hill, in one of the most picturesque parts of New England, and its regular, honest, and industrious villagers were not a little surprised and pleased that Mr James, a rich man, and pleasant spoken withal, had concluded to take up his residence among them. He brought with him a pretty, genteel wife, and a group of rosy, romping, but amiable children; and there was so much of good-nature and kindness about the manners of every member of the family, that the whole neighbourhood were prepossessed in their favour. Mr James was a man of somewhat visionary and theoretical turn of mind, and very much in the habit of following out his own ideas of right and wrong, without troubling himself particularly as to the appearance his course might make in the eyes of others. He was a supporter of the ordinances of religion, and always ready to give both time and money to promote any benevolent object; and though he had never made any public profession of religion, nor connected himself with any particular sect of Christians, still he seemed to possess great reverence for God, and to worship him in spirit and in truth, and he professed to make the Bible the guide of his life. Mr James had been brought up under a system of injudicious religious restraint. He had determined, in educating his children, to adopt an exactly opposite course, and to make religion and all its institutions sources of enjoyment. His aim, doubtless, was an appropriate one, but his method of carrying it out, to say the least, was one which was not a safe model for general imitation. In regard to the Sabbath, for example, he considered that, although the plan of going to church twice a-day, and keeping all the family quiet within doors the rest of the time, was good, other methods would be much better. Accordingly, after the morning service, which he and his whole family regularly attended, he would spend the rest of the day with his children. In bad weather he would instruct them in natural history, show them pictures, and read them various accounts of the works of God, combining all with such religious instruction and influence as a devotional mind might furnish. When the weather permitted, he would range with them through the fields, collecting minerals and plants, or sail with them on the lake, meanwhile directing the thoughts of his young listeners upward to God, by the many beautiful traces of his presence and agency, which superior knowledge and observation enabled him to discover and point out. These Sunday strolls were seasons of most delightful enjoyment to the children. Though it was with some difficulty that their father could restrain them from loud and noisy demonstrations of delight, he saw, with some regret, that the mere animal excitement of the stroll seemed to draw the attention too much from religious considerations, and, in particular, to make the exercises of the morning seem like a preparatory penance to the enjoyments of the afternoon. Nevertheless, when Mr James looked back to his own boyhood, and remembered the frigid restraint, the entire want of any kind of mental or bodily excitement, which had made the Sabbath so much a weariness to him, he could not but congratulate himself when he perceived his children looking forward to Sunday as a day of delight, and found himself on that day continually surrounded by a circle of smiling and cheerful faces. His talent of imparting religious instruction in a simple and interesting form was remarkably happy, and it is probable that there was among his children an uncommon degree of real thought and feeling on religious objects as the result.

The good people of Camden, however, knew not what to think of a course that appeared to them an entire violation of all the requirements of the Sabbath. The first impulse of human nature is to condemn at once all who vary from what has been commonly regarded as the right way; and, accordingly, Mr James was unsparingly denounced, by many good people, as a Sabbath-breaker, an infidel, and an opposer to religion.

Such was the character heard of him by Mr Richards, a young clergyman, who, shortly after Mr James fixed his residence in Camden, accepted the pastoral charge of the village. It happened that Mr Richards had known Mr James in college, and, remembering him as a remarkably serious, amiable, and conscientious man, he resolved to ascertain from himself the views which had led him to the course of conduct so offensive to the good people of the neighbourhood.

'This is all very well, my good friend,' said he, after he had listened to Mr James's eloquent account of his own system of religious instruction, and its effects upon his family; 'I do not doubt this system does very well for yourself and family; but there are other things to be taken into consideration besides personal and family improvement. Do you not know, Mr James, that the most worthless and careless part of my congregation quote your example as a respectable precedent for allowing their families to violate the order of the Sabbath? You and your children sail about on the lake, with minds and hearts, I doubt not, elevated and tranquillised by its quiet repose; but Ben Dakes, and his idle, profane army of children, consider themselves as doing very much the same thing when they lie lolling about, sunning themselves on its shore, or skipping stones over its surface the whole of a Sunday afternoon.'

'Let every one answer to his own conscience,' replied Mr James. 'If I keep the Sabbath conscientiously, I am approved of God; if another trangresses his conscience, 'to his own master he standeth or falleth.' I am not responsible for all the abuses that idle or evil-disposed persons may fall into, in consequence of my doing what is right.'

'Let me quote an answer from the same chapter,' said Mr Richards. ''Let no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way: let not your good be evil spoken of. It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, *nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak.*' Now, my good friend, you happen to be endowed with a certain tone of mind which enables you to carry through your mode of keeping the Sabbath with little comparative evil and much good, so far as your

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family is concerned; but how many persons in this neighbourhood, do you suppose, would succeed equally well if they were to attempt it? If it were the common custom for families to absent themselves from public worship in the afternoon, and to stroll about the fields, or ride, or sail, how many parents, do you suppose, would have the dexterity and talent to check all that was inconsistent with the duties of the day? Is it not your ready command of language, your uncommon tact in simplifying and illustrating, your knowledge of natural history and of biblical literature, that enables you to accomplish the results that you do? And is there one parent in a hundred that could do the same? Now, just imagine our neighbour, Squire Hart, with his ten boys and girls, turned out into the fields on a Sunday afternoon, to profit withal: you know he can never finish a sentence without stopping to begin it again half-a-dozen times. What progress would he make in instructing them? And so of a dozen others I could name along this very street here. Now, you men of cultivated minds must give your countenance to courses which would be best for society at large, or, as the sentiment was expressed by St Paul, 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, *and not to please ourselves*, for even Christ *pleased not himself*.' Think, my dear sir, if our Saviour had gone only on the principle of avoiding what might be injurious to his own improvement, how unsafe his example might have proved to less elevated minds. Doubtless he might have made a Sabbath-day fishing excursion an occasion of much elevated and impressive instruction; but, although he declared himself 'Lord of the Sabbath-day,' and at liberty to suspend its obligation at his own discretion, yet he never violated the received method of observing it, except in cases where superstitious tradition trenched directly on those interests which the Sabbath was given to promote. He asserted the right to relieve pressing bodily wants, and to administer to the necessities of others on the Sabbath, but beyond that he allowed himself in no deviation from established custom.'

Mr James looked thoughtful. 'I have not reflected on the subject in this view,' he replied. 'But, my dear sir, considering how little of the public services of the Sabbath is on a level with the capacity of younger children, it seems to me almost a pity to take them to church the whole of the day.'

'I have thought of that myself,' replied Mr Richards, 'and have sometimes thought that, could persons be found to conduct such a thing, it would be desirable to conduct a separate service for children, in which the exercises should be particularly adapted to them.'

'I should like to be minister to a congregation of children,' said Mr James, warmly.

'Well,' replied Mr Richards, 'give our good people time to get acquainted with you, and do away the prejudices which your extraordinary mode of proceeding has induced, and I think I could easily assemble such a company for you every Sabbath.'

After this, much to the surprise of the village, Mr James and his family were regular attendants at both the services of the Sabbath. Mr Richards explained to the good people of his congregation the motives which had led their neighbour to the adoption of what, to them, seemed so unchristian a course; and, upon reflection, they came to the perception of the truth, that a man may depart very widely from the received standard of right for other reasons than being an infidel or an opposer of religion. A ready return of cordial feeling was the result; and as Mr James found himself treated with respect and confidence, he began to feel, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, that there were strong points of congeniality between all real and warm-hearted Christians, however different might be their intellectual culture, and in all simplicity united himself with the little church of Camden. A year from the time of his first residence there, every Sabbath afternoon saw him surrounded by a congregation of young children, for whose benefit he had, at his own expense, provided a room, fitted up with maps, scriptural pictures, and every convenience for the illustration of biblical knowledge; and the parents or guardians who from time to time attended their children during these exercises, often confessed themselves as much interested and benefited as any of their youthful companions.

SKETCH THIRD.

It was near the close of a pleasant Saturday afternoon that I drew up my weary horse in front of a neat little dwelling in the village of N——. This, as near as I could gather from description, was the house of my cousin, William Fletcher, the identical rogue of a Bill Fletcher, of whom we have aforetime spoken. Bill had always been a thriving, push-ahead sort of a character, and during the course of my rambling life I had improved every occasional opportunity of keeping up our early acquaintance. The last time that I returned to my native country, after some years of absence, I heard of him as married and settled in the village of N——, where he was conducting a very prosperous course of business, and shortly after received a pressing invitation to visit him at his own home. Now, as I had gathered from experience the fact that it is of very little use to rap one's knuckles off on the front door of a country house without any knocker, I therefore made the best of my way along a little path, bordered with marigolds and balsams, that led to the back part of the dwelling. The sound of a number of childish voices made me stop, and, looking through the bushes, I saw the very image of my cousin Bill Fletcher, as he used to be twenty years ago; the same bold forehead, the same dark eyes, the same smart, saucy mouth, and the same 'who-cares-for-that' toss to his head.

'There now,' exclaimed the boy, setting down a pair of shoes that he had been blacking, and arranging them at the head of a long row of all sizes and sorts, from those which might have fitted a two-year-old foot upward,—'there, I've blacked every single one of them, and made them shine too,—and done it all in twenty minutes. If anybody thinks they can do it quicker than that, I'd just like to have them try, that's all.'

'I know they couldn't, though,' said a fair-haired little girl, who stood admiring the sight, evidently impressed with the utmost reverence for her brother's ability; 'and, Bill, I've been putting up all the playthings in the big chest, and I want you to come and turn the lock—the key hurts my fingers.'

'Poh! I can turn it easier than that,' said the boy, snapping his fingers; 'have you got them all in?'

'Yes, all; only I left out the soft bales, and the string of red beads, and the great rag baby for Fanny to play with—you know mother says babies must have their playthings on Sunday.'

'Oh, to be sure,' said the brother, very considerately; 'babies can't read, you know, as we can, nor hear Bible stories, nor look at pictures.'

At this moment I stepped forward, for the spell of former times was so powerfully on me that I was on the very point of springing forward with a 'Hallo, there, Bill!' as I used to meet the father in old times; but the look of surprise that greeted my appearance brought me to myself. 'Is your father at home?' said I.

'Father and mother are both gone out, but I guess, sir, they will be home in a few moments: wont you walk in?'

I accepted the invitation, and the little girl showed me into a small and very prettily-furnished parlour. There was a piano with music-books on one side of the room, some fine pictures hung about the walls, and a little, neat centre-table was plentifully strewn with books. Besides this, the two recesses on each side of the fireplace contained each a bookcase with a glass locked door. The little girl offered me a chair, and then lingered a moment, as if she felt some disposition to entertain me if she could only think of something to say, and at last, looking up in my face, she said, in a confidential tone, 'Mother says she left Willie and me to keep the house this afternoon while she was gone, and we are putting up all the things for Sunday, so as to get everything done before she comes home. Willie has gone to put away the playthings, and

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I'm going to put up the books.' So saying, she opened the doors of one of the bookcases, and began busily carrying the books from the centre-table to deposit them on the shelves, in which employment she was soon assisted by Willie, who took the matter in hand in a very masterly manner, showing his sister what were and what were not 'Sunday books,' with the air of a person entirely at home in the business. 'Robinson Crusoe' and the many-volumed 'Peter Parley' were put by without hesitation; there was, however, a short demurring over a 'North American Review,' because Willie said he was sure his father read something one Sunday out of one of them, while Susan averred that he did not commonly read in it, and only read in it then because the piece was something about the Bible; but as nothing could be settled definitely on the point, the review was 'laid on the table,' like knotty questions in Congress. Then followed a long discussion over an extract-book, which, as usual, contained all sorts, both sacred, serious, comic, and profane, and at last Willie, with much gravity, decided to lock it up, on the principle that it was best to be on the *safe side*, in support of which he appealed to me. I was saved from deciding the question by the entrance of the father and mother. My old friend recognised me at once, and presented his pretty wife to me with the same look of exultation with which he used to hold up a string of trout, or an uncommonly fine perch of his own catching for my admiration, and then looking round on his fine family of children, two more of which he had brought home with him, seemed to say to me, 'There! what do you think of that, now?'

And, in truth, a very pretty sight it was—enough to make any one's old bachelor coat sit very uneasily on him. Indeed, there is nothing that gives one such a startling idea of the tricks that old Father Time has been playing on us, as to meet some boyish or girlish companions with half a dozen or so of thriving children about them. My old friend, I found, was in essence just what the boy had been. There was the same upright bearing, the same confident, cheerful tone to his voice, and the same fire in his eye; only that the hand of manhood had slightly touched some of the lines of his face, giving them a staidness of expression becoming the man and the father.

'Very well, my children,' said Mrs Fletcher, as, after tea, William and Susan finished recounting to her the various matters that they had set in order that afternoon; 'I believe now we can say that our week's work is finished, and that we have nothing to do but rest and enjoy ourselves.'

'Oh, and papa will show us the pictures in those great books that he brought home for us last Monday, will he not?' said little Robert.

'And, mother, you will tell us some more about Solomon's Temple and his palaces, wont you?' said Susan.

'And I should like to know if father has found out the answer to that hard question I gave him last Sunday?' said Willie.

'All will come in good time,' said Mrs Fletcher. 'But tell me, my dear children, are you sure that you are quite ready for the Sabbath? You say you have put away the books and the playthings; have you put away, too, all wrong and unkind feelings? Do you feel kindly and pleasantly towards everybody?'

'Yes, mother,' said Willie, who appeared to have taken a great part of this speech to himself; 'I went over to Tom Walters this very morning to ask him about that chicken of mine, and he said that he did not mean to hit it, and did not know he had till I told him of it; and so we made all up again, and I am glad I went.'

'I am inclined to think, Willie,' said his father, 'that if everybody would make it a rule to settle up all their differences *before Sunday*, that there would be very few long quarrels and lawsuits. In about half the cases, a quarrel is founded on some misunderstanding that would be got over in five minutes, if one would go directly to the person for explanation.'

'I suppose I need not ask you,' said Mrs Fletcher, 'whether you have fully learned your Sunday-school lessons?'

'Oh, to be sure,' said William. 'You know, mother, that Susan and I were busy about them through Monday and Tuesday; and then this afternoon we looked them over again, and wrote down some questions.'

'And I heard Robert say his all through, and showed him all the places on the Bible Atlas,' said Susan.

'Well, then,' said my friend, 'if everything is done, let us begin with some music.'

Thanks to the recent improvements in the musical instruction of the young, every family can now form a domestic concert, with words and tunes adapted to the capacity and the voices of children; and while these little ones, full of animation, pressed round their mother as she sat at the piano, and accompanied her music with the words of some beautiful hymns, I thought that, though I might have heard finer music, I had never listened to any that answered the purpose of music so well.

It was a custom at my friend's to retire at an early hour on Saturday evening, in order that there might be abundant time for rest, and no excuse for late rising on the Sabbath; and accordingly, when the children had done singing, after a short season of family devotion, we all betook ourselves to our chambers, and I, for one, fell asleep with the impression of having finished the week most agreeably, and with anticipations of very great pleasure on the morrow.

Early in the morning I was roused from my sleep by the sound of little voices singing with great animation in the room next to mine, and, listening, I caught the following words:—

'Awake! awake! your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay!
The morning sun is clear and bright,
With joy we hail his cheerful light.
In songs of love
Praise God above—
It is the Sabbath-day!'

The last words were repeated, and prolonged most vehemently by a voice that I knew to be Master William's.

'Now, Willie, I like the other one best,' said the soft voice of little Susan; and immediately she began—

'How sweet is the day,
When, leaving our play,
The Saviour we seek;
The fair morning glows
When Jesus arose—
The best in the week.'

Master William helped along with great spirit in the singing of this tune, though I heard him observing, at the end of the first verse, that he liked the other one better, because 'it seemed to step off so kind o' lively;' and his accommodating sister followed him as he began singing it again with redoubled animation.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and the voices of the children within accorded well with the notes of birds and bleating flocks without—a cheerful, yet Sabbath-like and quieting sound. 'Blessed be children's music!' said I to myself; 'how much better this is than the solitary tick-tick of old Uncle Fletcher's tall mahogany clock!'

The family bell summoned us to the breakfast-room just as the children had finished their hymn. The little breakfast-parlour had been swept and garnished expressly for the day, and a vase of beautiful flowers, which the children had the day before collected from their gardens, adorned the centre-table. The door of one of the bookcases by the fireplace was thrown open, presenting to view a collection of prettily bound books, over the top of which appeared in gilt letters the inscription, 'Sabbath Library.' The windows were thrown open to let in the invigorating breath of the early morning, and the birds that flitted among the rose-bushes without seemed scarcely lighter and more buoyant than did the children as they entered the room. It was legibly written on every face in the house, that the happiest day in the week had arrived, and each one seemed to enter into its duties with a whole soul. It was still early when the breakfast and the season of

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family devotion was over, and the children eagerly gathered round the table to get a sight of the pictures in the new books which their father had purchased in New York the week before, and which had been reserved as a Sunday's treat. They were a beautiful edition of 'Calmet's Dictionary,' in several large volumes, with very superior engravings.

'It seems to me that this work must be very expensive,' I remarked to my friend, as we were turning the leaves.

'Indeed, it is so,' he replied; 'but here is one place where I am less withheld by considerations of expense than in any other. In all that concerns making a show in the world, I am perfectly ready to economise. I can do very well without expensive clothing or fashionable furniture, and am willing that we should be looked on as very plain sort of people in all such matters; but in all that relates to the cultivation of the mind, and the improvement of the hearts of my children, I am willing to go to the extent of my ability. Whatever will give my children a better knowledge of, or deeper interest in, the Bible, or enable them to spend a Sabbath profitably and without weariness, stands first on my list among things to be purchased. I have spent in this way one-third as much as the furnishing of my house costs me.'

On looking over the shelves of the Sabbath library, I perceived that my friend had been at no small pains in the selection. It comprised all the popular standard works for the illustration of the Bible, together with the best of the modern religious publications adapted to the capacity of young children. Two large drawers below were filled with maps and scriptural engravings, some of them of a very superior character.

'We have been collecting these things gradually ever since we have been at housekeeping,' said my friend; 'the children take an interest in this library, as something more particularly belonging to them, and some of the books are donations from their little earnings.'

'Yes,' said Willie, 'I bought 'Helon's Pilgrimage' with my egg-money, and Susan bought the 'Life of David,' and little Robert is going to buy one, too, next New Year.'

'But,' said I, 'would not the Sunday-school library answer all the purpose of this?'

'The Sabbath-school library is an admirable thing,' said my friend; 'but this does more fully and perfectly what that was intended to do. It makes a sort of central attraction at home on the Sabbath, and makes the acquisition of religious knowledge and the proper observance of the Sabbath a sort of family enterprise. You know,' he added, smiling, 'that people always feel interested for an object in which they have invested money.'

The sound of the first Sabbath-school bell put an end to this conversation. The children promptly made themselves ready, and, as their father was the superintendent of the school, and their mother one of the teachers, it was quite a family party.

One part of every Sabbath at my friend's was spent by one or both parents, with the children, in a sort of review of the week. The attention of the little ones was directed to their own characters, the various defects or improvements of the past week were pointed out, and they were stimulated to be on their guard in the time to come, and the whole was closed by earnest prayer for such heavenly aid as the temptations and faults of each particular one might need. After church in the evening, while the children were thus withdrawn to their mother's apartment, I could not forbear reminding my friend of old times, and of the rather anti-Sabbatical turn of his mind in our youthful days.

'Now, William,' said I, 'do you know that you were the last boy of whom such an enterprise in Sabbath-keeping as this was to have been expected? I suppose you remember Sunday at 'the old place?''

'Nay, now, I think I was the very one,' said he, smiling, 'for I had sense enough to see, as I grew up, that the thing must be kept *thoroughly* or not at all, and I had enough blood and motion in my composition to see something must be done to enliven and make it interesting; so I set myself about it. It was one of the first of our housekeeping resolutions that the Sabbath should be made a pleasant day, and yet be as inviolably kept as in the strictest times of our good father; and we have brought things to run in that channel so long, that it seems to be the natural order.'

'I have always supposed,' said I, 'that it requires a peculiar talent, and more than common information in a parent to accomplish this to any extent.'

'It requires nothing,' replied my friend, 'but common sense, and a strong *determination to do it*. Parents must make a definite object of the religious instruction of their children, if they have common sense, can very soon see what is necessary in order to interest them; and, if they find themselves wanting in the requisite information, they can, in these days, very readily acquire it. The sources of religious knowledge are so numerous, and so popular in their form, that all can avail themselves of them. The only difficulty, after all, is, that the keeping of the Sabbath and the imparting of religious instruction is not made enough of a *home* object. Parents pass the responsibility on to the Sunday-school teacher, I suppose, of course, if they send their children to a Sunday-school, they do the best they can for them. Now I am satisfied, from my experience as a Sabbath-school teacher, that the best religious instruction imparted abroad still stands in need of the co-operation of a systematic plan of religious discipline and instruction at home; for, after all, God gives a power to the efforts of a *parent* that can never be transferred to other hands.'

'But do you suppose,' said I, 'that the *common* class of minds, with ordinary advantages, can do what you have done?'

'I think, in most cases, they could, *if they begin* right. But when both parents and children have formed *habits*, it is more difficult to change than to begin right at first. However, I think *all* might accomplish a great deal if they would give time, money, and effort towards it. It is because the object is regarded as of so little value, compared with other things of a worldly nature, that so little is done.'

My friend was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr Fletcher with the children. The tender and softened expression of each countenance bore witness to the subduing power of those instructions which had hallowed the last hour, and, during the closing hymn of the evening devotions, their sweet, bird-like voices harmonised well with the beautiful words—

'How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!
How soft the sunbeam ling'ring there!
Those holy hours this low earth leave,
And rise on wings of faith and prayer!'

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

Newcastle-upon-*Tyne*, to distinguish it from *Newcastle* under-*Line*, in Staffordshire, is situated on a rising ground on the north bank of the river, in the centre of the great collieries which have contributed so much to the wealth of this large and densely populous town. Its meaning is obvious. The occasion of its receiving this name was when Robert, son of William the Conqueror, treading in the footsteps of his father, built a *strong fort* here to overawe the Saxons. Its previous name was *Monk-chester*, as being in possession of the *monks*. It is thus that the modern town of *Bath* was, by the Saxons, named *Ackman-chester*, that is, the *aching, weak*, or *sick* man's home, and so denominated from the concourse of *invalids*, who then as now, resorted to its Hygeian waters in quest of convalescence. *Gateshead*, though on the Durham side of the Tyne, is commonly ranked as a suburb of *Newcastle* as Southwark is of London. It has its name probably from being at the *head* of one of the principal of the seven

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tes, by which *Newcastle*, when fortified by a wall and rrets as well as *castle*, was entered. This entrance om the south was of such importance under the Roman gime, that it gave name to the town, which was then rmed *Pons Aelii*. At Newcastle was the *terminus* of e ancient *Roman* or *Picts* wall, built across the island *Carlisle*, in order to defend that part of it which had en reduced to a province from the incursions of the unubjected northern clans. As, eastward of this town, no estiges of the duct or track of the wall are discoverable, it is reasonable to suppose that the river, which flows road and deep up to this point, served as a sufficient rrier against an enemy who never seems to have made ny very formidable naval assaults. The fact is also easily egible in the name of the village of *Wallsend*, so celeated for the fineness of its coals. Moreover, we find his village called, in the itinerary of Antoninus, *Vindonora*, which, in the provincial language of the Britons, is ust *finis muri*, or *the end of the wall*, in like manner as he provincial Spaniards called that promontory which hey deemed the extremity of the world *Finisterre*, i. e. *finis terrae, the end of the land*. We find this village of Wallsend designated, in the 'Notitia Occidentis,' by an exactly synonymous term, viz. *Vindoballa*, i. e. *finis valli, the end of the wall*. These two ancient names were applied to this one locality; and let the classical pupil note mindfully the reason. It was a ruling principle of the Roman policy to insinuate as much as possible the language and customs of Rome into their provinces; and Tacitus informs us that Agricola succeeded so well in doing so, that 'the provincial Britons were ambitious of learning not only the Roman *speech* but *eloquence*, and fondly affected the dress of their conquerors.' Hence arose a mixed language or jargon, partly Latin and partly British, of which the modern topographic vocabulary of England affords abundant relics, examples of which will be seen in due course. Now, *murus* and *vallum* are synonymous words in Latin, and signify a *wall:* at all events the Roman authors apply them both to the *wall* in question, and the natives hearing the legionaries on duty on the wall doing the same, naturally imitated them. Among other commodities, Newcastle is famous for its *grindstones*, the material of which, however, comes from the quarries in Durham county. Upon this circumstance is founded a satirical proverb, which the natives of South Britain are very fond of quoting to any Scot who may chance to be sojourning among them; it is this: 'A *rat*, a *Scot*, and a *Newcastle grindstone*, wherever you go;' by which it is insinuated that a Scot always *takes* and never *gives*. We have seen some of our compatriots peregrinating in England wince under the infliction of this sarcastic saw; for our single selves, having sojourned in Saxon-land in the *paedeutic* profession, which Horace admirably defines as that of a *grinder*, we could afford to maintain a stoical apathy on such occasions—so much so, as to have been characterised in John Bull's figurative diction as 'an odd old *file*.' It must, however, be confessed that the southron Scot cannot with a very good grace except against this vituperative phrase of John's, seeing that he himself has been guilty of the same illiberality and *breach* of good manners in his disparaging proverb at the expense of his brother Donald, viz. 'It's dour takin' *breeks* aff a Heelander.' As the logicians justly say, *in generalibus dolus latet;* so we hold no candid or well-educated person will indulge in these sweeping general allegations, which only tend to generate and keep alive weak and foolish national antipathies and prejudices, and the extreme folly of which may be evinced from this very proverb itself. For, from a line of Martial, 'Quam veteres *braccas* Brittonis *pauperis*,' it would seem that the Romans held this identical garment for the nether man, on which superiority over the *unbreeched* mountaineer is claimed, to be the badge of poverty. As to the other allusion of the proverb, viz. the ambulatory propensities and habits of the Scot, we deem it more a compliment than otherwise, and but pithily descriptive of the adventurous spirit of the nation:

'Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad,
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home—
The kind canny Scot is nowhere a stranger.'

Hexham is situated farther up the vale of the Tyne, on the south side of the river, and not far distant from the confluence of the twin Tynes, one of which, the northern, has its source in the hills on the border, while the southern branch comes out of Durham. The union of the two at this point makes a large volume of water, and the vale is thereafter marked by superior fertility and beauty. This town is noted for its manufacture of tanned leather, shoes, and gloves. In 1463 it was the theatre of a most sanguinary battle betwixt the parties of York and Lancaster, in which the latter was defeated. The etymology of Hexham, as regards the syllable *Hex*, seems to refer to the period of the Druids. *Haxa* was the old German term for a *Druidess*, and *Hexe* is the modern German for *witch*. The syllable *ham* means *home* or residence, and the name *Hexham* thus indicates the place of residence of the Druids. The Romans called it *Alexodunum*, and it was one of their military stations. In Dr Horsley's map of 'Britannia Romana' it is called *Etjacum*, upon which we can say nothing but that it has, like *Eboracum, York*, the diminutive form, upon which Buchanan lays so much stress in his theory of Britain being originally and mainly peopled from Gaul. *Alexodunum*, i. e. the *hill* or *town* on the Hextold, or Axel. *Dun*, latinised *dunum*, is a Gallic or old British termination denoting a *hill*, and is of very frequent occurrence in compound terms of places where the Celtic tribes predominated, and continued longest intact and free from admixture, such as the French Britons or Armorics, the Cornishmen, the Welch, the Caledonians, and the *Brigantes* of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. The parallel instances among the classics are abundant, such as in Scotland at the confluence of Clyde and Leven, *Brittanodunum*, i.e. *Dunbritton*, or *Dumbarton; Edinodunum*, by which term the Highlanders still love to denominate the capital of their country, viz. *Dunedin*, while the Lowlanders, who use the English tongue, style it *Edinburgh*. In like manner *Venantodunum* has been changed into *Huntingdon*. Now it is not unnatural to think that, upon the occupation of Britain by the Saxons or Danes, they substituted their own postfix *ham* for the British *dun;* and this affords a derivation neither forced nor unanalogous. Not only did the Saxons thus in frequent instances innovate upon the names of towns and provinces, but, as if to exterminate every vestige of the aboriginal inhabitants, they substituted the new name of *England* instead of the ancient one of *Albion* or *Britain*. Indeed, in the county of Northumberland, the modern town of *Seton* occupies the site, and is the Anglicised form of the Roman *Segodunum*. We have been somewhat minute in this deduction, because it will serve to illustrate the cause and process of the change of names which localities undergo in the lapse of time, the transmigration of nations, and the mutations of languages; and no country in the world, in its topography, affords more abundant proofs of such fluctuations than England—a circumstance which, while it lends copiousness and variety to its vocabulary, makes it at the same time very difficult to be deciphered and interpreted. Somner affirms that *Hexham* means *Bachelor's Home*, from Anglo-Saxon *haagstealdt, a bachelor*, and assigns in support of this derivation, the fact that the Culdees, who lived here with their bishop, all of them led a single or *monastic* life; the derivation given above, however, is more consistent with etymological nicety.

CÆSAR THE SLAVE.

I WAS born in a kingdom of Africa, far distant from the coast. My birthplace was a village situated in the midst of a thick wood, through which there was a narrow winding path, not easily to be found by the enemy. I say the enemy, because, remote though we were from the sea-

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shore, the slave-traders, by means of their agents, made frequent incursions into our kingdom, and we all lived in perpetual exposure to their violence. Ah! sir, every one loves his native land; the places where his fathers lived; the trees, the flowers, and animals; and I think with pleasure even now upon the dreadful snakes, because they belong to my country. God made one part of Africa such as any man might love. The sky is not there constantly covered with cold clouds, and always dripping with rain, though we had our rainy seasons, but then they were more regular, and we knew when to expect them. The sun there does not bathe its beams in mists and fogs, but pours its kindly heat on all things, and you cannot imagine how fast it makes the plants to grow. The wide-spreading trees give cool shades, superior—but you will smile at me—to the finest palaces I ever saw in Europe. All was delightful except the curse of this cursed slave-trade, and that broke in upon all our comforts. The country was made miserable by incessant treacheries. We knew not whom to trust; and some of our chiefs, who carried on a brisk commerce in this way, were always entangling us into bondage. They first made us bad, and then punished us for being so. I do not say that we otherwise lived in innocence. No; far, very far from it. However, let me go on with my story. I married. Benneba was very young when I took her to my house. We lived happily for a year or two—the happiest time of my life—and had one child. I have tried to live those days over again since. People say that negroes have not the same feelings as the whites; but how could our little ones be reared if we had not the same natural love as other parents have? Even little black children cannot be reared like the lambs and calves of the field. Ah, this cruel slave-trade!—one of its fruits was, that African fathers and mothers were almost forced, as it were, not to care so much about their offspring, when they knew they might be sold for slaves. Indeed, there used to be among us such a feeling of insecurity (rather such a certainty of losing some, at least, of our comforts) that there was a kind of desperation, or despondency, or bitterness of soul, which made us often every way wretched indeed. So, taking all things together, our sunshine, and beautiful trees, and rich fruits, were nothing to us, when slavery was like to be our portion. It puts me in mind of a story, sir, you used to read me, of a certain man who sat at a rich feast, but with a sword over his head suspended by a single hair. England is indeed cold, too cold; but then, no man here fears his neighbour. Here are no slave merchants. Every poor man knows that no one dare steal away his wife and little child; and he loves his home, and children, and wife, because they are his own; and he works to give them bread; and he loves them because he works for them, and works for them because he loves them; and so his love grows.—But I am forgetting myself. My wife bore a son, lived three months, and died. The child—we called him Quashee—grew a fine boy, and, having no mother, lay in my bosom every night; and when I went out I carried him with me. Ah! I loved him, and he loved me! Poor little boy, is he with his mother in the quiet resting-place where I laid her, and where I often carried her boy to visit her grave? It was in the depth of the wood where she was laid. I wish I knew that my son were safely sleeping beside her, out of the reach of the slave-merchant. Ah! my little Quashee! since my darkness (Cæsar had become blind) I have thought of him, and fancied I had him again in my arms—but I know not where he is! When my boy was five years old I took him one day by the river-side, thinking to catch some fish. We strolled towards one of the water-falls, where the bushes were thick. I wanted a bamboo for my fishing-tackle, and left the child among the bushes, telling him to stay there till I had found the bamboo. The cataract made a loud roaring which might be heard from afar. I pushed my way among the bushes, and saw a boat or canoe falling down the stream towards where I had left my son, and carrying a crew of ill-looking men, one of them seated at the stern, and gently directing their course with a paddle. I started back, but it was too late. In a moment they were on the bank; for they had just caught a glance of me. In the space of five minutes I was pursued, seized, gagged, and laid at the bottom of the canoe. I had struggled indeed, and shrieked; but the noise of the fall drowned my cries. So, happily for him, the child did not hear me; else he would have been captured too. As to myself, during the first surprise of my captivity, I was so bewildered that I knew not what passed. Perhaps I had been stunned by being thrown violently into the canoe; but when I came a little to myself, my agonies about the child—left, for all that I knew, to perish or to be enslaved—drove me almost to desperation. They sent me to the coast, and I was immediately put into the hold of a slave-ship. I shall not particularly describe the horrors of the middle passage, but you may even now see the scars through the holes in my stockings, where the flesh looks seamed and rugged. I will only tell one part of my sufferings at sea. I was linked to a Coromantee negro—not, observe, my right hand and foot to his left ones, but across, so that we could not move either hand or foot, but with great caution and perfect consent. Well, my companion was taken with a sad painful disease, and his sufferings were not very patiently borne, as I have seen others bear them; for the Coromantees are a much fiercer tribe than many others; so his disease was exasperated by his violence. Before the illness came on we had accommodated each other by governing our motions so as to suit both, and so far escaped injury—that is, this kind of injury—for otherwise, as I have heard at church, the iron entered into our souls! But when my poor comrade, in fits of pain, gave convulsive starts and twitches, and sometimes wrenching himself as one possessed with an unclean spirit, sorely lacerated both himself and me, I used to cry and complain; but then, we did not well understand each other's language, or rather, what was more afflicting, I only understood half what he said, and so sometimes did exactly contrary to what he meant; and then he was outrageous with me, and in defiance of the pain, struggled, and tore, and raved. Oh, the agonies of the days and nights spent in this terrible conflict! One night the Coromantee lay so quiet that I was comparatively at ease; and I supposed he was recovering. All was still, and I slept—nature was indeed worn out. On waking I felt his side and limbs surprisingly cold, and sail, all the fever is gone—but he was dead! and I was fettered hand and foot to a corpse! (Cæsar spent his closing years in England.)

INSTRUCTION RIGHTLY GIVEN.

A PLEASANT incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbour's windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them every where, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visiter had left the school, a little boy arose from his seat, and said, 'Miss L., I batted the ball that broke the window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it.' There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. 'But it wont be right for one to pay the whole for the glass,' said another boy, rising in his seat, 'all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!' 'And I!' 'And I!' A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

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SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

It is delightful to see many reasons for believing that science, technically so called, is becoming more and more interesting to the general public. At one time, the genius for discovery was a perilous gift; and those who possessed it were looked upon with an evil eye, as persons in the service of witchcraft and necromancy. Everything conspired to accredit this impression. The church, or what then stood for it, staked her character on the truth of certain scientific dogmas which time might refute. Any attempt to correct, or even to verify these, seemed to imply an attitude of hostility to orthodoxy; or, if the experimental discoverer occupied himself in inquiries on which the fiat of sacerdotal wisdom had not ordained any particular belief, the startling revelations he made, together with his secluded habits and strange professional apparatus, invested him in the popular sentiment with an air of unearthliness. A life passed in gazing on the stars and among the mysteries of numbers and diagrams, or one spent in the laboratory, was too removed from the ways of common life to seem to have any lawful object in view, or to possess adequate attractions for men, unless in the awful compensations of communion with the lower world. Fearless amid circumstances which appalled even sacred functionaries in the mere allusion to them, the unhappy philosopher was suspected to have had his mind fortified by a compact with the terrible powers of darkness. Too simple and sincere in his faith of the one true God, whom he saw working underneath all appearances, however then anomalous, he had no symbol of explanation with his fellows, nor could he yet be suffered to pursue with impunity those studies which, for aught they knew, might find him a temporary safety at the expense of spiritual vengeance against themselves. Although the long period of conflict between the rights of mind and the despotism of superstition, just now alluded to, ceased many centuries ago to be universal, there still remained those hindrances to a popular science, which arise out of the essential nature of discovery in unfamiliar studies, except when these are removed by the method of exposition which was destined to be the birth of a later epoch. Till comparatively recent times, the name of Newton, in the common feeling, was like a vast penumbra of the skies; it was not associated with anything more definite than the stars, calculations, discovery, greatness, as *these* may be understood in their most vague and mysterious generality. Even yet, very few scientific names in this country have acquired a place in the public currency, stamped with a definite character and value, and circulating freely from mouth to mouth. Unless it be the names of Newton and Watt, the fruits of whose genius minister to our daily convenience, no name of the many remarkable ones in science is entirely familiar to all classes of society. A change, however, is taking place, and the numerous lectures of all degrees of intelligibleness upon every valuable branch of science, now being everywhere delivered to crowded audiences, cannot fail to reverse the past, and make the names of our scientific benefactors as much household words as formerly they were proscribed or were heard only within the circle of professional life.

On many accounts, Sir Humphrey Davy, whose name heads this article, deserves an affectionate popularity, such as that we have alluded to. Besides the claims of transcendant scientific genius, applied very laboriously, and even at the hazard of his life, to the successful interpretation of nature, this eminent chemist was among the first to throw the graces of oratory over the details of science, and thereby to accelerate the knowledge of it among multitudes who might otherwise have turned away with aversion from the subject. The influence of his example upon subsequent expounders it is difficult adequately to estimate. He himself gave vogue to his favourite pursuits, and must have indirectly disposed the general mind to desiderate acquaintance with the results of inquiries in other departments of science. The famous safety-lamp, also, is due to the benevolent interest which this remarkable man took in the security and happiness of his fellow-men; and it is worthy of special notice that he expressed more pleasure in having been the means of providing this instrument of safety to miners, passing so much of life in the bowels of the earth, than in any other thing he ever did. In addition to these reasons, others exist for justifying some notice of Sir Humphrey Davy; especially as the principles of chemistry, of which he was so distinguished a discoverer and expounder, are now pretty generally known, even among classes formerly excluded from a knowledge of so much as the bare facts.

Davy was born 17th December, 1778, at Penzance, a small town in Cornwall, well known to youthful fancies, through our story-books, as the region of giants. The circumstances of his parents were, on the whole, as propitious as probably they could have been for the development of a mind like his. The elder Davy was a wood-carver by profession; but he appears to have had small occasion to exercise his craft, as he did little business in Penzance, and farmed the copyhold of Varfell, situated in the neighbourhood of the town. The mother of Humphrey would seem to have been a woman of sweet and gentle dispositions, with a turn for contemplative thought of more rare occurrence. The father died while young Davy was only sixteen, but the mother, left with a family of five children, of whom our subject was the first-born, survived to see her son crowned with the profusion of honours which his genius won during the course of his splendid life of enterprise and discovery. Happily the county in which Penzance is placed is one of great beauty; and the incipient philosopher, teeming with thoughts of glory, found in external nature the elements of a fine suggestion, and the nurse of high purposes destined to be prosperously realised. Of a temperament far from favourable to plodding, Humphrey passed his childhood in the usual manner of boys—learning, indeed, his letters with quickness, but busying himself much more with history and books of travel than with those tasks supposed to be more profitable, but found also more uncongenial to youth. From his earliest life he displayed the ardour of his character, being foremost in every exploit in which skill and adventure had a place. It so happened that he lived more with one Tonkin, a surgeon-apothecary of the district, and a fast friend of the family, than he did with his parents; the consequence of which being that he was left very much to follow the direction of his own tastes. To one whose genius was so kindly and promising as young Davy's, no harm could result from this span of liberty. On the contrary, it is probable that a forced education, while it would not have availed to repress the strong tendencies of his mind towards original discovery, might yet have restrained them to his future and permanent detriment. At the age of fourteen he was put to Cardew's school at Truro, where he remained a year. Afterwards, till he was seventeen, he was suffered to go at large, during which period of vacation he seems to have been more disposed to out-door sports, such as fowling and fishing, than to any exercise directly related to his subsequent employments. At seventeen, however, he was apprenticed to a medical practitioner of the name of Boolase; and with this event commences the real interest of the young chemist's life.

Of no circumscribed faculties, poorly pinned down to one solitary kind of labour, Davy, at this time, began to exhibit a certain universality of power; directing his attention to religion, metaphysics, political science, climate, as well as to all subjects of an emotional character. As the fruit of this noble freedom, working through a genial nature, the young philosopher now gave scope to his buoyant spirit in written effusions on every topic of general interest. Not contented, however, with plain prose as a vehicle, he laid hold of verse, and uttered his profounder experiences in several musical lines of considerable force and beauty. Whether, indeed, the use of verse was prompted solely by a temperament essentially poetical or not, it is somewhat difficult to say; for it appears, on good authority, that he fell in love with a young French beauty, in whose praise he wrote many an impassioned sonnet. In this, at least, he was like other youths, both in loving and

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in weaving rhymes of admiration to his lady-love. But nothing came out of all this expenditure of juvenile adoration, unless it might consist in the aid given by it to the development of livelier sensibilities already fine, and of a higher insight into life as the theatre of a larger experience than is at first imagined. Variously occupied as he then was, and with his affections divided between the competing claims of manifold diverging pursuits, Davy was receiving an ample culture of his nature; and by the generality of his activity, opening on the most different phases of life, he acquired healthful conditions for the direction of his energies to one absorbing object, so soon as the course of his history evolved the passion which should take the mastery of all the forces he happened to possess. But he seems to have been conscious that little definite result could be expected from study spread over so wide a field, and that his efforts up to that time, however valuable as preliminary to something less desultory, would need concentration, if those visions of fame which hovered before his youthful mind were in any likelihood to be realised. Before referring to the next event of Davy's life in proof of this remark, we may copy from our commonplace-book a reflection of his own on the general subject, which will not only confirm this impression, but may serve as a favourable specimen of the philosopher's thought and style, and gratify, we hope, our readers. 'In minds of great power,' Davy says, 'there is usually a disposition to variety of pursuits, and they often attempt all branches of letters and science, and even the imitative arts; but if they become truly eminent, it is by devotion to one object at a time, or at most two objects. This sort of general power is, like a profusion of blossoms on a fruit-tree, a symptom of health and strength; but if all are suffered to become fruit, all are feeble and bad; if the greater portion is destroyed by accident or art, the remainder, being properly nourished, become healthy, large, and good.' (Memoirs, p. 214.) No doubt, we think, need exist respecting the general truth here enounced, or that it is expressed gracefully and beautifully. Devotion to one object, of course, does not imply indifference to every other or even to any other, if it fall within the range of a liberal accomplishment. The truth is, however, that there are fewer who err on the side of too great comprehensiveness of pursuit than of too confined exertion. Most men are contented with learning well one thing, and yield a mere neutral acquiescence in the validity of occupations differing from their own. Whensoever devotion to a pursuit leads a man to neglect any knowledge or ability within the reach of his acquisition, the case is one not of a wise concentration but of a foolish one-sidedness; the individual lacks a generous sympathy in all true and useful ways of life, and defrauds himself of a free and bountiful possession even of what he professes to know most entirely. It is the 'penny wise and pound foolish' maxim, illustrated not in a particular act of false economy, but in a whole life of mistake. Still it is worthy of observation, that a man cannot safely dispense with an aim which may give unity to its efforts; and to this sound rule of conduct Davy obviously alludes in the passage above quoted.

It is easy to perceive that, under a general remark which is universally applicable, the chemist is describing his own condition at this period of life. Blossoming in every faculty of his variously gifted nature, he seems to have felt that no great achievement could be performed unless he withdrew force expended in many directions hitherto, and thenceforward employed it in the development of one grand form of inventive thought. Wise was his feeling, and a resolution, probably the effect of instinct, to study chemistry, led the way to those discoveries which afterwards gave him a world-wide reputation. Having obtained some acquaintance with geometry and other branches of mathematics, he began, about the age of nineteen, the study of his life, CHEMISTRY. Acquiring in a trice the few facts then known on the subject, and chiefly the elements of Lavoisier, our hero experimented with such rude means as he had within his reach, and speculated on the nature of light and heat, till, rejecting the French theory, he threw out a hypothesis of his own, attempting to certify it by what ways he could.

At this time, fortunately for Davy, the Pneumatic Institution of Bristol, by the efforts of Dr Beddoes, once an Oxford professor of chemistry, was established. Its benevolent object was the investigation of the properties of the atmospheric airs, then recently discovered, in their relation to animal life, and the application of the results to the promotion of health. Davy was known to Beddoes by correspondence, and was offered the situation of director of the laboratory. A situation in every way so tempting was not to be refused. Accordingly the young chemist soon transferred himself from his native solitudes to the town of Bristol, where he was destined to meet with every kindness, and to enjoy the society of Southey, Coleridge, and Gregory Watt, as well as many others, who received him at once on terms of equality. Here, for two years, he prosecuted his researches with the greatest ardour. Some of his opinions on heat and light, although propounded with warmth of conviction, he afterwards retracted, exhibiting in all he did the noble qualities of a genuine disciple of truth. His attempts, however, while resident in Bristol, were not all equally unproductive. In the summer of 1800 the results of these were published in his first important work, entitled, 'Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, chiefly concerning Nitrous Oxide and its Respiration.' The subject, we may say, of these inquiries, when translated into popular language, is the famous laughing-gas. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to know, that among the first of those who submitted themselves to the influence of this singular gas, as verified and prepared by Davy, were Southey and Coleridge.

But his labours and residence in Bristol were only his first step in the ladder of ascent. Everything hitherto had concurred to prosper his efforts; and the wide range of these was now about to become conspicuously helpful towards the fulfilment of his life. The hour was arrived when Davy was to fill the eye of the London aristocracy, not by meretricious arts, but by the union of brilliant scientific discovery, and a method of exposition then unrivalled in the history of chemistry. At the recommendation of the late Professor Hope of Edinburgh, he was invited by Count Rumford to occupy the place of assistant lecturer on chemistry, and director of the laboratory in connection with the Royal Institution of Great Britain. No man was better fitted for the office than Humphrey Davy. Daring in his investigations, and at this time on the eve of signalising himself as the greatest living chemist, he brought unbounded enthusiasm to his duties, and a thirst for fame, which was excusable in its degree, only because it arose spontaneously in a nature confident in its resources, and announcing beforehand in its aspirations what it should yet succeed in accomplishing. A gay and fair audience, bright with beauty and genius, was ready to welcome his expositions. On such a spirit as Davy's, these circumstances, however intrinsically they may be estimated, had a great effect; they were, indeed, the necessary conditions for his prosperous advancement. The event justified the preparation. The fashion of the metropolis poured into his lecture-room; and so did Cavendish and Banks, Coleridge and Southey. Invitations accompanied the compliments which were showered on him. The Duchess of Gordon, in particular, who was then a centre of attraction in fashionable life, hailed him as a prodigy; and Davy now found himself in a world of discovery, where caution rather than courage was necessary, where success was dangerous—and a timely retreat from its fascinations the only method of coming off with glory.

The present is a good opportunity for remarking how impolitic is that species of education which is directed in preparation only for the strict and direct duties of a profession, instead of looking generously on all sciences and employments, and gathering elements of strength and general culture from every source which lies within the reach of human industry to avail itself of. The truth is, that no man is adequately educated who cannot translate the re-

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sults of his knowledge into the language of the community, or who is so exclusively informed in the matters of his own special department as to feel little interest in common affairs, and no desire to mix the facts of his science with the great stock that is the property of all. A man should do one thing well, and everything in its proportion. Davy, on this occasion, called into exercise the multifarious knowledge which he had been accumulating; he was not a chemist merely, but a *man* presenting the rich and splendid fruits of his professional labour, in a form which could fill the hearts even of poets with delight, and render the lecture-room almost as attractive to rank and luxury as the ball-room or the theatre.

In the busy and triumphant labour of the Royal Institution, Davy continued for twelve years. During that time, and afterwards, honours of every kind, and from all quarters, testified equally the variety of his achievements, and the wide-spread interest which they had succeeded in awakening. He became at successive periods a fellow of the Royal Society, a secretary to it, and, in 1820, its president. For his researches in galvanism, as detailed in the course of his lectures, he received Napoleon's prize from the French Institute; Trinity College of Dublin created him doctor of laws; George IV., as regent, bestowed on him the honour of knighthood; and other marks of distinction, of all descriptions, were received by him from sources of honour, alike at home and abroad. His private opinion of these things is characteristically indicated in the following words of his own. 'It is not that honours,' he says, 'are worth having, but it is painful not to have them. A star gives consequence in the eye of the common world, and even those people who most affect to despise such external signs of court favour, are often influenced by them. Honours are to true glory what artificial lights are to sunshine: they attract those eyes that are not fitted for sunshine. The bat and the moth fly towards the torch, and the eagle soars towards the heavens. But it may be said that artificial lights are useful to all eyes, and, when they are intended to illumine and not to dazzle, their effect is excellent.' So thought and felt Davy. No doubt, he wrote from his experience of pleasure in the possession of honours; and although, in his own case, their 'effect' was 'excellent,' we may venture, perhaps, to express our belief that no really great man will very much concern himself about these matters. When they come, he will submit to them with pleasure; but should they eschew his neighbourhood, it will not be because his court to them has been obsequious.

A life so happy and prosperous as Davy's, was, however, fated to be overcast. On St Andrew's day, in 1826, he delivered his last oration before the Royal Society, with a feeling of pain, as if prognosticating apoplexy. Accepting the hint given him by exhausted nature, he passed over to the Continent early in 1827, and reached Ravenna on the 20th of February. In this region he sought health in sports and cheerful mental exercise. October found him returned to London, neither better nor worse than when he had left. Another summer he passed as he had done the preceding one, and then went to reside in Rome. Here, on the 20th February, 1829, while engaged in finishing the 'Last Days of a Philosopher,' he was prostrated by palsy, his mind only being untouched. Davy expected to be forthwith carried off, and to leave his bones behind him in Rome. The thread of life, however, was yet a little longer to hang unbroken. Lady Davy soon arrived from England, with whom Sir Humphrey left for Geneva, going by way of Florence, Genoa, and Turin. At Geneva, on the 29th of May, he suddenly expired. Thus lived and died this great man, whose wonderful talents as a discoverer were only equalled by his industry. Time cannot obliterate the truths he revealed, nor will the course of events long be able to lose them. Penzance, his native spot, and Westminster Abbey, hold testimonies to his successful genius. May our readers place his name in their affectionate memories; for, in doing so, they will best realise the aspirations of Davy himself, and people their own thoughts with a name worthy of remembrance.

THE BRITISH COLONIES AND EMIGRATION.

We stand confessedly pre-eminent as a colonising people. History, ancient or modern, does not present a nation whose adaptive and progressive faculties have so admirably fitted it for taking possession of the whole crust of the globe, with all its varieties of soil and climate, as the British; and no nation has so successfully and extensively assumed the province of general coloniser, and stamped its language and character upon the lands of its adoption. The colonies of Phœnicia were absorbed in the Hellenic republics; the Greek immigrants amalgamated with the Etruscan and other Latin nations, which ultimately became fused into the Roman people; the Romans, in order to preserve their individuality, maintained a separate military character in the lands of their conquests, or, if they adventured to commingle with the people whom they subdued, their language and name were lost in those of native growth. France, Spain, and Holland, our three great modern rivals in colonisation, are puerile when contrasted in this character and capacity with Great Britain. Their colonies are either languishing, or the seats of wars of extermination and extirpation; and although some of them have been in a state of national formation for nearly two hundred years, they are as distracted and abnormal as when the first flag was planted, and the first blood spilt, in the march of civilisation.

Since the end of the seventeenth century, Great Britain has appeared upon the great continental plains as an active coloniser; and the proportion of territory over which she has diffused her people, language, and political influence, is at once wonderful and almost incredible. The total superficial area of the British islands, with a present population of about 26,000,000, may be stated in round numbers as 121,000 square miles; and these two little islands, in little more than one hundred and fifty years, have subdued or taken possession of upwards of 8,000,000 of square miles of the earth's surface, with a population of nearly a fourth of the whole inhabitants of the globe. America, from the apex of the pole to the islands of the Gulf of Mexico, has already been supplied with a hardy and adventurous people, who preserve our customs, and who speak our language. They are creeping southward and westward day by day, sweeping the lymphatic residia of Spain and Portugal from their path, and tearing with their ploughshares the graves of extinct nations of Indians. The bold and prominent Saxon types of our native character are never lost, no matter among whatsoever people or to whatsoever region they are carried by our sons. The cold and barren shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, are in nowise inimical to the preservation of British energy, and the superiority of the British race; while they also flourish and sustain themselves in the glowing regions of the tropics. In the islands of the Atlantic, in Africa, Asia, the newly opened up regions of Australasia, the adventurous emigrant of Britain swings his hatchet, plies his busy trade, or holds the plough. There is something sufficiently magnificent in this view of Britain's growth and energy, in the process of colonisation, to excite wonder and admiration, and to enhance that idea of her greatness which prevails in consequence of her commerce; but when we pause and examine this vast process of colonisation, we are constrained to admit, that it is rather an illustration of general poverty and national detrogression than of prosperity and power, after all. Emigration is generally a necessity; there are comparatively few men who voluntarily forsake their native land unless for some real or prospective advantage. Their native country must be overcrowded, and thus unable to supply an adequate remuneration for productive labour, in consequence of the eager competition superinduced by an overgrown population, and in consequence of the multiplication of idlers and non-producers, before a general feeling towards emigration can prevail in any land. Insufficient remuneration, heavy taxation, restrictive laws, and a multitudinous and extensive pauperism, must be regarded as the

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fruitful causes of emigration; and these, or some of these, have, without doubt, conduced to accelerate that extensive draining of our population, which has gone on forming the life-stream of other nations, or of our many dependencies. Emigration from Great Britain has maintained a steady increase since the hour that the pilgrim fathers set foot upon the rock-bound shores of New England; and Britain's colonies may be regarded as the necessary and advantageous appendages to such a system. The causes of emigration from these islands are not, and have not been, partial and periodical; they operate upon all classes of the community, and the ratio of expatriation is in proportion to the increase of the population. The annual average emigration for the ten years ending 1837, was 63,000, while the average for the ten succeeding years has been 104,000. The British colonies viewed in relation to this great and increasing emigration might be considered highly advantageous to the mother country, as furnishing fields for the enterprise of her sons, who are crowded out of their own native country, and as opening new and profitable markets for the consumpt of the home products. The very reverse of this, however, is the truth; and in the following statements it will be seen that our colonies, under present circumstances, are not only a burden, but an unnecessary burden to the British nation.

In the working out of the colonial or emigration systems, our readers will find that two principles of action, with their distinct agents, prevail. The emigrants are of two kinds; they are either those who leave their country to act as pioneers in the work of civilisation, and to maintain themselves and consolidate a community by their industry, or they are those who proceed to the new colonies in the character or capacity of governors and warriors. The principles of trade and war maintain each a part in the system of British colonisation; and it will be seen in what respects they operate. In the first place, the United States—which may be still regarded as the greatest of Britain's commercial possessions, which comprehend a territory of 2,000,000 of square miles, and which grew up upon the basis of labour and trade, until lost through the incapacity and rapacity of governors, and the interference of the war department—will not enter into our review of the colonial system, but it will appear that the very process which resulted in the disruption of that great republic from British dominion is actively in operation, and that our colonies, unless a change take place, are likely to be future battle-grounds as well as independent states.

The present colonies of Great Britain which are under the jurisdiction of the Colonial Office, comprehend a territory of nearly 5,000,000 of square miles; about 1,000,000 of which are divided into forty different colonies, having a population, half native half European, of 5,000,000, and possessing each a separate government. The expense of supporting the military and civil departments of these colonies amounts to £8,000,000 sterling annually, the one half of which is defrayed by the mother country, the other by the colonists themselves. The heads under which the items chargeable upon Britain are enumerated are four, namely, civil, military, naval, and extraordinary. In 1832, the military expenditure was £1,700,000; in 1843, eleven years subsequent, it was £2,500,000, and it is annually rising. Under pretext of preserving these colonies, there is at present garrisoned in them, and supported by this country, 42,000 troops; while around their coasts float 45 ships of war, with 8,000 men, kept up at a cost to the British people of £700,000 each year. In addition to the naval expenses incurred in this manner, there are naval building establishments, government works, and freights of material, raising the colonial naval expenses to above £1,000,000 per annum. The miscellaneous expenses, amounting to considerably more than £300,000 per annum, together with £200,000 annually of extraordinary expenditure, make up the sum charged to the British nation for the support of the colonies; but this is far below the real amount considered requisite to bind those distant dependencies to the British Crown.

A nation can only rationally maintain colonies for one reason—that is, as commercial or political auxiliaries—as an outlet for a superabundant population who shall be profitable consumers of home products, and producers of raw materials for home manufacture. There is another purpose to which they have been applied, and that is of forming military stations—a purpose whose utility and profitableness may well be examined and questioned by a commercial community.

The total expenditure incurred by Great Britain, in the support of her forty colonies, amounts, as we have shown, to over £4,000,000 sterling, and the total amount of yearly exports to these colonies is just about £8,000,000. If Britain holds these colonies for commercial purposes, she pays over 50 per cent. upon the value of goods exported, in order to protect that trade—a per centage altogether beyond what commercial men would esteem commensurate with fairly realised profits. The British colonies do not offer any inducements to continue this expenditure for their support, in a commercial point of view; and even the tide of emigration does not flow chiefly towards them, but to the United States. The total annual emigration from Great Britain and Ireland in 1847 was 247,600; of which 63,000 were from England, 5,600 from Scotland, and 179,000 from Ireland. A full half of these proceeded direct to the United States; and the majority of the labourers who go to Canada, after a year or two years' experience of that colony, settle down in the contiguous republic, so that our colonies do not require to be maintained under the present military form, as reserved lands for our emigrating people. The only feasible plea that can be adduced for their maintenance under their present constitution is, that they are eligible military stations; and another reason may be, that they furnish civil and military occupation for the younger sons of the aristocracy, who, being crowded out from all the functions of home legislation, as well as from ecclesiastical and military employment, must contrive to find them where the sterner and more sturdy son of labour builds his cabin in the wilderness.

Britain extends her protection to the seven islands of the Mediterranean, which have been specifically recognised as the Ionian republic. She supports in Corfu, Cephalonia, and the other stations of the nominal confederacy, 2,500 troops, at a cost of £130,000; a sum considerably above the value of all the exports conveyed from England to these strongly garrisoned islands. Bermuda, which is purely a military and convict station, of no importance either to the political influence or commercial stability of Great Britain, has been and is being fortified, at an expenditure of £600,000, and a further estimated account of £260,000, independent of its regular expenses. St Helena costs £40,000 per annum for its maintenance. The stations on the south-western coast of Africa cost for internal government £52,000 annually, while £500,000 is spent in the same period, in order to support a fleet which vainly attempts to prevent the inhuman slave-trade, while it materially conduces to the misery and cruelty suffered by, and practised upon, the victims of this horrible traffic.

It would perhaps tax the ingenuity of a first-class politician to show to a simple mind that the advantages Great Britain derives from the colony of the Cape of Good Hope are sufficient to counterbalance the misery and expense incurred by the incessant wars of which it has been the theatre. During the last twelve years there have been four devastating wars in that colony, the last of which has cost the British nation £2,000,000 sterling, independent of many lives, while the original cause of dispute was the stealing of an ox and an axe by the Caffres from a settler. It is true that the result of these has been to place under the nominal British dominion a territory as great as that of the United Kingdom, but the land is nearly as barren and profitless as an equal extent of moorland.

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The Mauritius, a little island in the Indian Ocean, is at once a commercial colony and military station. To preserve the twofold character of this distant and minute appendage of our eastern colonies costs the British nation £285,000 per annum, while the total amount of exports from Great Britain amount to less than £92,000. In addition to the ordinary expenses, there was to be expended in the building of forts and other constructions, commonly called defences, £150,000.

From these details it will be seen that the colonies of Great Britain are in no wise profitable to the nation, neither as commercial nor emigrative adjuncts. As the first, they are a downdrag and complete loss; as the second, almost seven-eighths of our emigrating countrymen prefer the United States. Even Canada, perhaps the most inviting of all our colonies—certainly the best of our North American ones—which we defend from the United States at the cost of upwards of £1,000,000 per annum, or about 30 per cent. upon all our exports to that colony, is just an entrepot for emigrants, who finally settle in the contiguous republic. Our garrisons and soldiers have no power to retain the emigrating labourers, and the United States have already one billion of acres of unsettled land. What do we protect then? The forests and prairies of Canada are not its wealth and glory without the tillers of the ground, and these fly her shores because of the idea that the States are the preferable settlement. Even the colonies of the West Indies and Australia, with which our trade in 1844 amounted to about £6,000,000, cost the people of Great Britain the sum of £2,000,000—a very large per centage indeed upon the profits of the trade.

Another view of the colonies presents this strong fact, that wherever the absolutism of the Foreign Office is least prevalent, and the element of popular liberty maintains the ascendant in the government of the colony, the expenses are less. Canada, expensive as it really is in proportion to anything like commercial advantage, is, on the whole, the least expensive of our possessions. The following glance at the civil economy of these possessions will show how the money is generally applied, and how the expenditure is directed.

The average amount of taxes per head in Canada is 13s. 4d., while that of the United States is only 9s.—a difference resulting, it is supposed, from the great disproportion in the salaries of the civil functionaries. The Governor of Canada, superintending a population of 1,200,000 people, receives the sum of £7000 per annum, while the President of the United States, governing upwards of 20,000,000, has only £5000 yearly; and the Governor of the state of New York, presiding over nearly 3,000,000, receives £800. In Upper and Lower Canada the Chief-Justices have £1500 a-year each; those of New York only £800 each. Each of the Puisne Judges of Canada has £1000 of salary; those of New York only £200. The Governor of Nova Scotia has £3500 a-year, of Newfoundland and New Brunswick £3000, of the Mauritius £7000, of Ceylon £7000, of Jamaica £6500, of Gibraltar £5000, and of Malta £5000; while the salary of the Governor of the great and prosperous state of Massachussetts is £500 per annum. The salaries of the officials in all the other colonies are proportionally high; and in those possessing least self-government, they are highest.

It is natural that men should ask what benefits and advantages arise from so great an expenditure of money; and when they perceive that that expenditure is out of all proportion to relative political or commercial advantages, the next thing to be seen to is in how far these expensive colonies can be rendered really a blessing and auxiliary to the mother country. We do not pause to consider the capacities of Great Britain for maintaining her present population, nor do we deny her power to support even that population multiplied by ten; we state it as a sorrowful fact that an immense proportion of the people of these islands are reduced to idleness and pauperism, and that a death-struggle of competition exists amongst the tax-burdened quota who can obtain employment. It is beginning to be seriously supposed that emigration must be adopted on a grand scale, in order to drain off what is termed the surplus population; and, without venturing an opinion upon the efficacy and sufficiency of such a system to mitigate the undeniable uneasiness that has begun to pervade our half-famished yet wealthy nation, we may state the substance of the plan which seems to be forcing itself upon the minds of political speculatists.

The total expense to Britain of her colonies is more than £4,000,000 per annum; this is chiefly expended in the maintenance of a war department. It is proposed to reduce this great expenditure one-half, employing the capital thus released from the naval and military drains upon a regularly and continuously conducted system of emigration. Each soldier who is sent to the colonies costs the nation £60 per annum for his transport and support; the expense of sending out a healthy emigrant to Australia would not be over £10, and this man would not only industriously support himself, but he would improve the new territory he had adopted as his home, as well as purchase, with the surplus produce of his toil, some article of British manufacture. By this means 200,000 persons annually could be sent to the various dependencies of this nation, which, in addition to the 104,000 who leave the country yearly at their own expense, would certainly effect a considerable reduction in the number of competitors for labour in the home market. Emigration, as we have stated before, however, may be looked upon as a regretful necessity; and, in spite of its apparent feasibility, many considerations of economy obtrude themselves upon the mind, in opposition to the system. These will be variously estimated according to the ideas of individuals. It is universally admitted that our colonies are costly appendages to this realm, which neither conduce to its strength, commerce, nor wealth in any remarkable degree, but are considerably less profitable in every respect than the United States, which are independent of Great Britain in the general sense of the term. The colonies certainly ought to be made available in some respect; and the only profitable purpose, in our circumstances, to which they could be applied would begin with a process of extensive emigration upon the plan proposed.

THE WHITEDOVE OF THE MENOMINEES.

Mark Walker built his shanty in a pine scrub close by the Menominee River, within a few miles of its junction with Green Bay, and began his hunting and trapping in the fall of 18—. The Menominees and Winnebagoes had not yet ceded the eastern part of Wisconsin to the whites. Agents of the United States government had been tampering with the inferior chiefs, it is true, and the terms of a treaty had been clandestinely proposed and accepted by them, which had created great agitation amongst the Indians, and had rendered the whites and the traitors at this time very obnoxious to these untutored sons of nature. Mark Walker for one, however, was nothing of a politician; he had no desire to see the redskins dispossessed of their territory, and rather grumbled at the march of events which were transforming the game-covers and feeding-grounds into farms; so that he built his shanty in the wilderness as a depot for his furs, and not as a permanent home, and he drew his canoe amongst the shrubs and herbs that grew in rank profusion upon the alluvial flat by the river's side, as a temporary voyager, and not as an aggressive spoiler. If Mark might be regarded with suspicion by any of the denizens of the north-western forests, these were not the Indians; for while he hunted and tracked the grey squirrel, 'possum, and minx, he rather avoided than sought the haunts and homes of the redskins. Nobody that possesses the faintest idea of a trapper's life will accuse Mark Walker of cowardice, albeit he shunned the villages which the redmen had built by the creeks that flowed into Green Bay, for he who could voluntarily leave Fort Mackinaw and, crossing the

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stormy bosom of Lake Michigan, take up his solitary and dangerous abode in the pathless, savage wilderness, could scarcely be accused of timidity. Mark Walker, although a trapper, was not one of those vulgar savages who, forsaking the paths of civilised life, sink down into a state of heathen darkness. There are men whose natures are so fragile and so pliant that association with dogs and horses dogify and horsify their dispositions; there are some so inherently strong that they elevate all inferior things that associate with them by the power and influence of their nobler sympathies. Mark Walker had been well educated at an eastern seminary; he had laboured and purified his heart as he tilled the ground in an eastern farm, and then, seduced by a romantic imagination and a tendency to solitude, he had joined with Andrew Blennerhasset in a migration to the unexplored western territory. The wild and majestic grandeur of nature had captivated the hearts of the poetic adventurers, and they had built a wigwam upon a little island in Lake Michigan, about one hundred miles south-west from Fort Mackinaw, and were indulging in dreams of seclusion, sovereignty, and happiness, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians; Blennerhasset was slain, and Mark Walker with difficulty escaped.

Undeterred by the massacre of his friend, the sturdy and adventurous woodsman had gone again and again upon his solitary journeys, braving dangers and enduring toils; and now we find that once again, for the sixth or seventh season, had Mark brought his stores of ammunition and his relays of guns and traps to the pathless wilds.

The hardy hunter had already been a month at his lonely vocation, when, in the grey twilight of a September morning, as he went forth to count how many of the furred denizens of the woods he had trapped over night, his quick eye caught the broad fresh trail of an elk, and in a moment all other objects and considerations were forgotten in this, to a hunter, most momentous and exciting one. Unslinging his rifle and tightening the belt whence hung suspended his tomahawk and hunting-knife, he bent his tall athletic form to the trail, and lightly and nimbly moved off in pursuit of his game. For two or three hours the vigorous hunter pursued his unerring though devious track through the wood, and at last beheld the object of his pursuit browsing beneath a broad fir, whose branches almost shaded a rood of land. The click of Mark's deadly instrument caused the wary, timid buck to throw up his majestic head, and in another moment the bullet was buried in its broad chest, and it lay upon its knees, panting, and bleeding, and lapping its trembling lips with its bloody tongue. The excited hunter had rushed upon his prey with his knife on high, and he was just about to bury his blade in the throat of his victim, when his hand was suddenly caught, the knife was wrenched from it by a powerful Indian, and his arms were pinned to his side by a grasp of iron.

'Hugh!' said the grim savage, as the astonished white man turned his face towards his captor—'How! how!'

'How! how!' said Mark, in low, firm tones, as he recognised the Indian, at the same time passively submitting to a restraint which he felt it would be dangerous to attempt to free himself from. 'How is it that Hickory steals my knife and then clasps me so tightly to his bosom?'

The Indian smiled grimly as he uttered a 'Wah ha!' and then adroitly and rapidly passed a thong round the arms of his prisoner, in which operation he was assisted by a comrade, who had suddenly glided from the covert and stood at his side. 'Does Walker suppose that the hunting-grounds of the Menominees are the Mackinaw station?' said the Indian, who knew his captive well; 'or that they have been purchased and paid for, because that dog Natokee mingled the smoke of his kneck-knick with that of Macomb's agent? No, no, paleface!' said the Indian, lashing himself into a fury; 'my brother, the Crow, and I have already taken the scalps of two of thy tribe, who were hunting game by the Menominee River, and if we do not take thine it is because Hickory would let the young Whitedove of the Menominees see that her lover is brave and powerful.'

Mark Walker knew as well as any man how to make a virtue of necessity, so he submitted quietly to his fate. He cast a lingering look, however, at the noble deer, across whose throat the Crow had drawn his knife; and even in his disheartening position he could not forbear from smiling upon the redskin as he nimbly plied his blade and honourably illustrated his powers of woodcraft. The skin was flayed from the reeking carcass with the utmost rapidity, and the saddle was selected and cut out with the nicest care, and then, being wrapped up in the skin, the same was laid upon the shoulder of Mark and sustained there by Crow, until the village of the Menominees, about twenty miles distant, was reached.

Hickory was the chief of the Snake band of the Menominees, and he was as fiery and sanguinary in his disposition as the emblem of his band was cunning and venomous. The Menominees are not a tall nation, neither are they remarkable amongst Indians for any of those graces of form which so distinguish the Crows and the Seminoles; but there never stepped an Indian in mocassins who was of more imposing carriage than Hickory, or whose form would have been a fitter model for that of an Adonis. Tall, graceful, and of dashing gait, the proud chief walked, about mid-day, with his prisoner, into the heart of the village, his hand carelessly holding a leash that was attached to Mark Walker's wrists, while Crow, ostentatiously displaying the gory scalps, still held the venison poised upon the shoulder of the poor weary prisoner. Hickory and Crow led Mark into the centre of the village, and as they chanted in boastful strains of their prowess and success in war, the women, children, young men, chiefs, and warriors came crowding to the square, where the stately white man now stood, calm and self-possessed, while around him leapt his captors, brandishing their tomahawks and displaying the gory trophies of their murders.

'Hickory is a great chief,' sang the beautiful but boastful savage; 'he has torn the scalps from the paleface warriors who were out upon the Menominee, and he has caught the cunningest and boldest hunter that ever slept within the black house of Mackinaw. Walker is swift of foot, and his rifle is true as the eagle that swoops upon the weary heron; but Hickory can bind his feet with the long grass of the creeks, and saddle him like a prairie colt.'

'Hickory knows,' said Walker, loudly and emphatically, interrupting the chief, in order that the surrounding chiefs might hear and mark his words—'Hickory knows that Macomb has warriors in Mackinaw who will miss Walker when they come to count their peltries a moon hence, and they have canoes and long rifles. They have smoked the pipe of peace with the Menominees; and the Chippewas and Winnebagoes, from Rock River to the Great Lake, have buried the hatchet with my people; but when the great white chief knows that Hickory has buried the hatchet in the brain of my brothers, and taken Walker a prisoner, who shall save the Menominees from his vengeance?'

The sedate and grave elders of the nation looked at one another and exchanged glances of meaning as they listened to the prisoner's speech; then one of them spoke a few words in a low tone to Hickory, who discontinued his boasting, and, dancing, followed his seniors to the council.

Mark Walker stood bound in the midst of wondering but admiring savages, for both his dress and appearance were striking and attractive. In his leisure hours he had woven the divers-coloured feathers of his game into a fringe for his shirt and trimming for his leggings, and his costume partook of all the hues of the forest birds. His loose shirt of softly dressed deerskin fitted tightly to his tall athletic frame. Leggings of goatskin covered his clean wiry limbs, and finely ornamented mocassins clothed his small and hollow feet. Exposure to the sun and wind had tanned his manly face, but his black curling beard and soft blue eyes retained all their original glossiness of hue and gentleness of expression. Mark's pouch was formed of the skin of the sea-otter, and was richly ornamented with wampum; beside it hung his hatchet, whose

lignum-vitæ handle was curiously carved; and a long meerschaum with a China bowl, which seemed particularly attractive to the Indian dandies, hung suspended beside his bark tobacco-pouch.

Mark knew well that the cause of his detention was some temporary irritation, arising from those endless disputes which take place between the Indians and frontier men about the right of hunting; and having escaped the scalping-knife of Hickory, whom he had often seen at Fort Mackinaw, he scarcely feared for the issue of his captivity after the impression which he discovered that his words had made upon the old men. He was the prisoner of Hickory, however, and by the law of the Indians wholly and totally in the power and at the disposal of the chief, unless some aged dame or warrior might adopt him as a son, and thus, by the supreme claim of parentage, supervene that of his captor. He knew that to carry a bold and manly front, also, was the only means of gaining the respect of the Menominees, and an apparent indifference to his fate was the best mode of rendering it durable.

'Natokee may cut his long black hair, and roll his blanket about his head,' said a young man of the Snake band, as he smiled grimly upon Mark. 'Hickory has slain Natokee's friends, and made a colt of Macomb's brave.'

'Walker is no friend of Natokee,' said Mark; 'my brother is so young that he does not know what he says.'

The rebuked savage fell back abashed, and forthwith the grave council, with Hickory and Crow, returned to the square from the great lodge, where they had held an unsatisfactory debate. The besetting follies of the handsome chief of the Snakes were his vanity and dogged firmness. All the fears and arguments of his seniors could not induce him to believe that the murder of the two white men was precipitate, dangerous, and impolitic; and that the captivity of Mark was likely to involve his whole nation in ruin.

'I shall present him to the Whitedove of the Menominees,' said Hickory, with a smile of self-glorification, 'and he shall be to her a slave: he shall carry bark to her from the forest, hoe maize by her side, and cook the venison which Hickory shall bring home. I took him in the hunting-grounds of my people, and I shall give him as a present to the daughter of Blackcloud, who shall be the squaw of Hickory, when the moon shall have grown full and then waned again.'

Grieved at the resolution of the chief, yet too just, according to the Indian ideas of justice, to interfere with the rights of their brother, the council had closed its sitting; and now his captor led Mark to the wigwam of the Blackcloud, and presented to his daughter, the Whitedove, the tall and handsome white man as a gift. Foolish Hickory! uncasual creature of an overweening vanity! even savage lovers, as well as civilised ones, may overshoot their mark. The Whitedove was a woman; she was an Indian one, it is true, and had been already but too familiar with scenes of bloodshed and rapine; but still she was a woman, with the warm blood of sympathy and love circulating in her tender heart, and palpitating still to notes of pity. Seventeen summers had not yet shed their radiance on her brow, and the braided hair that hung round her smooth glowing neck had never been cut in grief. She was secluded and reserved, as Indian maidens of her age usually are. She had none of the stoicism of the 'woman who had suffered,' nor of the mother who panted to be revenged. Whitedove was still an innocent child of love, who had not yet been dragged into the vortex of passion and strife by the active agencies of savage warfare and fierce feudal hatred. Whitedove knew that she was to be the wife of Hickory, and she secretly rejoiced that she was to be taken to the lodge of so great a warrior; and when he presented the prisoner to her, her little heart danced within her, and a blush of pride overspread her neck and bosom. Stripped of every offensive weapon, Mark was allowed to have the free use of his limbs; but he knew very well that a strict surveillance was exercised towards him, and that he was watched by the Menominees as jealously as if he had been a Virginian slave, ever brooding over the means of fleeing from hateful bondage. He built himself a little bark hut by that of Blackcloud, and went forth regularly with the squaws and maidens to hoe in the maize and potato patches, much to the amusement and contemptuous wonderment of the Indians, who would come and lean over the fences to gaze upon the mean paleface, who did not rather choose to die than toil like a woman. Despite of their affected scorn for Mark's industry, they nevertheless tacitly acknowledged his prowess, for they bound his hands every night with thongs when he lay down to sleep, lest he should attempt to seek his own people again during the silent watches of the night.

Whitedove, although not much above sixteen, was a tall and graceful maiden, and was acknowledged to be the most beautiful as well as one of the most grave and firm of her sex. She possessed all the common little vanities of woman, with all the courage and promptitude of an Indian. It was with no ordinary degree of pride, therefore, that she had received Mark from the hand of her lover; and it was with no feeling of fear that she lived so closely by the side of the prisoner from day to day. Whitedove had an eye, and she could mark, as well as the fairest beauty in New England could, that Mark Walker was even more stately in his form than Hickory, and that as he wrought at this, to her mind, degrading employment, his face preserved all its manliness of feature, and his limbs all their gracefulness of motion; gradually her stolen glances became more frequent and open, and then she looked upon her companion with undisguised pleasure. Mark was not slow to observe, also, that the loveliest Indian maiden that he had ever seen was daily at his side, and that she cast her eyes towards him with soft and kindly regards. The cold isolation of the trapper's heart melted in the warm, tender glances of the young redskin girl, and he at last discovered that he was as much a slave to Whitedove in his affections, as Hickory had made him in person. 'And shall that savage bear her to his wigwam when the moon has waned, to make her his slave and dog?' muttered Mark; and his heart trembled as he asked himself the question.

'Whitedove is very beautiful,' said the prisoner to his mistress at last, 'and she is like the dahlia that grows in the flats of Green Bay, very tender. If she were the daughter of a paleface, or his wife, she would not grow weary in the maize-patch, nor be burned by the noonday sun.'

Whitedove's hoe lay passively on the ground for several seconds, as she drank in the words of her companion, and then she answered in such broken language as she had learned while communicating with the whites, and from her father, who spoke English well—'Whitedove will grow maize for her husband; Indian warrior would scorn to hoe.'

'But he does not scorn to eat the bread that his weary mother and fainting wife cultivates,' replied Mark. 'A paleface would scorn to eat what his own hand does not produce. He grows his own corn: does the redskin do that?'

Whitedove remained silent again, and then she answered, 'Walker can hoe corn better than Whitedove; he is stronger than a woman, but Hickory could bring buffalo and buzzard to my wigwam, while the paleface was tilling the ground.'

'Hickory,' said Mark, contemptuously, 'is a vain boaster. If he will give Walker his rifle, and go forth with him to the woods, Whitedove soon shall see who can bring home more furs, or saddles of venison. Whitedove,' said Mark, lowering his tone, while his voice trembled with the force of his emotion, 'if thou wilt be my wife, and shall go with me, I shall clothe thee with minx and grey-squirrel—I shall bring thee deer and buzzard from the forest—and I shall grow thee corn and wheat to make thee bread as white as thy own teeth of pearl.'

The girl slowly raised her tall erect form, and stood as motionless as a statue. After a pause, which seemed an age to Mark, she answered, in low tones, 'Hickory shall come for me when the moon wanes.'

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'To take thee to his cabin, where the Hollyleaf and Greenbird already nurse his young papooses,' said Mark, bitterly. 'Come with me; I have no squaw, and never shall have any save Whitedove, if she will go with me.'

'Hickory and Blackcloud will be very angry,' said the maiden, in the same calm tone.

'Let Hickory be as angry as a couger robbed of its whelps, or as a wounded buffalo,' said Mark, sternly; 'it will be well for him if he does not meet Walker so, with tomahawk or rifle. Walker will give Blackcloud a horse, a blanket, a rifle, and a pouch well filled with powder, lead, and tobacco, when he comes to Mackinaw, and Blackcloud will be angry no more. Will Whitedove go?'

'Yes,' said the girl, after a long pause, 'Whitedove will go. Walker is here,' she continued, laying her hand upon her bosom, 'and has been here since he came to the Menominee village. Where he goes Whitedove will go, for her heart is in his hand.'

'Then Whitedove knows that Hickory's canoe lies in the Beech Creek, below the village,' said Mark, joyously; 'it can hold a rifle and ammunition, as well as Walker and Whitedove; and a lover's knife is sharp when a lover's hands are bound.'

'My ears are open,' said the maiden, as a smile of intelligence passed over her lovely face.

'The moon shall rise this evening when the whip-poor-will has cried his last good-night,' said the impatient captive, 'and two hours afterwards Whitedove could be at the Beech Creek.'

'My ears are still open,' said the maiden, smiling; 'Whitedove hears the voice that is sweetest in her ear.'

The whip-poor-will had ceased his vesper-cry, and the bullfrog had taken up his strain, and croaked with lusty throat; the moon had risen, and scattered his silver beams upon the agitated wind-rocked forest; and the white man and his Indian lover seated themselves in the bark of the Snake chief, and crept silently and with cautious strokes from the shadow of the red beeches which shaded the rippling creek. Whitedove, who steered the light, tiny skiff, beheld with pride that Mark was not only a strong but skilful paddler, and that even Hickory would have no chance with him at a long pull; and as she sat, with all the stately dignity of her nature and nation, in the light of the moonbeams, the trapper's heart danced within him, as he sent the canoe over the bosom of the broad Menominee.

The moon's was not the only eye that had marked the flight of the fugitives, however. Wohna, the greatest 'medicine' of the tribe, had seen the shadow of the canoe skimming over the waters, as he gathered herbs for his incantations. He had concealed the fact until he had ascertained that Walker was gone, and then awakening several of the chiefs, he declared that he had dreamed that the prisoner had fled with Hickory's canoe, and was now upon the water. The delay occasioned in ascertaining the facts of the abduction and flight was as beneficial to the lovers as it redounded to the fame of the great mystery Wohna; but as soon as that flight had become known, Hickory and Blackcloud, with many followers, were in pursuit, and bowling over the moon-kissed waters of the tree-shaded river. Pull on, good Mark! it is twenty miles from Green Bay, and thy only chance is in thy strength and address, for the furious kindred of Whitedove are on thy trail. The cool and beautiful countenance of the lovely Indian was not in the least affected by the shouts and yells of the pursuers, which, although two or three miles distant, were yet borne by the favouring winds upon the bosom of the stilly night, in that region of unbroken silence and solitude. She held her guiding-paddle with a steady, nervous hand, while her white lover sent the bark skimming over the waters, and she scarcely deigned to look back, although she knew that the pursuers were gaining on them. One man is no match at a long pull against a dozen, and, even though Whitedove lent her aid to Mark, and for nearly an hour kept her kindred at a medium distance, the trapper beheld with pain that they were still creeping on towards them. 'Bend, bend, my beautiful, but for a moment, and hang upon your paddle,' said Mark, as he raised his rifle; 'I must waterlog that foremost canoe, or Hickory will have my scalp before morning.' The maiden said not a word, but leaned forward her head, and rested her paddle for but an instant, and the report of Mark's rifle mingled with the cracks of half-a-dozen from his pursuers at the same moment. A cry of pain burst involuntarily from the foremost canoe, and an exclamation escaped the lips of Whitedove, as the balls splashed in the water around her, and her paddle skimmed from her hand, driven from it by a rifle-shot. In a moment the canoe darted past the floating propeller, she caught it adroitly as she passed, and then, in concert with her lover, pulled on once more. A constant firing, as if to alarm or distract the attention of the lovers, now continued to be kept up by the pursuers, as they pushed on with the speed of the pigeon, favoured by the rapid current, in the middle of which they kept their course.

'Hist!' said Whitedove, suddenly suspending her exertions as the canoe approached a fork of land, which jutted into the stream, and obliged them to make a detour, 'I hear the voices of palefaces, and the strokes of their oar-blades.'

'Then you hear the sweetest sounds that I ever heard save your own sweet voice,' said the woodsman, and he joyously shouted, 'Yo, heave, ho!' as his bark swept round the wooded fork, and came upon a party of soldiers and trappers pulling in the still waters up the Menominee. Mark was well known to this party, who had come from Mackinaw to demand reparation for the murder of the two white men, and his own capture, of which Macomb had heard, through the agency of Natokee; and he was lustily cheered and welcomed, with his red bride, by his friends. His evidence sufficiently criminated Hickory and Crow, who, fearful of the vengeance which they knew must overtake them, fled from the presence of so many white warriors as they knew filled the boats of the expedition, and, collecting all the Snake band, retired into the wilds of the Prairie du Chien. The red chief was known to regret the result of his present to Whitedove more than the effects of his cruelties, however. He could have died rejoicing, with the scalps of his enemies sewed to his garments, for so to have died would have glorified him; but to have been outwitted, and supplanted in the affections of Whitedove by the slave he had given her, was more than his vanity could bear.

Mark retired, with his red wife, who was united to him by the chaplain at Fort Mackinaw, to the island where he and Andrew Blennerhasset had passed the early days of their wood-life. He repaired the sweet little cabin, enclosed a piece of ground, which he cultivated himself, and was privileged to hunt and trap on the Indian reservations whenever he had a mind to do so. Gradually, however, Mark felt impelled by the lively intelligence of Whitedove to teach her to read and write, and then, as little boys and girls began to multiply, and neighbours to gather round him, he reckoned that farming was more consonant with a husband and father's position than hunting, so that by and by he never went abroad with his rifle save in winter; and it was not long till he found that his little shanty at Green Bay was in the centre of a highly-cultivated region, and that the 'yaw-hip-gee' of the ploughman was now heard where he used to hear the 'wah, wah, woo, woo' of the savage, and there were now fashionable novel-readers where he had won his Indian bride from her pristine state of human nature.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

Oh, whither have they fled—
Those spirits kind and warm,
Which, number'd with the dead,
Have nobly braved the storm;
And gain'd a port at last,
A port of peace and rest,
Where, earthly perils past,
Their happy souls are blest?

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In some bright-beaming star.
Do they weave the pencill'd rays,
Which, streaming from afar,
Upon our vision blaze?
Or is the flick'ring light
Which the varying twilight brings,
As it glimmers on our sight,
But the waving of their wings?

Perchance along the sky,
The far-off azure dome,
They wing them, free and high,
In their lofty spirit-home;
And the cooling zephyr's wing,
As it fans the brow of care,
In its voiceless whispering,
May a message from them bear.

I have read a page that tells
Of a home *beyond* the sky,
Where the ransom'd spirit dwells
With the God of love on high.
There their crowns of living light,
They cast down at His feet,
To seek this lower night,
And the child of sorrow greet.

Low, where dark shadows fall
On the heart and on the brain,
Where earthly pleasures pall,
And the bosom throbs with pain;
There, with kindly ling'ring stay,
On their ministry of love,
They smooth the thorny way,
And point to rest above. FANNY FORESTER.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

THIRD DAY'S HUNT.

[A Fresh Pack.]

'It is a celebrated saying of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with them.'—*Spectator, No.* 558.

'Men seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate a habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that, in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may secure the love of those with whom we transact.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodshed, it wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Tetrica continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind and disturb her quiet. If she takes the air, she is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received is too light, or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the China give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how Lord Lavish was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait upon themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot. Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind and likes it better as it was at first; then will have a small improvement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompense the vexation; they at last leave the clothes at her house and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, professes to take her own course, and hear her mistress talk. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.'—*Rambler, No.* 74.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

'World wand'ring, sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content,
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent,
Come learn,' said she, 'what is your choicest bliss:

From toil and pressing cares
How ye respite may find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, endure.

Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold—
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charged on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserved by force, and still observed by wit.

No; but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss—
On God the mind to rest,
Burn'd up with sacred fire—
Possessing him to be by him possest.

Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which, shadow-like, on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:

To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain;
Than what is good to have no higher skill;

Never on neighbour's goods
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all.'

William Drummond, Hawthornden.

'Remember upon all occasions to reflect with yourself of what nature and condition those things are that minister delight, or are useful and beneficial to you, or that you have a natural tenderness for; and, that these reflections may answer their end, make them familiar, by beginning at the slightest and most inconsiderable things, and so rising to the higher and more valuable. For instance, if you are fond of an earthen cup, consider it is but earthenware, and you cannot be much troubled or surprised whenever it happens to be broken. And if you be fond of a child or a wife, consider that these are of human, that is, of a frail and mortal nature; and thus your surprise and concern will be the less when death takes either of them away from you.'—*Chap.* 8.

'Never use yourself to say upon any occasion that you have lost anything; but restored it. If your wife or your child die, you have returned them to the owner.'—*Chap.* 15.

'Use yourself to little trials first. If a cruise of oil be broken, or a pint of your wine stolen, reflect immediately that this is the purchase of constancy and a composed

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mind; and since nothing can be had free-cost, he that gets these so cheap hath a good bargain.'—*Chap.* 17.

'If a neighbour's child happen to break a glass, we presently answer, that this is a very common accident. Now, the application that ought to be made from hence is, that when one of our own happens to be broken, we should no more think it extraordinary, nor suffer it to give us any greater disturbance, than when it was another man's case. And this trivial example should prepare us for bearing casualties of greater consequence with the like temper. When any of your acquaintance buries a child or a wife, everybody is ready to mitigate the loss with the reflection that all men are mortal, and that this is what all men have therefore reason to expect. But when the misfortune comes home to ourselves, then we give a loose to our passions, and indulge our lamentations and bitter complaints. Now, these things ought quite otherwise to awaken the same considerations; and it is but reasonable that what we thought a good argument to moderate the resentments of other people, should be applied with the same efficacy to restrain the excesses of our own.'—*Chap.* 33; *Manual of Epictetus.*

'There is among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind. These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain; and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts, and shorten the short pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognostics of the future; their only care is to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling transport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

Suspirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the stage; persuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a prosperous trade for fear of bankruptcy; broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognostications of unhappiness; and enabled the small-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loss of beauty.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet, since there is no man so corrupt or foolish but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish, that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

Thou prophet of evil, says Homer's Agamemnon, thou never fortellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes. Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of screech-owls might hoot together without injury to the rest of the world.'—*The Rambler, No.* 59.

'Long in the field of words we may contend.
Reproach is infinite and knows no end,
Arm'd, or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
So valuable a weapon is the tongue:
Wounded we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail.'—*Homer.*

'What of another you severely say,
May amply be return'd another day.'—*Hesiod.*

'Some fretful tempers wince at every touch.
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble bee;
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain, now it's night;
He shakes with cold, you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze; that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole, that's just the sort he would not wish;
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him, vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.'

'*Conversation;*' *Cowper.*

[Another Croaker Unearthed.]

About a month after Mr Pinkerton had been beaten up in his lair, Mr Brown and Mr Smith were seated one morning at breakfast, in the house of Mrs Thomson, a widow lady with one son, a boy about twelve years of age. The avowed object of their meeting was to aid Mrs Thomson in some great difficulty that had overtaken her; but its chief end, so far as Mr Brown was concerned, and who had in fact arranged the affair, was to unearth another croaker for his friend's advantage.

Mrs Thomson was one of those people who make as much ado about the breaking of a jug as if it were a planet, who startle at straws, pull up at mice, make a fuss about everything, and consider themselves to be the keystones of creation. We laugh at the Kham of Tartary, who caused his herald to proclaim to the princes and potentates of the earth that they might go and dine, since he had finished his meal of horse flesh and mare's milk; but there are many Khams of Tartary. The chief of a petty tribe in North America, on getting up in the morning, saluted the sun, and pointed out to him the course which he was to take for the day—there are many petty chiefs. One man writes himself 'brother to the sun;' another, 'son of Jupiter;' a third is, 'the branch of honour and the mirror of virtue;' a fourth is 'angelical doctor or vicegerent of God;' and his majesty of Achem was 'the sovereign of the universe.' Mrs Thomson did not assume any of these titles, but she thought a great deal of herself for all that. She was a middle-aged woman, tall, lean, ochre-complexioned, with a petulant discontented look, and a certain wiriness of manner, and knife-grinding intonation of voice that made one feel, as she spoke, an uneasy sensation about the root of the teeth, and a desire to be elsewhere.

'Well, ma'am,' said Mr Brown, after a lengthened discussion on the difficulty in question, 'I think Mr Smith's advice is the best, and, by leaving the case in Mr Morgan's hands, you will have no more trouble in the matter.'

'Trouble!' reiterated Mrs Thomson, 'I wonder to hear you. How is it possible I can banish it from my mind. No saying what that woman may do if she takes it into her head. She is fit for anything. Mrs Pattison told me that the last house she was in, she kept the whole back court in a mess and soiled every window beneath her.'

'Intentionally?' asked Mr Brown.

'No doubt of that; one of her own servants told Mrs Pattison so. The girl could not stay with her, she had such a temper and so many bad ways.'

'Well, well,' acquiesced Mr Brown, 'if she repeat the offence, Mr Morgan will take means to protect you. By the by, have you heard lately of these poor people—Mr Thomson's friends you know?'

'Heard! I am always hearing, Mr Brown. They never cease annoying me. It is quite incredible what I have done for them, and get no thanks for it. They are as needy and greedy as ever. It is not a month since I had to send I don't know how many old things of Willie's and my own—that were quite as good as new to them, you know—and it is ten to one but they have some new request to make one of these days. I have just been expecting it, and wondering what they will have the impudence to ask next.'

'Sufficiently distressing,' said Mr Brown, in a sympathising tone; 'and Willie, how is he getting on? He has not called over of late.'

'I have sent him to the country,' replied Mrs Thomson, with a smile, the first she had given that morning. 'It was near vacation time at any rate, and as I heard of a boy who had left school unwell, I was afraid it might be the small-pox, or chincough, or something of that sort

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breaking out. But indeed, these teachers are so careless that boys get little good from them; and they are so partial too—such a system of favouritism. Mrs Pattison tells me that Willie is considered decidedly the cleverest boy of his class, and he has only once got the medal, and it was taken from him the very next day.'

'This was very discouraging to him, poor fellow,' said the wily Mr Brown, who evidently wished to draw out Mrs Thomson for Mr Smith; 'but in truth there is injustice in every profession and walk of life.'

'I have had but too sad experience of that,' coincided Mrs Thomson. 'It was only the other day that I detected an overcharge of sixpence in the baker's bill, and another of fourpence in the shoemaker's.'

'Mistakes will sometimes occur with the best of people,' observed Mr Smith, a little out of humour.

'No doubt of that, sir,' resumed Mrs Thomson; 'but when they occur always, or at least very frequently, one cannot help being put about and thinking ill of it. And then, when you look at them hard, and point it out to them, and give their conscience an opportunity of awakening, they get offended and make no apology.'

'Pity, the law cannot reach such cases,' said Mr Brown, very wickedly; 'but in truth not only individuals but public companies are at fault. The gas in our back parlour does not burn well for three months in succession. It will mope away one night as if it had taken the fever and ague, and the next it will be jumping like a merry-andrew.'

'Quite the same in our house, sir,' exclaimed Mrs Thomson, 'and they make no deduction for it; and the water company is just as bad. I have seen it brown for three weeks running, and ill-tasted for whole months; and then when you send servants for a drop of pure water to one of the pump-wells, they are sure to stay an hour or two, and say they had to wait their turn, and nonsense of that kind, and one may think themselves fortunate if they don't come back with the jug cracked or broken, and give you ill words into the bargain. I am sure that, one way and another, I am not less than two pounds a-year for breakages and other things—they are so careless, and don't mind to break a thing to vex you, and will keep rattling among the pots and dishes for an hour after you check them for some serious misdemeanour.'

How long Mrs Thomson might have pursued her favourite ideas had not Mr Smith risen and pleaded an appointment, it is difficult to say; but it was not difficult to see that Mr Smith was heartily tired of the good lady's company, and did not hesitate to say so when he got beyond earshot of her door.

'Very disagreeable person that—full of complaints and petty jealousies, and heart-burnings about trifles. Should not be surprised though she go off some day by spontaneous combustion.'

'She has a Tophet in her own mind, at any rate, which she takes care to keep in faggots,' said Mr Brown; 'but she is only a transparent and advanced case. Thousands think and feel silently what she comes out with.'

'Pugh, pugh!' cried Mr Smith, disparagingly; 'why, at that rate you would make one half of mankind miserable.'

'And so they are to a great extent; not that it is the necessity of their being or the result of their circumstances, but the effect of their folly.'

'In what shape?'

'In many shapes. One gives way to envy and another to discontent, and both of them get rottenness of bones for their pains. They forget that happiness has its abode not in buildings but in thoughts, not in matter but in mind—

> 'It is the mind that makes the body rich;
> And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
> So honour peereth in the meanest habit
> What! is the jay more precious than the lark
> Because his feathers are more beautiful?
> Or is the adder better than the eel
> Because his painted skin contents the eye?'

If envious and discontented people would only reflect that a change of position does not change the disposition, and that contentment is a kingdom everywhere, and that

> 'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a gilst'ring grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow,'

and take the philosophy of the honest shepherd as their motto, they would shun much pain and reap much profit.'

'What shepherd do you mean?' inquired Mr Smith.

'One of Will Shakspeare's,' said Mr Brown, 'who kept a great many strange people about him. I am not quite sure of the words, but they run something in this manner—'Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that which I eat, get that which I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.''

'All very well on paper,' said Mr Smith, with a sneer.

'Nay, but tell me,' insisted Mr Brown—

> 'Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
> To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
> Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
> To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
> Oh, yes it doth!—a thousand-fold it doth!
> And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
> His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
> His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
> All which, secure and sweetly, he enjoys,
> Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
> His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
> His body couched in a curious bed,
> When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.'

'These things look very pretty in poetry and print,' said Mr Smith, 'but few, I suspect, of the poets themselves reduced them to practice.'

'Very few indeed; but it is not with poets but principles we have to do, and truth is not the less true though the father of lies should speak it. A crown without contentment is the worst part of poverty, and a cap of rushes with a satisfied mind is the best part of riches, unless show be better than substance, and the sign than the thing signified. The invalid may be painted and dressed to seem well, and the well person to seem ill, but who would take the good signs and the bad health in preference to the bad signs and the good health? Contentment is an equal quantity everywhere, and many might have it who want it, as instance my friend Mrs Thomson,'

'Certainly,' said Mr Smith, 'I cannot sympathise with that woman. She distresses herself about nonsense. I cannot get quit of the unpleasant feeling she has awakened—a very unamiable person.'

'The things about which she croaks,' pursued Mr Brown, 'may be more reprehensible but hardly less silly or unfounded than those by which thousands—I had almost said millions—embitter their existence.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean simply that many, very many, allow the little drawbacks and everyday cross accidents and petty disappointments of life to get the better of them. They give way to anger, and vexation, and ill feeling on every slight occasion, and these visiters do not go out so easily as they came in.'

'But how keep them out?'

'Slam the door in their faces. Show them no quarter or ceremony—they give none. If you do, they will make themselves masters of your house, and send you down into your own kitchen to do scullion's work.'

'That is a figure.'

'Yes, but the fact is worse than the figure. In truth, these petty annoyances do more to swell the amount of human misery than all the heavy calamities which befall us. They are the trade-winds of sorrow which keep blowing on the sea of life.'

'Then if the winds blow the sea must chafe.'

'Yes, but you can go into another latitude. You do not need, in the case supposed, to cast anchor in the wind's teeth. Step over with me to my house, and I'll show you what other people say on this matter.'

'Not now—another time, perhaps.'

'To morrow?'

'No.'

'Next day?'

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'Can't.'
'Next again?'
'I'll see.'
'But fix.'
'Well, this day week.'
'Agreed. Good-by.'

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. IX.

PASSAGE TO CHINA—A MAN DROWNED—APPROACH TO LAND—VISIT TO MACAO—THE BOGUE FORTS—PROGRESS TO WHAMPOA.

We left Singapore on the morning of the 22d August, and at sundown passed between the Romania Islands and the bare rock called Pedro Branco, and thus entered the China Sea. One morning, four days afterwards, our native steward Ramjee jumped overboard and was drowned. It was about seven o'clock, and the ship was going before the wind with all sail set, when the cry was raised, 'a man overboard.' As the vessel shot a-head, we saw him pass under the counter, and a wooden grating was immediately thrown over to him. The helm was then put hard down, the studding-sail tacks let go, and the ship brought up in the wind. All hands were also called up, and while some cleared away and lowered the quarter-boat, others were sent to the mast-head to keep the man in sight, his position by the compass being at the same time observed from the deck. We saw him on the surface of the water for a short time, but he uttered no cry, nor did he seem to make any exertion to save himself, although he appeared to take notice of the grating that was first thrown to him. The only movement he made was to raise his arms straight above the water, which had the effect of sinking his head, and then he clasped his hands together. Before the boat got far off, he had disappeared, and although we were able to direct the party to the right spot by the bearings from the ship, the search was fruitless, and in half an hour they returned on board. From what we learned afterwards, it was evident that the act was intentional. It appeared that when called in the morning, he complained of being unwell, and, while talking incoherently about his hardships, said, among other things, that he would jump overboard. Apparently, with this intention, he attempted to get into the forerigging, but, being prevented by the carpenter, he went into the forecastle for a few minutes until there was no one by; then came running out, jumped up on the sprit-sail yard, and disappeared. We had thought him intoxicated the previous night, and probably the succeeding depression had led him to the rash act. I admired much on this occasion the presence of mind and foresight of our chief mate, who had charge of the deck when the accident happened. A raw hand would likely have got the ship into a complete mess, but here everything that was proper was done, and done too at the proper time. Although he had been just arranging in his mind the best way of proceeding in such a case, he could not have issued his orders more judiciously, or with greater promptitude and decision. It was not, however, the first time that he had had a similar duty to perform.

For a week we sailed northwards with a steady south-west monsoon, but after this, when we had got as far as the mass of coral reefs and islands, known by the name of Paracels, the weather became very changeable, and we had frequent heavy squalls and deluges of rain. It was the season and the locality of typhoons, and one day a fall of the barometer, conjoined with the gloomy appearances around, made us look for one of these terrible visitations. In preparation for it, the top-sails were double-reefed, the courses furled, and the royal yards sent on deck, but, after a few anxious hours, the mercury began slowly to rise and the weather moderated. As we neared the land the winds became light and variable, and the weather very hot, so much so that I sometimes slept at night on the hencoops upon deck.

At daybreak, on the 5th September, the Lema Islands were visible, and other islands at the mouth of the great estuary leading to Canton came in sight soon after. About nine o'clock, while we were still many miles from land, a large Chinese boat with three mat sails came alongside, bringing a pilot and a comprador's agent offering their services. Both were accepted, and it was highly amusing to witness the airs put on by the former functionary—a little fellow but with one eye—when he took charge. Having put off the coarse clothes he had been wearing in the boat, and arrayed himself in the loose white wrapper and short wide trousers which form the ordinary Chinese costume, he got up the ship's side, opened out a fan, and commenced parading the poop, and fanning himself with an air of languid dignity which was very ludicrous. After showing off in this way for a little, he looked aloft to see that all sail was set, and this not being the case, he cried in a tone of supreme command, 'Loose the fole loyal;' then turning to the man at the wheel, he added, 'Luff a little, how can!' and having delivered himself of this somewhat unintelligible order, he set his fan agoing, and resumed his walk.

The following day we sailed past a number of bare rocky islands, some of them containing fishing villages, with small patches of cultivated ground, and in the afternoon we anchored about twelve miles south of Macao, having encountered so strong an ebb-tide that we could make no head against it, nor would the ship steer, although going three or four knots through the water. Next morning the captain and I set out in the comprador's boat to go to Macao, where we arrived after a three hours' sail. The water near the beach being too shallow for the large craft, we had to land in one of the *tanka* boats—small affairs covered with arched frames and matting, and managed by women and girls. After taking tiffin at the hotel, we strolled through a few streets, and ascended one of the fortified hills, whence we had a very fine view of the town, with the bays, islands, and shipping around it. The streets are merely narrow lanes, the only fine one being the Praya Grande, curving round the margin of the bay. Their silent and deserted appearance show that Macao is now a decaying place. All the principal merchants having gone over to Hongkong, the trade and shipping have of course followed, and instead of the large fleets that were once to be seen here, there were only two or three ships in the harbour, a few opium-receiving ships in the Typa, and about half-a-dozen in the roads—representatives of England, France, Portugal, Holland, and America.

We left Macao about six in the evening, and reached the ship at half-past ten—a long passage, for the wind was contrary; but to pass away the time, we stretched ourselves on a mat upon the deck and had a sleep. In the little cabin of the boat there was a cabinet or recess, carved and gilded in the inside, and containing three small images of gods. A lamp was kept constantly burning in this place, and that the deities might not want refreshments, a cup of tea and some sweetmeats were placed before them, and frequently renewed. Every boat has one of these joss-houses, as they are called, and even the small *tankas* find room for them.

Next afternoon we weighed anchor and proceeded up the estuary with fair wind and tide. Before starting, I counted about two hundred large fishing-boats cruising all around us. They are all rigged alike with two or three sails made of matting, stretched out by several cross bars of bamboo. Although not very handsome, they sail remarkably well, and are said to be good sea-boats. The owner of the boat lives constantly in it with his family, and the wife may often be seen steering or pulling an oar, sometimes with a child tied on her back. The young children are generally made fast to something to prevent them tumbling overboard. In our progress up, we witnessed an extraordinary variety of apparatus for catching fish, both in boats and along the shore. A great number of people evidently depend for a livelihood on fishing, and even Chinese ingenuity seems to be exhausted in devising modes of capturing the unfortunate finners: how a fish

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can make out to reach maturity amidst so many dangers, is to me a puzzle.

About eight in the evening, we entered the mouth of the Choo-keang, ('Pearl River') more commonly called the Canton river. The entrance is termed Hoo-moon (Tiger's gate) by the Chinese; Boca Tigris by the Portuguese; and Bogue by the English—the river itself being often erroneously named Tigris from the Portuguese name of the entrance. The wind having died away, we anchored for the night between Ananghoy and Tiger Island, and next morning we had a complete view of all the Bogue forts, rendered so famous by having been thrice battered down by the English—first by the Alceste in 1816; then by the Hector and Andromache in 1831; taken by Sir Gordon Bremer, and 459 guns captured, in February 1841, and in September of the same year, destroyed. They had all been rebuilt and extended since then, and certainly looked very formidable, although, I dare say, not really more efficient than ever. I counted ten batteries altogether: two on Chuenpee, a small hill on the right hand side of the river mouth; one on Tae-cok-tow, an eminence on the left side; three at Ananghoy, heights on the right side farther up; in one of these which ran along the water's edge, I counted no fewer than one hundred and forty embrasures. In the middle of the river there were two islands, called Wang-tongs, fortified all round; opposite to these islands on the west shore, there was a battery or two; and lastly, a neat fort with about thirty guns on Tiger Island. In the morning, while we were lying at anchor, waiting the flood-tide, a boat from one of the war-junks at Chuenpee came alongside with a message to the effect that we must send back and get a *chop*, or pass, from the Mandarin before we could pass on. The third mate was accordingly sent down in a fishing-boat, and I bore him company. We started at nine o'clock, and, by the aid of a strong ebb-tide and a fair wind, arrived at Chuenpee in half-an-hour. We found there a fleet of five or six war-junks, together with some trading vessels, and a great many boats. One of the war-vessels was an old American opium-ship, which they had bought, and there was another built at Canton after the same model. These had each two tiers of guns, ten on each side of the lower deck, and eight small carronades on each side of the upper, thirty-six guns in all. The remaining junks were fitted up in the native style, with three long masts without any shrouds, and an immense sail to hoist upon each, not forgetting the staring eyes in the bows. The admiral's junk that we were on board of mounted twenty-four guns of various kinds; some were of brass, others were long iron pieces, and others short carronades. Most of them were covered with Chinese inscriptions, with the exception of four long guns, two at each gangway amidships, which bore the names of English makers. The carriages were all very clumsy, and had no tackle about them. The cables and larger ropes in this vessel were made of twisted rattans, and there was a windlass and rattan rope for hearing up the rudder out of the water when not used. The cabin into which we were ushered to get the necessary document was a pretty large apartment, decorated with a good deal of carving and gilding, and at one end with a screen painted over with grotesque figures. A few sleeping-berths opened into this main cabin, and in one of them we got a peep of the great man himself. After leaving the junk, we made the boatmen land us at the nearest fort, which we got permission to walk through. The battery mounted fourteen guns, some of them the largest I ever saw. By a rough measurement we found one to be thirteen feet long, eight feet in circumference at the breech, and the diameter of the bore ten or twelve inches. Stone troughs with water stood near, for the purpose of cooling them when in use. As we were admiring these huge machines, our conductor, who had a few words of English, shook his head, and said, 'Ah, Chinaman gun no good; Englis gun mo' betta,' as, no doubt, they had found to their cost. After inspecting the fort, we ascended the small hill behind it. Its sides were covered with young firs, together with some castor-oil bushes, and many flowering plants. On the top there was a small watch-tower with a few guns, and from this we had a good view of the river and surrounding country. On returning, we pulled up through Anson's Bay, the margin of which is occupied by rice-grounds and a village; then we passed along close to the Ananghoy forts, and saw the ruins of the old ramparts, and many of the dismantled guns; passed also an opium smuggling boat, or 'smoke pigeon' boat, as it is termed in the barbarous jargon which passes here for English; and we arrived at the ship a little after noon, just as she was getting under weigh for the flood-tide.

Making sail and proceeding up the river, we passed the two Tiger Islands: the banks then became low and flat, and the adjacent land was covered with rice, with a village appearing occasionally. The navigation of the river is, upon the whole, pretty open, but in one place we had to pass a sand-bar, which required two lines of fishing-boats stationed to mark the limits of the narrow channel. Continuing our course, we passed, on the left hand, a hill with a nine-storied pagoda on the top, and the appearance of basaltic columns at the base. As we approached Whampoa, the country became more hilly, and the cultivation more varied; large villages peeped out here and there from their embowering trees; and many of the hills had terraces rising up their sides, like broad steps of a stair, for the growth of various crops. The tide and the daylight failing us, we had to drop anchor for the night, and next day the ship was moored in Whampoa Reach, close to a small village on Dane's Island. For the next ten weeks I lived in a world of wonders. The novelties were indeed bewildering, and so much time was occupied in seeing, that little remained for describing; and the very abundance of materials prevented me from using them, until familiarity made many things insignificant which at first seemed characteristic, and much that I intended to describe at leisure went out of mind. Hence my notes of this period are rather scanty, and I can do little more than simply indicate my movements and a few of the interesting objects that came in my way.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

All the flashing, gleaming glory, of a proud host, onward pressing
To the deadly field of conflict, or in triumphing return,
With splendour of spread banners, that woo the sun's caressing,
And trumpet's blare, and trampling of hot steeds the ground that spurn.

All the wealth of olden story, the up-piled heaps of treasure,
The gorgeous pageantry described in tales of eastern land,
Are as nothing to the richness, the plenty without measure,
Which brown September scatters profusely o'er the land.

Here on this breezy upland we'll stand awhile, down-gazing
Upon the quiet valley which spreadeth far beneath,
To watch the flying shadows of the clouds each other chasing,
And to twine of Autumn flowers, all golden-hued, a wreath.

Look! through the hazy distance how the sheen of silver waters
Chequers the leafy umbrage of the woodlands waving wide,
Like a sea that meets the Orient with the dye of many slaughters,
Up-flushing through the amber of its ever-changing tide.

Look! how the sunlight catches the tints that are the rarest,
O'er stately oak, and elm-tree clump, and copse, and orchard flung;
And sleeps upon the stubble-lands, and banks that are the fairest,
Above which rise the hedgerows, with Clematis-tassels hung.

See! what a restless shimmer the basking landscape veileth,
Where Gos'mers—tiny aeronauts—their silken meshes weave!
What a hum of happy insect-life on every side prevaileth!
Oh, golden-bright September, who can look on thee and grieve?

SEPTEMBER is rather the month of fruit than of flowers—of performance than of promise; the boughs of the orchard-trees now are most richly and heavily laden with the russet and red-streaked apples and the mellow pears—the former meet for winter store, the latter for present use and enjoyment; and the plums, purple and yellow, hang ripe and tempting amid the green leaves, and drop heavy and frequent to earth, as the autumnal gale sweeps whistling through the stubble-fields, and around the thickly-planted

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corn-ricks, and by the huge barn-door, flung wide open to admit the laden wain; and the Vine, whose slender limbs creep up the southern wall, hangs out her juicy clusters to the sun—here clear and glistening like globes of crystal, there dark and glossy as the violet leaf; and the downy Peach, so delicately tinged, so finely flavoured; and the ruddy Nectarine, are now in full perfection. But not alone for man is there a feast spread by the bountiful Giver of all good gifts; for the feathered tribes, too, there is an abundant supply, and at every hedgerow they may revel and take their fill, all heedless as they are of the coming season of gloom and scarcity. Happy creatures! feasting, and frolicking, and enjoying the pleasures of to-day, without a thought or care for to-morrow; having no forebodings of sorrow, no prescience of approaching evil—

> For them the dewy splendours of the morn,
> With its pure joys and finer ecstacies,
> That thrill the living frame, as with a sense
> Of renovated youth; for them the bright
> Unclouded radiance of the noonday, rife
> With hum of insect life, and sounds that lull
> The spirit to repose; for them the cool
> Fresh breeze of eventide, that bears upon
> Its winnowing wings the rich and rare perfume
> Of all the sweet flowers it has stray'd among.
> Clear streams are theirs, that murmur as they go
> An undersong of joy—and leafy boughs,
> That rustle to the passing gale, and seem
> To whisper words of love—and azure skies,
> With roseate flushings of the dawn, and all
> The glorious tints which mark the sunset hour.
> And now for them the green-leaved Elder spreads
> Its purple clusters, and the scarlet Hips,
> And Haws, and Berries coralline
> Of Honeysuckle, wreathing Bryony,
> Viburnum, Service-tree, and Mountain Ash
> Are plentiful, and easy of access,
> Decking the hedgerow, and the wayside copse—
> The brightest jewelry which nature wears.

And the frolicsome squirrel, too, as he shakes the rattling nuts to earth, and sits up on his hinder legs to crack them, and enjoy their fine mellow flavour, or leaps from bough to bough with plenty wherefrom to pick and choose, is not *he* keeping high festival? But the flowers—what about the *flowers* of the month? We have undertaken to twine a wreath for September, and we must do it, if we go to Covent Garden market for the necessary materials. However, we shall not be put to such a shift now, and we question if we shall be at all, even during the most inclement and sterile period of the year—now, when the *Flos Adonis*, or Pheasant's eye, is blooming in the rich loamy valleys, and on the chalky uplands of our own country, and throughout Europe, the southern parts especially. This is one of those classical flowers, about which we hope to write more anon; at present it must suffice us to observe, that it is the flower which, according to ancient fable, sprung up where sank into the earth the blood of Adonis, the beautiful youth, beloved by Venus, who was slain by the tusks of a boar which he was hunting:

> 'Short time ensued, till where the blood was shed
> A flower began to rear its purple head,'

as Eusden's translation of Ovid runs. It is a plant which sometimes reaches a foot in height, but more often eight or ten inches only, having a compact feathery foliage of a dark green hue, and small blossoms sprinkled over it but sparely, of a rich crimson, which have been compared to the beautiful iris of the pheasant, hence its popular name. The French term it *Gouttee de sang* (drops of blood), no doubt on account of its sanguine colour, which agrees so well with the fable of its origin. There can be little question that it is indigenous to this country, as Gerard, who wrote two hundred and fifty years since, spoke of it as growing wild in his time; the country people then called it Red Camomile, and great quantities of it appear to have been taken every year to London, and sold under the name of Red Morocco and Rosearubie; and, in truth, the blossoms do somewhat resemble little ruby roses. In Ireland, we are informed, it is to be found about Dublin, and in Scotland in the neighburhood of Glasgow. It is a pretty plant for a pot, but its blossoms are very short-lived. Like the young Adonis whom they symbolise, their end is premature, as Wiffen sings—

> 'And far and wide is seen Adonis' flower,
> Stain'd from his ancient wound, and *born to die.*

Now, too, we have the Autumnal Crocus, purpling the moist meadows where it grows—and that is in but few localities—with its violet-tinged cups, in which are found the orange-coloured stigma, which forms the saffron of commerce, used for dyeing and medicinal purposes; hence the plant is sometimes called the Meadow Saffron, and the poets when they describe the glories of the dawn, speak of saffron-tints; as Drummond, for instance—

> 'Who hath not seen, within her saffron bed,
> The morning's goddess?'

And again—

> 'The winds all silent are,
> And Phœbus in his chair,
> *Ensaffroning* sea and air,
> Makes vanish every star.'

This, too, is a classical flower, and has a fable attached to its name, as must be well known to the readers of Ovid, whose version of the story is not, however, followed by the old chronicler Hollinshed. Which is the most veracious authority we cannot tell, and shall quote neither at present. According to Martyn's translation, which we have ventured to paraphrase, Virgil tells us that—

> 'The bees at large on hoary willows feed,
> Arbutes, and glowing *Saffron* of the mead.'

What a place, then, for the bees must Saffron Walden in Essex be, where the plant is said to have been first introduced from the East, and where it is still extensively cultivated!

In the above lines allusion is made to the Arbutus, a plant frequently mentioned by Virgil, and one, too, which may well claim a passing notice here, because at this period of the year it puts forth its purely white blossoms, which contrast beautifully with its dark green foliage and crimson berries; for, like the Orange, the Strawberry-tree, as it is sometimes called, bears on the same branch, and at the same time, both flower and fruit. With us it is seldom seen, except in the enclosed shrubbery; but in the west of Ireland, especially amid the beautiful scenery near the Lake of Killarney, it is found growing wild, although it seems scarcely probable that it is a native of that or any country so far north. In Greece, Palestine, and other parts of Asia, as well as in the south of Europe, it is plentiful enough, in some places so much so that its berries serve as a common article of food. Phillips tells us that the Irish, on its first introduction, likened its berries to clots of Abel's blood, and called it Cain-apple; and thus the Romans, when they had plenty of oil and wine, and richer fare, termed the fruit *unedo*, being a contraction of *unum edo*, you will eat but one; and this, we imagine, would be quite sufficient for most epicures of the present day. Mant, in his 'British Months,' says of this plant—

> 'If where the mountain bugle wakes
> The echoes of Killarney's lakes,
> And Glena's waving crags incline
> O'er sainted Mucrus' abbey-shrine,
> The *Arbute* opes its purple bells;
> All beautiful itself, it tells
> In concert with the fading woods,
> Of winds and equinoctial floods,
> Which soon their gather'd rage shall pour;
> And beauty, on that distant shore,
> Forsaken, left to bloom alone,
> Unnoticed on her desert throne.'

Now, too, we have the 'tall and handsome Golden Rod,' as Miss Pratt calls it, a plant formerly so highly esteemed for its supposed medicinal virtues, that Gerard says—'I have known the drie herbe, which comes from beyond the seas, sold in Bucklersburie, in London, for half-a-crown an ounce.' But at about the time of which he writes—that is, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century—it was discovered that the credulous believers in its virtue need not have sent so far for their favourite remedy, for, lo! it grew wild close at hand, in Hampstead woods, and then, as the old herbalist continues, 'No man would give halfe-a-crowne for a hundred weight of it, which plainly setteth foorth our inconstancie and sudden mutabilitie, esteeming no longer of

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nything (how precious soever it be) than whilst it is range and rare.' In this respect we do not know that ciety has much improved; rarities and exotics now are great favourites as they were two hundred years ago, nd anything which is native and common, however beau-ful, and useful, and meritorious, is comparatively but ttle regarded. Fuller, also, in his 'Worthies of England,' kes occasion to moralise, in his quaint way, upon this laring inconsistency of, shall we say, our common nature, hich disdains and rejects that which is easily attain-ble, and longs and strives rather for that which is rare nd costly, and difficult of attainment. But we must now ave the Golden Rod, or Aaron's Rod, as it is sometimes alled, and say a few words about the Mallow, not that hich, according to Crabbe—

'Hardy and high above the slender sheaf
——Weaves her silky leaf,'

nd is found by every roadside and on every piece of waste nd, blossoming profusely, from May to October—but that ind known as the Marsh-Mallow, celebrated for its healing roperties, whose delicate rose-coloured blossoms, mingled ith the thick velvety leaves, beautify the salt marshes nd margins of the sea at this period of the year. These aves, according to Pliny, were used by the Romans as a emedy for the poison of all venomous creatures, from the asp to the serpent; and there is no doubt that their emol-ent properties might do much towards allaying the external nflammation caused by the bites or stings of noxious insects r reptiles; but they could have little or no effect in arresting he deadly operation of powerful animal poison absorbed nto the system; therefore, with all due respect for the au-hority of the old natural historian, we would rather decline rusting to his remedy; neither should we feel disposed to lace confidence in the juice of this herb, given warm to ny of our friends who might be afflicted with a settled elancholy or derangement of mind; nor would we even ow Mallows in our fields for the purpose of enriching the round, as he reports his countrymen used to do. Such a ractice must rather have bothered Cincinnatus, and ren-ered nugatory much of his ploughing; at all events, odern agriculturists find that they spring up quite fast nough without sowing. However, there can be no doubt hat the Mallow well deserves its Greek name, *Althea*, signi-ying to cure; it is one of the few herbs or simples which re retained as useful by the medical practitioners of the resent day. Another maritime plant, the Sea-Wormwood, s also now in blossom; this must not be confounded with he more common species of Wormwood generally known s Mugwort, so called from its frequent use in imparting a bitter flavour and tonic property to beer. Both these plants were highly esteemed by the ancients, and Phillips enumerates a great variety of uses to which they were put. The generic name of the family to which they belong is Artemesia; hence Crabbe, alluding to the growing disuse of the old familiar names of plants, and the application of more refined, scientific terms, sarcastically writes:—

'Nor weeds are now; from whence arose the weed
Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;
Where Cuckoo-pints and Dandelions sprung,
(Gross names had they our plainer sires among),
There Drums, there Leontodons we view,
And *Artemesia* grows where *Wormwood* grew.'

We must not forget to gather for our September wreath a few of the bright yellow blossoms of the common Flea-bane, as it was called by our forefathers, and still continues to be termed, although it is not now held in repute as a de-stroyer of those active and insatiable little insects, for which it is exceedingly desirable to find some sort of 'bane' against which there shall be no 'antidote.' This flower is some-times called the Wild Marigold; it grows plentifully in Arabia, where it has received the appellation of 'Job's tears,' because, according to tradition, with its bruised stems and leaves the afflicted patriarch dressed his grievous sores. We have now to notice but one more flower before concluding our gossip for this month, which is the Cud-weed or Everlasting-flower, in France termed *Immortelle*, and much used to deck the graves of the departed, as it is in Spain and Italy to adorn the shrines and figures of the saints, and as it was in ancient Greece and Rome to crown the statues of the gods. We possess five native species of this plant, which have been variously called Cudweed, Chafeweed, Cottonweed; two or three kinds have been likewise introduced into the country, and to them old writers have applied the terms Gold-flower, God's-flower, Goldilocks, &c., also Live-long, Live-for-ever, and Golden Mother-wort, which latter term was applied more particu-larly to the eastern Everlasting, mentioned by Parkman and Gerard, from whom we learn that it was an inmate of our gardens prior to 1628. Professor Henslow, writing of the Everlasting-flower, observes—'Some plants force us, as it were, to read their meaning, and one of these is that which we have chosen for our present subject. For who can look upon the Everlasting without seeing in it a type of the immortal nature of our spirits. Its enduring property has occasioned its use as a token of remembrance by the friends of the departed;' and he concludes with these lines:

'And can a name like this belong
Where all is changing fast?
Surely we dream alone in song
Of tints that ever last.
I deem'd that earth's were fading flowers,
Existing but a few short hours.

Ah! 'tis indeed a dream to give
Frail plants so high a name;
They may a space their friends outlive,
But fade at last the same;
Yet is the name with warning fraught,
With many a deep and holy thought!

When the bright heavens consume in smoke,
And worlds in ashes lie,
The soul shall break death's fearful yoke,
And live eternally!
In realms of joy, happy and free,
Or bound in chains of misery!

So let us live, that when we die
To us it may be given
That angels shout our welcome high,
And ope the gates of heaven!
No more to tread earth's paths of gloom,
But dwell where flowers eternal bloom.'

NAPOLEON AND HIS SISTER.

The emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transfered from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard and a lady alighted from it. Ah, Misericorde! I exclaimed, it is her imperial highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte). I was has-tening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who, but the emperor himself. He rang at a back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a ren-contre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might perhaps have feigned not to recognise the emperor, but with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and leaving the princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the emperor.

'Prince,' said he, as soon as I was in his presence, 'I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly—she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting.'

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had pre-pared myself for a most violent reception, but all my ex-pectations fell short of the reality. The princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humour being exhausted, I said—

'Madam, if your imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this ho-

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nour, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned from my servants that the sister of our august monarch was in my house.'

'His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!'

'Is it possible, madam, that enjoying as you do the favour of his imperial majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?'

'His favour! What a mockery! Does he show his favour by degrading me?'

'No, madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an imperial princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman prince!'

'A brilliant marriage, truly! An illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a queen, my sister-in-law a queen, and then Josephine's daughter a queen, or on the point of becoming one: and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife! Eliza, too, will be crowned by and by; whilst I am nothing—hear me, Prince Cambaceres. Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him, that if he does not raise me to the dignity of queen, I have a terrible vengeance in reserve for him.'

'But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict.' 'My affection! I hate him—he is a monster.'

'Hush! princess!' I exclaimed, with some alarm. 'Know that in France walls have ears.'

'I care not—I defy his police—and I would tell him all I have said to his face. I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand.'

I became more and more alarmed, and I was about to reply, when the emperor [illegible] me the trouble. He opened the door, and presented himself to the princess.

'Maniac!' he exclaimed, 'you were not to go to England, but to Clarenton.'

'Ah! so you have followed me,' said. 'Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambaceres to intercede for me. Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown. I don't care where it is. Make me queen of Portugal—or Denmark, what you will—I would even reign in Switzerland or in Corfu—no matter where—but a crown I must have! Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one? Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!'

With these words, she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman; but at that moment she appeared to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him and burst into tears, he advanced to her and said affectionately—

'My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman.'

'Let me have a divorce, then.'—'Heaven forbid!'—'I will be a queen, or I will go to London.'—'You shall go to Vincennes.'—'I defy you! I will strangle myself as I enter.'

I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat; but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then in a voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed: 'So much the better Madame. You will rid me of a termagant, whom I find it more difficult to govern than all Europe together! I see that you are only to be ruled with a rod of iron. I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mère, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch-Chancellor shall deliver to you from me.'

'Then will you make me a queen? I must be crowned.'

'Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late king our father.'

I had never before known the emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have first been describing, this good-humoured touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings; she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

'Let her come in,' said the emperor.

I rang—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then, turning to me, he added: 'Let us retire to your cabinet.'

'I am at your majesty's disposal,' replied I; 'but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the princess.'

'Well, well! only be quick!'

He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait on the emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

'Well, prince!' said he, as soon as I entered, 'this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me; I followed her, and as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuileries. She drove across the bridges; I suspected she was coming to you—I entered by your back door; and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese! Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! The Borghese are of pure blood-royal, I know; but the kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and, moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and re-set her diamonds. A million francs! What a sum. How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah, prince! What a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who never knew father, mother, brother, and, above all, sisters.'—*Evenings with Cambaceres.*

THE STAFF OF ELDER-WOOD.

A HUNTER wandered with his son over a field, and a deep stream flowed between them. The boy then wished to cross over to his father, but he could not, for the stream was very wide. He straightway cut a branch from the bushes, placed one end of it in the water, supported himself boldly upon it, and leaped with all his strength. But, behold! it was the branch of an elder-tree; and, as the boy hovered over the stream, the staff broke in twain, and he fell headlong into the water, and the waves foamed and dashed over him. A herdsman at a distance saw this, and ran thither, and uttered a loud cry. But the boy blew the water from his lips and swam laughing to the shore. Then the herdsman spoke to the hunter, and said: 'You seem to have instructed your son in many things, but one thing you have forgotten. Wherefore have you not taught him to search beneath the surface, before he opens his heart to confidence? Had he viewed the soft pith of the elder-wood, he would not have trusted to the deceitful bark.' 'Friend,' replied the huntsman, 'I have sharpened his eye and exercised his strength. I can leave him, therefore, to experience. Time may teach him distrust, but even in temptation he will remain upright, for his eye is clear and his powers are strengthened by use.'—*Krummacher.*

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A WORD TO THE CENSORS.

Complaints of the times are certainly as old as literature, and were no doubt abundantly poured forth before the use of either page or pen was known among mankind. Since that period not only poets and philosophers but ordinary people of every generation, have discovered that the times were out of joint, and, though by no means agreed on particulars, they have been unanimous in lamenting the fact. It is probable that some of these complaints were not without foundation, and very possible that many of the censors forgot their own errors in those of the age, which has served as a universal scapegoat. Generations, like the individuals of whom they are composed, have each their peculiar and prominent characteristics, and this truth is apparent to any student of history; but it is equally true that the character of an age, as well as that of an individual, is liable to mistake and misapprehension by the less thoughtful and more clamorous of its critics. For example, our own has been censured as a mean and money-loving generation; much has been written, said, and sung regarding the prevalence of mammon-worship in these commercial times; fortunately popular education is now too far advanced to require a refutation of that traditional fallacy concerning the good old times, most people being aware that the old times were laden with preponderating evils, such as general ignorance, religious persecution, and belief in witchcraft with all its deplorable consequences; but a glance or two backward is necessary to prove that, even in the matter under consideration, the world has progressed, and the article of mere pecuniary advantage was never brought as near its true valuation as at present. By the Saxon laws every offence against person or property had its fixed price; and the murder of a husband or father was believed to be sufficiently expiated by the payment of a certain amount, which was always regulated according to the rank of the deceased, and received by his nearest relations. About half-a-crown of our money was in those days a satisfactory return for the death of a serf or peasant of the lowest class. The early administration of Irish affairs seems to have been conducted in a similar spirit, as we find an old law of the English Pale, which designation then included the south and east of Leinster, being the only part of the country subject to England, by which the killing of 'a mere Irishman' was estimated at exactly half the sum payable for that of an English subject. Among the expedients practised by the monarchs of the Norman line for increasing their private finances, a chronicler of the times acquaints us with the following:—'The king let his land at as high a rate as he possibly could; then came some other person and bade more than the former one gave, and ye king let it to the man that bade him more; then came the third, and bade him yet more, and ye king let it to hand to the man that bade him most of all; and he recked not how very sinfully the stewards got it off wretched men.' All the predecessors of Henry I. exacted considerable sums for waiving their privilege to clip and adulterate the coin of the realm; and it is remarkable that in the last-mentioned reign the judges were publicly paid for permitting criminals to be tried by jury. At the same period, bishoprics, as well as important civil offices, were openly bought from the crown. William Rufus is recorded to have stated that he would hate the celebrated Anselm of Canterbury as long as he lived for offering him less than one thousand pounds for his see. In the midst of the age of chivalry, the renowned Cœur de Lion seems to have outdone all his ancestors in the art of raising money. An able historian remarks—'His presence-chamber was a market overt, in which all that the king could bestow, all that could be derived from the bounty of the crown, or imparted by the royal prerogative, was disposed of to the best chapman.' One of the individuals meriting this description was Hugh Pudsy, who bought the office of chief-justice for one thousand merks, though it was then occupied by a nobleman to whom the king himself acknowledged that his and England's obligations were immense, for he had served them for thirty years in court, and council, and in battle-field, and there was not a wiser nor a better man in the land. A subsequent mode of replenishing his coffers was to lose the great seal and have another constructed, on which all royal grants, offices, and bishoprics were once more reclaimed and sold to the best advantage. It is evident that all ranks of his subjects entered into their monarch's views of the current coin, as it is stated that at his Christmas banquet, given to the noblest peers and knights of the French and English armies in Palestine, Richard presented to each of his guests a sum of money, varying according to the rank of the recipient, which proceeding, as was intended, greatly increased his popularity. The same gallant sovereign paid to Philip of France two thousand marks a-year for his breach of contract with the latter's sister, which stands among the earliest damages on record.

The history of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries is indeed abundant in treaties broken and judgments reversed, for what in our day would appear comparatively inconsiderable sums of money. As manners became refined and morals took a higher tone in the gradual improvement of ages, these transactions grew less frequent, or at least less public; but even so late as the reign of James I. of England, it appears that bribery was by no means rare among the highest officers of the state, and the justly celebrated Chancellor Bacon is said to have been brought to conviction rather through the malice of personal enemies than the extraordinary nature of his crime, which is believed to have been of common and customary occurrence. About the same time it is apparent that the custom of receiving bribes was but too well known in the jury box, and there is a curious anecdote of Sir Mathew Hale, chief-justice of the King's Bench, having detected a similar perversion of justice under the disguise of a miller at one of the country [illegible] trying such proceedings would in our day be visited with the tempest of public indignation, but in those times [illegible] were looked upon only as things to be expected. Does not this fact of itself furnish conclusive evidence that mankind have learned to regard the means of getting as well as the gain, and that society has at least grown wiser in practically knowing steady industry and prudent enterprise to be the surest ways to wealth? It is truly wonderful how tedious mankind are in acquiring that simple lesson—'honesty is the best policy;' but, judging from past examples, they seem nearer it now than ever. Doubtless there are and will be, till the end of human history, some in whose estimation the circulating medium holds too high a place; our laws against bribery and corruption, the details of disputed parliamentary elections, and too many of the every-day transactions of private and domestic life, remain to certify that such are not wanting in our own generation. Let us, however, take into account the popular methods of acquisition now in vogue, compared with those practised by the highest ranks of former ages, the number and extent of those voluntary subscription-lists for purposes of public respect or benevolence, whose very existence is among the peculiar features of this and the preceding century, previous to which no demands on the public were recognised but those enforced by civil or ecclesiastical authority—surely these signs of our mercantile times evince that the love of money, which the Apostle denounces as the root of all evil, is not among their characteristic sins, as mammon-worship, in its worse sense, appears never to have been less practised.

SANCTIFIED INTELLECT.*

The following beautiful reflections on a momentous and inspiring subject, which were called forth by the death of the gifted and good Rev. R. W. Hamilton of Leeds, we publish with the permission of the author, Mr Leask. Apart from the specially religious character of the reflections, the profundity of thought, brilliancy of style, catholicity of charity, and earnestness of purpose involved in

* A Sermon preached in Esher Street Chapel, Kennington, London, by the Rev. William Leask, author of 'Our Era,' 'The Footsteps of the Messiah,' &c.

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them, are sufficient to compensate even the merely intellectual reader for the time expended in their perusal. We refer the reader to No 117 of the INSTRUCTOR, for a critical review of the life and character of Mr Hamilton, and we introduce him without further comment to the following tribute to that species of intellectual greatness of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

In treating of the theme of Sanctified Intellect, it is at once assumed that it is a thing which may be known; something the presence of which may be distinctly recognised, as a clearly defined verity possessing characteristics which lift it far above the regions of imposture or the reach of counterfeit; something, in short, which will enable the spectator to say regarding its possessor, 'The wise shall inherit glory.'

The *character*, the *work*, and the *reward*, of sanctified intellect are suggested for contemplation.

I. Its character. Intelligence—mind—reason, is that power by which the supremacy of man over the beasts of the earth is asserted. It is his patent of nobility, his title to distinction. It guides the hand of the labourer, the mechanic, the artist, the author. It moves the thoughts of the pleader at the bar, and those of the senator in assembly. By it the philosopher excogitates knowledge, and the prince wields his sceptre. Art, science, discovery, literature, philosophy, civilisation—government, law, order—commerce, husbandry, navigation, national intercommunion—are its trophies. It has felled primeval forests, tamed the ferocious inhabitant of the jungle and the desert, cultivated the wild waste, covered the fields with corn, exhumed the treasures of the earth, and caused those of the ocean to immerge. It has built towns, cities, and palaces; framed laws, organised governments, collected the riches of museums, filled libraries with living thought, and instituted the ten thousand conveniences and comforts of civilised life. It has circumnavigated the globe, analysed the properties of matter, sounded the depth of the sea and ascertained the height of the atmosphere. It has discovered the laws of nature, proclaimed the principle by which systems are kept from rushing into confusion, predicted the eclipse of suns and the return of comets. It has brought electricity to its service, and made the sunbeam its artist. It has commanded the fire and the winged winds to aid its purposes, and the evening breeze has become its musician. And it has stepped beyond the boundaries of the mundane system to religions from which our sun and all his planets are invisible, and brought back truthful intelligence about the stars of heaven.

But whilst, other things being equal, the greatest minds have been Christian, all this may be predicted of intellect, irrespective of the moral character of its possessor. All that we have said may be true of men who are not only ignorant of the true God and of his Son Jesus Christ, but who are also indisposed to receive information regarding the infinitely wise Creator and Author of that intellect which they possess, and which, with all its surprising achievements, is but a feeble ray imparted and kept alive by Him. With the information which revelation yields, we understand the reason of this indisposition; we are enabled to account for this anomaly. This being, this mighty thinker, this earthly sovereign, this controller of matter and revealer of secrets, has sinned against his Maker, and fallen from his high moral estate; and his dislike to the doctrine which restores him, his indisposition to be taught of God, is, among others, a most convincing proof that he has sinned and fallen. Now, it must be obvious that a great intellect thus dissociated from the moral control arising from reverence towards God, may become a scourge and a terror. We speak not of the certain danger to which the individual himself is exposed; although, if there be truth in the doctrine that 'God ought to be feared by all that be round about him,' and in that which proclaims that accountability is proportioned to the amount of talent bestowed, an unholy intelligence must be exposed to the most fearful danger; but we say, a man of great intellectual powers, if he be a personal stranger to the gracious process of moral transformation, may become a bane and not a benefactor, a curse and not a blessing, to society. Who have been the world's scourges, tyrants, and destroyers? Who have wallowed in the blood of nations, and trod to the high places of iniquity amidst the curses of humanity, and the tears of agonised widowhood? And who have poured upon continents the accumulated horrors of war, famine, and pestilence? Let history answer, and, if there be not a lie in her right hand, she will affirm our proposition. From the peaceful regions of literature, also, unsanctified intellects have sent forth streams of moral pollution upon society. In proportion to the talent of the writer has been his power of evil, for men have been fascinated by genius, as by the eye of the basilisk, and the injection of the poison under the influence of that fascination has been certain.

Turn we now to sanctified intellect—mind devoted to God, set apart to the service of its Creator, and constantly under the purifying influences of divine truth. By contrast with what has been said, its value may be rendered more conspicuous. Glorious sight is that of a great intellect exhibiting the teachableness of the child, at the feet of the Man of Sorrows, and the humility of the saint amongst the poor of the flock! The noblest picture in the world is that of a great genius, or a profound philosopher, on his knees, adoring the Redeemer of the world! A man of gigantic intellect pleading for an interest in the blood of atonement comes up to the scriptural idea of true greatness. In view of such a picture, we lose sight of all material grandeur, and behold intellectual greatness making itself greater by communion with its Author, and putting itself in that position whence it will derive fresh additions to his treasures. The house of the forest of Lebanon, the gorgeous palaces and glittering retinue of Solomon, with royalty itself doing homage in his presence, we look upon as mere tinsel; but when we gaze on the philosopher-king standing before the altar of the Lord, in the midst of his subjects and fellow-worshippers, and, with his hands spread forth towards heaven, pouring out the devout prayer and earnest intercession, we are arrested by the majesty of the scene, and feel that Solomon was truly 'the magnificent.' Moses refusing, with profound reverence, to be made the father of a great nation, on condition of the destruction of the Israelites, and earnestly imploring Jehovah to forgive the idolatrous people, appears to us far greater than the same man when summoning the plagues of Heaven upon the land of the Pharaohs. The historian of creation, and lawgiver of Israel, is always great; but when engaged in prayer and intercession, his greatness is invested with true sublimity. When the royal reformer, Hezekiah, falls upon his knees, and lays the blasphemous letter of Sennacherib open before God; and when the great-souled patriot, Nehemiah, implores the God of his fathers to move the heart of a heathen monarch to allow him to visit the place of his fathers' sepulchres; and when the eloquent prophet, Daniel, knowing that the decree of death had received the royal signature, calmly, 'as aforetime,' goes into his chamber, whose windows were open towards Jerusalem, to adore the only living God—we see pictures of moral greatness, specimens of what we mean by sanctified intellect. We have mentioned the scriptural idea of true greatness. That this is it, let two facts determine. The *first* relates to the prophet just named. Whilst he was speaking in prayer, the angel Gabriel was sent to answer his supplication, and to assure him that he was 'greatly beloved.' The *second* relates to the persecutor of Tarsus, regarding whom, after the great change had taken place in him, it was said by the Lord of Glory himself, 'Behold he prayeth!' These are only specimen-facts; but they are enough to show the estimation in which sanctified intellect is held by unerring wisdom. To be holy is to be great. 'The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God.' 'The wisdom that cometh from above' is true wisdom. A cultivated understanding and a regenerated heart surpass in value the treasures of earth. 'The wise shall inherit glory.' But impiety is folly, and sin is madness,

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however great the intellect, however vigorous the rational faculties. The rejection of Jesus Christ, and the refusal to devote to His service the talents which belong to Him, prove not only fatal to the man himself, but are enough to hurl to infamy in the moral universe—infamy deep in the ratio of its greatness—the greatest intellect that ever streamed across the horizon of humanity. 'The wise' alone 'shall inherit glory.'

II. We examine the work of sanctified intellect. It is, in short, the glory of God. But this, by the merciful arrangement of the Father of mercies, involves the good of man. Consequently there is no subject to which intelligence can devote itself but may be made to minister to both. The father, the master, the citizen, the statesman, the philosopher, the poet, and the divine, may labour harmoniously in this great field. There is room for all; and the issues of the toils of which will be glory to God and good to man. The amplitude of the region invites competitors; and the features of the eventful era in which our lot is cast form no insignificant attraction to honest and vigorous effort in the right direction. The times demand workmen. The voice of providence concurs with the spirit of prophecy in summoning men of thought, men of light, and men of love, to enter the arena of conflict with the antagonist powers of folly, darkness, and sin. The work to be done is the subjugation of the whole world to the righteous sceptre of the Son of God. The conflict ceases not until this complete victory be declared. Nothing short of this will satisfy Him who travailed in soul to redeem men. Angels wait impatiently with song and trumpet to proclaim the triumph throughout the universe. The day is not now distant which shall reveal to the awe-struck nations the mysteries of the seer of Patmos. The symbolic apocalyptic thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes, will soon be read in historical light. The mystery of the tripartition of the great city, the vintage, and the battle of Armageddon is about to be explained by an unerring commentator. The hand of God will shortly write the meaning of all, and every intelligence will be called to read it.

And now, men of intellect—thinkers—bear with me! Are you serving Christ? If not, I warn you: beware! I counsel you: consider! I invite you: come to the Saviour! Christian men! Let the least among the brethren speak. Though weak, he gathers strength from his subject, and boldness from his theme. His seniors in years and experience, in intellect and piety, will show their greatness by forgiving the trespass. It is time to work. The Most High is thinning our ranks, but the battle must be fought and won, and the laurel placed on Messiah's brow—the same brow that was pierced with thorns on our account. Let us work. How?

1. By prayer. A devotional spirit is the first essential element of piety. The most complete knowledge of the system of redemption will only realise the letter that killeth, if there be no self-approbation of the benefits of that system, no heart sympathy with its principles, and no soul-beseechings for communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The blessings enumerated in the Gospel must be highly valued, and in proof hereof earnestly sought. An intelligent recognition of the good things of the everlasting covenant which 'the Father hath promised to them that ask him,' and a conviction of their adaptation to his individual wants, will prompt the petitioner. Feeling his need, he will pray that it may be supplied. Aware of his weakness, he will pray for strength. Alive to his danger from Satanic and worldly temptation, and from the uneradicted evils of his heart, he will pray for succour; knowing that his business in life is to glorify the Redeemer, he will pray for light, grace, and direction; remembering his transgressions, he will pray for pardon; remembering his constant need of sanctifying influence, he will pray for the Holy Spirit; and, remembering the medium of communication between heaven and earth, he will pray in the name of the only Mediator between God and man. Listening to the dictates of a sanctified heart he will pray for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, and for his fellow-disciples of every name. Widening the field of vision, his sympathies will be excited for a world 'without God,' and he will pray for the speedy diffusion of the everlasting Gospel throughout the nations; and feeling confident that the claims of the Redeemer require unprecedented accessions to His spiritual kingdom, he will pray with earnestness of faith, and the animation of hope. The influence of prayer in the formation of character is far greater than the petitioner himself may know. We speak not now of what is generally understood by 'answers to prayer;' but of the moral and intellectual influence which the habit of prayer—real, believing prayer—for nothing else deserves the honourable name—exercises on the petitioner.

In relation to the intellectual influence of prayer: think of the exalting associations of communion with 'the Father of lights' through the divine Messiah, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit; think of the high privilege to which the petitioner is advanced in being permitted to adore Him before whom the principalities and powers of heaven prostrate themselves with profound reverence; think of the honour which surrounds that mediatorial throne on which man's elder brother and representative is seated; think of the sublime promises which are made to the believing petitioner, and of the glorious prospects which are before him; and you have ideas whose influence on intellect is expanding, elevating, ennobling. Communion with light imparts light. Fellowship with greatness produces greatness. Contact with the spiritual creates spirituality. Access to the source of knowledge increases the desire for knowledge. He that follows Jesus shall not walk in darkness. He that visits the throne of grace meets with the Great Teacher. The sanctified intellect enlarges at the feet of the Sanctifying Prophet. In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Great thoughts rush unbidden into the mind of the earnest pupil. He eats the bread of life and is nourished. He drinks of the perennial river that issues from beneath the throne of God, and is quickened. He basks in the Sun of Righteousness and draws vitality. He meddles with all knowledge, and advances in the understanding of the holy. The books of the law, the prophetic scroll, the evangelic record, the apostolic letters are patent to him. The seals are broken off. The mystery gradually vanishes. The true light plays around the head of the devout petitioner until he is changed into the image of Christ, who is the image of God, and, advancing from glory to glory, in due time the summons is issued for his removal from the region of faith to that of sight, and he has that promise fulfilled, 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.'

That the light of the glorious Gospel, which the devotional alone value, facilitates the acquisition of all knowledge, is as certain as that the light of the sun exceeds that of the moon, and as the greater includes the less. Intellect without piety may burn for a time, but its light, like that of the meteoric stone, will be flickering and erratic, and, like the meteor, it will sink in darkness, a scorched and deformed thing; but the light of sanctified intellect will shine with attractive and increasing radiance unto the perfect day, when, removed to a higher region, it will shine as the stars for ever and ever. We might point for illustration to those stars that now shine in the mental firmament, either in the literary, the philosophical, the metaphysical, or the theological constellation. Could a praverless Milton have written 'Paradise Lost?' or an undevotional Cowper 'The Task?' or an impious Young, 'Night Thoughts?' or an infidel Pollok the 'Course of Time?' Is the wonderful discovery of the greatest of philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, diminished in value because he studied the prophecies of Daniel and John, and reverently adored the God who made the starry host of heaven? Who would cast aside Locke and Bacon because they sat at the feet of the Nazarene? Are the imperishable writings of Edwards, Howe, Owen, Bunyan, Lardner, and an army of others, tarnished because the writers entered their closets, and prayed to their Father who seeth in secret? Why, these men are 'openly re-

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warded' already. The civilised world has heard of them. The monuments of the Pharaohs, and Cæsars, and Alexanders, and Napoleons, and Wellingtons, are miserable mole-hills compared with the undying renown of the Tinker of Bedford alone. When you think of the intellectual influence of prayer, just recal John Bunyan. I would as readily believe that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written by a prayerless man, as I would the proposition that to be the enemy of Jesus Christ is both wise and safe. Let us work,

2. By the press. God has put this great agent into our hands, like all other providential agents, to be employed for His glory. It is 'wise' to avail ourselves of its tremendous power, and to wield it for the good of man, and the honour of the Redeemer. Let sanctified intellects write for it, and let devout minds, who have not been entrusted with this talent, circulate their writings. The amount of spiritual good effected by the instrumentality of benevolent Christians in circulating Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' James's 'Anxious Inquirer,' and similar books, will be discovered in eternity to have been amazingly great. But *before* all, *above* all, and *always*, circulate the Book of God—that book which is destined to purify the world's literature, and to disperse the world's darkness, and to dethrone the world's tyrants, and to liberate the world's slaves, and to still the world's groanings, and to dry the world's tears, by bringing the world under the benign and righteous sceptre of its Redeemer—King. Here is employment for the 'wise,' work for sanctified intellect. Let us work,

3. By the pulpit.* I hesitate to step on this field. There is danger of being misapprehended. I shrink from being thought a teacher of others, at whose feet I would gladly sit. There is conflict between duty and inclination; but the former may not be disregarded, and, though trembling under the weight of its imperative command, I must endeavour to obey.

The pulpit, or rather the preaching of the Gospel, is Christ's chosen agency for the accomplishment of his beneficent purposes. We may not quarrel with His election. He has given it the pre-eminence. We dare not make it secondary. He has made it conspicuous; we will not lower its position. Is it deemed weakness? It is a stronger vantage-ground from which to throw the King's arrows than any which the skill of man has formed. Is it branded foolishness? The schools of philosophy have instituted nothing like it for the diffusion of that knowledge which meets the intellectual wants of man. It is the watch-tower, from which the approach of the enemy is descried, and the alarm sounded. Where were Protestantism, but for her pulpit? What has made England great? An evangelical pulpit. Let heresy find its way here, and we are undone! The pulpit is the last refuge of light, liberty, and benevolence. It is the place, pre-eminently, for sanctified intellect. It affords scope for the highest order of purified imagination—for the deepest soundings of thought—for the warmest gushings of zeal—for the intensest outpourings of feeling—for the amplest range of literature—for the loftiest flights of eloquence. Its theme is vast as the being, and attributes, and works, and ways of God—as the character, and life, and death, and resurrection, and ascension, and reign of Jesus Christ—as the person, and operations, and prerogatives of the Holy Ghost—as the creation, fall, redemption, and destiny of man—as life, death, and immortality—as time past, present, and future—as earth, heaven, and hell—as the universe of matter and mind—and as the awful or joyful conditions of endless existence. Where holy angel has soared, or demon wing has swept, the minister of the Gospel may dare. He is a freed citizen of his Master's dominions. The breadth of Immanuel's land is his field of vision. Grasping the cross with one hand, and pointing with the other to Him who sits upon the throne, surrounded by the adoring principalities of heaven, he utters the message of that Exalted One to his fellow-inhabitants of earth. Is it heard? Well. Is it disregarded? Take heed, for he must speak. Necessity is laid upon him. He is under law to Christ. He is impelled by love. There is the constraint of admiration. His Master's unapproachable character, and ineffable majesty, and unparalleled wealth, and marvellous work, and inexhaustible merits, and unequalled compassion, and irresistible claims, urge his thoughts. They must find utterance; he cannot but speak; it is essential to his happiness. We unto him if he preach not the Gospel!

The 'Gospel!' At this word we pause. It is in relation to questions started in connection with this word that complaints reach us. Those complaints take various forms. The intellectual hearer complains that much of the preaching of the day is uninteresting. It wants animation; it is not rousing. It wants power; it is not impressive. It wants nerve; it is not arresting. The experienced complain that it is not edifying. It wants spirituality—it is not quickening. It wants discrimination—it is not appropriate. The young complain that it is mere iteration. It is an old matter—it wants novelty. It is stereotyped—it wants diversity. The aged complain that it is fatally changed. They cannot recognise it in its new dress; the plumage is foreign. Neology neutralises its power; fashionable pantheism destroys its distinctive character; learned allusions mar its simple beauty; mysticism veils its noble features; transcendentalism diffuses it into thin air. The evangelic fervour is gone; the Calvinistic pillars are broken; the Puritanic unction is lost; the Nonconformist simplicity is a 'glory departed.' From these premises the conclusion is easy. No wonder that the intellectual forsake us, that the young seek other pastures, that the aged sigh in secret, and that conversion is a strange work. If the premises are sound, we admit the conclusion. But are these premises sound? Are the alleged weakness, dulness, insipidity, and heresy, matters of fact? If so 'Ichabod!' The Lord help us! Judgment will begin at the house of God, and 'alas for the day!'

But let us look this matter right in the face, for it is of solemn import. Nothing exceeds it. Clearly those complaints cannot be all true of the same man or class of men; for they are contradictory allegations. The evils complained of are of various types. Again, the persons who complain are of various classes. Again, there always were murmurers in the assemblies of the people. The giant men of a past age, the men of sanctified intellect, who felt themselves glorified in glorifying Christ, and who are held up to the younger portion of the ministry of this day as examples to be imitated, were annoyed, misrepresented, and complained of in their day. We hear not of this. No; for the murmurers are dead and forgotten, and their little exploits are shrouded with them. These complaints are therefore destitute of the virtue of novelty. Again, there are many persons who imagine themselves perfectly competent to judge of the qualities and qualifications necessary for the pulpit, whose first business it should be to learn the lesson, 'Take heed how ye hear;' so that it is a small matter to be judged of their judgment. And, once more, many of the disaffected are persons who would do well to undertake and perform the task of self-examination. To be reminded of the 'beam and the mote' might be beneficial in their case. Common honesty required these remarks, which I have merely thrown out, although they are susceptible of much amplification.

Still the question recurs—and we have no intention to evade it—Are these complaints well founded? Perhaps they are, to some extent, allowing for the exaggeration to which all rumours of a depreciatory character are liable, and especially when those rumours relate to ministers of the Gospel; and what then? There is great diversity of gifts. Uniformity of attainment in the pulpit would be an exception to the ordinary procedure of the Creator of mind. All men have not the pathos of Isaiah, nor the fire of Ezekiel, nor the brilliance of Daniel, nor the love of John, nor the zeal of Simon, nor the energy of Peter, nor the polish of Luke, nor the eloquence of Apollos, nor

* On the subject of preaching, the writer may be allowed to refer to his remarks in the tenth chapter of 'The Footsteps of Messiah,' entitled 'The Messiah as a Preacher.'

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the intellect of Paul; but each accused one, who *really preaches* CHRIST'S *gospel*, putting to usury the talents which the Master has given him, be they one, two, or five, may calmly face his accuser and say, 'Though I be not an apostle to you, doubtless I am to others.' As in another case, so in this, 'the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.' And truth compels us to add, that whilst, on the one hand, poverty, neglect, and consequent depression make many a devout minister dull when he desires to be energetic; on the other, the fashionable cry for brilliant talent is seldom met with a welcome corresponding to the energy of that cry. Looking at the state of the churches generally, as well as at the experience of individual ministers, we may well put the question—though it be with a twinge of sorrow—whether a great mind really be a blessing to its possessor? Better times, we trust, are at hand for the church, and, through the church, for the world. As to the complaint relating to Germanic importation, of an anti-evangelic character, so far as it is well founded, we have no sympathy with this ruinous commodity, no mercy for it, and will give it no quarter. Let it return whence it came. Let men hiss it to its den. The hospitality of our churches has no shelter for it. Let it be an outcast and a wanderer till it perish; let it be accursed, and let all the people say, Amen. We are deeply indebted to the land of Luther, but his shade would rebuke us, if we gave place for an hour to that insidious heresy which is blighting the birthplace of the immortal reformer. 'The wise shall inherit glory,' but the wisdom of this 'new gospel' descendeth not from above. The children of the Puritans will none of it.

But, admitting these complaints, we ask once more—What then? Are the faults traceable to our Gospel? Is it dull, uninteresting, insipid? Is it not 'the glorious Gospel of Christ?' Is it not the 'wisdom of God in a mystery?' Is it not 'the power of God unto salvation?' Is it not love and light in harmony? Is it not mercy and justice combined?' Regarding it, may we not exclaim, from the centre of admiring hearts, 'Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his riches, and his ways past finding out!' We vindicate our theme. We hurl back accusation from our thesis. We learned not indifference from Paul, nor coldness from John, nor deadness from Jesus. Shall we be uninteresting, when God's plan for rescuing a world of mind from moral pollution and mental degradation is our text—when the groanings of creation for the adoption of the sons of God fall upon our ears—when the presence of the Holy Ghost assures us of success—when the Almighty Head of the Church beckons us to the glorious reward—when demon hosts are struggling to defeat us—and when holy angels are waiting to report in heaven the issue of our fidelity? Shall we be dull, when the light of the Sun of Righteousness plays upon the open page of inspiration—the sacrifice of Calvary within sight, the fruits of righteousness to the glory of God clustering around us, the hymns of heaven falling upon our ears, and the great white throne of judgment, with its wonderful occupant, and the angelic procession, exulting in his train, just before us? And shall ours be mere iteration when the light which streams from the Redeemer's cross points to eternal joys as its issues; when sun, moon, and stars—earth, air, and water—spring and summer, winter and harvest, day and night, cold and heat, serve us for similitude, parable, and illustration—when the conscience of every man seconds our appeal, and the inductions of right reason accord with our conclusions—when the church of the living God, to which we are to teach knowledge, wisdom, and spiritual understanding, is the great training establishment for the employments of eternity—and when the principalities and powers in heavenly places learn from that church fresh lessons regarding the manifold wisdom of God? No! if there be coldness and sameness, we bear the blame. Our glorious gospel is vindicated. It is fitted to quicken the dead, and to arouse the attention of all intelligencies in all worlds; and the day is dawning when it will do both! Behold! 'it is at the doors!' Its light streams through our chambers; and when it bursts upon us with its amazing effulgence, the opinion will be unanimous throughout creation that the pulpit is the place for sanctified intellect.

And now, disciples of Jesus, encourage, aid, support, surround, love, and pray for the pulpit. It is wise to do so. Intelligent young men, whose hearts the Lord has touched, consecrate yourselves this day to the service of the Great King, whose kingdom is an everlasting dominion, and whose throne endures throughout all generations. The pulpit wants your services. Come! 'It is wise;' for,

III. Mark the reward of sanctified intellect, thus working. It shall 'inherit glory.' There is 'glory to be revealed.' There is to be a new revelation, to consummate that of grace, as that of grace consummates that of law. These three will complete the mystery of God. All flesh shall see this coming glory; but the lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, the regenerated disciples of the Son of God alone, shall inherit it. For them it is 'reserved.' It is their inheritance of joy, their portion in their Father's house, their unfading treasure. Assembled worlds shall witness its transcendent characteristics; but to them only will the King say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Others shall look on, but they shall 'go in,' and become 'pillars in the temple of God, to go no more out.' They shall receive the palm, the crown, the welcome. 'Fulness of joy' awaits them in the presence of God. Angels will hail their arrival, and conduct them to their mansions of bliss, with songs. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat; for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father.' Then 'there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.' Then 'they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' And then the subjects of our text shall 'inherit glory.' 'He who testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'

CHARING-CROSS.

CHARING-CROSS is one of the great geographical points of London, and is better known to mankind generally than are the Himalayan Mountains. There is not a cad, cabman, or 'bus-driver, from Blackwall to Richmond, but would weep, if he were an exile, and heard the endearing name breathed on a foreign shore. There is not a public vehicle that passes the Bank on its southward career, or plies from Hungerford, Piccadilly, or Pimlico in its cityward progress, but has its sides emblazoned with its name; and there is not a Cockney in Christendom who would be hardy enough to dream that it ever was suburban. Charles Lamb and the author of the 'Rejected Addresses' have sunned themselves upon its delicious pavement, or have stood beneath its drapers' calico window-screens and gazed upon the newest patterns of baby-clothes, and listened to the enchanting music of those who vend shrimps and periwinkles. If you wish to hear the thundering reverberations of wheels and horses' hoofs, and to behold the bustle and energy of life, combined with the power and wealth of London, there is not a more eligible point for your purpose than at the monument which stands upon the spot where stood old Charing-Cross.

Look down towards the river and you will see Whitehall, from one of the windows of which the 'man Charles Stuart' was led forth by the Cromwellian homicides to

die. It is a quiet, snug, unostentatious chapel now, seemingly in affluent circumstances. It was a prison when old Noll played at 'bo-peep' with the crown and sceptre of England. Over the line of dwellings from Charing-Cross to the Horse Guards tower the lantern and columns of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and these bound, with pomp and state, your ambitious view. Close upon your right hand, by the Haymarket and the elegant Clubhouses of Pall-Mall, sits a lunatical metallical statue of somebody or other, and on the left is an equestrian monument of King Charles, with the Northumberland lion looking fiercely down upon him. Close in the vicinity of Charing-Cross, and occupying the site of the once beautiful rural village of Charing, is Trafalgar Square and the Nelson column. If anybody asks, in two centuries after this, for the names of the civic worthies and architectural ninnies who designed this spacious and pillared disgrace, some weeping Englishman shall refer with pride to the records of that sublime historian whom the French designate 'Monsieur Ponch.'

Charing-Cross derives its name from a sweet little village called Charing, (said to be a corruption of the two French words, *chere reine*, dear queen), which, 250 years ago, stood within a stone-cast of the open country all the way to Hampstead and Highgate. Edward I., that fierce, unprincipled plunderer of Wales and Scotland, caused a stately cross to be erected here, in order to commemorate his affection for his deceased Queen Eleanor. Charing-Cross was a magnificent stone edifice of an octagonal form, richly cut, and containing eight figures on the sides of the second stage. It was built upon the spot where the body of the queen last rested in its progress to the place of sepulture in Westminster Abbey, and was torn down by the populace in 1643, in order to show how very zealous they were for the true faith, and how well they understood the spirit of meek and humble Christianity. In old times there were only a few houses north of the Mews where the king's falcons were kept. The Haymarket was a country road, bounded by hawthorn hedges, and running between pastures. St Martin's Lane was bounded on the west side by the high walls of the Mews, and on the other side by a few houses and by old St Martin's Church. From these buildings a rural way led to St Giles's, which, instead of being the purlieu which it now is, was a fine country village, encircled and sheltered by green waving trees. Holborn, the crowded, bustling, busy, metropolitan Holborn, was a mere road upon open meadow land, having a green hedge nodding on its northern side. In the Strand, opposite to St Martin's Lane, stood the Hospital and Gardens of St Mary Roncesvalles, which was founded and endowed by William, Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III.; which was seized upon and suppressed by Henry VIII., and upon the site of which the Duke of Northumberland's palace now stands; this palace was built in James I.'s time by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and during his life was called Northampton House. In 1642 it descended to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, by marriage, and since then has been called Northumberland House. In the middle of the road leading to Westminster Abbey, and opposite to Charing-Cross, stood a hermitage and chapel dedicated to St Catherine. Strange revolutions have taken place in this classical locality. Haymarket is the centre of fashion, and of ambition and intellect. Politicians in private conclave flock to the clubhouses in this district, and discuss the affairs of nations before they proceed to do the thing ostensibly. Here Taglioni bounds and hops, and Waller, like an angry lion, roars. Old St Martin's Church is gone, and a modern St Martin's-in-the-Fields occupies its site. St Martins-in-the-Fields! Ay, fields of brick, and sandstone, and granite! Beside this church tower the columns and cornices of the National Gallery, in the front of which rises the fluted Corinthian stalk which renders Trafalgar Square the laughing-stock of squares. Between Nelson Pillar and the National Gallery are the Fountains—two red granite water-works, each in the centre of two roods of water. The architect has designed the fountains from two colossal mushrooms, and the dolphins' heads have been done after a sick bullfrog; and this and these are the objects which now surround the spot where stood of old the stately cross that took its name from sweet and rural Charing. The exact spot upon which that religious monument stood is now occupied by the bronze monument of Charles I., which was executed in 1633 by Le Soeur for the Earl of Arundel, and the history of which statue is very remarkable. During the civil wars it was captured by the Parliament, and ordered to be sold and broken up. It was purchased by a brazier named John River, who, while pretending to comply with the conditions of sale, and producing several pieces of brass to prove his compliance therewith, buried the statue. The royalists purchased brazen knife-handles, which they were informed were made from this statue, and they regarded them as sacred relics; at the Restoration, however, River dug up the statue and sold it to the government. A pedestal seventeen feet high was executed by Grinlin Gibbon, and this was planted on the exact spot where Charing-Cross stood, and surmounted by the bronze statue of Charles, who sits in the unsafe position of a saddle without a girth, in one of the most conspicuous thoroughfares and classical localities of London.

I'LL DO IT;

OR, LITTLE JACK WELDEN AND HIS BASKET.

Poor little Jack! he turned his eyes first towards the acclivity, and then looked down at his basket, and a long and deep sigh burst from his heaving bosom. Jack was a tiny boy, not over ten years of age, and nature had not cast his frame in the mould of Hercules, yet there he stood at the foot of a steep ascent, with nearly fifty pounds weight avoirdupois of merchandise in a basket, which he must needs, by some means or other, convey to its destination. 'Well, now, if I were a man as strong as Sam Reid the carman, how easily I could mount up with that!' thought Jack; 'or if it were only as light as a bird's wing, how much sooner would Judge Rackett have it in his storebox! Never mind, however, home it must go, and I am the boy that must take it; so here goes.' Jack lifted his burden stoutly from the ground, and a look of high resolve shone upon his handsome ingenuous face, as he slowly moved up the hill. He staggered on right manfully, although the blood mounted to his cheeks and the perspiration burst from his temples; but ever and anon, despite of his courage and indomitable will, he was constrained to drop his basket from his arm, and to stand and gaze wistfully at it many times during his toilsome ascent.

'Hillo, little Jack Welden, you're in a fix, I guess!' cried Tom Mill, the flour-store boy, as he drove past poor Jack with his handsome little van and pony. 'Hillo there!' he shouted, flourishing his whip, 'why don't you come along?'

'Because I've got to carry this basket,' cried Jack, with a smile, 'and it is a heavy one, I tell you.'

'I dare say it is,' cried the flour-store boy, as he cracked his whip, and laughed. 'I can't wait for you, however—good day, Jack;' and away he rattled up the street, leaving poor Jack to gaze wistfully after him, and to wish that he drove a pony too. Jack had a brave little heart, and although his body was weak he had a sturdy, hardy determination. 'I'll have it up,' he muttered, setting his teeth together, drawing a full inspiration, and bearing the basket onward; 'I'll have it up, though I should fall down on the way;' and the heroic and indomitable child kept moving slowly but surely upward on his toilsome but ever-shortening path.

'Well, I guess, Jack Welden, you have a fine time of it,' said a youth of about fourteen years of age, who approached the little porter, and eyed him superciliously, while he folded his hands behind his back in an easy way, and rocked backward and forward upon his heels and toes. 'You have been half an hour sunning yourself in the promenade.'

'Guess I have, and much against my will,' said little

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Jack, smiling; 'and I can tell you, Fred Townsley, that if you were as small as I, and tackled to this basket, you would find it hard to get along also.'

'You are a pretty one to get along in this world, too,' pursued Fred, half-contemptuously; 'you, like a foolish fellow, carry all your loads yourself, but I have a better plan—I bribe the little loafers at Bradsley's wharf with cherry-stones and corn-stalks, and they carry my baskets for me.'

'But I can't get either cherry-stones or corn-stalks,' replied Jack, 'and, besides, Mr Greerson tells me not to keep company with loafers; so here goes for another lift, Fred, unless you give me a hand;' and Jack raised his load and moved on a few paces more.

'If you will carry burdens you must just carry them,' replied Fred, with a sneer. 'Hiram Townsley, my uncle, who is sheriff's man, tells me that I must keep my coat on if I wish to live an easy life and make rich, and I mean to do so, Master Jack.'

'And my mother tells me to be honest and to work manfully for my bread,' said Jack, with a toss of his head, 'and I mean to do so, I tell you, Master Fred.'

Jack Welden was a member of that very interesting and beautiful fraternity, to whom God has said he will be a father, and Jack's mother had no one to lean upon as a husband save the great and universal Parent. Some people who are inclined to smile at the credulous simple folks who rely upon the unseen arm of the invisible Jehovah, would have done well to have communed an hour with this gentle widow, and to have beheld her bending over little, blue-eyed, sunny-haired Jack and his fair younger brothers and sisters, as they knelt around her knee, and lisped their little prayers; and if they wished to behold juvenile heroism and manhood, and to know how God inspires those who trust in him, they should have heard little Jack's prayers, and then seen the effusion of hope, and courage, and glory, and pride, that lighted up his mother's face as she kissed the sleeping brow of her orphan boy. Jack Welden had gone to work when merely a child, because his little brothers and sisters needed bread; and, young as he was, Jack felt something like parental pride supporting his weakly frame, and nerving his noble little heart, as he thought upon his position, even though the basket dragged him down, and made him tremble like a leaf in every limb.

'Mr Greerson will have much profit by a small apprentice like you,' continued Fred, in a provoking tone, as he strolled along by the side of his juvenile friend, with his hands still clasped behind his back. 'You will go his messages as sharp and slick as a streak of lightning.'

'Yes, when they are less weighty than this I do pretty much,' replied Jack, good-naturedly; 'but it is not much help you give a poor fellow with a heavy load, Fred;' and he wiped his brow with his cap.

'Let every one bear his own burden,' replied Fred, shrewdly: 'one has enough to do to carry himself through this world; so get along, Jack, as you best can.'

'And so I must,' said Jack, laughing, 'but I will always help other boys if I can.'

'You will, will you, my little lad?' said a gentleman, suddenly stopping, and eyeing the juvenile companions with a kindly yet scrutinising glance; 'and how will you help little boys?'

'If I see any one as sore tired as I am, and tackled with a great basket like mine, I shant stand with my hands behind like Fred Townsley,' said Jack, readily.

'I shall help the boy, papa,' cried a beautiful rosy girl whom the wayfarer held by the hand, and she caught the handle of Jack's basket with infantile readiness, and vainly strove to move it.

'You have the will, my little Phemy, but your tiny body is too weak to aid that good will,' said the smiling father, as he tapped his little darling on the cheek with his finger, while she clung to his leg, threw back her curly head, and laughing up in his beaming face, shouted, 'Ah, if I was as big as nurse, how I should help him!'

'And why don't you give your friend a hand to the top of the ascent?' said Mr Melgrove to Fred, who had begun to whittle a piece of cane, and to whistle an air to himself.

'Because I don't draw his pay on Saturday,' said Fred, with a knowing wink and a chuckle. 'Work for nothing soon makes a man weak and wearied.'

'So young and yet so full of worldly wisdom,' thought Mr Melgrove, as he first gazed upon the keen cunning features of Fred Townsley, and then upon the open transparent countenance of Jack. 'Well, even in early boyhood we see the reflection of the man.'

Fred Townsley was what might be termed a sharp boy; if Jack and he had been competitors for a place dependent upon the recommendations of handsome limbs and a well-brushed jacket, the former would have been incontinently rejected and the latter preferred; but a physiognomist would have been almost tempted to kiss the round smooth cheeks, the soft blue eyes, the golden curled hair, and the ripe full lips of little Jack Welden; while the more sinister and acute countenance of Fred Townsley would have made him cautious and suspicious of the boy.

'Come, then, my little man,' said Mr Melgrove, smiling, 'if nobody else will help you up this steep way I will. He is a stout fellow, indeed, who climbs the path of life without requiring to lean upon somebody, and without needing help during once in his pilgrimage. Many a one who holds his head very high up, and who thinks himself something among men, was once as sore put to it to bear his basket upward as you are; and who knows what Providence may have in store for you, my little weary wanderer on life's troubled, toilsome way.'

Mr Melgrove lifted the basket as if it had been a goose-feather, for he was a strong and full-grown man, and he bore it along with easy agile steps, while little Jack trotted at his side.

'Come give me your hand, while papa carries your basket,' cried Phemy, as she caught hold of little Jack, and hopped from foot to foot, and shouted, 'What a fine carrier of a basket my papa is!'

'Well, now, my boy,' said Mr Melgrove, laying down the basket, and patting Jack upon the cheek, 'will this do now? Do you think that you can get along?'

'Oh, yes, indeed,' cried Jack, his heart overflowing with gratitude. 'Yes, indeed, this will do. I am on the level now; I see Judge Rackett's house, and I shall be there presently. Oh, if ever you have a basket too heavy for you to carry, see if I do not give you a hand!' and Jack lifted his burden like a hero, and staggered on with a light heart, for he was near his journey's end.

'He's a pretty boy that, papa,' said the innocent little child of Mr Melgrove, as she caught her father's finger, and danced onward by his side.

'Do you think so, Phemy?' said the kind-hearted parent, smiling; 'would you like to have him for a brother?'

'Well, I should like very much if he was, and I would love him nearly as well as I love you, and I should let him have my little car in which to place his basket when he was tired,' replied the innocent girl, as she rubbed her fair brow upon her parent's hand.

'I think he will be a good man yet, that little boy, my Phemy,' said the father, in reply to his prattling child, 'and he will have a car of his own.'

'And I am sure that he will give *your* little girl a seat in it, if he should meet her coming from the woods with her lap full of wild grapes and flowers, and tired with running after the blue and red butterflies.'

Everybody carries a basket in this world, and everybody either climbs a steep ascent with it, or moves along a smooth and flowery way. Some, from childhood's sunny hour, have no heavier burden to bear than an elegant corbeille of beautiful blooming flowers. The children of fortune go tripping over the rosy path of life, light as the humming-birds of Cashmere, and jocund as the sylphs of Samarcand. They bear their baskets full of ornamental glories, with which to deck their feet and gem their brows, and they wave them, like censers, around their bosoms,

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and scatter the incense of summer over their sunny robes. These are not the sturdy basket-bearers, however; for when the flowers of fortune wither, and the path of life becomes a little rugged, the very emptiness of the corbeille becomes a burden, and the joltings of the footway a pain. Passive elements in the circumstances of society, they float with its tide like flowers cast upon the stream; they can neither change its current nor purify its waters by independent efforts or personal exertions. Their baskets were woven and stored for them before they began to lift them, and they deem that they do well, if, like the unprofitable steward, they preserve the one talent which they have been lent. Not so your Jack Weldens; the heavy burden and the steep hill only awaken the hidden strength and gallant determination of their natures. Patient and industrious as the fabled Ocnus, they ply their laborious vocations, day by day, winning strength of mind, and adding to the world's wealth as well as their own.

Jack Welden bore his basket cheerfully and hopefully through life. As he grew up to man's estate, and his strong mind and strong frame became inured to the burdens and duties of his vocation, they became lighter and lighter every day, and his path became more and more tolerable. He never forgot the purpose of his fresh generous youth, and was ever ready to help the weary wayfarer along with his load. He saw Fred Townsley grow rich and proud by a strict adherence to the sheriff's man's philosophy; and although Jack never became proud, he became wealthy also, but by a different process from Fred. Jack retained the generous warmth of his soul, and preserved the overflowing wealth of his kindly sympathies, which were richer than all his treasures of gold. Fred gained gold too, but that was all he gained; through twenty years of life he had thought, and struggled, and planned, and lied to boot, and all that he could reckon up as a recompense for his envies and heartburnings was a long roll of bank-entries.

The widow Welden, no longer constrained to labour, now read her large-printed Bible through golden-framed spectacles, in Jack's handsome parlour; and if she could have been happier with her feet upon cushions of down, and if she could have been more comfortable by having her spectacles set in diamonds, Jack would have gone for many long miles, and spent many glittering coins to have accomplished her happiness. His brothers and sisters were treading an easier path than Jack had trod, and their burdens had been light because of the heavy one which he had borne; and now the happiest hour of the strong and thoughtful man's life was when his mother leaned upon his arm, and he, bearing her little basket, went forth with her, to visit the poor and the needy.

The sunbeams were rolling themselves up in the bright red clouds of a summer's evening, and were sinking slowly away below the western horizon; golden islands floated in celestial glory through the great blue ocean of heaven, and white incumbent mountains towered in airy majesty on the rim of the desert sky. An old man, adown whose thin cheeks hung the hoary locks of age, and over whose countenance had passed the hand of grief and care, lay with his elbows resting on a table, his cheeks sunk in his hands, and his eyes fixed wistfully on the fading glories of the waning summer's day. He looked from his parlour-window, around which clustered Michigan roses, grapes, jessamine, and the gorgeous wysteria; but although the flowers tapped gently on the glass, as if to attract his notice, he still lay and gazed with fixed attention upon the setting sun. Presently a young woman came and seated herself beside the aged man. Her tiny steps, like the footfalls of a fairy, were so light and graceful that he had not heard their motion, and it was only when she had twined her arms around his neck, and kissed his thoughtful brow, that the father knew that his heart's best treasure, his daughter, was by his side.

'How lovely it is, my own dear papa!' she exclaimed in a tone of silvery sweetness. 'How sweet it is to gaze upon this closing day! Hear how the thrush pours out his farewell to the sun, from the acacia, whose foliage the lingering rays are kissing, and which they seem loath to leave. See how the dragon-moths come whizzing from the curtained mulberry, and the goldfishes leap amongst the water-lilies to catch the sportive midges! Look to the convolvulus, how it slowly folds up its chalice, and the sunflower, how it contracts its petals! Everything seems going to rest amidst the smiling of a beautiful heaven, and on the bosom of a grateful, genial earth. Ah, my father, why is man alone in jubilant nature so unhappy?'

As if in answer to her question, a stranger was at this moment announced, and she rose and hurriedly retired as he entered, in obedience to a look from her father. The visiter was a tall dark man in the prime and vigour of life; he waved his hand with an easy familiar air, as he closed the door behind him, and without the least ceremony seated himself beside his host. The old man rose, and his manner was constrained and distant; he bowed to his visiter with the air of one ill at ease, and then, as if the effort was too much for him, he sunk down again upon his seat saying, 'You have been punctual, Mr Townsley.'

'I have been remarkable for punctuality,' was the reply. 'I attribute my success in life to that quality,' continued the visiter, as he glanced his keen eyes round the room, with a vulgar inquisitive stare, and then pulling up his collar, he exclaimed in a quick, startling tone of voice, 'Well, what is her decision?'

The father's heart seemed to grow suddenly strong at this heartless allusion to his child, and his fine face flushed with offended pride, and his eyes sparkled with indignation, as he said, 'I have not spoken to her on the subject, Mr Townsley; that affair belongs exclusively to her—your affairs and mine are mercantile not matrimonial.'

The dark brow of Townsley lowered portentously, and his eyes became savage in their glare, as he said, significantly, 'Unless you consent to enter into matrimonial negociations with me, your mercantile career is very near an ignominious end. I have just to prefer my claims upon you to-morrow, and you are gazetted.'

'The Warren will be due from China in a fortnight, and I shall settle all claims upon me, then,' said the aged merchant in a desponding tone.

'It was whispered on 'Change to-day, that two or three ships in the China trade had been lost within this week on the banks of Newfoundland,' replied Townsley, carelessly, 'and we can't take floating security, you know.'

'Oh, what am I to do?' exclaimed the old man, as he clasped his hands and turned his face upwards.

'You say that your daughter loves you,' said Townsley, in a low, insinuating tone.

'She does, if ever child loved parent.'

'Then, if she does, she will accept my hand, if you tell her that by so doing she will save you from ruin.'

'I will not,' cried the old man, firmly, while a strong feeling of disgust swelled his parental breast. 'Woo her and win her like a man, if you can, and I shall not say nay, but I will not influence her one jot, although to-morrow she and I should go forth to beg our bread. I have been honest, and she is as virtuous as beautiful. God will support and sustain us in our trials.'

'You shall repent of this, sir, before twenty-four hours have passed,' muttered Townsley, as he hurriedly left the room.

'And who was that, my father, and what was his errand?' exclaimed the maiden, as she hung round the neck of her dejected parent, and watched the workings of his troubled countenance.

'An inexorable creditor, my own dear Phemy,' exclaimed Mr Melgrove, 'and your father is a ruined man.' He told her all, and, girl as she was, her heart rose superior to all the fears and anxieties of the experienced man of business.

'Keep a brave heart, my father,' she would say, smilingly, 'providence will never let our basket be empty—poverty shall never wholly drain our store.' And what could re-create dreams of baskets and stores in the mind of the maiden at that time? was it long treasured sympathies speaking in her heart?

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'Another visiter, my Phemy,' said Mr Melgrove in a visible tremor. 'Retire, my child; Townsley has soon begun to publish my difficulties.'

'You are Mr Melgrove, sir,' said a stranger, bowing to the merchant, and at the same time looking at him with apparent interest and pleasure.

'I am at a loss to account for this visit, sir,' replied Melgrove with a sigh.

'I shall account for it presently, my dear sir, if you will allow me,' said the visiter. He hesitated for a few seconds, and then said, 'Pardon me, but no impertinence prompts the question, I assure you. Are your affairs in a dangerous position?'

'The open ingenuousness of your countenance, as much as the honesty of your manner, prompts me to answer yes,' said Melgrove.

'I heard as much insinuated not half-an-hour ago,' replied the stranger, 'and a long cherished feeling of gratitude prompted me to hurry to your home, and to proffer you my assistance.'

'Gratitude,' exclaimed Melgrove in surprise, 'I never saw you before, sir.'

'Yes, you did,' said the visiter, smiling, 'twenty years ago, when I was toiling and sweltering up Mount Street with a heavy basket, you assisted me to bear it to the top of the steep. I am now John Welden of Greerson & Welden, and if twenty thousand dollars will make the basket which is like to bear you down, run anything easily along, they are at your service. I shall be the happiest man alive, if I can assist in maintaining you on the path of credit.'

On the morrow, Townsley presented his accounts to Mr Melgrove, and, to his chagrin and surprise, his demands were met.

The ship and cargo arrived safely in a few days from China, and Melgrove's liabilities were all discharged, but not all those to whom he had owed obligations; for John Welden was often seen wending to his cottage after business hours, where he cultivated flowers with Melgrove's daughter Euphemia, and often stayed in that sweet little garden after the shades of evening had closed, that he might point out the glories of the starry heavens, and the majesty and power of God. At last, the hand which had voluntarily sought that of little weary Jack in childhood, was now sought by and freely bestowed upon the prosperous John Welden in manhood. And Melgrove would often sit and smile, as he recalled with his daughter and son-in-law their first meeting.

'You see that there is reason in the fable of the mouse and lion,' said Welden, laughing.

'Yes, and that bread cast upon the waters in the shape of a simple good deed, may return with thousandfold blessings,' said Melgrove, with a smile.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LABOURER'S LAMENT.

'Tis night. And now a dreary road
My weary feet must tread,
To find a comfortless abode,
And broken rest from cares which goad
My heart with hunger's dread.

Little I ask—bread, which the soil
Doth through my aid produce,
And brief cessation from long toil;
Then keep, ye great, your 'wine and oil'—
Ye better know their use.

But, oh! 'tis hard, amid much pain,
Life's *needful* things to seek,
Till hope becomes a galling chain,
To bind a spirit which would fain
Leave time's bewild'ring track!

Oft, when my babes soft pity bring
To plead their right to food,
Fretted by envy's fiery sting,
I wish myself some poor, rich thing,
By feeling ne'er subdued.

Father! in lenity forgive
A longing thus impure;
Help me still honestly to live,
Till death, by his prerogative,
Brings succour—sad, but sure!

And, when my cot of crumbling clay
I leave for heaven's pure light,
May this thought cheer the gloomy way—
'Truth *must* prevail, and reason sway,
And wrong give place to right!' NEWTON GOODRICH.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

[Home Preserves.—Stray Hounds out on scent.]

'Nothing is a more evident acknowledged character of a fool, than upon every slight occasion to be in a transport. To be much taken with empty things, betokens an empty spirit. It is a part of manly fortitude to have a soul so fenced against foreign impressions, as little to be moved with things that have little in them—to keep our passions under a strict and steady command, that they be easily retractible and taught to obey—not to move till severe reason have audited the matter, and pronounced the occasion just and valuable. In which case, the same manly temper will not refuse to admit a proportionable stamp and impress from the occurring object. For it is equally a prevarication from true manhood to be moved with everything and with nothing; the former would speak a man's spirit a feather, the latter a stone. A total apathy and insensibleness of external occurrents hath been the aim of some, but never the attainment of the highest pretenders. And if it had, yet ought it not to have been their boast; as, upon sober thoughts, it cannot be reckoned a perfection. But it should be endeavoured, that the passions which are not to be rooted up (because they are of nature's planting), be yet so discreetly checked and depressed, that they grow not to that enormous tallness as to overtop a man's intellectual power, and cast a dark shadow over his soul.'

'Our own thoughts must and will always be the immediate ministers either of our trouble or comfort, though, as to the latter, God only is the supreme author, and we altogether insufficient to think anything that good is, as of ourselves. It is 'God that comforts those that are cast down,' but by our own thoughts employed to that purpose, not without them.'—*John Howe.*

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

'Lovely, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind,
Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined:
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves:
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of wo.
'Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'—*Parnell.*

'The spleen is oftentimes nothing but a nice and exceptious temper which takes check at every little disappointment. A tincture of conceit will make a man subject to this distemper. Those who overvalue their pretensions are apt upon every little occasion to think they are ill used. A careless gesture, a word, or a look, is enough to disconcert them. Such a supposed neglect spreads a gloominess upon their humour, and makes them grow sullen and unconversable; and when they are disturbed only by their own weakness, and doing penance for their vanity, they lay the fault upon their constitution.

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However, it must be granted, that these fits of chagrin proceed sometimes from natural causes. The fumes of indigestion, insensible abatements of health, sudden changes of weather, affect the brain, though they make no sensible impression elsewhere. This disturbs the imagination, and gives a new and melancholy complexion to the appearances of things. When outward causes concur, the idle, the anxious, and the unfortunate are soonest seized by this infection. At such a time, a man should awaken himself, and immediately strike off into business or innocent diversion. Next to religion, there is nothing like a vigorous mind. Resolution and spirit will quickly repel the malignity and discuss the humour. Now, every one is bound in honour as well as interest to do his best. The evils of necessity are numerous enough, without being multiplied by those of choice.

The way to prevent this distemper, and cure it when it lies in the mind, is not to be over-expecting. If we take it amiss that our acquaintance are not always ready to solicit our business, to study our inclinations, and to compliment our humour, we are likely to have work enough. To look for so obliging a world as this comes to, is to miscalculate extremely. When all's done, most people will love themselves best. Therefore, we should not be surprised when we see them prefer their own interest, break a jest at our cost, or raise themselves by our depression. It is possible they may only make reprisals, and return our own usage upon us. However, 'tis good not to build too much upon the fairness of others: and he that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation. He should not suppose there was malice or contempt meant him in every action he does not understand. To interpret up to this rigour, will make him often mistaken and always upon the fret, and is the way neither to be just to others, nor kind to himself.'—*Jeremy Collier's Essays.*

'My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That, pamper'd, would repine.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down:
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in angry mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small game I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.'—*Southwell.*

'Partake only of virtuous recreations, for as these delight the contrary hurt.

Accustom yourself to bear with misfortunes, that you may be able to do so when you are obliged to it.

Never torment yourself with repining at your condition, be it what it will; but rather do all you can to better it.

Enjoy good things moderately, and bear with bad patiently.

It is better to be a poor good man than a rich knave: for riches are only of use to the living, and virtue is of much greater service to the dead.

Reflect that there is nothing permanent in this world; and then you will neither be overjoyed at prosperity nor dejected in adversity.'—*Isocrates to Demonicus.*

'Whosoever trains his children well, gives them much though he leaves them little. The condition of the mind is alone to be respected. Good men require only what is sufficient: the bad thirst after excess. Supply your child's necessities, and, being well educated, he will despise superfluous plenty.'—*Xenophon to Crito.*

'Sure peace is his; a solid life estranged
To disappointment, and fallacious hope,
Rich in content.'—*Thomson.*

'Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health and peace, and contemplation dwell
There study shall with solitude recline:
And friendship pledge me to his fellow swains;
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that flutt'ring life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste, unspoiled, the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed,
While mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.'
Ode to Independence; Smollett.

'Oft in the lowly roof, the humble cell
Of poverty, where pain and sorrow dwell,
Sincerer virtues in the breast we meet
Than in the stately dome and regal seat,
Where lords and kings are nursed in courtly wiles,
'Midst deep suspicions and insidious smiles;
Where love and charity no place can claim,
And sacred friendship lives not but in name.
. . . . . .
Yet these, when once by diverse fortune led
Beneath the covert of some rustic shed,
May blend their souls to friendship's purer lore,
And taste a happiness unknown before.'—*Book 14.*

'A noble heart by noble deeds is known,
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;
In every lore of courtesy refined,
Where habit stamps what virtue had enjoin'd.
Not less the heart, which vice polluting stains,
At every turn its wretched bent maintains,
Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes,
And favoured he such habit who forsakes.'
Book 36; Orlando Furioso.

[Game under Cover.]

On the appointed day, Mr Smith was seated in Mr Brown's library. After some preliminary talk, they entered upon the special object of their meeting.

'Here,' said Mr Brown, 'is a writer who says, "Little circumstances, and events that appear trifling, singly considered, make up the sum of human enjoyment or misery. The retrospect of our past lives will show us that the greatest misfortune we have suffered is the sum total of useless vexation inflicted on ourselves and others, from the want of Christian restraint upon temper and Christian incitement to benevolence." Here are a few verses by Hannah More. Read them, if you please.'

'Read them yourself,' said Mr Smith, 'you are more of a book man than I am.'

Mr Brown read as follows:—

'Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save, or serve, but all can please,
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence,
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heaven decrees
To all the gift of minist'ring to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above,
The mild forbearance of another's fault;
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought:
On these Heaven bade the sweets of life depend,
And crush'd ill-fortune when it made a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find—
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Small slights, contempt, neglect unmix'd with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comforts and destroy our peace.'

'That is an unfortunate selection you have made in behalf of your own theory,' said Mr Smith; 'it goes to show that we are constantly subjected to external annoyances which we cannot help, and which are sure to make us miserable.'

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'That they do make up a considerable part of most people's misery I do not deny; and that they will continue to do so, so long as people act as they do, is more than likely; but if people would act as the writer advises, the evil would cease.'

'But if they don't?'

'Well, if they wont, the only resource is to treat these annoyances from without as you would those from within.'

'Not to heed them, you mean?'

'Exactly.'

'Nor a broken leg?'

'The cases are not parallel.'

'They both give pain.'

'But in very different degrees.'

'Still both give pain.'

'Generally they do, but one may not, at least in the greater number of cases, and this is the point in hand. Let me read you this passage from Farrington's 'Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.' Sir Joshua, when young, wrote rules of conduct for himself. One of his maxims was—'That the great principle of being happy in this world, is not to mind or be affected with small things.' To this rule he strictly adhered; and the constant habit of controlling his mind contributed greatly to that evenness of temper which enabled him to live pleasantly with persons of all descriptions. Placability of temper was his characteristic. The happiness of possessing such a disposition was acknowledged by his friend Dr Johnson, who said, 'Reynolds was the most invulnerable man he had ever known.' 'Sir Joshua,' says one, in reviewing the passage, 'did not owe his happiness to his contempt of little things, but to his success in great ones; and it was by that actual success, far more than by the meritorious industry and exertion which contributed to it, that he was enabled to disregard little vexations.'

'That's it,' said Mr Smith; 'that explains all.'

'Well,' said Mr Brown, 'it may be granted that he derived much enjoyment from his great success in life, and it may be admitted, too, that this enabled him in some measure to disregard certain little annoyances; but it must also be allowed that the very eminence he reached was calculated to make him more susceptible in other points of equally petty and contemptible a nature; and, at any rate, his rule, if carried out by any one, will preclude much pain, if it do not secure positive happiness. Nor does it follow that by refusing to be painfully affected by trifles we should cease to receive pleasure from insignificant sources. The rule may be stated thus: take all the pleasure you can from innocent trifles, but do not let trifles vex you. To say that we have no power here, or that only the eminently fortunate have, is to say that the great majority of mankind have no power or share in making their own happiness or misery. The peevish discontented man is simply an object of pity—a result of circumstance and constitution—a necessary misery, and not a responsible evil. Is it wrong to take all the good we can out of passing events, both great and small, and as little of the evil as possible? or is it best to take the evil only, and reject the good?'

'But we can't help feeling the evil as well as the good.'

'That is not a direct answer to my question; but think you it is right to feel the evil only and not the good?'

'Certainly not.'

'Many act as if they thought so—as if it were a sin to be cheerful, and a virtue to be morose.'

'But still we are passive in both cases.'

'Not in both; for many resist the good, and give way only to the evil.'

'That is their own fault.'

'Well, it seems they are not passive as to good, for if they were, they could not help enjoying it. Is it otherwise, think you, with evil?'

'I rather think so.'

'Then there is no help but being miserable.'

'Not exactly that either, for many have few crosses, and succeed in most things.'

'Still the best success has some little drawbacks in it; and as they are forced to yield to the evil in the drawbacks and not to the good in the success, they must be unhappy still.'

'No; for the pleasure may exceed the pain.'

'But they are forced, you say, to feel the pain and not the pleasure; and as the feeling of the pleasure is an optional matter, many, who do not know this, may miss it.'

'They will soon learn.'

'How comes it, then, that successful men are not all happy men?'

'The presumption is they are so.'

'Some have made no secret of their unhappiness, and some have taken away their own lives.'

'They only pretended to be unhappy.'

'They would hardly commit suicide under the same pretence.'

'There is no saying—some people have strange fancies.'

'Yes; but hardly so strange as that. But you say people will soon learn to take the good out of things, while no one has the power to neutralise the evil. What will you say of two men in precisely the same circumstances, bearing the same misfortunes, the one patiently and with an equal mind, the other moodily and impatiently.'

'That seldom happens.'

'But it has happened. Both sacred and profane biography furnish us with instances, and you remember my friend Grant.'

'Certainly, I was surprised at the equanimity and even cheerfulness with which he bore his heavy trials, but it must have resulted from constitution.'

'Then constitution, it seems, may save us from the perception and feeling of worldly crosses?'

'It looks like it.'

'A certain obtuseness of feeling you mean?'

'Quite so.'

'Is Grant unfeeling?'

'No, not in other things; but he may be in that.'

'Nor in that neither.'

'How, then, did he escape?'

'By being prepared beforehand.'

'How prepared?'

'By reflection, and by acting out his convictions.'

'But how could he act them out ere his sorrows came?'

'By conquering smaller evils. Use here has the same effect as elsewhere. The best way to take care of the pounds is to look after the pence. I do not speak at random. He told me all, and in truth saved me from becoming a confirmed moper and self-tormentor. I was angry with him at first, but he bore with me, and saved me.'

'Saved you from what?'

'Myse f.'

'That is droll.'

'It is not the less true. There is more frequent need to say, 'save me from myself,' than 'from my friends or enemies.' A man is often his worst enemy, though he does not see it, or rather will not see it.'

'That is a new doctrine.'

'It is, however, an old truth, and an important one.'

'If old and important, most men would have seen it.'

'That does not follow. It is the most difficult part of knowledge to know one's self. A man may conquer the world, and be a slave to his own foibles—exhaust science, and be ignorant of his own heart—detect impositions from without, and yield to them from within—see the foibles of others, and be blind to his own—nay, condemn in another what he approves in himself. But we have left our subject, and ere we recur to it, I must leave you a few minutes to dispatch a note.'

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

It happened, in the course of the thirty years' war, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops, then over-running the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach all the inhabitants fled to Manheim; and when

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Gonsalvo at length drew near and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that very morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed; and her husband, of course, remained with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily imagined than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and, on the spur of the moment, bethought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants, having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose, namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, 'a world too wide;' he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulder, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and, putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels that they lifted him about half a yard from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

'Friend,' said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, 'tell your commander that though I have not made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever: First, the garrison must be allowed to march out with military honours. Second, the lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected. Third, they must be left to enjoy the free exercise of the Protestant religion.'

The herald immediately replied, that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; adding, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluding by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

'My good friend,' answered the shepherd, 'do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those already stated he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I assure you on the word of an honest man and a Christian, as on the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of.'

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe and puffed away with an air of the most consummate nonchalance. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered, and, followed by his troops, approached the gates. This lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, 'I find your commander is a man of some sense.' He then left the walls, let down the drawbridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange-looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and, seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was?

'If your highness will follow me I will show you,' answered the rustic.

'Keep by my stirrup, then,' exclaimed Gonsalvo; 'and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me I shall send a bullet through your heart.'

'Agreed,' said our friend. 'Follow me, Spaniards! for I assure you on the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as on the honour of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury.'

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and, followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house, and, having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room, where lay his wife with her boy beside her.

'Noble general,' he said, pointing to the former, 'this is our garrison; and this,' he added, taking his son in his arms, 'is the reinforcement of which I told you.'

Aware, now, of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then, taking off a rich gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

'Permit me to offer this mark of my esteem,' he said, good naturedly, 'for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold for the use of the young recruit.'

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night of the success of his stratagem.—*Anon.*

THE ISLE OF MAN.

At almost equal distances between the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the centre of the Irish Sea, stands the little rock-formed Isle of Man. Historically eclipsed by the more magnificent countries to which it became alternately an appendage, the Isle of Man has scarcely been taken general cognisance of in any other way than as a tributary island. Amongst its own people, however, it has been regarded with a more independent and egotistical feeling; and to the geologist and antiquary it presents features of great interest. It is an undoubted fact that very little is generally known regarding this ancient little regality; and that the people of Scotland, England, and Ireland are not aware that it still preserves a species of distinct nationality and the privileges of an independent kingdom. We have before us a history of that little isle of the ocean,* by the Rev. Joseph G. Cumming, which will, however, we daresay, be more interesting to geologists than to historical or general readers. The author has managed, nevertheless, to interweave with his philosophical observations some curious details concerning the state and character of Man and the Manx from old times, which must render his work more attractive than if it had been a merely scientific rescript of its geology. Its bold, rugged, and wild natural characteristics, befitted well the character of the Runic freebooters and superstitionists who made it their home, and who have linked with its stern features tales of war and legends of love and hatred. A glance into the history of the Isle of Man shows that in this little speck of land has been illustrated all the wonderful phenomena of geology, and all the conditions of humanity towards civilisation. The grander and more comprehensive revolutions of the earth, which have raised, as monuments of their magnificence, the mighty mountains of Asia and America, and which have written down their stupendous character on the alluvial strata of the continents, have had a proportionate co-action in this small island of the Irish Sea; and those features of history which distinguish the infancy and elaboration of empires have a counterpart in the history of this minute kingdom of Man. Humanity and civilisation actually appear Lilliputian, when viewed through the medium of this nation. When we reflect upon the extent of its territory, the nature of its soil, and the status which it held, in comparison with that of England or

* The Isle of Man; its History, Physical, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Legendary. By the Rev. Joseph George Cumming, M.A., F.G.S., Vice-Principal of King William's College, Castletown. London: John Van Voorst. 1848.

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land, we cannot forbear smiling as we read of the ex-travagant notions of its pompous potentates, of the jealous and pernicious tendencies of its few inhabitants, and of their vain pretensions as a state. We must consider, however, that it was the Manx who sought to glorify and dignify this little isle, and, when people have a great opinion of themselves, it is hard to convince them that they are inferior to what they conceive themselves to be.

'The Isle of Man is totally of a volcanic character. Its wild mountains, vitrified crags, splintered cliffs, and huge rocks, have been heard hissing hot from the womb of the burning earth, amongst the bubbling, boiling waters of an agitated smoking sea; and its surface has been covered with the gravelly and more fertile deposits of a rolling, overwhelming tide.

'Man, like every other name of equally remote origin, is conjectured to have many different significations. Cæsar and Tacitus term it Mona, and sometimes it is confounded with *Mona-prior*, or Anglesea. Bishop Wilson supposed it to owe its name to the Saxon word *Many*, or *among*, because it lies almost at equal distances from England, Ireland, and Scotland. It was called Mona by the Romans, and Mannin, or Ellan Mhannin, by its Celtic inhabitants, however, so that the bishop's supposition is untenable. Some suppose it to be derived from *Maune*, the name borne by St Patrick (who was the saint of Man as well as of Ireland) before he assumed the somewhat vainglorious title of Patricius. The ancient British word *Mon*, or *Mona*, seems a nearer and likelier foundation for the term; while *Maen*, which signifies *a pile of stones or rocks*, may also be considered the original word of which Man is a modification. The student of history can well appreciate the perplexity in which the earlier records of nations subject to invasion are involved; and tho name of Man, like that of many a more famous country, must just remain in its original darkness.

We think we see the rude, rough natives of that lonely isle, after their summer's depredations and wars upon the sea were over for a season, when they chased the wild animals during the winter day, and, sitting around their log-fires at night, rehearsed their tales of the past, and chronicled the old legends of the isle—we think we see these red-haired, matted-bearded, stern-hearted, and imaginative rovers, discoursing of *Mannanan-beg-mac-y-Sheirr*, that ancient and famous king who, although he was not big in stature, defended his kingdom from invasion by the potency of magic. At his word the mountains rocked to and fro like pine-trees in a storm, the sea boiled up from the fountain of its depths, and thinned upon the foe who dared to approach; volcanic fires flashed at his command round his territory, and blinding mists bewildered and enveloped his foemen at his will. It is from *Mannanan* that ancient chroniclers and oral tradition derives the name of Man.

The language and character of the Manx is Celtic, and they have retained these characteristics with a pertinacious nationality, despite of the changes of their masters; and the laws of the Manx have still continued to be identical and independent despite of the connection with England and Scotland. The kings in Man have either been viceregal deputies from the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, or noblemen holding *bona fide* possession of the island with all its revenues, and possessing supreme authority when in it; but still the laws were neither Scotch nor English, but Manx.

Originally, like all Celtic nations, the Manx were governed by the Brehon law, a system of moral legislation which partook of the purest and most sublime republicanism. The Brehon laws were not written, they were not preserved in archives, but they were remembered by an ancient college of archons, and proclaimed to the people orally, who were assembled to hear, and who had no pretext of ignorance if they broke them. Emerging from this period of comparative simplicity, the constitution of Man became triplex. They had their king or royal estate; the governor and council, or aristocratic estate; and the twenty-four keys, or taxiaxi, representing the people. 'These estates, when assembled, are called a Tynwald Court, and their triple concurrence establishes the law, which has force after it has been proclaimed from the Tynwald Hill. The Council consists of the bishop, the two deemsters, the clerk of the rolls, the attorney-general, the receiver-general, the water-bailiff, the archdeacon, and the vicar-general. Prior to the year 1846 there were two vicars-general. The offices of receiver-general and water-bailiff are at present held by one person. Anciently the Abbot of Rushen and the archdeacon's official had seats in the Council. The governor or lieutenant-governor is chief both in civil and military power, and has by law authority to call a Tynwald Court as often as he finds necessary, at which the Council and Keys, according to their oaths, are bound to attend. One clause in the governor's oath is remarkable: 'You shall truly and uprightly deal between our sovereign lady the Queen and her people, and as indifferently betwixt party and party *as this stuff now standeth*, as far as in you lieth.' The deemsters are the first popular magistrates, the supreme judges in all civil courts, whether for life or property. The office is of the highest antiquity. It is uncertain whether their name is derived from *to deem* or *to doom*. Formerly, before the laws were written, in all new and emergent cases they were called in to declare what the law was, and the laws so declared were named Breast-laws.'

It must be remembered that this island, with all the paraphernalia of a great kingdom, is only 33½ miles in extent from the point of Ayre to the Sound of the Calf, and in its greatest breadth it is only 12¼ miles. It is only continent of 89,458 acres of cultivated land, while of unappropriated crown lands there are 30,788 acres; to these may be added 10,000 acres of unsurveyed rocks, waters, and stony valleys, making in all a superficial area of about 130,246 acres, little over 360 square miles. 'Naturally the island is divided into two districts, a south-eastern and north-western, by the chain of mountains running through it. For civil purposes it is divided also into two districts, a southern and a northern primarily, and these are subdivided into six sheadings, and again into seventeen parishes. Each district has its deemster or judge, each sheading its coroner, and each parish its captain, sumner, and moar, *i. e.* collector of lord's rent. There is another division of the island into the high bailiwicks of Castletown, Douglas, Peel, and Ramsey. The high bailiff has jurisdiction in causes under 40s. old Manx currency, equal to £1 : 14 : 3½d. British.'

The history of Man is as obscure as that of Scotland, although perhaps more ancient and authentic records are preserved of the former. The nation is Celtic, and was doubtless a colony of the curagh borne Albynians, who emigrated westward and peopled Ireland. The descendants of these men returned with the Dalriadan prince Fergus to Caledonia in the beginning of the sixth century, and gave the name of Scotland to the western part of Great Britain. It is supposed that the Romans had a station in Man, but sufficient monuments do not remain to authenticate their occupancy thereof; it is certain that it became a spot of contention to the Britons after the invasion and conquest of Morven by the Scoto-Irish. From the sixth to the ninth century, Man was alternately a vice-royalty of Scotland and Wales, when, in the beginning of the latter century, it was invaded by the Northmen and retained by them until A.D. 1266, when it was ceded by Magnus of Norway to Alexander III. of Scotland, who had destroyed the forces of Haco at Largs and the power of Norway in the western seas at the same time. Perhaps the most famous of its old monarchs was Macon or Hacon (A.D. 973), who makes some figure in history, and is conspicuous as a naval commander. 'He was one of the petty kings (eight in number) who on the river Dee rowed in the royal barge, Edgar holding the helm. Spelman calls him the prince of seamen, and states that his fleet consisted of 3600 ships of war, which annually sailed round the shores of Great Britain to free them from pirates. His name also (Macusius, as Spelman writes it)

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appears in the charter of Glastonbury subscribed immediately after the King of Scotland. Camden states that he was not only King of Man but of many other isles, and places his date about A.D. 960. From him it would seem the ancient arms of the Isle of Man were adopted, viz. a ship in her ruff (in full sail), with the motto, 'Rex Manniæ et Insularum,' which arms Camden states he had seen on a seal belonging to the King of Man. These continued in use till the Scottish conquest (A.D. 1270), when by Alexander III. they were exchanged to the present arms, which are—Gules three armed-legs proper, conjoined in fess, at the upper part of the thigh flexed in triangle, garnished and spurred topaz, with the motto, 'Quocunque jeceris stabit (Whichever way you shall have thrown it, it will stand),' surrounding it in a garter. The motto has been singularly appropriate to the island, for, after all the tossings about from one master to another, it has had the felicity to drop upon its legs, and has retained to the present time its ancient peculiar and independent constitution.'

In 1270, four years after its cession by Norway, the Scottish king took possession of the island, and gave it as a vice-royalty to a succession of four thanes. In 1790 Edward I. of England seized on it, but restored it to John Baliol, and for fifty years Man partook of the unsettled state of Scotland, being the scene of battles between the Scotch and English, who were alternately conquerors. 'The Scotch during their tenure of the island appear to have been regarded by the Manx with intense feelings of hatred, and these feelings continued long after their expulsion. A law was passed in 1422, 'that all Scots avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth into Scotland, upon a paine of forfeiture of their goods, and their bodies to prison.' In the year 1344 Sir William Montacute was solemnly crowned King of Man, but the family seem to have held the island by an uneasy tenure; and in the year 1393 the Earl of Salisbury sold it to Sir William Scroop, the king's chamberlain, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire, on whose attainder and execution in 1399, Henry IV. granted the isle to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to be held by him on the service of carrying the sword of Lancaster on the day of the coronation of the kings of England. He was, four years after, on his attainder, deprived of it again by act of Parliament, and in the seventh year of his reign the king granted it to Sir John Stanley for life only. Subsequently (A.D. 1406) he extended the grant to him in perpetuity, in as full and ample a manner as it had been granted to any former lord, to be held of the crown of England, by paying to the king, his heirs and successors, a cast of falcons at their coronation. He died in the beginning of 1414, being at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 'a man truly great, and an honour to his country.' He was succeeded by his son Sir John Stanley, who came into the isle in the year 1417, and in the June of the same year convened a meeting of the whole island at the Tynwald Hill, on which occasion were promulgated the laws which appear first in the statute-book of the island.'

The last of the family of Stanley, which had held the Island of Man for 300 years, was James, tenth Earl of Derby, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by the second Duke of Athol in 1735, a descendant of the daughter of James, seventh Earl of Derby. 'During his reign illicit commerce very rapidly gained ground in the Isle of Man, causing much annoyance to the British Government, who made to him several overtures for the purchase of his rights in the island, but without coming to any conclusion. James died in 1764, and, leaving no male issue, was succeeded by his nephew John in the dukedom. John having also married James's daughter Charlotte, the Baroness Strange, in 1753, became also Lord of Man in his wife's right. The British Government still continuing their overtures of purchase, the duke, beginning to fear lest, if he were too pertinacious of his rights, he should lose all without any equivalent, at length agreed to surrender the revenues of the isle for £70.000, and an annuity to himself and duchess of £2000. The title of Lord of Man, the manorial right, the patronage of the bishopric, minerals, and treasure-trove, were still reserved to him on the honorary service of rendering a cast of falcons at every coronation, and the annual payment of a rent of £101 : 15 : 11d. The act by which this was accomplished, passed in January, 1765, is known by the name of the *Act of Revestment*. This was the third time that the island changed hands by purchase; the two former instances being those of Alexander III. of Scotland, who gained it thus of the King of Norway; and of Sir William Scroop, who bought it of Sir William Montacute. John, the third Duke of Athol, dying in 1774, his son John succeeded to his title and estates. Under the conviction that the family had not received a suitable remuneration for their surrendered rights, he petitioned Parliament in 1781 and 1790 for a further allowance, but without success. At length, in 1805, he obtained a grant of the fourth part of the revenues of the island, afterwards commuted to £3000 per annum for ever. However, in 1825, the duke acceded to a proposition made to him by the Lords of the Treasury to purchase the whole of his remaining interest in the island for the sum of £416,114; and thus the Isle of Man became entirely and definitely, with all the rights and privileges of the royalty, vested in the British crown.'

There are several good towns in Man, the chief of which is Douglas, which has a population of about 9000, or nearly triple that of Castletown, the next in size. In 1726 the entire island contained a population of 14,066; in 1841 it had increased to 47,986. Small and insignificant as was and is this miniature nation in the Irish Sea, yet it is full of splendid architectural remains, and possesses an opulent hierarchy. The island, it is said, was first erected into a bishopric by St Patrick in 447, who left a disciple of his own, St Germanus, as first bishop. Pope Gregory IV. erected Man and the Western Isles into a conjoint diocese in the year 838, under the appellation of Sodor and Man, which title the island prelate still retains. The remote position of Man was favourable to it as a school of learning in the dark ages, and here, as well as in Iona, were educated the illuminati who went out to spread the light of knowledge abroad amongst the dark places of Europe. One of the most famous of the Manx religious houses was that of Rushen, erected into an abbey in 1134 by Olave Kleining (or the dwarf). 'There is great plainness and simplicity in the few relics of the architecture of this abbey which now remain to us; square headed windows and doors as plain as those of the plainest cottage on the mountain-side—clear proof both of the ancient character of this religious house and of the limited extent of its revenues at any time. There is certainly no evidence here to bear out the statement which has been made by some, that in consequence of an accession of temporal dignity, the abbot and monks degenerated from their primitive simplicity and humble industry into pride and luxury. The property made over to their hands was in trust for others, and they seem to have exercised that trust honestly and rigidly. It was a noble testimony to their pious character and their poverty that the rapacious eighth Henry laid not his hand upon them till he had plundered all their English brethren. It was the latest monastery dissolved in these kingdoms; and, like all other property perverted from ancient religious uses, it seems to have settled uneasily on its owner ever since, and has perpetually been changing hands.'

If the Abbey of Rushen, named after St Russin, one of the twelve missionary fathers who settled with Columba in Iona, stands yet in the loneliness and desolation of its ruins, to attest the piety of the ancient monks and their progress in learning, the majestic vitrified ruins of Castle Rushen, built by Guttard, a Scandinavian warrior, in 947. still attests the prowess and masonic activity of those times of fierce contention. Something like a halo of its old Runic character seems yet to pertain to the majestic old fort. 'There are strange tales afloat respecting this castle and its inmates in days of yore. Tradition connects the castle with the Abbey of Rushen by means of a

...rranean passage,* which the lover of romance at one ... has rendered subservient to the rescue of a captive ...den by her affianced knight, at another has described ... kind of *facilis descensus Averni*, the dark road to ... home of the spell-bound giants. There is little need ... *fiction* to give interest to a building whose *realities* are ... romantic, and must move to sadness the heart that ... feel for others' woes; but Waldron's account of the ...ck Lady of Castle Rushen is given with such a zest ... the marvellous, that it may perhaps relieve the tedium ... what some will deem a dry matter-of-fact description ... this relic of feudal pomp and power. 'A mighty bustle ... also make of an apparition which, they say, haunts ...stle Rushen in the form of a woman, who was some ...rs ago executed for the murder of her child. I have ...rd not only the debtors, but the soldiers of the garri..., affirm that they have seen it at various times; but ...at I took most notice of was the report of a gentleman, ... whose good understanding as well as veracity I have a ...ry high opinion. He told me that, happening to be ...road late one night, and caught in an excessive storm ... wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle ...te; and as the place afforded not the smallest shelter, ...e circumstance surprised him, and he wondered that ...y one, particularly a female, should not rather run to ...me little porch or shed, of which there are several in ...rketown, than choose to stand still, alone and exposed ... such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him ... draw nearer that he might discover who it was that ...emed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he ...ceived she retreated on his approach, and at last, he ...ought, went into the castle though the gates were shut. ...his obliging him to think that he had seen a spirit, sent ...m home very much terrified: but the next day relating ...s adventure to some people who lived in the castle, and ...escribing as near as he could the garb and stature of the ...pparition, they told him it was that of the woman above-...entioned, who had frequently been observed by the sol...ers on guard to pass in and out of the gates, as well as ... walk through the rooms, though there were no visible ...eans to enter. Though so familiar to the eye, no person ...as yet had the courage to speak to it; and as they say ...hat a spirit has no power to reveal its mind unless con...ured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being ...ermitted to wander is unknown.'

A great source of revenue to the inhabitants of Man is herring-fishing; and as they possess several exceptions to the general taxation of Britain, they still consider themselves as a privileged and independent nation. The navigation laws do not extend to Man, and consequently shipbuilding can be carried on at a cheaper rate there than in Britain. Newspapers published in Man can also pass to any part of Britain free of postage, although unstamped.

The Rev. J. G. Cumming's book does not profess to throw much light upon anything save the geology of Man; nevertheless he incidentally, in the course of the narrative, dwells with interesting effect upon several of the most prominent scenes, and interweaves with a geological description of their character the historical events connected with their rise and progress, or which are associated with them in monumental story. To the general tourist this book would be a most excellent *vade mecum;* to the student it gives a most complete diagnosis of the physical character of the little but most interesting Isle of Man.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade?
Why dim her eye when doubt is over?
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret
For solemn vows, so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce own'd as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Ah, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her;
Hers is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who, now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

Is it the thought of untried years,
That, strongly to her spirit clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging?

Is it the thought of duties new,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving—
Of all she hopes yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving?

It is the thought of bygone days,
Of those, the fond and gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze—
The dear, the absent, the departed.

Who, then, can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping?
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he who, with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles relight her eye with gladness;
And none will blame, who truly trace
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

* The fact of dark cells built in the solid foundations of the towers and strongly arched over was established in certain repairs of the building made in 1816.

THE TURTLE.

The words turtle and alderman seem almost to be convertible terms; whenever we utter the one the other seems to rise before us by a principle of association. An alderman has no necessary connection with this creature; but as it has from times long antecedent to ours been the principal luxury at civic feasts, and as feasting was at one time the most constant and inviting employment of civic functionaries, it may be that turtle and aldermanic flesh have so assimilated as to render the relationship of the words something more than phonetic. The turtle or tortoise is, however, esteemed for something more than its gastronomic capacities, and it furnishes many articles to the tastes of the elegant as well as to the grosser tastes of gourmands. Turtles are of several varieties and possess two natures, one being a dweller on the land, the other being chiefly a resident in the deep. The species which is used for food, and is exported thousands of miles for that purpose, is the green tortoise. All the other species, being encased in an armour of bone, furnish that substance called tortoiseshell, but none is capable of being manufactured into combs and other beautiful articles save that of a very small species called hawksbill. This creature, whose motions are necessarily slow, and whose nature leads it to frequent open parts of sea-coast, is admirably furnished by nature both with a shelter and a defence. Its back and belly are protected by two hard strong plates opening before and behind, in order to admit of its head and fore-feet, and hind-feet and tail, being extruded and drawn in at the animal's will. The upper shield is called the buckler, and the middle of it is covered by numerous small plates, like horn in appearance and texture. The head and feet of the marine tortoise are perfectly flexible, but they are, at the same time, covered with scales; the feet are longer than in the land species, and the toes are joined by membranes, which enable it to swim with great facility and rapidity. The tortoise is not furnished with teeth, but its jaw-bones are very hard, enabling the land ones to masticate their herbaceous food with great ease,

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and those of the sea to crush the shellfish on which they exist with much facility.

Turtles are, like the crocodile, oviparous; and it is the parental instinct of the female, inducing her to deposit her eggs in the sand of the sea-coast, that exposes her to be captured by man. She does not manifest any care of her ova after they are laid, but abandons them on the loose sand to chance and the tropical sun, which, however, soon hatches them with his kindly rays. She scoops two or three hollows with her flippers, about a foot wide and two feet deep, making the sand fly in all directions, and in this open depression she will lay perhaps a hundred eggs, which are two or three inches each in diameter, and covered by a soft, thick, membraneous substance like wet parchment. The shores on which the turtles deposit their eggs are of an open, loose, sandy character, and hundreds of miles distant from their feeding places; they go on shore during the night, and the female generally lays three times a-year, at intervals of about a fortnight between each period. The period of solar incubation is about a month, and eight or ten days after they are hatched the young ones begin to crawl towards the sea. Comparatively few of them ever reach the watery element, in consequence of the sea-fowls and various quadrupeds that prey upon them; and the fecundity of the female is therefore a wise provision of nature, in order to compensate for the destruction of the young. The tiger is one of the most active and rapacious enemies to the tortoise, and seems to delight in its flesh as much as does an alderman. Man, however, is the great arch foe of this as well as every other animal, and is more actively engaged in its destruction than is any other creature. The collection of its shells, flesh, and eggs furnish the material of constant employment to the Indians of the Orinoco, and constitute the staple of a constant commerce from South America. Turtles are caught abundantly in Cuba, on several parts of the South American continent, and in the Gallapagos Islands, where they grow to an enormous size. They are esteemed not only as a luxury by those epicures who delight in 'green fat,' but are caught as a necessary adjunct in the victualling of ships when they are on a return voyage from South America, and consequently far more of them are consumed by the seamen on the tropical seas than by the people of luxurious appetite in England. The darkness, which is chosen by the females as the season for laying their eggs, is no protection from man. The fishers watch for them by the shore, especially on the moonlight nights, and either dispatch them with clubs as they come from or return to the sea, or they turn them quickly on their backs, in which position they are as helpless as a living creature can be. Although slow in their motions, they must be very quickly dealt with in either way, or they are apt to blind their pursuers and assailants by the manner in which they cast the sand behind them with their fins. The operation of turning over, when the creature is very large, requires the united efforts of several men with handspikes and levers, and then the huge creatures lie on their flat backs in a posture from which it is impossible for them to recover. In this way a comparatively small number of fishers may secure forty or fifty turtles in a night, and during the day they employ themselves in cutting up, salting, and otherwise disposing of their flesh and eggs. In addition to the edible portions of them, perhaps thirty pints of a green or yellowish oil will be extracted from each turtle, and this is used for burning, or as a condiment to other sorts of food. Turtles reserved for exportation are not killed, but are dragged to an enclosure, where they are kept alive, and in this state sent to England, whither they often arrive in a very healthy condition.

The turtle is chiefly in request in the southern states of America, as a salted article of food, and is much esteemed by both whites and negroes. The Caymans and fishers from the Bahama Isles proceed to Cuba with small vessels, and in six weeks they generally complete their cargoes, which they carry to the colonies on the South American shores, and dispose of to the settlers. The green turtle is the largest of all the species, and [illegible] have been caught of a most prodigious size. Captain Dampier, the celebrated navigator, mentions one that he saw taken in the Bay of Campeachy, four feet deep from the back to the belly, and six feet broad across. Its shield was converted into a little shallop, in which a boy of about nine years of age pulled a quarter of a mile out to sea, in order to board a ship. These great green turtles are sometimes taken at sea as well as on land, in calm weather and on moonlight nights. In order to capture them, two men generally proceed from the land in a boat—one acting as a rower, the other as a harpooner. The spot where the turtle rises is indicated by a froth which appears on the surface of the water, and towards this spot the fishers hasten as rapidly as possible, in order to prevent the escape of their prey. The harpoon, which is of the same form as that used in the killing of whales, and which is very strong and heavy, is thrown with sufficient force to penetrate the shield and enter the flesh of the victim. As soon as the turtle feels the barb it dives, and the fisher, paying out line, allows it to expend its strength with its blood, and it is drawn on shore by a cable. These creatures are brought across the Atlantic in vessels fitted up for the purpose of preserving all their gustative excellencies, and are landed, at London chiefly, in anything but an inviting aspect. They are then taken to turtle-ponds, where they are kept alive, in order to supply the demands of the west-enders and civic rulers.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

We all know what it is to the learner to be dragged on day by day through the dull routine of exercises, in which a school-girl feels no particular interest, except what arises from getting in advance of her fellows, obtaining a prize, or suffering a punishment. We can all remember the atmosphere of the school-room, so ungenial to the fresh and buoyant spirits of youth. The clatter of slates, the dull point of the pencil, and the white cloud, where the wrong figure—the figure that would prove the incorrectness of the whole—had so often been rubbed out. To say nothing of the morning's lessons before the dust from the desks and floor had been put in motion, we can all remember the afternoon sensations with which we took our places, perhaps between companions the most unloved by us of any in the school; and how, while the summer's sun was shining in through the high windows, we pored with aching head over some dull, dry words, that would not transmit themselves to the tablet of our memories, though repeated with indefatigable industry—repeated until they seemed to have no identity, no distinctness, but were mingled with the universal hum and buzz of the close, heated room, where the heart, if it did not forget itself to stone, at least forgot itself to sleep, and lost all power of feeling anything but weariness, and occasional pining for relief. Class after class was then called up from this hot-bed of intellect. The tones of the teacher's voice, though not always the most musical, might easily have been pricked down in notes, they were so uniform in their cadences, of interrogation, rejection, and reproof. These, blending with the slow dull answers of the scholars, and occasionally the quick guess of one ambitious to attain the highest place, all mingled with the general monotony, and increased the stupor that weighed down every eye and deadened every pulse. I know not how it may affect others, but the number of languid, listless, inert young ladies, who now recline upon our sofas, murmuring and repining at every claim made upon their personal exertions, is to me a truly melancholy spectacle, and one which demands the attention of a benevolent and enlightened public, even more perhaps than some of those great national schemes in which the people and the government are alike interested. It is but rarely now that we meet with a really healthy woman; and, highly as intellectual attainment may be prized, I think all will allow, that no qualification can be of much value, without the power of bringing it into use.—*Mrs Ellis.*

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.

REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.

Few sentiments are so extensively diffused over the universal human mind as the love of fame. It is as general as the appetite for food, and it is as various in its tastes. In some it is a morbid, high-seasoned love of glory; in others it is the simple healthy desire of what they feel they deserve. In some spheres of life the rays of fame inhalo the brows of men with the sudden, arbitrary effusion of accident; in others the crown of its simple glory has been fashioned by an honourable and patient labour, and attained to by a slow and toilsome ascension. In our estimation of fame, then, which is nothing more than homage paid to an aggregation of general character, we ought to be careful in our examination of the basis upon which it rests; we ought to know how and from what it has been obtained or acquired, and to value it accordingly.

The warrior, by some act of ferocious courage, or by a rapid succession of startling victories, suddenly springs from the obscurity of the ranks to a high and isolated position. His fame and glory burst in acclamations from the trembling lips and palpitating hearts of awestruck admiring onlookers, who, surprised by the promptitude of his deeds, and charmed by the influences of his aggrandising successes, add to the general shout their frantic 'All hail.' The politician, by the revolution of an hour, strides from the seclusion and unnoted retirement of his closet to the head and front of magisterial honour. He that was but the atomical unit of an immense system of social organisation and was lost in it, stands up before his fellows on a pinnacle of renown as suddenly as is eclipsed the dynasty which he succeeds. To the soldier success is the grand element of fame. If he fails to place his heel upon the neck of his foe and to claim the deep-mouthed homage of the trump of victory, he is nothing. His career is one of chances, and ten thousand are against him winning even the foetid, fleeting, unhealthy applause of a bloody-minded generation, whose feeble cheers must yet give place to the groans and expressive silence of posterity. Success is also the criterion of the politician's glory—success in bending to his will and in satisfying a host of partisans, who, raising him on their shoulders to the head and front of power, bend to him in life, and after death build the monumental marble over his body.

There is a fame, however, which is neither so suddenly won nor so brilliant as either of these, but which grows like the *immortelle* in the green, leafy shade of obscure life, and which is as fadeless as that bright and lovely flower. There is a fame which is begotten of a life of good deeds—which the Christian wins from watching angels, who, bending down their glistening eyes from heaven upon him, follow his footsteps of peace and love with smiles and whispered blessings through the dark labyrinthian mazes of a sinful, suffering world. They write down in the eternal book the ineradicable records of his fame; they weave for him from the glories of heaven an unfading garland, and when his pilgrimage is near a close they let it fall gently on his hoary head, before they translate him to his throne in 'the better land.' Such fame belongs to the devoted servant of Christ, whose glory is not of himself, but of Him for whose sake he worketh and fainteth not.

The world's better aspirations have often muttered the deeply felt hope, 'would that the ideas of mankind were revolutionised,' and in none, assuredly, do they need so thorough a reform as in regard to the kind and quality of fame. The heroism that has hitherto monopolised the applause of mankind is no heroism, while the unseen deeds and almost unrecorded acts performed by the soldiers of the Cross, when looked upon with the eye of reason, rise up in gigantic glory before the homage-giving souls of the good and true, because of the humility, devotion, and self-sacrifice of which they are so full.

The Rev. Jabez Bunting does not occupy a high place in the acknowledged veneration of the world, and yet this venerable man has spent his long life in the cause of God and humanity. Dr Bunting is one of the venerable patriarchs of the connection of the Wesleyan Methodists, and perhaps the most indefatigable and earnest promoter of missions within the pale of that large and influential body of Christians. He began his life, and the grand purpose of that valuable life, in Manchester, where he seems to have imbibed the energy and acuteness of the man of business, as well as the devotion and courage of the minister. Zeal and ability, when allowed full and free exercise, inevitably win their way to consideration and influence among men; and those marked and invaluable qualities were soon appreciated in Jabez Bunting—they indicated a master mind capable of sustaining the highest duties of a high and holy calling, and of occupying the widest sphere of a wide field of action. From Manchester Dr Bunting removed to London, where, for the last quarter of a century, he has fulfilled a noble ministry, and given a life-long impulse to the cause of missions.

The Wesleyan Methodists owe their origin to John Wesley, son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth, in the isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire. John Wesley was born in Epworth in 1703; in 1713 he was entered a scholar at the Charter House, London, where he remained seven years under the tuition of Dr Walker and of the Rev. Andrew Tooke, author of the 'Pantheon.' Being elected to Lincoln College, Oxford, he became a fellow in 1725, and took his degree of master of arts in 1726. The writings of the celebrated Mr W. Law, author of 'Christian Perfection,' led John Wesley and several of his fellow-students into the strict observance of a religious life. They partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper weekly, observed all the fasts of the Episcopal Church, visited the prisons, rose at four o'clock in the morning, and refrained from all amusements. From the strictness and uniformity of their habits, the young men received, in derision, the name of 'Methodists,' which has now become the denomination of one of the most active and numerous bodies of Christian dissenters in England. In 1735 Mr Wesley made a visit to Georgia, United States, whence, after a sojourn of two years, he returned to his native country. The contumely and scorn of the high and worldly-minded, and the closing of the chapel-doors upon this remarkable man, instead of destroying his energy and influence, strengthened and extended them. In 1738 he took to the byways and the fields—went down into the dark and lowly places of life—cried to the hitherto neglected, unnoticed outcasts from the Word of God, 'Come all ye that are heavy laden, for His yoke is light!' and by the example of his life, and the persuasiveness of his words, he soon gathered around him a numerous and devout flock. The establishment of Methodism in England might be viewed as a revival of religion; for, amongst the poor and neglected colliers of Kingswood and the tinners of Cornwall, light and grace, hitherto unknown and unfelt, sprung up with vigour and shone with fervour.

The Methodists are divided into two sections—the followers of the Rev. George Whitfield, who are believers in particular redemption, or Calvinists in doctrine; and the Wesleyan Methodists, who profess the doctrine of universal redemption, or Arminianism. To the latter of these sections of this great body of English dissenters belongs the venerable and indefatigable Jabez Bunting. If the Wesleyan Methodists have been active in evangelising the poor of our own country, they have also been an example of energy and devotion in the propagation of the Gospel abroad; and Jabez Bunting has been the life and spirit, for the last twenty years, of those heroic enterprises that have gone forth again and again to the dark places of the earth with the light of Christ's glorious Gospel, and the banner of the Cross unfolded.

Twenty years ago missionary adventure was a work of Christian forlorn hope. The Moravians and Wesleyans threw themselves in the van of that work, however. From 'Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand' the voice of supplication came, with all the force and earnest-

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ness of the Hindoo widow's wail and the poor immolated negro's cry of pain, to deliver the lands afar off from error's chain; and the devoted Moravian and the Wesleyan sped forth at the Master's call, to do his work.

When Jabez Bunting became secretary to the missions, their sphere was necessarily limited, and strong efforts were necessary to arouse attention to the calls of the heathen; but as the aspect of the darkened pagan world was again and again presented to the gaze of Christians, their hearts and hands expanded to the work. On the continent of Europe and Ireland, at this time, upwards of 12,000 people are under the cognisance of the Wesleyan Mission Board; in Asia, upwards of 8000; in the South Seas, about 30,000; in Africa, upwards of 20,000; in the West Indies, nearly 80,000; and in America about 80,000. Of these, upwards of 105,000 are full and accredited church members; nearly 5000 are upon trial; while 80,000 are children being taught in the mission's schools. Amongst the untrodden wilds of the north, and in the almost unexplored regions of Africa, their missionaries and catechists have set up their little tabernacles for the preaching and teaching of the word. For the furtherance of the great and noble objects comprehended under the appellation of missionary enterprise, the Wesleyan Methodist communion contribute more than any other body of voluntary contributors. The Church of England Missionary Society supports a staff of missionaries at an annual cost of about £105,000; the Wesleyan Methodists devote to the same purpose nearly £100,000, the children in the communion contributing no less than £4000 annually. The missions of this great section of the Christian church occupy a large part of the visible, and what may be almost termed the invisible, places of the earth's surface. In those stations into which civilisation has neglected to penetrate, as unprofitable and pestiferous wastes and wilds—on those shores which the ship of the merchant and the bark of the politician, the vessel of the philosopher and canoe of exploration, have not dared to touch, the missionary, armed with faith and the consciousness of his heavenly purpose, has fearlessly trod.

On the western coast of Africa, amongst the Mandingoes of the river Gambia, the Wesleyans have established four stations, with three missionaries and their assistants, who have upwards of 400 members in society, and about 400 children at the schools. South-east from this, at Sierra Leone, three principal stations, with three missionaries and thirty-five salaried teachers, speed the gospel-message, while upwards of 3000 adults, and nearly the same number of children, receive spiritual and intellectual instruction. On the Gold Coast, at Cape Coast Castle, and Ashantee, six stations have been fixed by the auxiliaries of this enterprising body of Christians; and to their progress and welfare Jabez Bunting has ever had a watchful and anxious eye. No one who has not made himself cognisant of the spirit and nature of missions can estimate the importance of Dr Bunting's connection with them. Their vitality depends upon home sympathy, home energy, and home zeal, as much as upon the more apparent efforts of the active missionary. By the ability, perseverance, and energy of Dr Bunting, the Wesleyan missions have grown from a minute and almost unseen nucleus into a great and efficient system of evangelisation.

Dr Bunting is one of the oldest and most respected ministers in the Methodist connexion. He has been elected four times as the President of the Annual Conference of Ministers; and, if it were possible, the grateful hearts of his brethren would confer upon the venerable Christian even a more marked proof of their respect and love.

If the incidents in the life of this great and good man have not been striking and illustrious, that whole life itself has been useful and glorious. If his name and image shall not be carved upon the sculptured marble of a semi-pantheonic hall, they shall live in the grateful hearts of men, and may be cherished by the posterity of the pagan, when they have been awakened from the dark night of heathen bondage into the blessed light and glory of the Lord's Canaan.

THE SAXON LANGUAGE.

It is not our purpose to offer here to our readers a formal disquisition, or philological essay, on the origin and composition of the Saxon language. Such an attempt would occupy much space. It is but intended at present to call attention to some of the more prominent peculiarities of the tongue mentioned, and which, though they must be obvious enough when pointed out, may yet have escaped the notice of multitudes who use the said form of speech daily and hourly. The first great fact to which we would call the notice of our readers is, that the Saxon—or rather the Teutonic, of which the Saxon is a pure and close dialect—shows every mark of having been a *primitive tongue*, that is, one originally framed by a distinct section of the human race to express their thoughts, and not a secondary mode of speech, compounded from, or based on, one or more previously existing. An instance of such a secondary language might easily be given. The Latin itself was of this description; and the Greek also, though to a more limited extent. However, we can find our most striking examples of compound tongues in modern days. Spain, France, and Italy, all give us but dialects of the same fundamental languages, the Latin being the great basis (and that being founded on the Greek), with a slight admixture of Teutonic, Celtic, and (in the case of Spain) Arabic. The basial tongue being so far compound, as has been said, it follows that the derivative languages just mentioned must be mixed and compounded to a great, to an enormous degree; and that we shall in vain look in them for traces of that simplicity and force which characterise all the modes of speech originally or primarily invented by sections of the human race.

Indubitably, the first words used by untutored man would be, as far as possible, descriptive or significative, in point of *sound*, of the purpose which the individual had in speaking. The word *hiss*, for instance, is perfectly expressive of the act which it represents, as regards at once the sound and sense. So is *howl*, and a thousand other words of the same sort. It is our purpose in the observations that follow, then, to show on the one hand how largely our own national language is stocked with terms of this description, and to prove, also, that we owe such forcible vocables almost wholly to our Saxon or Teutonic progenitors. Well was it for Britain, indeed, that the Norsemen made their various descents on our coasts, intermixing their blood so largely with that of the aboriginal British Celts; for to that intermixture, so far as human vision can penetrate, we owe not only the force and nobleness of our language, but likewise that solidity of national character in which the pure Celts of Ireland and France are so lamentably deficient, and for which all their ingenuity of intellect cannot compensate.

We believe that we cannot give a better idea of our present purpose than by presenting an extract, in the first instance, from an old writer, who composed in the pure Anglo-Saxon of his day, comparing it at the same time with the style of diction of a later writer of the English tongue. Our specimen of the first kind shall be taken from the 'Complaint of Scotland,' a lamentation over the distracted state of that his native kingdom, by John Bellenden, better known as the translator of Boece's 'History of Scotland.' Bellenden lived in the time of James V., and was an ecclesiastic of note and learning. In the following passage, which we modernise as much as is consistent with the preservation of its force, he represents himself to have heard wild outcries among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, thereby shadowing forth the contentions raging at the time among men. 'Their brutal sound,' he says, 'did redound to the high skies, while the deep hollow caverns of cleughs, and rough crags answered with ane high note of that same sound that the beasts had blawn. Now, to tell truth of the beasts that made such bearing, and of the din that the fowls did, their sundry sounds had neither temperance nor tune. For first, forth on the fresh fields, the nowt made noise with many a loud low. Both horses and

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mares did fast neigh, and the foals nicher. The bulls began to buller, when the sheep began to bleat, because the calves began to mow, when the dogs barkéd. Then the swine began to whine when they heard the ass rair, which made the hens cackle when the cocks crew. The chickens began to pee-ew, when the gled whistled. The fox followed the fed geese, and made them cry claick. The goslings cried whilk, whilk, and the ducks cried quack. The rooping of the ravens made the craws crope. The hooded craws cried varrok, varrok, when the swans mourned, because the grey sea-maw prognosticated ane storm. The turtle began for to greet when the cuschat youled. The titling followed the cuckoo, and made her sing gook, gook. The doo crooded her sad sang that sounded like sorrow. Robin and the little wren were hamely in winter. The jargling of the swallow made the jay jangle; then the mavis made mirth for to mock the merle. The laverock made melody up high in the skies; the nightingale all the night sang sweet notes; the tuwheets (lapwings) cried 'theuis nek,' when the magpies clattered; the garruling of the starling made the sparrow cheep; the lintwhite sang counterpoint, when the ouse yelped; the redshank cried 'my-fut, my-fut,' and the oxeye cried 'tooeet.' The herons gave a wild skriegh, which made the whaups flee far from hame.'

If the reader will look closely at this passage, he will gain therefrom an insight into the formation of all primitive tongues. The notes or cries of all the beasts and birds, it will be seen, are designated by words approximating closely to them individually in sound. So it must have been everywhere originally, as regards the description of all movements, sounds, and acts—the utterance of all thoughts. The uncultivated founders of languages must have striven, almost of necessity, to make their meaning known by imitations. How different is the point at which we have now arrived! *Expressiveness of speech* has now with us a signification totally distinct from what the terms once conveyed. Whereas our forefathers desired to make the sound of each word an index to the sense, we, advanced as we are in civilisation, look only to radical terms for the purpose of framing elegant derivatives, which, to the ear, have no correspondence whatever with the sense. Many of the words in the extract already given would have a meaning in the hearing of any savage of any clime in the world. The very Greenlander might know the cry of the birds and beasts native to his land. Would he have the power to make anything, think you, of the story of 'Anningait and Ajut'—a story of his own country, told by Dr Samuel Johnson? Thus run, in the opening of that tale, the doctor's sententious compounds: 'Of the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we cannot always remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves, nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.'

Doubtless, the diction here is very polished, and sonorous, and grand; and, to ears properly qualified, conveys also a clear meaning. But its composite nature is glaringly obvious at a glance, and its entire effect falls far short, in our humble opinion, of that produced by a sentence or two of pure and pithy Saxon. Let us here, to illustrate our argument fully, take up a few words of that Saxon tongue, and point out to our readers the strong comparative force which they possess, as well as the singular development and combination in them of the two elements of sound and sense. For example, look at the congenial terms *clasp* and *clutch*. While the first, by its very sound, indicates the firm seizure of some particular body, the second conveys strikingly the idea of redoubled force in the same act. Does not the word *cling*, too, leave upon the mind the impression of something firmly adhering to another object? Is there not a weight on the tongue, as it were, in uttering the word *clog*? Look, again, how the two *ffs* in *chaff* give you the sense of something absolutely puffed away by the winds? Does not a speaker of necessity let his voice tremble upon the liquids in the term *chill*, as if under the influence of a cold shower-bath? Observe, also, how penetrative is the effect of *cleave;* how forcible the word *clench;* how thoroughly *click* and *clack* put you in mind of the movements of a *clock* (itself a sort of concentrated term); how well *clip* describes the act of minute paring by the tailor's scissors; how significant are *chink* and *clink*, as applied to the ringing of metals; and, finally, what a sort of consciousness of summation lies in the use of the verb *close!* It would almost appear as if the tongue were compelled to dwell on the latter word, under the impression that all ends with its pronunciation. To go on farther with words from the same quarter of the Anglo-Saxon dictionary, we would ask if the ingenuity of man could better describe any action in mere words than we find to be done in the case of the word *cough?* The compound monosyllable, if we may call it such, is literally formed at every recurrence of the *tussis*—the Græco-Latin term for cough, but one lamentably inexpressive comparatively. The Saxon words beginning with *cr* are likewise in general very forcible. *Crack* is as like the action meant as may be; and so is *crackle*. *Cramp* has a kind of contraction in its very sound, that puts one much in mind of the real visitation. Nothing, again, could surpass in appropriateness, as regards sound and sense, the words *crawl creep*, and *crouch*. Each of them appears to be finely associated with the action which it signifies. We might also point to *croak* as a term that carries its meaning in its utterance; as well as *crush*, which conveys strongly the impression of something or somebody being squeezed to annihilation.

In the Saxon, as in other primitive tongues, we find the radical words to be almost uniformly monosyllabic, and to begin, in most instances, with a consonant, or rather a double consonant. If we were to examine closely into the matter, we should find that the initial letters or consonants give origin, in each separate case, to *classes* of words approximating to one another in sense. For example, all the words beginning with *cl* represent a rather quick and sharp action, but not one accompanied by great force. That is left to another series of letters, and particularly, as we shall yet see, to the consonants *st*, which give a remarkable power to the terms they are prefixed to. In the meantime, we may go on regularly by noticing the curious effect of the letters *dr* on the words to which they constitute the prefix. The action which they indicate is unlike that of the words beginning with *cl*. It is not quick and sharp, but slow and heavy. Take as instances the verbs *drag, draggle, draw, drawl, drench, dribble, drip, drop, drivel, drizzle, droop, drum*, and various others. In all of these, we see the strongest proofs of their being parts of a primitive language—founded on imitations in sound of the actions which the words really represent. Who can pronounce such a term as *drawl* without being positively compelled to copy its meaning in the utterance? And who can fail to recognise the nice distinction betwixt *drip* and *drop*, both indicating a slow action of water, and yet one denoting the fall of petty globules, while the other pictures a fall much more full and sonorous?

The words beginning with *fl* have also their own peculiar character, almost all of them expressing an extremely rapid and light action, such as the tongue is forced so far to accord with in enunciation. Of this description are the words *flash, flay, fling, flitter, flog, flutter, fly*, and the like. The distinction is nice, and yet sufficiently obvious between the effects of *fl* and *cl*, as the initials of verbs of action. The intensity and rapidity of the *fl* does by no means appertain to the *cl*, as the mere pronouncement of the terms opened by the former will satisfactorily show.

There is a particular softness of action, again, represented by the radical words beginning with *gl*, as *glimmer*,

glitter, glisten, glide, gloom, and others. On the contrary, there is a striking degree of harshness pertaining to the verbs that open with *gr*, and which quite corresponds with the effect of these consonants in utterance. What could more emphatically shadow forth the actions implied than the several words, *grapple, grasp, grin, gripe, grope, grub,* and so forth? All these have meanings of one and the same class. How effective the adjectives, too, *grim* and *gruff?* Their sound is most picturesquely appropriate to their signification. Several of the verbs beginning with *gn* have a curious kind of force of their own, as *gnash* and *gnaw,* both of which indicate a twisted convulsive action, as it were, and one which they actually signify in sense as in sound.

The majority of the radical verbs commenced by the letter *h* (which was almost always fully sounded or pronounced in that position originally) have a singularly well-defined signification. Our Saxon ancestors, feeling the force of the letter or aspirate in utterance, applied it, and most naturally, to characterise those forms of strong exertion which are accompanied with an expiration, such as is made in the forcible pronunciation of *h* in cases where it is pronounced and originates a word. There is, in short, a kind of breathless energy, and for the most part speed, in the actions which the radical verbs of this class imply. *Hack, hash, hawl, halt, haste, heap, heave, help, hem, hide, his, hit, hold, hook, hop, hover, hug, hunt, hush, et cetera,* are examples of the peculiar character of the words of action beginning with *h*. There is often also a sort of *elevatory* cast in the action indicated by words so commenced; and numerous nouns similarly formed denote elevation of site. Many readers will remember Pope's artificial attempt to exemplify this point in his essay on criticism: 'Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.' This example proves what has been asserted, that, with the initiatory letter *h*, words assume the signification, in many cases, of an elevatory movement or action. Still the expiratory force of the *h* applies universally. The 'heights of heaven,' and the 'hollows of hell,' are, as regards verbal picturing, indebted alike to the letter for force and emphasis. Milton knew well the value of the *h*.

> 'Him the Almighty Power
> Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
> With hideous ruin.'

We might mention many other expressive words beginning with *h*, both verbs and nouns. The sound of *hamper,* for example, is most significant of the action; and the utterance of *hiccup* is the very action itself. The adjectives *hard* and *harsh* not only carry their meaning in their sound, but shadow forth severally nice degrees of meaning, the latter of them doubling the force of the former. We must dwell no longer, however, on this demi-vowel, or semi-consonant, of which the well-known riddle says finely—

> 'Twas whisper'd in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell,
> And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;'

and of which same pseudo-letter the Cockneys make such strange use, now denying it a place where it has a right to be, and locating it where it should not be found. Horace Smith somewhere accuses this metropolitan custom of causing a poor lady's death. Driving one day in a carriage along the cliffs at Brighton, with the open precipice on one hand, and a hedge on the land side, the unlucky dame, getting alarmed, screamed out to the coachman to keep nearer 'the *edge,*' which order being obeyed, the vehicle and its contents were tumbled into the sea. Alas! the lady meant to say 'the *hedge,*' but her city tongue could not sound the word aright. Horace Smith says that a coroner's inquest would have found the death a natural one, inasmuch as the lady simply died of '*in*-aspiration' —that is, in one sense, want of breath.

Many of the words beginning with the letter *j* are peculiarly expressive; for instance, the verb to *jag*. One almost feels a thorn in one's flesh at the very sound of the term. Then, does not the verb to *jar* make the very teeth sensible of its force in enunciation? In pronouncing the word *jaw,* again, are you not compelled so to open the mouth as to render its sense unquestionable? The term *jerk* is also exactly indicative of the action implied, and *jig* is enough to make your feet set off in a St Vitus dance. Though not using this word individually, Milton made admirable use of the Saxon tongue to pourtray similar hilarious movements in the lines—

> 'Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles'—

lines unequalled in our literature for picturesque force. *Jeer* carries scoffing in its very sound, the tongue being forced, as it were, to dwell on it scornfully; and no one could pronounce the word *jilt* rightly, on the other hand, without a sort of contemptuous abbreviation. *Jog, joggle, jolt,* and *jostle,* give one a strong sense, each and all, of being 'dunched' and shaken, seriously to the annoyance of the bodily man. What could better indicate confusion than the phrase *jumble?* And does not the catching of the breath, rendered almost compulsory in uttering the word *jump,* denote with clearness the nature of the action implied?

We find, however, that it will be necessary to defer our remaining notices of the Teutonic or Saxon vocabulary to another occasion. As yet we have overrun scarcely one half of the dictionary. At the outset, any desire to give a regular philological discussion on the language of our northern sires was disclaimed, but, nevertheless, our readers will find in the end that the present observations are not made without a purpose, and that purpose a distinct and definite one. We may hope that it will also prove a useful one.

THE LESSONS OF AUTUMN.

THERE is an eventide in the day, an hour when the sun retires, when the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of repose and silence. This hour is favourable to reflection. There is an eventide in the *year;* season which tenderly touches the heart—a season when the sun withdraws his strongest beams, when the leaves fall, and when the harvest is gathered. It is a season for religious contemplation. God and nature are addressing man.

1. Autumn tends *to wean us from the possessions of the world.* This evening of the year assures us, that the strong and rapid pulse of youthful vigour must gradually sink, and then stop for ever. It tells us of the steady advance of time. A few weeks ago, the summer was glorying in its power and the sun was rejoicing in his ascendant; but now the chill air of autumn alarms us of the approaching winter. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid the hastening desolations of nature. We set down in the lodge of the way-faring man in the wilderness, and we feel that all we witness is a emblem of our own fate. We rise from our meditation with hearts softened and subdued.

2. Autumn brings a *general though pleasing melancholy.* It is useful, because it is not an individual remonstrance. Nature does not, like some men, insult while she instructs. Yet a few years we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass; the loudest notes of triumph will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, will cease from troubling, and the weary, wherever suffering, will be at rest. Under impressions so profound the hatreds and cares of life sink unperceived from our bosom. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves which fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes and to society, with the wish only to enlighten and to bless them.

3. Autumn enjoins *trust in God.* The laws of nature are God's continued agency, and their effects are the exhibitions of his providence. We are about to witness the decays of the year. Amid these impressions we need support—and there is support for us. We lift our downsponding eyes, and we see above us ONE, 'who is ever the same' amidst all [illegible]

e is a God; and, from the tempestuous sea of life, we that pole-star of nature, to which a sacred instinct has cted our eyes, and which burns with undecaying ray ighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

. Autumn illustrates the value of the *promise of a urrection*. Nature yearly perishes, but is yearly re-ed. The same sun which, by its receding ray, brings autumn, will, by its growing heat, call forth the spring. ler such convictions, hope dawns upon the sadness of heart. The melancholy of decay becomes the herald enewal. So shall it be with the dead. We see be-d the grave, a greater spring, and with calmness we render ourselves to death. While the sun of mortality ks, we hail the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and the hours when all the honours of nature are perishing out us, we prostrate ourselves in deeper adoration before n who sitteth on its throne.—*Brooks.*

HREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

(Third Day's Hunt—continued from p. 75.)

'ou attributed the calmness of Grant,' said Mr Brown, his return, 'to a certain insensibility of constitution, in e direction of misfortunes and bereavements. This is t likely, since he is of a nervous temperament, and natu-lly quick in his sympathies; nay, I know certainly this is not the fact in his case. I admit there are certain con-titutions, or states of body, which dispose a man to look the sunny side of things; and that there are other states d constitutions which incline a man to regard the gloomy de; but then this tendency may be checked and weakened r restraint, or strengthened and confirmed by indulgence, st as a choleric temperament may. Some, by care and ought, have completely subdued a naturally bad temper, much so, indeed, as to be remarkable for the sweetness d evenness of their disposition.'

'Few, I suspect, have managed that.'

'But the few prove it to be possible, and the number ould be greater if more would earnestly set about it. Men ve the rein to their ill-humours and tendencies, and when ey begin to suffer from them, they say they are martyrs to is and to that in their constitution, whilst, in truth, the poiled children of their mind are only making reprisals pon them. The drunkard may repine at his broken con-titution, but he has himself to blame for it. This is part f his wages, and vice is the surest of paymasters. The ll money may be delayed, as is often the case with virtue, hough it is not the less true that virtue is its own reward ad vice its own punishment; but the self-tormentor has his advantage—he gets his cash on the nail.'

'It would seem, by your account, that the sources of un-easiness are so many, as to make it impossible to escape me or other of them.'

'They are many, but not therefore unavoidable—at least n a great measure; and by shutting up one source, you ave greater force to battle with and shut out the others, ust as filling up effectually one breach in a besieged city akes it more easy to defend the rest. 'Every victory he n de became the means of another,' says Justin of Ninus; nd in truth in this conflict there is but one battle-ground—me citadel to defend.'

'Namely?'

'The mind. That is the seat of war, and the arena of conquest or defeat. It may be well to classify the ap-proaches through which the enemy makes advance, but it s of greater moment to know where the struggle will al-ways take place, in order that the forces of the mind may unhesitatingly and simultaneously rush to the rescue.'

'You talk of the approaches of the enemy—have you counted them?'

'Not exactly; but they may be said to be two—physi-cal and mental—through the medium of the body or the mind; or they may otherwise be said to arise out of the past, the present, and the future—from without and from within.'

'And you offer battle to them all?'

'Not offer battle, but resist invasion, if it be attempted.'

'You admitted before there were certain distempers of the body acting on the mind, which the mind could not resist.'

'Certainly, and it is needless to be always re-stating them.'

'From without and from within! What do you mean by within?'

'Within the mind itself; what the current of thought throws up: painful ideas, which return the more fre-quently, and in greater force, the more they are en-couraged.'

'But it appears they will come in, in spite of you.'

'Yes, just as vicious thoughts will; but you are an-swerable for entertaining them.'

'But if in, how can you keep them out?'

'Put them out, as angels do.'

'That is, if you are able?'

'Precisely.'

'And if not, they will stay in?'

'Yes; but few fairly try whether they are able, or only try, at remote intervals, after the enemy has settled down and fortified himself. The victory would have been com-paratively easy at first. In plain terms, the power of ha-bit forms—the most difficult of all powers to dislodge. I named the 'past,' and it occurs to me just now, that a retrospect of the past affords a strong motive for not giving way to one of the most frequent sources of disquietude—I mean the puny cares and jostlings of life—the small fry of misery, and yet, from their number, more to be dreaded than shark or mammoth.'

'Well, let's hear.'

'Which of these petty evils do we now remember, or if we could, which of them should we not now smile at, and wonder we yielded to them? and yet, when put together, they have given us more pain than most, or all besides. Think of those of yesterday, or the day previous: the tumbling of an inkstand—not getting a pen to your mind—the breaking of a tea-cup—the blotting of a letter—an acquaintance sitting too long—the non-arrival of some par-cel or person you half-expected—or the happening of some-thing not quite to your mind. You got fretted, and in that state you fell an easy prey to something else, and not till you had a night's sleep were you completely restored. But these will return in one or other shape, and we will be annoyed as before, unless we see the folly of it, and de-termine not to be so; and the secret of success lies in re-sisting the unpleasant feeling at first! at first!! If it get in, it will keep its place for some time, and make room for others. Resist all parley and solicitation to be annoyed, and you are safe—the thick end of the wedge can't get in if the small don't; and practice will soon make the mat-ter easy—a thing of course—an affair of habit, which gradually acquires the power and precision of instinct.'

'According to this theory, we are to cease to feel.'

'Yes, such things as these; for it does no good and much ill. It is simply a voluntary and fruitless misery, and there are real and great evils for which we should reserve our strength. Why waste ammunition that can be spared?'

'But insensibility in the one will beget it in the other.'

'No; but it may tend to moderate it, and this also is needed.'

'You are opposing stoicism to Christianity, I think.'

'By no means! I am taking Christianity as my guide in this matter.'

'Does Christianity forbid us to feel?'

'No; feel where there is due cause. Feel, and hear, but kiss the rod. Despise not chastening, but faint not; for if thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small; mourn, but murmur not.'

'Does it not bid us weep with them that weep?'

'Yes, but as those who have hope; that is, we should temper our grief—mix the dew of heaven with our tears, and cherish gratitude under the greatest calamities; for the least mercy left us is more than we deserve, and trials themselves will turn to our profit if we use them aright, so that in patience we are to possess our souls, and be con-

tent with such things as we have—nay, to rejoice always, and to count that our afflictions here are light and but for a moment, as contrasted with the overwhelming weight of glory that shall be revealed. Is it an evidence of patience or contentment to be always murmuring at every little cross—or of gratitude to be constantly grumbling—or of Christian sympathy to be ever weeping, and pointing at the dark side of the cloud? If any man may be cheerful it is the Christian, and if any man ought to be cheerful it is he.'

'Is he not to mourn that he may be comforted?

'Yes; but not in that way, nor for things like these.'

'For what then?'

'His shortcomings and remaining imperfections.'

'And not to mourn for a wife any more than for a dog?'

'He is not to mourn for a dog as for a wife, nor for a wife as if the visitation were cruel, or the loss irreparable, but to yield to the stroke, and prepare to follow. If he grieves unduly, he sins; he manifests unbelief and a want of resignation; he opposes his will to God's, or at least forgets the tenure by which he holds all his earthly blessings, and forgetting sins, and sinning suffers. Here are two passages I have marked in 'Mason's Remains.' Let me read them. 'Outward losses and afflictions are consistent with the love of God. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' We are all subject to alterations; our life, health, estate, friends, families, and all we have, are liable to changes. Let us then fix upon a God who never changes, who never fails; let us depend upon a God who depends upon none; and what though our house be not so with God as it hath been, yet if he hath made with us an everlasting covenant, we have great reason to be content with all his outward dealings with us. . . . Prepare to receive the will of God, and look for changes and alterations in the world. Consider you have what God allots you, what his providence allows you; your crosses and comforts are mixed by his hands. Afflictions are not so much threatened as promised to the children of God. God takes it unkindly when we grieve too much for any outward thing, because it is a sign we fetch not that comfort from him which we should.''

'Too much, he says; but that implies we should grieve for outward things.'

'Yes, certain outward things, but not all, and not in any case to excess. To eat is right, but gluttony is wrong. He who mourns constantly about outward losses shows that his gods have been taken from him. Jacob changed the name of the child of which Rachel died. She called it Benoni—'the son of my sorrow;' but lest this should prove a daily occasion of renewing his grief, he altered it to Benjamin. This was both wisdom and piety. Grotius, I remember, offers some good advice to Du Maurier on the loss of his wife. 'At our first entrance,' says he, 'upon this work, we must seriously consider whether the grief of the heart be in the number of those things over which our labour and industry hath any power; for if necessarily and naturally we do all grieve so much as the greatness of the occasion, and the immutable frame of every one's mind requireth, it is easily understood all pains to the contrary is taken in vain. Nor doubt I but rude minds surprised with some such persuasion do sometimes give up themselves to the possession of grief, as of a disease incurable. The truth is this. Those first appearances, and the sudden motions arising thence, which the wise compare to the twinkling of the eyes, are without our power; but to admit of those appearances, and let them, without judgment and discretion, into the closet of the heart; or else to pass a strict examination upon them, and weigh them in the scale of reason; also, to loose the reins of the affections, or to restrain them: this, for the most part, is within our power. That sorrow may be overcome, nature itself teaches us; for, if by no other means, it is at last consumed by time. . . Sorrow hath this good in it, above other evils, it bears not age. Other diseases of the mind are nourished, this is wasted by time. You may suppose it is a weak enemy that cannot maintain itself, and, without any force opposed, falls of itself. What nature promiseth at a longer day, reason represents and pays down in hand. Let us therefore, as it is the property of art, follow the steps of nature. When, by little and little, the grief of mind departeth, there is, for the most part, no change in the thing itself—yea, the incommodity that was, often becomes greater, as when he that hath lost a friend or wife declines to old age, wherein he hath most need of helps. Whence, then, arises that calm in a mind so much troubled before? Truly hence, the appearance of the thing that causeth sorrow is more seldom in the eye of the mind; it slides by, not sticks; it touches, doth not press or pierce the mind; and at last it doth not so much as touch it. Consider, now, whether every one be not able to cure himself, and hasten his own enjoyment of so great a good. Most of us not only suffer but create our sorrow, whilst we yield ourselves to sudden cogitations; in mourning, especially, where the vexation flatters us under a show of piety. Those sad thoughts we cherish carefully, and to our own hurt patronise, doing like them that seek for looking-glasses which represent bodies greater than they are. Surely the will of man, that hath such force to hurt himself, might do somewhat, if it pleased, for his own ease. That sorrow is an enemy to us we cannot deny. The leanness of an exhausted body, paleness of countenance, dejection of mind, and causes of grief for the most part more just than that for which we grieve, show it to be an enemy. In dealing with an enemy, what are we wont to do? If he be strong, and at the first onset violent, whilst your forces are not yet come together, the first caution is to decline the battle; afterward, when you are assured and confident in your strength, you shall march into the field, and display your colours. Even so, the appearance of your loss being fresh, and your mind tender, it is best to bend your thoughts another way. Now is the time, if ever, to be immersed in public cares, and suffer no room at all in the mind to be unpossessed. Nor are the conferences of friends unprofitable, provided they be men of courage and wisdom, not such as commend themselves by the imitation of your sadness. Confer with the dead also, and turn over books with greater diligence now than ever, and let that which was but your recreation before now become a part of your labour. Books will not only give you a safe retreat from the enemy's fury, but arms, also, against the enemy. Antiphanes, a heathen poet, speaks in this sense:—

'Lament your friends with sorrow moderate:
They are not lost but gone before, where fate
Disposeth all. And we in order must,
One after one, be turn'd to the same dust,
And meet at the same inn by several ways,
And in another world shall see new days.'

And Paul checks immoderate grief in these words—'I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.''

'That is all very good,' said Mr Smith, 'and I don't deny that grief for the dead should be kept within due bounds: what I contended for was, that it is unnatural and unchristian not to grieve.'

'Certainly,' said Mr Brown, 'but not to grieve without cause, or immoderately with cause; and this is likely to be the case, unless a man take care; for, as Shakspeare says—

'Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects—
Like pictures which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion—eyed awry
Distinguish form.'

And as he somewhere else says—

'We doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. . . .
And knarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light:'

which is of a piece with the Italian proverb—'He makes his grief light who thinks it so;' which reminds me of a few excellent lines by Lord Morley, addressed to his posterity, and which were written over the door of his bedchamber:

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'Never was I less alone, than being alone,
Here in this chamber, foul thoughts had I none;
But always I thought to bring the mind to rest,
But that thought of all thoughts I judge the best.
For if my coffers had been full of pearl and gold,
And fortune had favour'd me even as that I wold;
The mind out of quiet, so sage Seneca saith,
It had been no felicity, but a painful death.
Love then who love well to stand in high degree:
I blame him not a whit so that he follow me.
And take his loss as quietly as when that he doth win,
Then fortune hath no mastery of that state that he is in,
But rules, and is not ruled, and takes the better part,
Oh, that man is bless'd that learns this gentle art!
This was my felicity, my pastime, and my gain—
I wish all my posterity, then, could come the same!'

'Si ita Deo placet, ita fiat.'*

'Take his loss as quietly as when he wins!' repeated Mr Smith; 'what man can do that? Words—mere words!'

'A little more than words,' urged Mr Brown; 'overstated perhaps, if regarded literally and of universal application, but still attainable to a certain extent by those who take the pains—and nothing valuable is to be had without this.'

'What kind of pains could protect a man against the shock which losses occasion?'

'We have spoken of this before. Let me read to you what a writer of the seventeenth century says: "He usually behaves best who is best prepared—who has not his weapons to seek when they are to be used, nor his armour to be put on when the attack is begun. It is observed that none are more confounded when calamity comes than those who are most careless to prevent it. Principles must be fixed before they can be used; and frequent practice must settle habits before we can enjoy the benefit of that ease with which they exert themselves. Of all people they suffer most who will not allow you to mention beforehand the death of a beloved object, nor themselves to think of any such thing." How different the conduct of one who, on being told of the death of an only and beloved son, replied, "I knew that I begat him a mortal man!" What a rebuke to Christians! He was a heathen—Socrates, I think.'

'A chance case.'

'No; some other heathens have displayed like forethought and magnanimity. Rare cases certainly, but not the result of chance in the strict sense.'

'Is sensibility, then, a crime, and insensibility a virtue?'

'No! but we are to use every lawful mean to lessen if not remove affliction. "There are two extremes," says this writer, "to be avoided under troubles; the one is slighting the affliction, as if we scorned to feel it, like a mere accident, not to be regarded; the other is sinking under it, as if we had no help to go to, but would fling up all in sullen despair, instead of endeavouring to attain the end God himself aims at in the dispensation." Both these extremes are cautioned against: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked." And again he says—"By what rule of common sense should grief be left unlimited more than any other passion? Why such costly sacrifices as health and life, and the comforts of both, to a calamity that you think has carried off too much already? We may pay the tribute of a few tears to the memory of some dear objects; but then, religion says, we should "weep as if we wept not," because there will ever be more occasion of joy to a good man than of sorrow; and philosophy says, it is a needless aggravation of misery to faint under our pains, and not have courage to suffer those misfortunes which it is not in our power to avoid. Should the pilot abandon the helm in the violence of a tempest? Should reason and grace be least hearkened to when their dictates are most seasonable, and their maxims most needful? Has not this weakness of mind betrayed abundance of people into those extremities that are a disgrace to human nature and a reproach to the Christian character?' Now, if this be true as regards great and sore calamities, in what light shall we regard the habitual fretting and ill-humour of so many under the little crosses and derangements of every-day life? But whatever view we take, it is certain that this fretting, when put together, is the giant evil in the lives of thousands—nay, of millions—if not of most.'

'It may be so,' said Mr Smith, 'and perhaps it gets less attention than it deserves. But in the meantime I must go.'

'I wish you could stay,' entreated Mr Brown; 'I have some other things I wish to show you. Here is a passage, a very short one, in which Seneca says to God—"I only want to know your will. As soon as I know what that is, I am always of the same mind. I do not say you have taken from me—that looks as if I were unwilling; but that you have accepted from me that which I am ready to offer."'

'Any man might say that,' contended Mr Smith, 'but the difficulty is to do it.'

'Few men have said it, however, or said it so well; and as to doing, I remember reading of a Spartan mother who had five sons out on the day of battle. She asked a soldier, who came running with tidings to the city, "What news?" "Thy five sons are slain." "Fool, I did not ask after them. How goes it on the field of battle?" "We have gained the victory—Sparta is safe." "Then let us be thankful to the gods for our deliverance and continued freedom," exclaimed the bereaved mother. Zeno, too, in a similar spirit, protested that the best voyage he ever made in his life was the one in which he lost his all by shipwreck, because it proved the means of inducing him to betake himself to the study of virtue and philosophy. You remember the case of Eli, and Aaron, and David, and the mother of the Maccabees, and a host of martyrs and others; so that the thing may be done, it appears, as well as said, and it will never be done till we first think and resolve. Action is but embodied thought—the universe itself is but a thought expressed in matter; and, at any rate, if every little cross gets the better of us, it shows our weakness and its strength—it is the master, we are the slaves.'

'Well, I'll be my own master for once. Good bye.'

'But when will you hear those passages I referred to?'

'Can't say.'

'Thursday next?'

'No.'

'Friday then?'

'Say Saturday.'

'Well, Saturday be it, at ten. Adieu!'

* 'If God wills it so, so be it.'

THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

'The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord.'—1 Samuel iii. 1.

A fair young child went wand'ring out
One glorious day in June;
Flirting with bees that were humming about,
Kissing red buds with a rival pout,
And mocking the cuckoo's tune.

For a moment his tiny hand was lost
'Mid rushes that fringed the stream;
Then it came forth, and white lilies were toss'd
After the golden perch, that cross'd
In the flash of the noontide beam.

He loiter'd along in the dusky shade
Where spicy cones were spread;
He gather'd them up, till a pet lamb stray'd
To nibble the sward, then down he laid,
Hugging its innocent head.

A pair of glitt'ring wings went by,
And the child flew after the moth;
Till a flutt'ring nestling caught his eye,
And he chased the bird, but he gave no sigh
When he saw he had lost them both.

He found himself in a dazzling place,
Where Flora had been crown'd;
Where perfume, colour, light, and grace,
Pure as the flush of his own young face,
Were flung over bower and mound.

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He stood like an elf in fairy lands,
With a wide and wistful stare;
As a maiden over her casket stands,
'Mid heaps of jewels beneath her hands,
Uncertain which to wear.

He went through the burnish'd rainbow maze,
For some trophy to carry away;
To the tulip bed and acacia sprays,
To the luscious breath and the scarlet blaze,
Not knowing where to stay.

At last the child was seen to pass
With one sweet opening rose,
And a blade of the white-streaken ribbon grass:
The beautiful things in the gorgeous mass
That his untaught spirit chose.

He rambled on through another gay hour,
With a young heart's revelling mirth;
But he still preserved the grass and the flower,
As though they form'd the richest dower
That he could inherit from earth.

Over the green hill he slowly crept,
Guarding his rose from ill;
He loll'd on the bank of a meadow and slept,
Then he hunted a squirrel, but jealously kept
The rose and the ribbon leaf still.

He stroll'd to the sea-beach, bleak and bare,
And climb'd up a jetting spot;
And the child was wooing his idols there,
Nursing the flower and grass with care,
All else in the world forgot.

A dense, dark cloud roll'd over the sky,
Like a vast triumphal car;
The child look'd up as it thicken'd on high,
And watch'd its thund'ring storm-wheels fly
Through the blue arch fast and far.

He knelt with the trophies he held so dear,
And his beaming head was bow'd,
As he murmur'd, with mingled trust and fear,
'I'll twine them together and leave them here,
For the God who made that cloud.

Worshipping child, thou wert doing then
What all below should do!
We hear it taught by the prophet men,
We see it traced by the prophet pen,
By the holy, the wise, the true.

We must lay down the flowers we bear,
Held close in doting pride;
We must be ready to willingly spare,
On life's altar-rock, the things most fair,
And loved beyond all beside.

Worshipping child, may the tempest hour
Find me with my spirit so bow'd!
As thou didst give the grass and the flower,
May I yield what I love best to the power
Of Him that makes the cloud!

ELIZA COOK.

ROBERT FLEMMING:

OR, 'WHAT THAT BOY DID COME TO AT LAST.'

BY FANNY FORESTER.

'RACHEL,' said a young farmer to his wife, as he entered the house, leading by the hand a curly-headed little fellow, with a particularly bright eye and a mouth with a particularly roguish curl to it—'Rachel, you were wishing yesterday you had a boy; I have brought one home to you.'

The young woman dropped the broom which she was wielding with much spirit, and, turning short round, placed her two bared arms akimbo. 'Well, Eben Howe, you are just the strangest man that I ever saw. What *do* you suppose I can do with a boy, when I have everything under the sun to do, and nobody to help?'

'Why, it is to help you that I have brought him home, Rachel.'

'Help! yes, I'll warrant me, such help as I get from everybody that comes into this house. You brought grandmamma to help me, too, I suppose, and——'

'Rachel!' exclaimed the young man, in a tone of sorrowful surprise.

'Not that I mind the trouble with her,' resumed the wife, not much abashed; 'there's nothing that I like better than waiting on grandmamma; but you've no idea, Eben, of the wear and tear of the slavish life I lead. Here's the baby has done nothing but cry all day long——'

'Well, well, Rachel; never mind——'

'Never mind! Oh, yes, that's always the way. If I should kill myself, you'd say never mind!'

'I mean don't mind anything about the boy. I got him to assist you; but if you think he would make trouble——'

'Make trouble, Eben! Why, I would rather do every thing myself than have the trouble of following after a boy, watching to see that things were done right, and slaving myself to death to do his washing and mending.'

'Very well, Rachel, I can take him back to-morrow, when I go to carry the wool to Smith's. I wish we could contrive some way of lightening your cares, though. If you would only consent to hire a girl——'

'Hire! No—no; I'm not the lazy woman you take me for, Eben Howe. Hire, indeed! Why, I should have the whole neighbourhood laughing at me, as they do at that shiftless Mrs Wood. No; I'll work my fingers off up to the joints, before I'll have it said that Rachel Ellis set up for a lady as soon as she got married, and ruined her husband by her extravagance.'

'Nobody would say that, Rachel. But supposing we adopt a little girl, would she make as much trouble as a boy?'

'A thousand times more. I wouldn't bring up a girl for the world.'

Mr Howe glanced at the cradle.

'One not my own, I mean. A girl couldn't cut wood and take care of the cattle when you were gone.'

'And a boy could.'

'Yes; and—he could look after the baby.'

'Certainly.'

'And help to scrub the floor.'

'Of course.'

'And run all sorts of errands.'

'And bring water from the spring.'

'And—and—oh, a boy could do a great deal. Then I could alter over your old clothes for him, and we never have a scant table; so the keeping wouldn't be much.'

'A mere trifle. But consider the trouble to yourself, Rachel.'

'Why, as to that, I am pretty strong yet, and shouldn't mind a little more work, if the boy was faithful and willing. I hope he didn't come from a poor, miserable hut, like the Murphys; we never could break him off his bad habits, if he did.'

'The boy has been well taught, I am certain, Rachel. If he had bad habits, he would be unlike——'

Howe hesitated to say whom, and his wife, without noting it, inquired—'What kind of a bargain have you made, Eben?'

'If we conclude it is best, we can have him three months on trial——'

'Three months, and haying and harvesting all over! Why, a baby could do all the turns we shall have to do.'

'Oh, that is of no great consequence——'

'I tell you, Eben Howe, it is of a great deal of consequence when you take any one on trial, that there should be plenty of work to do, and that of the right kind.'

'Yes, yes, I know it, Rachel; but if three months don't satisfy us, I presume we can try him a year; we can keep him as long as we please, and send him away when we please. Poor woman! she has not the power to choose,' he added, in an under tone.

'Ah, that is something like. What then?'

'Why, if we finally conclude to keep him, we are to consider him as our own boy, treat him well——'

'I hope we are not the folks to treat him ill.'

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'I am sure *you* will not, Rachel. Then we are to feed and clothe him only——'

'Only! I guess you'd not say *only*, if you knew what that would be. He'll wear out clothes faster than I can make them, I'll warrant, and eat as much as a man.'

'So you think it will be very expensive to keep him?'

'No, not expensive exactly—no, not at all. I told you that I could manage the clothing part nicely, and one mouth in a family where there's always plenty don't make much difference.'

'But the trouble to you?'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind it much. I suppose we can keep him till he's twenty-one?'

'Yes, if he is bound.'

'Well, we won't have him bound. I wouldn't have a bound boy about the house. He shall be free to go any minute he chooses; though, to be sure, if he prove to be a good boy, we will keep him to bring up, and do well by him, won't we, Eben?'

'That can be decided hereafter; but there's one more item in the bargain. We are to send him to school three months every year.'

'To school, indeed! And where's the money to come from, and the—and the—? Now, Eben Howe, *can* you think of doing such a foolish thing as that? Three months every year! A quarter of the time idled away, books torn and money spent, and all for nothing but to keep a lazy, good-for-nothing boy away from his work!'

'I shouldn't like to have any one about my house that couldn't read.'

'Mercy me, I hope not—that couldn't read the Bible! We are not quite such heathen yet. But do tell what's the meaning of so *much* schooling?'

'It is no more than I hope all American boys, however poor, will be able to receive, Rachel. Education, you know, the lecturer told us last evening, is the 'freeman's birthright.' What say you Rachel; shall we keep him?'

'Well, I don't know as we shall do any better. Have you had your supper, boy?'

During this long dialogue, the little fellow, now for the first time addressed, had stood digging with his bare toes into a crack between the boards of the floor, his roguish black eye fixed upon a sleepy dog that lay stretched in the corner, and his fore-finger very intent on poking itself through the braids of his straw hat. Thus called upon, however, he turned his little round face for the first time upon Mrs Howe, and while his cherry cheek became purple, and his plump, pouting lips rolled back still farther, very deliberately answered, 'I guess I shan't stay here; I don't like to be scolded at.'

'Robert!' exclaimed Mr Howe, in alarm—'Robert!'

'Well taught, indeed!' began his wife, in an angry tone. 'Well—well, Eben Howe——'

'My name isn't 'Well Eben Howe,'' said the little fellow, straightening himself up and drawing down the corners of his mouth, as though he had received a great insult, 'my name is Robert Flemming!'

'Robert Flemming, eh?' laughed Mrs Howe, excited to mirth, in spite of herself, by the look of offended dignity which accompanied the boy's disclaimer. '*Master* Robert Flemming, I suppose we must call you, and——Bless me, the child is eating up his own hat! Ha, ha!'

The boy looked up into the face of the speaker, as though unable to comprehend such a singular character, then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, joined his clear, silvery voice with hers in a very merry laugh; and springing forward, laid his curly head on the neck of the dog, and a moment after, was rolling over the floor, engaged in a rare frolic with his new companion. The baby, as a child nearly a year old was called, hearing the racket, raised its little night-capped head from the cradle, and clapped together its dimpled hands, and crowed with infinite delight; while grandmamma, crippled by age and rheumatism, hobbled forward and stood in the doorway, joining, with her cracked, hollow voice, in the general expression of mirth. Mr Howe, too, laughed, amused at the turn affairs had taken: no less than by the gambols of the boy and dog, till at last recollecting himself, he called Jowler away, and patting Robert affectionately on the head, bade him bring his bundle from the cart and stow it away in the loft, which was to be his sleeping-place.

Robert Flemming was a beautiful boy (if health and happiness can shed beauty on a face made up of rather irregular features) of eight, possessed of his full share of animal spirits, his young head overshadowed by the clouds of an unusually dark fortune, but with a heart that bounded as lightly in his bosom as ever heart could bound. His mother was a delicate young creature, that had been made a wife before she was capable of comprehending the duties and responsibilities of the station; and now her loving heart was well nigh crushed beneath the weight of her many cares, and she laboured and wept from morning till night, and all night long upon her pillow strained her aching head with visionary projects that the coming light was sure to dissipate. The father of little Robert was one of those who, perhaps as often as better men, lead to the altar the gentle and pure-hearted—a man of gross appetites and feelings, devoid of that refinement which nature herself grants most of her children, a slave to his passions, and a hopeless drunkard.

Ebenezer Howe had known Mrs Flemming in the days of childhood, and his own benevolent heart induced him to relieve her of her heaviest burthen, the care of a bold-spirited boy, who would soon be grown beyond her influence. Yet the poor mother, notwithstanding her own destitute circumstances, had stipulated for the usual privileges allowed a boy in his situation, and gained a promise that his education should not be neglected. 'For,' said she, 'he is a wild boy and a careless boy, though a better heart never beat; but I don't know what the poor little fellow will come to at last. I have taught him to read myself, while I sat sewing for bread; and I would work still harder and send him to school, rather than to have him grow up in ignorance.'

Mr Howe too well understood his wife's foibles to make known to her the true reason of his taking a boy to 'bring up;' and so he treated it as a matter of interest and convenience merely, trusting that the child himself would soon enlist her better feelings in his welfare. Mrs Howe was not an unkind woman as far as action was concerned, but she owned a tongue that was incorrigible. Never human being was so difficult to please if the fault-finding were left to herself; and yet she was a wonderful adept at smoothing away difficulties and removing even her own objections to a plan when she heard them from the lips of another. Her benevolence, which was oftentimes real and heartfelt, was subject to the whimsical variations of her fitful nature; for she was always capricious and sometimes unreasonably exacting. But of all good housewives Mrs Howe was the very best. Her table linen was as white as the driven snow, and her table—oh, it would have gladdened any stomach not perverted by French cookery to look upon it. Then her floors (she wouldn't have such a dirty thing as a carpet—not she) were scrubbed with soap and sand every morning, and her chairs bottomed with basket work, her pine mantelpiece and cupboard shelves had entirely lost the yellow hue peculiar to the wood, and vied with her carefully bleached window-curtains in whiteness. Now all this could not be accomplished without a vast amount of labour; and hence Mrs Howe's cares, of which her husband had spoken so feelingly. Yet no one, who had once looked on the plump rosy face and robust figure of the young wife, would fail to laugh at the idea of her being careworn.

Mrs Howe soon began to love little Robert very dearly, though he kept her in constant fear by his carelessness, and every day she was heard to wonder what that boy would come to. If he attempted to bring the castor to the table he was sure to drop it; the meat always got burned when he was stationed to watch it; the wood that he cut was either too large or made into fine splinters; and when he milked, if the cow neglected to set her foot in the pail, Jowler, who was ever by his side in field, house, or barn-yard, substituted his nose and paw, placing it in

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the condition of the country maid's in the spelling-book. Yet Robert was not an ungrateful lad; and when Mr Howe talked seriously to him of his carelessness, he would make—oh, such firm resolves never, *never* to cause his kind benefactor another moment of trouble, that no one, could those resolves have been rendered visible, would have doubted his reformation. But, alas for Robert! no sooner did Jowler rub his cold nose against his hand, or little Hetty crow from the cradle, than the admonitory voice of his master was drowned in his own mirthful shout, and his admonitions entirely obliterated from memory. Mrs Howe scolded and flattered by turns, now threatening to send him home, again raising her hand to give him a blow, which the little fellow always contrived to dodge, and at other times laughing immoderately at the amusing nature of his blunders. If Robert could have been spoiled, this was, of all others, the very place for doing it; but somehow every influence over him seemed powerless either to sober or corrupt his heart. So it still remained a great mystery to Mrs Howe and to Mr Howe, and to some of the Howes' less interested neighbours, what that boy would come to at last. 'There is *enough in him*,' was a very common remark, 'but—.' Then followed an ominous shake of the head. Certainly Robert Flemming was not in a position to have his talents, if talents he had, understood and developed. Perhaps it was the position which shadowed his promise.

What an oddity is a country newspaper!—always retailing second-hand news that is news no longer, relating anecdotes that have been fifty times repeated, and reviving old worn-out tales which would otherwise go down to oblivion. And yet, somehow, this news is always worth hearing, these anecdotes are at least as witty as some of the new ones, and these tales are very often sensible and moral. But one thing is certain—nowhere will you find better informed people, that is, those who better understand all the principal movements of the day, whether political, moral, or religious, than the readers of a country newspaper. The reason may be that they have so little else to read. At any rate, that was why little Robert Flemming poured so untiringly over the two sheets which weekly found their way into Mr Howe's dwelling. About the time the newspaper was expected to arrive, it was in vain that Mr Howe issued his orders and Mrs Howe scolded, in vain did Jowler jump and Hetty crow, Robert responded to each, but not heartily; he said, 'I will, sir,' to Mr Howe; 'Yes'em,' to Mrs Howe; twisted Jowler's collar about his unconscious hands till the poor dog was half choked; cried 'Bo-peep' to Hetty through his fingers when his head was turned the other way, and, in the midst of the whole, darted off to the road to look for the post-boy.

'Well,' said Mrs Howe, one day, when this had occurred at precisely the moment when she was wanting a pail of water—'Well, if this isn't enough to wear out the patience of Job! I don't know what that boy will come to at last, but——;' then followed a solemn shake of the head. 'He is the worst boy in the neighbourhood, and I can't bear any longer with him, I'm sure I can't. I wish all the newspapers were burned up.'

'I was just thinking,' was the quiet response, 'that the year will be out soon, and——'

'You don't think of stopping the paper?'

'It might be well to stop it for a quarter, for Robert is getting very troublesome, and we should neither of us like to part with him just now.'

'Really, Eben Howe, I shouldn't think that of you, after your grand notions about schooling and such like things. Why, do you think I would keep house without as much as one paper? It's but little time I get to read, to be sure, such a dog's life I lead of it; but I should be ashamed to own we were such heathen as not to take a newspaper.'

'Well, what shall we do, Rachel?'

'Do? Why, it is pretty government that you have, I must say, to let a boy like that ride over you rough-shod! I'd tie him to the bed-post, if I couldn't do anything else with him.'

'I don't know of anything that would be likely to please him better.'

'Now, Eben, that is going a little too far. I know Robert's faults as well as anybody, but it can't be said that he is a lazy boy. He does twice as much as Joseph Smith, and Joe is four years older than he. No, no; let Robert be what he may, he is industrious—I'll say that for him.'

'Yes, industrious enough when he takes the fit; but look at him now;' and Mr Howe pointed to the roadside, where Robert, perched upon the fence, was eagerly unfolding his damp paper.

This was the signal for an attack upon the boy; and his capricious mistress wheeled about as readily as was her wont. Robert obeyed her boisterous call, though rather hesitatingly; and, being in the midst of a spirited description of a tiger hunt, he did not raise his eyes, but read as he walked slowly to the house.

'Come, go to work, you good-for-nothing blockhead!' exclaimed the vixen. 'Do you suppose we are to give you a good home and clothe and feed you for nothing?'

'Yes'em!' replied Robert, mechanically; for the tiger had just turned about ready for a spring upon her pursuers, and the story had become intensely interesting.

This time Robert's art as a dodger failed, or it may be that he neglected to use it, for Mrs Howe's hand came down certainly not very gently on his ear, which so surprised the absent-minded young gentleman that he gave a scream and a leap, alighting at last upon poor Jowler's paw. The yell of the dog, together with the instability of his footing, induced Robert to take another step, which brought him in contact with the cradle; and the next moment he found himself on the other side, little Hetty kicking and screaming beside him, and Jowler noising about and frolicking in the midst as though all this was to him rare sport. The entrance of a neighbour at this juncture was like slipping from the hands of the hangman to Master Robert, for Mrs Howe was obliged to soothe the baby, and Mr Howe to entertain the visiter. 'I don't know what that boy will come to yet,' was all he heard as he made his exit, grasping the unfortunate cause of all his difficulties with both hands.

Robert profited wonderfully by his three months at school, and Mrs Howe felt almost a mother's pride while listening to his praises. Yet, morning, noon, and night, as regularly as the recurrence of his meals, came the scolding: so that, in process of time, he became quite accustomed to it, and would have felt much surprise at its omission. But notwithstanding Robert gained honour in the district school, it would not balance the dishonour he gained out of it; for wasn't it he that coaxed the boys away to the pond to slide the day they all fell in and got such a wetting? and wasn't it he that lamed Squire White's pony when he made the poor, awkward beast enact Bucephalus, to the terror as well as admiration of the whole school? To be sure, in the first case, he risked his own life and displayed as much presence of mind as ingenuity in saving his companions; and, in the other, he took untiring care of the injured limb till it was quite well again. But what had that to do with the matter? The mischief was done, and done by Robert, and everybody wondered what that shockingly bad, hare-brained boy would come to. But the worst of it was, they wondered what made Mr Howe keep him—a wonder which, since Mr Howe himself joined in it, was like to prove a serious affair to the young scapegrace. To be sure, he was always contriving improvements, some useful, some of them complete failures; but what did Mr Howe want of a boy to make windmills, plant trees in the yard, find all the boys in the neighbourhood in hand-sleds and balls, and ride the unbroken colt without a saddle? Robert was industrious, nobody could gainsay that; but *such* industry! He declared it was the dullest thing in the world to saw wood all day, unless he might be allowed to spoil the saw by diversions in favour of the line of beauty, which Robert knew even in babyhood was not a straight line; and picking stones in the meadow, when no oppor-

tunity was allowed him for building palaces and pyramids, was an employment he detested. Mr Howe was of the opinion that boys should never think of anything but what they are bidden to do; and so Robert's extra services, particularly when they encroached upon the time that should have been devoted to other things, all went for nothing; yet he could not bear to send the boy away, for he was the best-hearted little fellow in the world, and in one case, if no other, showed that he could be careful. Little Hetty, no longer a baby, followed him about as constantly as did old Jowler; and carefully indeed did Master Robert guard her; carefully did he lift her over the mud, finding a safe spot for her tiny foot on the dry ground, or seating her on the soft moss while he gathered buttercups and daisies for her; and then he led her gently by the hand, and pulled down the berry-bushes that she might pick the fruit with her own fingers, while he warned her against the thorns, and drew her little red blanket about her shoulders lest she should suffer from the cool air.

But the time at last arrived when Robert Flemming was to take leave of his kind master and benefactor. To be sure he was not *twenty-one*, but the farmer concluded as he had set his heart on going, there was no use in detaining him, though the sacrifice was much greater than he had anticipated. 'But it is my mind, Robert, that you had better stick to farming,' he remarked, shaking his head gravely; 'it is the most honourable and honest of all callings, and can never disgrace anybody.'

Mrs Howe thought him an ungrateful wretch, to forsake the house that had sheltered him so many years; talked pathetically of the unsatisfying nature of the world that he was going out to try, and at last concluded by a burst of tears and a speech, in which were mingled so much invective, affection, and sad apprehensions for the future, that even Robert, accustomed as he was to her moods, felt confused, and could only say, 'You will get a better boy, Mrs Howe. I have made you a great deal of trouble.'

From little Hetty, as she was still called, the parting was yet more difficult. Hetty had all her mother's spirit, but the disagreeable example continually before her eyes had prevented her from displaying it in the same manner, and her look of sorrowful reproach went to Robert's heart. He knew how sad his little favourite would be if he left her alone, and for a moment his resolution was shaken. Why should he go away from the friends that loved him dearly, that had befriended him in his worse than orphan state? But Robert hesitated only a moment. It was no idle caprice that took him away, but there was a necessity in the case; his future prospects, his personal independence, were involved in it. So he led his little playmate to the top of the hill that looked down upon the neighbouring village, and there, promising that he would see her very, very often, and would always bring her something nice from the town, he kissed her forehead, eyes, and lips, over and over again; then, dashing away the tears that he thought quite unmanly in a youth of sixteen, he trudged steadily down the hill, not trusting himself to look back, for he knew that the child would maintain her position there till he was out of sight.

In choosing a profession, Robert Flemming was true to his early preference; and with the flattering credentials furnished him by Mr Howe and his old schoolmaster, it was not difficult for him to gain admission into a printing establishment, where he could read of tiger-hunts and other wondrous things to his heart's content. We have no inclination to follow our hero through his five years of apprenticeship—not dull, oh, no; time never hung heavily on Robert Flemming's hands; but sometimes laborious, and never without its peculiar trials. The indignities to which a sensitive nature is subjected by its inferiors, when fortune obliges them to come in contact, are not borne without an effort. But at last this term of service expired, and then, pennyless, by no means friendless, he had another long probation to undergo ere he could feel himself quite a man among other men. But one truth had been indelibly impressed on the mind of the boy by his sensible master, which many young men of promise have been ruined by not understanding. Young Flemming knew that in this every-day world, few could step at once into fortune—that *persevering industry is the only sure ladder to preferment.*

... ...

A country wedding is an affair of importance; and when it was noised throughout a certain neighbourhood that 'that wild boy, Robert, had returned to marry Hetty,' it created as great a sensation as the arrival of a foreign prince would have produced in other circles. The young men thought the handsome Miss Hester Howe, heiress to all her father's broad lands, very foolish to throw herself away in such a manner; the young misses pursed up their mouths, both pretty and ugly, and declared that these proud folks never made out very well, and to their minds she deserved nothing better; while the old people all agreed that it was 'a pretty risky business.' And so it might have been, but our idler had learned something of himself, and of the responsibilities attendant upon *living;* and a change had come over his mind and habits. And the Howes acted with becoming independence on the occasion—Mrs Howe even going so far as to give some of the most impertinent of the meddlers 'a piece of her mind;' and the wedding went off at last to the admiration of everybody. Robert Flemming's cheerful, manly face and commanding figure, did much to turn the current of *public opinion* in his favour; and the hearty grasp of the hand with which he met his old acquaintances, together with the political information that he furnished Squire White, who had not seen the late papers, completed his conquest over their hearts. Busily wagged many a tongue on the morning of the wedding; though, strange as it may seem, nearly everybody had foreseen how matters would turn out, from the very first, particularly those who had thrown up their indignant hands the highest, and wondered the loudest what that boy would come to.

'And now you are one of us in earnest,' said Mr Howe, wringing the tough hand of the bridegroom; 'and I shall be almost as proud to call you my son as I should if you had been a farmer.'

'And I as proud to call you father as though you were a king,' returned the young man warmly.

'President, you mean—say president!' exclaimed old Squire White, warmly, who, from having been a '*seventy-sixer*,' thought that kings should be classed with 'other pirates and robbers,' and never let slip an opportunity to lift up his voice against them. 'It's a shame for American boys to be talking after this sort of the oppressor who sets his heel on——'

'But presidents and presidents' sons shouldn't be proud, you know; that would be anti-republican,' interrupted Robert Flemming, good humouredly, 'and so the comparison wouldn't be in point.'

'Proud! no, no, that they shouldn't,' muttered the old man, while Robert turned again to his father-in-law.

'It shall be the study of my life to repay the kindness shown to an untaught, friendless boy, who, without you—'

'Would have done well, Robert; I see it, I know it now, though there was a time when I used to have my fears of what you would come to at last.'

'Now, Eben Howe, do get out of the way!' exclaimed a shrill voice close at hand; 'how can the dear boy speak to his mother while you stand mumbling and fumbling at this rate, owning yourself the half-hearted man that you are, never seeing an inch ahead. It is well that everybody wasn't so blind Robert, or else——' The old lady finished the sentence by a knowing glance towards the bevy of peony-cheeked damsels surrounding her daughter. 'And yet here you stand talking with all the good men, and shaking hands with everybody, as though you hadn't a word for your mother.'

'My mother truly—doubly so!' said the young man, imprinting a hearty kiss upon the cheek, which, although somewhat withered, now glowed with the excitement of the moment; 'and the very kindest of mothers have you been to me, from the moment of my frolic with Jowler

(poor old Jowler! it seemed like losing a human friend when he died) up to the present time.'

'Ay, ay, so you say; but it is little you act as though you thought you had ever received the least kindness from the poor creature you have come to rob of all she ever had to love.'

The raised tone of voice could not fail to reach the ears of the bride, and *such* an entreating look! It might have melted a sterner heart than Mrs Howe's—that is, if stern hearts were furnished with eyes to see it with.

'I have certainly caused you no small degree of trouble,' Robert Flemming began, but he was interrupted.

'No, no, you never made any trouble, Robert, not the least; but I do think you might just come and live with us on the farm, where there's thousands to support us all—'

'Mother, mother,' whispered the bride, touching her arm with a finger all in a quiver; 'mother, don't; everybody is hearing you; don't, I entreat!'

'And what if everybody is hearing me? What have I said to be ashamed of? I say there's thousands for us all; and it's a shame, and a sin, and a disgrace, for Robert Flemming——'

'But, mother dear, that has been all settled, you know,' again interposed the bride, in a tremulous whisper.

'Yes, I know it has been all settled; but who settled it, Hetty Howe—Mistress Hetty Flemming, as I suppose I must say after this—who settled it, and——'

'*We* will unsettle it, Rachel,' said Mr Howe, with a glance which added, 'What a pity nobody but me knows how to manage her!'—'we will unsettle it, and Robert shall live with us *wily nily*.'

'Shall! you don't mean *shall*, I hope? Robert has always had his own way, and I'm the last one to interfere with his doings, though he does take the heart out of me and leave the old house desolate. It is a sad thing—a sad ——There, the very papers of cake I had put up for the Thompsons! I never! The idea of Becky's bringing such a troop of children with her!'

... ...

Year on year had passed, and each, as is the custom with years, left a token; a great one with the great, and a simpler one with the lowly. Even old Time is an aristocrat. A church, a new school-house, and a cluster of dwelling-houses had been erected in the neighbourhood of Mr Howe; while another Robert Flemming, as roguish, as heedless, and as fond of newspapers as the first, had grown almost as tall as his father, and so undertaken the management of his grandfather's farm. Everything was changed. Even a new generation of beings had sprung up around the old farmer and his still wrangling but kind-hearted spouse.

It was a bitingly cold night. Ugh! what a shiver the swinging of a door sent over pleasant fire-lit rooms! how thankful thinking people were for the roof that reflected back the blaze upon them! But the fireside, lavishly comfortable as it was, was not all powerful. Affairs of importance were to be discussed, and so all the men in the neighbourhood were collected in the school-house. A thin-faced man had taken the chair, and a fair-haired one beside him was about unfolding a paper, probably fraught with weighty matters, when the door opened, and in hobbled old Squire White. He held in his hand a crushed newspaper, his long, silvery hair, which was usually braided over his bald crown, was straggling about his shoulders and floating off on every puff of air; his spectacles were across his forehead instead of his nose, and the Sunday hat of his grandson was stuck jauntily (as hats too small must be) on one side of his head.

'Hurrah, boys!' exclaimed the old man, tottering towards the middle of the room, and flourishing his cane with an arm not yet quite nerveless; 'returns from all the principal counties, and the 'lection is sartin. Three cheers for Robert Flemming, the best governor that ever set foot in York state. The blood of '76 is stirring yet, I can tell ye, boys! Why don't ye shout? Hurra—a—a!' and as the successive peals died away, the old man raised his palsied hands and exclaimed, 'Well, the ways of Providence *are* marvellous! Who would have thought, when little Bobby Flemming lamed my pony, that he would ever come to this?'

It is possible that some knowing politician may attempt to dispute the accuracy of my veritable history; but I defy his ingenuity, except with regard to the name of Robert Flemming. There I will plead guilty to romancing, it being only a veil hung by the hand of propriety over one as widely known and dearly loved as any on whom the American state has ever bestowed her honours.

THE BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE.

The number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions: all those are fed from the produce of the ground, for even animal food is itself the produce of the ground. It is true that, for this result, man in general must labour; but how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labour ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrow; from that moment a higher agency supersedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the atmosphere is set at work; the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilising fire into the soil, the frost purifies the rapidity of the fermenting vegetation—perhaps a thousand other agents are in movement, of which the secrets are still hidden from man, but the vividness of whose force penetrates all things, and the extent of whose action is only to be measured by the globe, while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and drenched soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring or the living gold of the harvest, the whole loveliness and bounty of nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.

But the wonder does not come to its limit with the provision for man. The forest, the field, the mountain, the shore, are all peopled with eager existence. The world is all life. The quadruped millions range freely, and are fed abundantly, in regions into which man never stuck a spade. We speak of things of common knowledge. The buffalo ranges in herds of thousands in realms of the New World to which man has yet scarcely given a name. In Africa, the casual migration of the antelope has displayed such myriads that they have been compared to the movement of a great army. The elephant, in Eastern Africa, is almost master of the land. Who feeds those millions? They can produce nothing for themselves; but their table is spread upon the ground, and their provision is perpetual. If the tempest ravages it, or the sun scorches, or the frost smites, they are led by instinct (the invisible hand of Providence) to another soil; and still the land furnishes their inexhaustible food. . . .

But the support of man and the quadruped races is but a portion of this wondrous productiveness. The millions of the reptile tribes, the millions of millions of the insect tribes, are all to be fed from the ground. Another race then comes into view equally fed from land and ocean—the fowls of the air. No grasp of numeration can calculate their multitudes. The migration of a single tribe—the wood-pigeons of the North American forests—has covered the sky with a column of flight, a living cloud, ten miles long and a mile broad. In some instances the migration is said to have lasted for days, continually darkening the sky. Such numbers defy all counting; yet they are all fed from the produce of the ground. Even the birds of prey and the sea birds are fed from that which was originally the produce of the ground.

It is computed that the land of the globe would be equal to the support of fifteen times the number of its present inhabitants, or might sustain a population of fifteen thousand millions. But the ocean, three times the extent of the land, probably contains even a much larger proportion of life, from its being penetrable through all its depths; and from our knowledge, not merely of its surface, but from the strong probability, amounting almost to certainty,

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that the mountains and valleys of its bed are filled with vegetation, fed on by those monstrous animals whose skeletons we so constantly find embedded, and thus preserved in soils once evidently covered by the sea, there probably exists millions of those huge creatures, no more capable of ascending to the surface of the ocean than man to the surface of the atmosphere, yet enjoying their existence, grazing in their submarine forests and prairies, ranging through an extent of pasture to which the broadest regions of the land are tame and narrow, and, undisturbed by the hostility or the molestation of man, giving, in their provision and their enjoyment, proofs, to higher than mortal eyes, of the spontaneous and boundless beneficence of their Creator.—*Dr Croly.*

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. X.

CANTON—WHAMPOA—SCENE IN A BUDHIST TEMPLE—SECOND VISIT TO CANTON—SHOPS—TEMPLE ON HONAN—FAH-TE GARDENS.

The day after we moored in Whampoa Reach, I accompanied the captain on a visit to Canton. We left the ship at nine in the morning in a *sampan*—a light boat covered, as all boats here are, with an arched roof of matting, and propelled by two or three oars forward and a scull abaft. Every attention is paid to comfort in the interior fittings of these boats, and, being kept remarkably clean, they afford a very pleasant mode of conveyance. We pulled along the north side of Whampoa island, and then kept close to the north bank of the river till we arrived at the foreign factories at twelve o'clock, the distance being about fourteen miles, and the tide against us a part of the way. The banks of the river were low, and covered with a green crop of rice, with occasional patches of plantain and other fruit-trees. We passed a few villages and small temples, and on Whampoa we saw a beautiful nine-storeyed pagoda, with two or three small hexagonal ones of three storeys. The river itself presented a very stirring scene. Innumerable boats, from the smallest canoes to the huge junks of four or five hundred tons, crowded its broad surface, forming, as we neared the city, a compact mass, through which it required considerable skill and dexterity to force a way. The great utility of sculls, and the reason of their universal adoption, became here very apparent; oars in such a crush being quite useless. We passed a great number of barges that looked more like floating houses than boats; some were arriving or departing full of passengers; others were evidently the permanent residences of families; and rows of them, moored side by side near the city, were fitted up in a most gorgeous manner for purposes of pleasure. Then there were enormous barges for the carriage of tea and other produce along the canals and rivers; but the variety of floating craft was quite endless, and I shall specify but one more—a beautiful mandarin-boat, long, finely moulded, and smoothly polished, adorned with silken streamers, propelled by about sixty oars, and the gunwale stuck round with the large circular hats, or shields, of the rowers, I don't know which. The strange and unusual forms which everything bore; the fanciful and rich, though often grotesque, styles of decoration; the appearance and occupations of the denizens of this floating city; the strange sounds, too, that met our ears, such as the constant crashing of gongs from the junks, and the accents of an unknown tongue on every side; in short, the entire and unmitigated foreignness of everything about us, must all, as far as I am concerned, be left simply to the imagination.

Having with some difficulty effected a landing, we pushed our way through some narrow and crowded lanes, first to the office of the consignees of the ship, and then to the British consul's, and the necessary business having been transacted at these places, we inspected a few native shops, made some purchases, and embarked again in our sampan at three o'clock. On our return we came down the south side of the river, and passed in our way another of the tall elegant pagodas on Honan Island; also a Siamese vessel on the river, square-rigged in the English style. Coming along the south side of Whampoa, we landed and had a stroll through the village—a dirty, confined place—and then examined a few of the Budhist temples, of which there were about half-a-dozen in the neighbourhood. In the first one which we entered, there was a woman with a child, apparently seeking the aid of their deity. The woman was on her knees before the principal image, and after muttering a sort of prayer she began to shake a box containing slips of bamboo till one of them fell out on the ground, the child all the while bending and knocking its forehead on the ground with great assiduity. The operation of shaking the box and making a little stick fall out was repeated three times, and every time the woman looked at the markings on the stick and called out something to an old priest who was sitting in a corner. He immediately took out of a drawer before him some pieces of thin yellow paper covered with Chinese writing, and, after peering at them through his huge spectacles, shook his head as if to indicate an unfavourable result. The poor woman seemed very anxious about it, for her eyes were filled with tears; and, going back with the little child to the altar, she tried another process. There were lying before the images two oval, slightly curved, pieces of wood, each about six inches long, with one side flat and the other rounded. The woman then, taking these in her hands with the flat sides together, threw them up into the air three times, watching intently each time how they fell. From her pleased looks they seemed to have better answered her wishes; and after burning some gilt paper as an offering to the gods, she got the yellow papers from the priest in exchange for a few *tchen* (small brass coins), and walked away. A Chinaman who was standing beside, and who could speak a few words of English, tried to explain to us the meaning of the ceremonies, but I could only make out that she wanted to ascertain if something was to turn out fortunate or not; perhaps she had been inquiring about the result of some sickness in her family, whether it was to terminate in recovery or death.

In another temple that we examined, I counted twenty images, some of them large and well-executed, and all arranged in three recesses along one side. In front of them stood a large square cast-iron vessel, covered on the outside with Chinese characters, and filled with burning sandal-wood. On one side hung a drum and a bell, wherewith the blind worshippers might awaken the attention of their deities.

Before leaving the island we called on our comprador, and were regaled by him with a collation of excellent preserved fruits in great variety. We then proceeded down the river, and arrived at the ship after dark.

Two days afterwards we went again to Canton and stayed three days. First we spent some time in rambling among the offices and warehouses, termed factories or 'hongs,' belonging to foreigners, together with the native streets, or rather lanes, in the immediate neighbourhood. The shops in these streets are fitted up somewhat in the English style, and are occupied by dealers in silks, ivory, lacquered and porcelain ware, and other articles in common demand by Europeans. Between the factories and city walls the streets are purely Chinese, the shops being quite open in front, and having gilded signs inscribed with Chinese characters on both sides, suspended edgeways to the street, so as to be read by people approaching in either direction. They did not seem much accustomed to strangers beyond the precincts of the factories, for whenever we stopped to consider our way among their narrow and crowded thoroughfares we were sure to get mobbed. In consequence of this we were obliged to get a Chinaman to act as guide before we could attempt an extended investigation. Many of the shops we passed were very fine, and the display of glass lamps and chandeliers in one street was quite magnificent. The Chinese custom of particular trades congregating together was very conspicuous. Besides the street of lamps, we passed along two or three filled with cabinetmakers and joiners; one side of another was occupied by venders of dressing cases and mirrors;

then there were rows of hatters, umbrella-makers, cotton-dressers, tailors, booksellers, silk-mercers, porcelain-shops, cooking-houses, shops full of ornaments cut out of *jade* and other valuable stones, and also groups of figures cut from roots of bamboos and other plants. In the course of our rambles we came upon one of the city gates, a low archway in a thick wall, but our guide would not hear of us entering, and as we stopped a little to consider the propriety of making the attempt alone, he walked off to be out of harm's way, and we presently found ourselves in the midst of a group of ragged Celestials, jeering at us and gesticulating in a most unpleasant manner. Of course we retreated, and made our way back as we best could. On the afternoon of the same day we crossed over to Honan to inspect the Budhist temple and monastery there. Our progress through the village was a good deal impeded by a mob of boys and idlers, who seemed to take us for a couple of rare animals, and were only hindered from offering us more annoyance by the sight of a couple of *Penang-lawyers*, which we took care to exhibit pretty conspicuously. We stopped at a shop full of little gilded images of gods, but on offering to buy one the crowd got quite uproarious, and many jokes and sarcasms were doubtless uttered at our expense, although being in an unknown tongue, they fell innocuously. The old shopkeeper did not know what to do; he seemed afraid to deal with us on account of the crowd, and would neither show us his wares nor tell their prices. In spite, however, of his cries of 'wai-lo! wai-lo (go away)!' the captain took down an image from a shelf, laid half-a-dollar on the counter for it, and walked away, to the great amusement apparently of our escort. The same scene occurred at another shop, where we succeeded after great difficulty in purchasing some of their writing materials, consisting of China-ink, with stone tablets to rub it down upon, and hair pencils to write with. On entering the precincts of the great temple, we were refused admittance into the halls containing the images, and on walking in at one of the open doors a priest shoved me out again and shut the door in my face. We then went to the chief priest of the establishment and found him considerably more civil, for as soon as he understood the object of our visit he made us sit down and take a cup or two of different kinds of tea with him, and then sent a servant to show us over the place. The following account of this fine temple is given in Davis's 'History of the Chinese:'—'One of the principal objects of curiosity at Canton is a temple and monastery of Fŏ, or Budha, on a very considerable scale, situated upon the southern side of the river, just opposite to the European factories. It is said that towards the close of the last Chinese dynasty, and about A.D. 1600, a priest of great sanctity raised the reputation of the temple, which had been for some time before established in that place; and a century afterwards, when the Manchows had taken possession of Peking, the son-in-law of Kăng-hy, who had been sent to subdue Canton, and was therefore called 'Subjugator of the South,' took up his residence in the temple, which he at length patronised and greatly enriched. The funds soon sufficed to maintain a crowd of priests, who established themselves there with their monastic discipline, and it has been a place of consideration ever since.' Mr Bennett, in his 'Wanderings,' describes a visit he made to the temple in the evening, as follows: 'We landed at a dirty causeway near some timber-yards, in which a quantity of fir-timber of various dimensions was piled with an extreme degree of regularity. The entrance to the temple or temples, and extensive grounds about them, was close to the landing-place; and, passing some miserable fruit and eating-stalls adjoining, we noticed a large clean open space planted with trees, and having in the centre a broad pavement of granite kept very clean. The quietness that reigned within formed a pleasing retreat from the noise and bustle without. This paved way brought us to the first portico; here we beheld on huge granite pedestals a colossal figure on each side, placed there as guards of the entrance to the temple of Budha; the one on the right on entering is the warrior Chin-ky, and on the left is Chin-loong. After passing these terrific colossal guards, we entered another court somewhat similar to the first, also planted with trees, with a continuation of the granite footpath, which led (through several gateways) to one of the temples. At this time the priesthood were assembled, worshipping, chanting, striking gongs, arranged in rows, and frequently performing the *Ko-tow* in adoration of their gilded, senseless deity. The priests, with shaven crowns, and arrayed in the yellow robes of their religion, appeared to go through the mummery with devotion. They had the lowering look of bigotry, which constant habit had at last legibly written upon their countenances. As soon as the mummery had ceased, the priests all flocked out of the temple, adjourned to their respective rooms, divested themselves of their official robes, and the senseless figures were left to themselves, with the lamps burning before them.'

Next day I got a boat and went to the flower-gardens, about two miles up the river, on the opposite side from Canton. All the flowers and young trees are kept there in flower-pots, and some of the plants are trained into most extraordinary forms, representing dogs, deer, birds, fishes, pagodas, houses, tanka-boats, and even barges with sails set. The various objects are first shaped with slips of bamboo, and then the plant is trained over them till it takes the desired form. I saw some tea-plants growing here; also ponds full of large lotus plants; together with many fruits, and esculent roots, and vegetables. In the creek along which these gardens are situated there were some immense rafts of timber brought down for the supply of the town. Many boats were also plying about, and I saw one propelled by three long sculls, each wrought by six or seven men.

The third day of our visit we spent chiefly in shopping, and made considerable purchases of articles both useful and useless; a person cannot help spending money in Canton, the objects presented to him being so curious and beautiful, and the dealers generally so pertinacious. We came down the river with the tide in the evening, and our sampan-men were much alarmed lest we should meet with any of the piratical boats, or *ladrones*, as they are called. They kept in the middle of the stream, and pulled with all their might past the openings of the various creeks, often stopping to peer anxiously ahead through the gloom, and then off again. We thought their fears groundless, and that they only wanted to deter us from staying so late another time; but on making inquiries next day we were told that several boats had been attacked and plundered lately between Whampoa and Canton, and that no Europeans went up or down without being well armed—a precaution which we always took afterwards ourselves.

THE MAY-FLY.

The truant school-boy well knows where he may find, at the bottom of some brook, a shapeless little combination of wood and straw, which he sees moored to a pebble, or cautiously moving along with the current. He opens the mass, and finds within it, nicely housed, a small white worm, which he immediately destroys by fixing it on his hook, and there all his knowledge of the insect terminates. He would scarcely be induced to treat it in this manner had he learned that this apparently insignificant creature exhibits as much sagacity and practical knowledge in his way as the fox or the elephant. Although just emancipated from the egg, he at once spins and weaves for himself a silken vestment, with which he surrounds every part of his frame, except his head and the forepart of his body, which is furnished with six legs. This coat, however, is not sufficient to protect him from his numerous enemies; he therefore attaches to it, externally, the small shells of other animals, minute fragments of gravel, and particles of sand, or any other substance which he finds most convenient for his purpose. If he made his citadel too heavy, he would be soon fatigued by dragging it along; therefore, having in the first place rendered it as compact as possible for his protection, he adds to it a chip of wood,

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or a bit of straw, in order to support his burden on the water, and this he does with as much precision as if he had been instructed in hydrostatics. If he be born in a marsh where reeds abound, he cuts off a piece of the stalk with a knot in it, and makes it his habitation; or if there be no reeds in his vicinity, he finds, probably, some loose leaves, thinking that from the nature of the material he may escape the observation of curious fish and prying school-boys. It is his destiny to lead a very different life from that in which he first becomes acquainted with existence, and this he knows as well as we do. Before he quits the water he falls into a sort of sleep, during which his transformations take place. For this purpose he retires completely within his castle. To guard himself from his foes, the obvious course would be to shut it up altogether; if he did this, however, he would no longer have air and water, which are essential to his existence; he therefore constructs, of strong silk threads of his own manufacture, a grating, which, with more than the skill of a chemist, he makes insoluble in water, and thus behind his portcullis, he has free access to the elements, and at the same time defies all intruders. When the proper season arrives, he puts on his wings, and sports over the surface of his native streams in the form of a May-fly. The May-fly is the most short-lived of insects, notwithstanding the great caution used in its preservation; it emerges from the water in its perfect state about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN.

Omniscient, omnipresent Lord,
Wise, wonderful, and just!
Immaculate, eternal, great,
The child of Zion's trust!
Who rulest the brilliant orbs that night
Hangs round thy righteous throne;
The boundless sea, the teeming earth,
Own thy great name alone!

Each tender flower, each budding tree,
Proclaim aloud thy praise!
To thee the feather'd songster sings
Its sweetest matin lays!
The bright seraphic hosts on high,
Saints' souls by death set free,
And holy servants yet below,
Sing praises unto thee!

'Tis thou that saves the soul from sin,
The heart from evil thought;
The carnal eye, the wicked hand,
By thee are all untaught.
Oh, heavenly Father! lend thine aid,
Forgiveness, mercy, grace,
Till last thy saving, holy word
Reign through the realms of space! ANDREW PARK.

IONA.

NEXT to the Holy Land, there does not exist within the circle of the globe a spot of earth, of equal extent, so rich in pleasing reminiscences to the Christian, the antiquarian, and the scholar, as this little islet of the Hebrides. Its light has now passed away, and its splendid tombs and stately temple are crumbling into dust; but it was once amongst the most enlightened and famous schools of Europe, and its inhabitants, now poor and ignorant denizens of lowly hovels, were celebrated for their devotion and success as Christian missionaries, and their eminence in the paths of piety and learning. This interesting little island, which is only three miles in length and one in breadth, is about three miles distant from the celebrated Staffa, and one mile south from the gloomy shores of Mull. Iona, which signifies the island of the waves, is the name generally attached to this spot of sea-washed earth; sometimes, however, it is called *Icolmkill*, which is variously rendered the *burial-place*, or *cell* of Columba. It is supposed that long prior to the dawn of Christianity this island had obtained a sacred character from the Druids, who reared their circles, raised their cromlechs, and exercised their mysterious and bloody rites upon its shore. It is still said to have borne the name of Inish Druinish, and tradition yet points out a green mound, upon the east coast, as a tumulus beneath which the bones of the Druids repose. It may have been this character of the island which attracted the attention of the good and heroic Columba towards it, and determined him to erect his temple of love and goodwill to men upon the spot where superstition had illustrated its brutality by deeds of murder.

Columbkill, or Columba, is said to have been born about A.D. 521, in the barony of Kilmacrenan, Leinster. He was the son of Nial, father of many kings, and of Æthena, daughter of a princely house in Leinster. His name was originally Creuthan, but in consequence of his dove-like simplicity it was changed to Columba, and to this was added the surname of Cille, or Kille. Columba was educated at the renowned seminary of St Finnion at Clonard. In his twenty-fifth year he founded the school of Doire Calgach, near Loch Foyle, whence the name of the town of Derry is derived. He also erected another little home of brotherhood in Meath, upon a site then called Dairmagh, or the plain of the oaks, given to him by a pious chieftain named Brindan. Having obtained from his kinsman Conal, king of the Albanian Scots, a grant of the little island of Hy or Iona, Columba set sail from Ireland, in 563, according to Moore, and according to the venerable Bede, in 565, in order to fix his abode in this little lonely spot, and devote himself and his twelve followers to the conversion of the savage clans and roving hordes of Caledonians, yet enveloped in the darkness of ignorance and heathenism. The institution which Columba founded was not a monastic institution; the wigwams of those *Cultores dei*, or Culdees, who accompanied him, were made of wattles and mud, and their temple was scarcely more advanced in architecture than the council-lodge of a North American Indian nation.

Columba and his followers then went out into the dark places of the western Scottish Highlands, bearing the cross, and speaking peace to the chiefs and tribes of that rugged dark land, many of whom were converted, and sent their children to Iona to be educated. As a proof of the estimation in which they held the saint, the Scots chose him to officiate at the coronation of Aiden, son of Gauran, on the death of Conal in the year 578.

There have been disputes respecting the precise character of the institution founded by Columba. There can be no doubt, however, that it was not monastic, that rule of church government having been introduced at a date long subsequent to the times of Columba. The discipline established at Iona was of a retired and learned order, but celibacy does not appear to have been at all enjoined upon or by the Culdees. Gradually the ambitious and dominant character of the times came into collision with the gentle and humble spirit of the Culdees, until not a spot remained to them save that Iona which had been the centre from whence they had sent heroic missionaries into the wilds, and also accomplished professors to the most famous universities in Western Europe. For about three centuries the successors of Columba continued in undisturbed possession of their isle, protected by that moral power which had been produced by a universal conviction of their humble and peaceful character. The most ferocious tribes respected their peaceful sanctity, although with each other they waged the most cruel and sanguinary wars. In the year 807, however, the piratical Danes landed on the isle, and despoiled the church and seminary of all their treasures, at the same time driving the brethren away from their impoverished fane for ever. For many years Iona continued a silent and lifeless scene, until again taken possession of by a detachment of monks of the order of St Benedict, who migrated from the monastery of Cluny, and occupied the island, till monasticism was finally suppressed in Scotland at the Reformation.

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The bishopric of Sodor and Man, which comprehended the Isle of Man and the Western Isles, ceased to be a conjoint see at the separation of Man from Scotland, and afterwards Iona became the cathedral church of the bishop to the isles, until the ascendancy of Protestantism. Some enthusiasts at this period, fired with the zeal of a destructive bigotry, left the mainland, and attacked the splendid edifices which adorned this lonely rock of the ocean, leaving them the dilapidated and ruinous piles which we now behold. One of the most deplorable and suicidal manifestations of reformers, both ecclesiastical and political, in almost every instance, has been that of destructiveness. With an obliquity of vision which is pitiable, and a frenzied precipitancy disgraceful to men possessed of rational souls, they have, through the impulses of unregulated fury, rushed upon and torn down beautiful edifices, upon which the wealth, taste, talent, and labour of ages had been expended, and have trampled down a nation's capital in the blindness of their wrath, as they glorified themselves as the destroyers of a nation's foes. When the religious mind of Scotland changed, the churches, subservient to that mind, could have been adapted to the purposes of the progressive idea, instead of standing as monuments of that elegant architectural taste which flourished long anterior to the prevalence of Goth-like destructiveness, melancholy records of which these monumental ruins now stand.

The principal relics of the former grandeur of Iona are the ruins of the cathedral church of St Mary, of a nunnery, of five chapels, and of a building called the bishop's house. It is almost unnecessary to say that these buildings were not erected until a period long subsequent to that of Columba. Many of the cathedral churches, founded by David I. of Scotland in the first quarter of the twelfth century, were built of little else than wood, so that to suppose that, in the sixth century, Columba could boast of other than a large mud and wooden erection for his church, would be very preposterous. The most ancient remains are probably those of the chapel of St Oran, and may have been built previous to the Norman conquest; and the nunnery may refer to a period of history a hundred years later than that event. The most extensive and best preserved ruin is the church, however, whose compact walls still stand in roofless desolation, serving as a protest against that destructiveness which characterised the Scottish reformers. The sacred feeling which connected itself with Iona induced the powerful ones of Norway, Ireland, and Scotland to make it a place of sepulture, so that through the course of time forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, and eight of Norway, are said to have been buried in this spot. There are three distinct inclosures, each distinguished by an effaced Latin inscription, which are said to be the tombs of the kings. These kings, especially the Scottish ones, were probably chiefs of the isles, or they were of the Dalradian Scoto-Irish dynasty, whose regal headquarters were in Argyle, until the time of Kenneth Macalpine, in the beginning of the ninth century, who removed the royal throne to Scone. Many pious presbyters and famous bishops are buried in this insignificant isle of the sea, and over them lie piled the weathered fragments of their splendid tombs, and the broken pillars of these dilapidated temples.

Iona is partly of a rocky and partly of an alluvial character. On its west coast it is bold and rocky, but towards the east it is more level. At the northern extremity there are two plains, the western one being on the Bay of Martyrs, and the eastern one being that on which the village is built. There are several hundreds of inhabitants upon the island, who live but a miserable life comparatively, although boastful of the fertility of their ancient isle, and conscious of its former importance. The mass of the population devote themselves to fishing and agriculture—the poorest living in rude, comfortless hovels, and the farmers occupying houses little superior, built from the stones of the grand old fanes, the chapels of which they have converted into cowhouses, stables, and strawlofts. Dr Johnson visited this interesting spot in 1773, with his friend Boswell, and he introduces his remarks upon Iona with the following paragraph:—'To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such rigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.'

PRIDE A HINDRANCE TO KNOWLEDGE.

For the discovery of truth, it is needed that the facts of nature around man should be questioned by his intelligence. For this questioning, the first of all conditions is, that he should have these facts clear, defined, separated from others, ascertained in themselves; that he should so have studied them as to know their true relations, to see through seeming resemblances, to catch the scattered hints which declare, in the midst of apparent dissimilarity, real connection; to see the value of a fact, which, having been arbitrarily thrust from its true place, has seemed hitherto a perplexing superfluity; that he should thus have plain and clear before him the elements of which the insight of his highest reason is to suggest to him the law. Now, for all this the very first mental qualification which he needs is patience—a patience which will steadily refuse to taste prematurely the pleasure of generalisation, which will sustain him through the longest, the most wearisome processes of minute investigation. And to this first condition of successful study, pride is the direct antagonist. The pride of ignorance is, we all know, most impatient; it gathers up the merest external resemblances, and then generalises at a grasp. And very little removed from this state is the impatient man, be his actual attainments what they may. His own thoughts, his own impressions, his own fancies, these are the facts of the self-sufficient. He cannot endure the slow laborious processes to which the student of nature must submit. Nor is this all: there must be an ardent love of truth, as truth, in him who would so persevere as to follow her guidance up the steep path which alone leads to her secret dwelling-place; and with this, too, pride interferes. He who dwells upon or looks for his own exaltation, will soon have in all his studies another and a lower aim than the discovery of truth. Not what she will reveal, but what will do him credit, will become the secret law of his motives; and to such a tempter soon become familiar short paths, and little ends, and tricky means, which lead not to her seat, and to which she will not yield her hidden store. At another point again he is weakened. He only who will be indeed a learner can be greatly taught; and to be a learner the proud man will not bow: he will not learn of others, for he looks down scornfully upon them, and scorn is no learner in any school. He wastes the rays which would have enlightened his eye, not believing in the light of other men. He will rather repudiate the richest inheritance of transmitted knowledge than acknowledge even to himself what he receives from others; and on such a mind there soon settles down the thicker darkness, which is bred by all the storms of envy, captiousness, jealousy, and hatred. And as he will not learn from others, so not even by Nature herself will he be taught. He thinks he knows so much, that his estimate of what is to be known is lowered. And this is not the spirit of a learner: he grows to deal boldly with nature, instead of reverently following her guidance. He seals his heart against her secret influences. He has a theory to maintain, a solution of which must not be disproved—a generalisation which shall not be disturbed—and once possessed of this false cipher, he read amiss all the golden letters around him.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

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GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. IV.—THE LATE JOHN STERLING.*

PART I.

THE removal of a young man of high performance and still higher promise is in all circumstances melancholy. It is more so, if with the youth has expired either a new vein of poetry or a new view of truth; and it is scarcely less so when the youth has been unconsciously the type of a large class of cultivated and earnest minds, and when his partial successes, baffled endeavours—his admitted struggles, and his premature fate—have been in some measure *vicarious*.

These three short and simple sentences appear to us to include, positively and negatively, the essence of the late John Sterling, and shall form the leading heads in our after remarks on his genius and character. He was, in the judgment of all who knew or had carefully read him, a person of very distinguished abilities, and of still more singular promise. He did *not*, in *our* view of him, exhibit indications of original insight or of creative genius. But he has, from his peculiar circumstances, from his speculative and practical history, from his exquisitely-tuned and swiftly-responsive symphonies with his age and its progressive minds, acquired a double portion of interest and importance; his experience seems that of multitudes, and in that final look of disappointed yet submissive inquiry which he casts up to heaven, he is but the foremost in a long, fluctuating, and motley file.

The external evidences of his powers and acquirements are numerous and irresistible. In his boyhood he discovered striking tokens of a mind keen, sensitive, and turned in the direction of those high speculations from which his eye, till death, was never entirely diverted. While barely eight, 'he distinctly remembered having speculated on points of philosophy, and especially on the idea of duty, which presented itself to him in this way—If I could save my papa and mamma from being killed, I know I should at once do it. Now, why? To be killed would be very painful, and yet I should give my own consent to being killed.' The solution presented itself as 'a dim awe-stricken feeling of unknown obligation.' When about nine, 'he was much struck by his master's telling him that the word *sincere* was derived from the practice of filling up flaws in furniture with wax, whence *sine cera* came to mean *pure*, not vamped up.' This explanation, he said, gave him great pleasure, and abode in his memory, as having first shown him that there is a reason in words as well as in other things. When a boy, he read through the whole 'Edinburgh Review,' of which his biographer says, 'a diet than which hardly any could yield less wholesome food for a young mind, and which could scarcely fail to puff it up with the wind of self-conceit.' We doubt the validity of this dictum. We conceive that, to a fresh elastic mind, the crossing of such varied territories of thought, the coming in contact with so many vigorous minds, the acquiring such stores of miscellaneous information, the mere reading of such a mass of masculine English, as the perusal of the entire 'Edinburgh Review' implies, must have been beneficial, and tended to awaken curiosity, to kindle ambition, to stifle mannerism of style, and, as the likely result of the many severe criticisms in which the book abounds, to allay instead of fanning the feeling of self-conceit. Who but commends the industry of the boy who reads all the English essayists—a course of reading certainly much more dissipating; or the youth who reads all Bayle's 'Dictionary'—a course of reading much more dangerous than the 'Edinburgh Review?' Let the boy *read* at his pleasure—the youth will *study*, and the man *think* and *act*.

At Cambridge, Sterling did not greatly distinguish himself, nor did he bear any violent affection to his *alma mater*. For mathematics he had little taste; the classics he rather relished than thoroughly knew. He early commenced the study of philosophy, deeming it at once the key to a scientific theology and to a lofty literature, although latterly he all but left the cold and perilous crags of speculation for the flowery meadows of poetry and æsthetics. At the feet of Coleridge no one ever sat with a feeling of more entire and childlike submission; the house at Highgate was to him the shrine of a god, and his biographer regrets that he 'did not preserve an account of Coleridge's conversations, for he was capable of representing their depth, their ever-varying hues, their sparkling lights, their oceanic ebb and flow.' He began soon to empty out his teeming mind, in the forms both of verse and prose. In the course of his short life we find him connected, more or less intimately, with the following periodicals: the 'Athenæum,' 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the 'Quarterly,' and the London and Westminster Reviews.' The 'Athenæum,' when he and Maurice wrote in it, was not the stale summary of new books and gossip which it has since become; it had still some life, genius, and principle; and his 'Shades of the Dead' are valuable as beautiful versions of Coleridge's spoken 'Hero-worship.' At a peculiarly dull period in the history of 'Maga' he appeared, amid a flourish of trumpets, as a 'new contributor,' and did succeed in shooting a little new blood into her withered veins. In the 'Quarterly' he wrote a paper on Tennyson, which was attributed at the time to Henry Nelson Coleridge. Differing as he did in many material points from the new school of Radicals who conducted the 'Westminster,' he seemed more at home in their company than in that of the knights of the Noctes; and his contributions to their journal are all characteristic. These articles have been reprinted by Dr Hare, and, along with the poems, his tragedy of 'Stafford,' a few letters, and other remains, constitute all his written claims to consideration.

He has certainly in them raised no very great or compact basis for future fame; but we are entitled to adduce, in addition, the testimony of his friends, who all speak with rapture of the possibilities of his mind—of his talent as a debater—and of his ready, vivid, and brilliant talk. In him alone Thomas Carlyle met his conversational match; he alone ventured to face him in single combat, and nothing like their rencontres seems to have been witnessed since those of Johnson and Burke. Even in his 'Remains' we may find faint yet distinct indications of all the principal features of his intellectual character. These, we think, may be classed under the three general characteristics of *sympathy*, *sincerity*, and *culture*. We do not mean that these sum up the whole of his idiosyncrasy, but simply that they are the qualities which have struck us most forcibly in the perusal of his works. He had, besides, as a writer, a fine inventiveness, a rich and varied stock of figures, a power of arresting and fixing in permanent shapes the thinnest gossamer abstractions, and the command of a diction remarkable more for its copiousness, flexibility, and strength, than for grace, clearness, or felicitous condensation. Perhaps his principal claim to reputation rests on his criticisms, and their power and charm lie in genial and self-forgetting *sympathy*. It is too customary to speak of this as a subordinate quality in a critic, as a veil over his eyes, and nearly inconsistent with the exercise of analytic sagacity. Those who talk in this manner are not so much guilty of a mistake as of a stupid blunder. Sympathy we regard as closely connected with sight. It is a medium, which, like water poured into a bowl, enables you to see objects previously invisible. It and it alone opens a window into the breast and the brain of genius, and shows the marvellous processes which are going on within. It is not merely that the heart often sees farther than the intellect, but it is that sympathy cleanses and sharpens even the intellectual eye. Love, and you will understand. Besides, the possession of powerful sympathy with intellect and genius, implies a certain similitude of mind on the part of the sympathiser. The blind cannot sympathise with descriptions of scenery, and the

* Essays and Tales by John Sterling. Collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by JULIUS CHARLES HARE, Rector of Herstmonceux. London: Parker. 1848

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lively motion and music of a mountain-stream sound like a satire to the lame who limp beside it. To feel *with*, you must always *find* yourself *in*, the subject or the person. Adam Smith doubtless was wrong when he explained every moral phenomenon by sympathy; it were a more probable paradox to maintain that a man's intellectual power entirely depends upon the depth, width, and warmth of his sympathies, and that Shakspeare was the greatest of men because he was the widest of sympathisers.

Waiving, at this stage of our paper, such speculations, we claim a high place for Sterling, as possessed of catholic and clear-headed sympathy. Merely to copy the names of a few of the characters whom he has analysed with justice, and praised with generosity, is enough to prove this. He has painted Alexander the Great and Wycliffe, Joan of Arc and Gustavus Adolphus, Milton and Burns, Columbus and Coleridge, Simonides and Carlyle, Napier and Tennyson. We find him, too, on friendly terms at once with 'Blackwood's Magazine' and the 'Westminster Review;' writing in the 'Quarterly,' and calling Shelley a 'generous heroic being;' and in his 'Tales' and 'Apologues' imitating the imaginative peculiarities, now of the Gothic, now of the Grecian, and now of the German school. We love this spirit much, not merely as proclaiming a warm heart, but as evincing a wide, keen, and open intellect. We contrast it favourably with a portion of the very class to whom Sterling belonged, whose fastidiousness is fast becoming frantic, who are loathing literature itself, although it is by it alone that themselves have risen, and whose hasty, splenetic, and contradictory judgments tend to exert a damping and discouraging influence upon youthful aspirants, who will ask, if such authorities tell us that nothing has yet been done, how can we expect ever to do anything? Sterling, on the contrary, loved literature for its own sake, and had a true appreciation of its infinite worth and beauty. He was not like Byron, and one or two others we might name, who looked upon literature partly as a means for gratifying an ambition to which other avenues were closed, and partly as an outlet for the waste energy and superfluous fury of their natures, when their passions had not entirely exhausted them, and who, upon the first disappointment and chagrin, were ready to rush into another field; nor did he resemble a class who have mistaken their profession, and expended powers, which might have led them to the highest distinction, in action, in travelling, parliament, or arms, on gaining a dubious literary success, which is despised by themselves; nor did he rank with the men whose love to literature is confined to an appreciation of those who resemble, or who follow their peculiar style. His circumstances saved him from the miserable condition of a hack author, and from all the heart-burnings, jealousies, and disgusts which degrade the noble pursuit of literature in his eyes, and turn the beautiful moon into the clouded lantern of a low, lurid, precarious life. Sterling, in his wide and trembling sympathies with literary excellence, and in his devoted enthusiasm for the varied expressions of the beautiful, as well as in the hectic heat and eagerness of his temperament, bore a striking likeness to Shelley, although possessing a healthier, happier, and better balanced nature.

While freely conceding him such qualities, we protest against some of his critical commissions as well as omissions. We are astonished at his silence in reference to John Foster, whose sturdy genius ought to have been known to him, and whose mind was moving more slowly and uneasily through the same process of speculative change with his own. We cannot at all understand his admiration for Montaigne, who appears to have been a very slight sublimation of sensual indifference, and not more honest than the sensual-indifferent wealthy usually are. How grossly unjust he is to Rousseau and Hazlitt, when he calls them 'declaimers and dealers in rhetorical falsehood!' Grant that Rousseau was personally a poor scrannel, tortuous, and broken pipe, who can deny that a power, call it his genius or his demon, discoursed at times upon him sweet and powerful music, to which nations listened because they could not refrain, and which no term like rhetoric, or even oratory, nor any inferior to poetry, touching the verge of prophecy, can at all measure? No such utterances have come from Hazlitt, but if he resembled Rousseau in occasional bursts of vanity, he was certainly, on the whole, a sincerer man: he egotises at his proper cost—his absurdities seem given in on oath. For downright honesty, and for masses of plain sense, and native acuteness, we are not afraid to compare and prefer many of his essays to those of the old Gascon, and, with all his faults and deficiencies, his match as a masculine and eloquent critic has yet to be made. What verbose affairs do even Jeffrey's criticisms, when collected, appear beside the lectures of Hazlitt, who often expresses the essence of an author by the scratch of his pen, and settles a literary controversy by an epithet.

Initiation into the mysteries of German philosophy and literature produced in Sterling a considerable degree of indifference toward the English classics. To Addison's essays—those cool, clear, whispering leaves of summer, so native and so refreshing—he never alludes, and we cannot conceive him, like Burke, hushing himself to his last slumber, by hearing read the papers in the 'Spectator' on the immortality of the soul. And against Dr Johnson he has committed himself in a set attack, of which we must speak more particularly. An author of celebrity maintains that no person can be a man of talent who does not admire 'Dr Johnson, and that all men of eminent ability do admire him.' Without pressing the application of this assertion, we do think that those who, in the present age, find in him a hero, discover both candour and penetration—candour to admit and pass by his bulky faults as a writer, and penetration to see his bulky though disguised merits as a writer and a man. For one to call him a mere 'prejudiced emphatic pedant,' is simply to write down one's self an ass. For Coleridge to call him 'the overrated man of his age' (how could the age avoid rating him highly, since he was, save Burke, the greatest man it had?) is for Coleridge to prove himself a privileged person, who said whatever he chose. Sterling's charges may be classified thus: Dr Johnson's productions are 'loud and swollen'—he could say nothing of poetry, and has said nothing of Shakspeare 'worth listening to'—he had no 'serene joy'—and he wanted it because he had no 'capacity for the higher kinds of thought.' To the proof:

1st, His language was 'loud and swollen.' Granted. So is a torrent, or a river in flood. So are Thomson's 'Seasons,' Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Schiller's 'Robbers,' Coleridge's 'Hymn to Mont Blanc' and 'Religious Musings,' Sterling's 'Lycian Painter' and 'Last of the Giants,' all productions of genuine merit and meaning, and yet all stilted either in style or manner, or both. Johnson is often loud, but seldom *boss*—he can beat the drum, but he can shiver the castle-gate with his axe too. If his arm be sometimes 'swollen' with indolence, it is as often swollen with heavy blows aimed, and not in vain, at the heads of his enemies. His very yawn is thunder—he swings in an easy chair, which many that mock him could not *move*. You may laugh at the elephant picking up the pin, but not ejaculating *you*, brained and battered, toward the skies.

2dly, He has said nothing of Shakspeare or poetry worth listening to. What! Is his dissertation in Waller on sacred poetry, be it true or false, not worth listening to? or his panegyric on the 'Paradise Lost?' or his character of the 'Night Thoughts?' or his comparison between Pope and Dryden? or his picture of a poet in 'Rasselas?' or his unanswered overturn of the unities in his essay on Shakspeare? or several other portions of that 'ponderous mass of futilities?' or his famous lines on Shakspeare? Mark, we are not asserting that all such passages are of the highest order of philosophical criticism, but we are asserting their intrinsic value, and their immeasurable superiority to the vague, empty, pointless, misty, and pseudo-German disquisitions which stuff many of our principal magazines and reviews in the present day. We are not prepared to sacrifice the poorest passages in the 'Lives of the Poets'—nay, not even his notes on Shakspeare (which make Fanny Kemble swear—off the stage), for such

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a piece of elaborate and recondite idiocy, as recently was permitted to appear in a celebrated Scottish review, as a paper on Tennyson's 'Princess,' and was yet not the worst specimen of the kind of criticism referred to.

But Sterling accuses Johnson of wanting 'serene joy;' an accusation, alas! too true. But, how could he have attained this, in the first place, under the pressure of that 'vile body'—that huge mass of disease, bad humours, and semi-blindness, which he carried about with him, and under which he struggled and writhed like a giant below Etna? In the victim of old, yoked consciously to a putrifying carcass, we may conceive stern submission, but hardly serene joy. We can account for a man like William Cobbett, high in health, clear in eye, and with a system answering, like the crystal mirror of a stream, to every feature of his intellectual faculties, reproaching Johnson with gloom, but must think it a sad mistake, if not an affectation, on the part of a philosophic valetudinarian like John Sterling. Besides, as it has been said that the laws of disease are as beautiful as those of health, the *intuitions of disease are as true as those of health.* In none of them is the whole truth found; but even as the jaundiced view is only a partial rendering of the creation and of man, so the view of one in perfect health and strength, with a sanguine temperament, and in circumstances of signal prosperity, is equally imperfect. The one may be called a black or yellow, the other a *white* lie. Surely the Cockney we have elsewhere commemorated as sitting with Carlyle in a railway carriage, rubbing his hands, and saying to the grim stranger—'Successful world this, isn't it, sir?' was as far astray as the author of Sartor glaring through the gloomy bile-spotted splendour of the atmosphere which usually surrounds his spirit. And whether are more trustworthy the feelings of the man standing before his fire watching the parturition of a pudding, and the simmering of a pot of mulled porter, and exclaiming, 'How comfortable!' or those of a traveller perishing among the midnight snows? There is truth, and equal truth, in all such angular aspects,—there is the whole truth in none of them, nor even in any conceivable mixture of them all. And it were difficult to imagine a man in temperament like Johnson forming essentially another view than what rushed in on him from every orifice of his distempered system.

There is a cant in the present day—a cant which Sterling was above—about health, healthy systems, healthy views, healthy regulation of body, as producing a healthy tone of mind, as if the soul and stomach were identical, as if good digestion were the same thing with happiness, as if all gloomy and distressing thoughts sprung from bile, as if one had only to lie down under the 'wet sheet' to understand the origin of evil, to solve all the cognate, tremendous problems of the universe, and to obtain that 'reconciliation' after which all earnest spirits aspire. Easy the process now for obtaining the 'peace which passeth understanding!' Poor John Bunyan, why didst thou struggle, writhe, and madden, wade through hells of fire and seas of blood, to gain a result to which cold bathing and barks would have led thee in a month? Foolish Thomas Carlyle, why all that pother about everlasting noes and yeas, instead of anticipating Bulwer in the baptismal regeneration of the cold water cure? This is a free translation of the doctrines propounded by our modern utilitarians, who hold that if they had had Dante and Byron in their hands they would have made them happy men, and writers so sweet and so practical, and who can hardly credit you when you tell them that John Foster observed all the 'natural laws,' and was a gloomy 'son of thunder,' and that others break them daily, and are as merry as the day is long. It is vain to speak to them of temperament, of hereditary melancholy, of mental penetration so piercing as to amount to distemper, of visions of evil so vivid as to haunt every movement of the spirit, of hectic sensibility, of doubts so strong as to threaten to strangle piety and render devotion at times a torment—let the man but give up tobacco, and he will and must be happy! Foster evidently did not take enough of exercise, Carlyle smokes, and Cowper went to excess, it is well known, in the 'cup that cheers but not inebriates.' *Hinc illae lachrymae!*

Now, it is of course conceded that a well-regulated physical life will in some measure modify both mental views and mental happiness. But, in the first place, there are constitutions for whom a well regulated means a generous mode of living. Such was that of Shelley, who, according to the testimony of his friends, was never so well or happy as when, at rare intervals, he departed from his usual fare of vegetables and water. Secondly, 'Because thou art virtuous,' is there no more vice in the world, no more misery—is every dark problem solved—are the old enigmas of death and sin made one whit plainer? nay, in proportion to the degree of personal purity is not the feeling of sorrow and disgust at the follies and foulnesses of the world likely to gain strength? Ah! the utmost that the cleanest outward life can do is to produce in some minds a feeling that they have evaded, although not met, the grand difficulty, to produce in others a selfish self complacency and forgetfulness, springing from a state of health so unnaturally constant as to be in reality a disease, and on minds of the higher order to produce little *permanent* effect at all. From another source must help come. From above, from the regions of spiritual truth, must descend that baptism of fire which confers ardent hope, if not happiness—that blessedness which is higher and better, even in its imperfection and chequered light, than the unthinking calm or mechanical gladness of the best regulated animalism. But Johnson, according to Sterling, wanted serene joy, not merely from the peculiarity of his temperament, nor merely from the state of his age and the degree of his culture, as affecting his impressions, but from his incapacity for the higher kinds of thought—as if all possessed of this capacity, as if Coleridge, for instance, or Schiller, or Carlyle, whom Sterling always ranks in the first class, have been serene, and as if this explanation of Johnson's want of peace were not disproved by a hundred instances of men who, less entitled than he to the praise of the highest original or inventive genius—for example, Hall, Southey, Chalmers, and the lately deceased Hamilton of Leeds—have been distinguished by buoyant and child-like felicity. No; we are persuaded that from no defect in Johnson's intellect, but from constitutional causes, sprung his morbid melancholy; nay, that the strength of his intellect was proved by the control which it exercised over his temperament. A giant maniac required and obtained a giant keeper. Had he possessed the culture and shared in the progress of our age, we are not sure if more than three or four of its literary heroes would have overtopped him. Peace to his massive shade! He was one of the best, greatest, wisest, and most sincere of men.

While we are engaged in finding fault, we may notice our author's opinions on the connection between intellect and heart. Carlyle had maintained that a truly great intellect must always be accompanied by a noble moral nature; he had not asserted the converse, that a noble moral nature implies a great intellect. Sterling, in his reply, commits, we think, two mistakes. First, imagining that Carlyle had asserted this untenable converse, he presses him with the names of Newton of Olney, Thomas Scott, Calamy, Swartz, and Jeanie Deans, and asks if these were people of high intellect? But although the day includes the hour, the hour does not include the day. Carlyle's idea is, that while the moral nature has been found high and the intellect small, the intellect has never come to its true elevation without the correspondence of the heart. It is a question of facts. In the second place, Sterling and Carlyle attach different meanings to the word intellect. With the one it signifies the understanding, and he shows triumphantly how it has wedded wickedness or heartlessness in Tiberius, the Duke of Guise, Lord Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Talleyrand. With Carlyle it means the higher power of intuition, genius, or reason, which, according to him, while often attended by a train of error-imps, or even big, burly vices, never exhibits profound and radical depravity, and is never unattended by a sense of the good, the true,

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the generous, and the just. It is obviously impossible to settle a controversy where there is a preliminary misunderstanding as to the terms, but we certainly incline to Carlyle's opinion—holding it, however, only as a general rule, and noting two distinct species of exception which we may call the mad and the monstrous case. There is first the *mad*, in which, as with Rousseau, and perhaps Mirabeau and Byron, a diseased organisation has divided those principles of head and heart which are usually joined in the marriage chamber of the brain of genius. There is, secondly, the *monstrous* case, where, as in Bacon, the moral sense, if not omitted entirely, seems to exist in an inverse proportion to the intellectual power—where an intellect vast, varied, and weighty as the globe is balanced by a heart, hard and small as a pin-point. Ought we to add Napoleon as another instance of this second most rare and appalling formation?

We mentioned as the second general quality of Sterling his sincerity. Those much abused and desecrated terms, truth-seeker and beauty-lover, assumed too often by the selfish and the vain to distinguish them from the common crowd, came of their own accord and rested on his head. And if he did seem toward the close to relax somewhat in his devotion to truth, and to be smit with a fonder affection for the beautiful, it was because, while the latter melted into his embrace, the former fled ever before him into her awful shades. He turned from the haughty Rosalind of truth to the fair young Juliet of beauty. But his love, in both instances, was as pure as it was ardent. You do not see in him the death-wrestle of Arnold, who, like Jacob at Peniel, appears panting as he cries to the mysterious form, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me; rather crush me by thy weight than tell me nothing.' For such painful and protracted struggle Sterling was unfitted by temperament and by illness; but if not a rugged athlete, he was a swift runner in this great chase. His mind wrought less than Arnold's by research—more by rapid intuition. With less learning and perseverance, he had incomparably more imagination and more philosophic sagacity. Health and circumstances prevented him from effecting so much as Arnold, or leaving on the age the same impression of fearlessness, truthfulness, and moral power. More than even Arnold was he caught in the meshes of uncertainty, and to both death seemed the dawning of a light which they had yearned after but never reached on earth. Both died too early for the world, but in time for their own happiness. It is clear that Arnold could not have remained much longer connected with the English Church, nor probably with any. Whither the restless progress of Sterling's mind would have led him we cannot tell, but it had conducted him to quaking and dangerous ground. Both, while in deep doubt upon many important questions, exhibited on the verge of death a child-like Christianity of spirit and language which it is delightful to contemplate; and both, through their moral likeness to each other, through their position and the progress of their thought, will, notwithstanding many mental dissimilarities, be classed together by posterity as two of the most interesting specimens of the enlightened minds of our strange transition period.

Sterling's culture was of a peculiar kind. His mind was not ripened under the stern and scorching sun of science, but under the softer and more genial warmth of philosophy and literature. We are not sure if he had ever thoroughly mastered the original works of the German philosophers, or if his metaphysical reading was of an extensive range; we incline to think that he had acquired much of his knowledge of Kant and his brethren from the extempore versions of Coleridge, and that it was with the poets and such moral and religious writers of Germany as Schleiermacher that he was familiar. His historical knowledge was rather wide than accurate, and from severe personal research he shrunk with all the reluctance of a sensitive and nervous nature. With the classics of all polite literature he was intimately conversant. His theological attainments were respectable—there is no evidence that they were more; and latterly, indeed, he became deeply prejudiced against the present pretensions, and forms, and modes of investigating that science. His culture, altogether, was rather elegant than strict, rather recherché than profound; and from this, we think, in part proceeded the uncertainty of his theological views. His clerical profession and his early feelings created an intense interest in theological subjects, and a yearning for deeper insight into them, but his tastes and his powers adapted him for a different pursuit. Theology, if we would find aught new in it, requires digging. Sterling could not dig, he could only fly; his verdicts, therefore, are valuable principally for their sincerity; they are rapid first impressions, not slow, deliberate, last judgments. The very power which rendered him a consummate critic of the fine arts, and often an exquisite artist, disqualified him for those laborious and complicated processes which go to build up the great idea of God's relations to mankind. Here he is a tongueless orator, a blind painter, a dumb musician, his powerlessness of execution being proportionate to the strength of his desire.

A man of genius John Sterling has often been called, nor are we disposed to deny him the precious but indefinite term. His sympathies, his temperament, his mode of thinking, all the moods and tenses of his mind, were those of genius. If not a man of genius, he was a most startling likeness or bust of one. Nevertheless, we have our doubts as to the originality or greatness of his vein. We argue this not, as some would absurdly, from his wide and generous sympathies; great genius implies a great genial nature as necessarily as a great river a great channel for its waters, and a broad nature, like a broad river, must reflect many objects. We argue it not from finding no extensive or profound work in the list of his writings—this his short life and his long duel with death sufficiently explain; and still less from his non-popularity (in the popular sense) as an author; as he never spoke to the empty echo of popular applause, he never expected to receive a reply. But we imagine that we notice in the various productions he has left a sort of *tentative* process, as of a mind distracted by various models and attempting different styles. We observe this not merely in his earlier but in his later works. We never, from the beginning to the end of his career, find him in a path so peculiar and lonely that we cry out, 'Let him prosecute this if he can till the crack of doom.' He never gives the impression, amid all his individual brilliancies of thought, invention, and figure, of a new, and whole, and undivided thing, leaving such influence on us as is given by the sight of a new comet in the heavens, or of a Faust, a Festus, or a 'Rime of the Anciente Mariner' upon the earth. His genius rather touches, dances on a brilliant and shapeless fire-mist, than constructs it into fine or terrible forms. He has all the variety, vividness, truth, and eloquence which constitute an artist who *has genius*, but not the possession, the self-abandonment, the gigantic monotony, slowly evolving itself out of the wide circle of early sympathies, and wielding them all to its purpose—the one great thing in nature to tell—the one great thing toward man to do, which distinguish a prophet whom *genius has*.

There are two lights in which to regard Sterling's writings—either as trials of strength or as triumphs of genius. It is in the former light that we are disposed to regard them. They are of almost every variety of style, subject, and merit. We have poems, apologues, allegories, a tragedy, criticisms, novels, and fragmentary relics. Seldom do we remember the steep of fame scaled on so many sides by one so young. He resembled a captain who, waiting for the ultimate order of his general, keeps his troops moving hither and thither in what seems aimless and endless ubiquity. So Sterling hung around all the alleys and avenues of thought, tarrying for the word 'march, and secure this or that one'—a word which never came. Yet assuredly his talent, tactics, and earnestness were of no ordinary kind. How much mild pathos has he condensed into the 'Sexton's Daughter!' What fine though dim condensations many of his poetical lines are! How tenderly and truly does he touch what we might deem the yet sensitive and shrinking corpse of Wentworth! Na-

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poleon, too, he has resuscitated; and it is at the touch of no earthworm that he springs aloft, gigantic, if not triumphant, from the tomb. And throughout the tales and apologues, which principally compose the second volume of his 'Remains,' there are sprinkled beauties of thought, sentiment, and expression, for which forty volumes of modern novels might be searched in vain.

On his 'Thoughts' and 'Letters,' as in some respects the most interesting of his writings, we propose to pause for a little. Always are such writings, if from a sincere man, the most direct and genuine issues of his spirit—they are just the mind turned inside out. The naked man that can bear inspection must be handsome; the naked thought which delights must be beautiful and true. A very good and very clever divine has written 'Adams's Private Thoughts.' We are thankful to him; but what would we give for the private thoughts of Shakspeare, Milton, and especially of Burke, since he, less than most men, 'hung his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at.' Were but some one wiser and greater than Rousseau to shrive himself as honestly as he! An honest account of his inmost sentiments and his entire history, held up in the hand of any intellectual man, not insane, would stop almost the motions of society till it had been read and pondered. Autobiographies being in general the falsest of books, the exception would be the more prized. And thus, too, we should find that one fearless man had uttered feelings and thoughts participated in by the whole human race, and was the mouth of a dumb humanity.

Sterling's 'Thoughts' are evidently sincere, but as evidently a selection. They are the collected cream of his mind. He does not open his soul *ad aperturam libri*. He gives us elegant extracts, and some of them might have been better entitled, 'How I ought to have thought at such and such a time.' The whole collection is not so much of 'thoughts' as of 'after-thoughts.' They were published, let us remember, before his death, in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Had they been thorough-going utterances and written in blood, no periodical would have printed them. As it is, many of them are very beautiful and profound. We quote a few:—

'There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies; and there is no man who believes only lies.

One dupe is as impossible as one twin.

To found an argument for the value of Christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars.

The religion of all Pagans indiscriminately has often been written of by zealous Christians in the worst spirit of Paine and Voltaire.

Lies are the ghosts of truths, the masks of faces

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing. The weak falters although it be standing on a rock.

Goethe sometimes reminds us of a Titan in a court-dress.

The prose man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him.

No man is so born a poet but that he needs to be regenerated into a poetic artist.

There are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus.

Those who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men except those who make a trade of honouring him.

An unproductive truth is none. But there are products which cannot be weighed even in patent scales, nor brought to market.

There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time cut the sinews at the wrist.

Better a cut finger than no knife.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that'

Sterling's letters are plain, unexcited, and unpretending. Their style, so much simpler than that of his essays and tales, suggests the thought that he must have elaborated the latter. They interest more from their good sense and information than as discoveries of character. They are full of generous and quiet criticism. Thus, of Lamb he says—'I have been looking over the two volumes of his letters, and I am disposed to consider them the pleasantest in the language, not excepting the best of Cowper's, nor Horace Walpole's. He was a man of true genius, though on a small scale, as a spangle may be gold as pure as a doubloon.' Speaking of his own poems, he says—'When I think of Christabel, and Herman, and Dorothea, I feel a strong persuasion that I deserve the pillory for ever writing verses at all. The writings of Schelling, Fichte, and some others, give the same uneasy belief as to prose.' Again—'Lately I have been reading some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius. There seems to me to have been more epic power in Keats, that fiery, beautiful meteor; but they are two most true and great poets. When one thinks of the amount of recognition they have received, one may well bless God that poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind or left alone in its own magic hermitage. It is true that what new poetry we have is little cared for; but also true that there is wonderfully little deserving any honour. Compare our present state with twenty years ago, when Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Scott as a novelist, were all vigorously productive. Carlyle is the one great star that has arisen since, and he is far more prophet than singer.' He gives a striking anecdote of Thorwaldsen: 'Did you ever hear the story of his being at a party at Bunsen's, whose house was on the Capitolian Hill, on the site of the temple of Olympian Jove, and where the conversation, as often, under Bunsen's guidance, took a very Christian turn, till Thorwaldsen remarked, through the window commanding a noble prospect of Rome, the modern city, the planet Jupiter in great glory, and, filling his glass, exclaimed, 'Well, here's in honour of the ancient gods!'*

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

BRITAIN is about to subdue India at last, by a grand *coup de main*. She is about to crush her down beneath a veritable iron yoke, more powerful than that of Warren Hastings, and to trample her stagnant prejudices under the feet of that inexorable civiliser the iron horse. A gentleman named Mr Simms has been sent out at the head of a commission, to examine the capacities of India for being laid down in lines, and he has reported the practicability of girding the great continent with iron bands, from Calcutta to Delhi, a distance of nine hundred miles, together with lateral branches from the coal-fields of Burdwan to the plain of Rajmahal, and to many other Indian towns and stations of note. This is a mighty and beneficent enterprise, worthy of the age in which we live, and cheeringly illustrative of the tendency of the European mind in that vast territory, which has hitherto been a theatre of bloodshed and crime.

The scheme of Indian railways has been often urged, and for a considerable time debated; and the chief objectors to this peaceful invasion of the prejudicies and divisions of the east, have been those men who never hesitated to admit and undertake the subjugation of this vast continent by the sword. The beneficent and progressive spirit of commerce, is, however, jostling out the feudal ideas imported to that empire, and now the railway-engine is to scream down the black-mouthed cannon, and the stoker is to crow down Captain Sabretash.

The chief objections raised by the court to the practical completion and profitable and permanent establishment of iron highways in India, were six, and were said to be peculiarly incidental to the climate of this vast tropical region. These, which we shall enumerate, the commission satisfactorily disposes of, for they are really very innocent, and seemingly not at all peculiar to any territory. The first is the periodical rains and inundations, which by flooding the railways and sapping the foundations of the pathways, would render them not only unprofitable but dangerous. To this the commission reply, that the practicability of keeping up a railway at a trifling expense was already proven by the existence of bunds and roads in India, metallised and unmetallised, which were sufficient,

* Since writing our article on Sterling, we have read a short paper on him in the 'British Quarterly Review.' We are sorry its gifted author (evidently Thomas Binney) did not enter more at large into the subject. We mention this article simply because its author takes the same view of Sterling as we propose to do in our next paper, as a type of many minds in the age, and to prevent any charge of plagiarism.

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with very moderate supervision and a trifling expense for labour, to resist the insidious destructiveness of the rainy seasons. Of course, extraordinary inundations and storms might occur, which would defy the ordinary calculations derived from general observation. The second objection arises from the continued action of violent winds, and of a vertical sun. These difficulties apply less to the railway itself than to the working thereof. Suitable arrangements in the construction could controvert the influences of both sun and wind upon the rail; the high winds, however, may retard the progress of the trains a little, and the temperature during the hot season may produce a greater tendency to combustion by friction, but this ought only to induce a stricter watchfulness and greater care amongst those employed on the lines, and cannot be entertained as a material objection. The objectors come to the attack with, thirdly, 'the ravages of insects and vermin upon timber and earthwork.' The report of the commission meets this by stating, that the destructive influences of insects upon the teak and iron-wood of Arracan amounts to nothing, and consequently that the objection is disposed of. If, however, subsequent investigation should demonstrate that these woods are pervious to the attacks of damp and animalcules, recourse can be had to the preservative preparations now in use in England to prevent the decay of timber. Earthworks, it is true, are subject to be undermined by burrowing animals, but it seems as if vigilance amongst the workmen would be sufficient to prevent any formidable evil from this cause. A fourth and more formidable objection than any of the preceding, is the effects of the spontaneous vegetation of underwood upon earth and brickwork. This would require a constant and faithful discharge of duty on the part of overseers and railway servants, so as to root up every appearance of such vegetation as soon as it appeared; and surely this would be sufficient for the suppression of this obstacle. The rapid growth of plants in tropical climes, renders them formidable obstructions to the development and continued action of cultivation. Trees and gigantic reeds, as the Palma Christi, or castor-oil plant, and the gigantic reed called Surkunda and Nural, have been known to spring fifteen feet in two years, after having been cut down. These plants, from their rapid vegetative powers, may give considerable trouble, but their large roots, on the other hand, are well adapted to bind the loose soil, and to prevent it from being easily washed away by the rains. Another objection is 'the difficulty of obtaining competent and trustworthy engineers.' Now, really, to our dull European comprehension, this seems too bad of the '*statu quo*' old Indians. They do not perceive any difficulty in sending to England for the raw material of these cohorts with whom they go forth to subdue the Sikhs and Sirdars. They have military schools for the training of bombardiers, sappers and miners, trigonometricians and the constructors of fortifications; why not as easily train men to the peaceful professions of stokers and drivers? Give man a tithe of the encouragement which Clive and Hastings obtained, and India shall soon have engineers upon her railways that Europe could not surpass.

The commissioners have proposed in their report a grand line, the advantages of which can, of course, be best judged of by those whom practical observation and minute topographical knowledge enable to form an opinion on the subject. It is sufficient matter of gratulation to us that a line has been recommended. It remains for the capitalists who will adventure in the matter to determine the precise value of the commissioners' suggestions, and the reasons for the same. The commissioners recommend, from personal examination of the country, a line of railway connecting Calcutta with Mirzapore, and from thence to Delhi and the north-west frontier. They prescribe the tract to be taken by this line, and give in detail their reasons for adopting the peculiar route which they have suggested; these are too numerous and too local to interest our readers. The line between Mirzapore and Delhi will be one of great importance, inasmuch as it shall pass through the Ranigunge collieries, thus crossing the great coal-field of Burdwan, and probably that of Pachete, which may be regarded as a circumstance of vital importance to the steam navigation of the Indian seas, and to the operations of the railways of the interior. Coal is also indispensable to the Indian manufactories; and such is the difficulty of obtaining this fuel of good quality from the interior, that English coal is bought in preference at enormous expense. There are splendid fields of coal, of the first quality, in India, and the railways, by intersecting these, and rendering the transit of this valuable fuel not only easy, but the supply abundant, would materially and rapidly conduce to the development of the vast capacities and energies of India.

At the present moment, the coal trade of the interior of India is a complete monopoly, sustained by fraud, and perpetuated to the manifest retardation of the interests of the east. All the coal that is brought from the Burdwan coal-field to the coast, is brought down the river Damuda, which joins the Hoogly at its mouth. The river is only open during two or three months in the year, and in order to supply a brisk trade for this period, the collier must have his coal lying roasting on the banks of the river previous to the opening of the traffic. The trade is only carried on, too, by the common river-craft, which a wealthy speculator can easily secure to the complete prostration of the trades dependent upon this fuel. The opening of the railways would destroy this great commercial, economical, and social evil, and materially conduce to the cheapening of fuel in the warm countries of the east, where it is immeasurably dearer than with us, where it is so essential.

No one can look towards India and contemplate the progress of railways in its territory without feeling his heart expand in anticipation of the glorious results likely to flow from this means of intercommunion. Since the East India Company planted its little factory upon the coast of Bengal, and, taking advantage of the commotions which its agents incited amongst the native chiefs, grasped with a nervous and imperious hand its rapidly extending and splendid empire, India has retrograded in native dignity and ability, and its regalities have withered under European domination and the law of force. Its mighty territory has been one vast theatre of intrigue and unscrupulous ambition. Men have gone thither to throw the dice for fortune amongst blood, and they have come again and again to the west burdened with their golden crimes. Distraction, detrogression, humiliation, and despair, have characterised the Asiatics. Arrogance, conquest, and fierce ambition, have, on the other hand, been almost the only aspects of European character shown to the Indians, until in many places the very religion of love is outlawed as an emanation from the whites. Better days are, however, beginning to dawn upon that great empire. Britain is loosening her feudal grasp upon the throat of conquered India, and is about to advance her to the brotherhood of trade. A line of railway is to link the presidencies of Agra, Bengal, and Bombay together in an indissoluble unity, welded and bound by iron bonds of peace. It is impossible to calculate but pleasing to anticipate the effect of this system of railways upon the religious and internal social systems of India. The prejudices and insanities of tribes and creeds must inevitably disappear before the superior force of western civilisation.

LAMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

BARNABY BIGGLES, THE MAN OF MANY SORROWS.

Barnaby was not rich in paternal acres, but he was more than well to do in the world. He had seven thousand pounds in stock, a nice little country house and garden in Clapham, a good-natured wife, and five promising children. What more could he wish for? The lines had fallen in pleasant places, but Barnaby was slow to perceive them. He might have looked with an independent spirit on the world—he only cringed to it. He might have thanked heaven for its manna in the pilgrimage—he murmured for the quails. He might have built up the fountain of his

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—he only bored holes in it, and the waters ever
He might have carried quietude and peace in
—he made it the temple of anxiety. He had no
hermitage within to which, even for a season, his
uld resort. He looked at the gall on the surface
p, never saw the honey at the bottom. He saw
hine without clouds, and no cold coming without

y's godfather died yesterday—old Jefferson,' said
y to his wife.
r man—so suddenly!' remarked she. 'I'm sure I
loved him—he was so kind to us all.'
Snap, my attorney, hinted this morning to me—
ade his will, you know—that Patty shall have five
d as a legacy.'
t is so like him, poor dear creature! Our little
did not need it to remember him. I'm sure she'll
forget him.'
n't you think it is shabby enough, though? Died
forty thousand—no relations—and only a paltry
to his god-daughter. Why, it wouldn't buy a fashion-
rousseau to her on her wedding-day. Somebody
d full pockets now.'
ope it will do good to whoever it falls to,' said Mrs
.
ope so, but never saw such a thing come about yet.
e favours fools and rogues in such matters, while
who need the blessing are sure to remain needing it.
such a windfall coming my way.'
t us be thankful, Barnaby, for what we have,' sug-
the better philosophy of his wife.
uld I see ye, zur, for one minute?' said a shaggy
popped in at the door.
hat d'ye want now, Jacob?' said Barnaby to the head;
, come in.'
mpson has sent to say we must stop a-building the
zur. He says he wont have his light shut up.'
mpson was proprietor of the adjacent villa to Barnaby's.
tunately that gentleman's windows overlooked the
's ground, and the latter felt aggravated to think of
, Mrs S., and the Misses S. having and holding such
vilege as that of extracting pleasure from his posses-
It was not to be tolerated that any neighbour should
ook the very household operations of another, spy
very plant, flower, and shrub vegetating in the other's
m, extract all manner of knowledge without difficulty
ding the cultivation of them, yea, even that his ser-
should know whether the Biggleses dined on cauli-
r, cabbage, or pears. Like self-ill-used people gene-
, Barnaby resolved that his own should be his own;
with kindred tactics he erected a high brick wall,
edly whereon to propagate the peach, but actually
ewith to shut out his neighbour. Unfortunately,
son's house was close by the boundary of Biggles's
d. The wall was allowed to proceed till it had reached
rdinary height; it arrived at an extraordinary one,
was evidently about to proceed to an unwarranted
, having shut out the second floor windows of Simpson
light, when the command which Jacob delivered his
ter as above was tendered.

'But I insist that you go on with the building, sir.
ou're my servant, and to me are responsible. Go on
ith the wall.'

The servant, uttering one of those untranslateable
umblings which servants are used and wont to do when
t a loss for an answer, departed.

'Everybody seems bent on annoying us,' observed Bar-
by at Jacob's exit. 'There really is, I believe, no such
ing as enjoyment of this world, without a thousand
rievances swallowing it up. I'm determined, however,
impson shall not have *his* way. I'm not going to be put
pon by every fellow who chooses to try his experiments
n insult. There, love, will you see whether that window's
quite close? I'm sure I feel a draught about my ears.'

Mrs B. declared she was sure they were all quite close.

'Then the hall-door's open—it must be open.'

Mrs B. looked down stairs and denied the assertion.

'Well, this house is getting positively uncomfortable. Sit where one will there are always draughts. We've tried the parlour, and two bed-rooms, and nursery, and given them up—and now the dining-room is quite as bad as the others. I wish I had my own money out of the place again.'

At this instant a blubbering, choky utterance was heard outside the door, and straightway, as it opened, came rolling in, with a bellow, Master Billy Biggles. 'Ow—ou—oh, papa! ow—oh! the dog—oh!'

'Bowles's dog, as I'm a living man, has bit him!' shouted the papa, jumping up.

The proprietor Bowles was an old maid dwelling on the Biggles' left. Her dog was a quiet animal of the poodle variety, but Master Billy had been, in pursuit of excitement, trespassing on the bounds of its good-nature. It tore his clothes and tumbled him, and, in the pride of the achievement, was now yelping on the lawn.

'It shant live another hour!' roared Barnaby, rushing to his fowling-piece and loading it with No. 2. A crack was heard, a howl, and the doomed poodle weltered on the daisies.

Meanwhile the anxious mamma had in vain been searching for the traces of the tusks of the canine monster on poor Billy's form.

'I declare, Ann, I shall be compelled to leave this place,' grumbled Barnaby, returned from his fowling. 'What's fresh air? what's the country? what's a villa and garden, and all that sort of thing, to troublesome neighbours on every hand, and annoyances that grow, like mushrooms, nowhere save in the country?'

Such as the above were by no means red-letter days in Barnaby's existence—they were the ordinary bread-and-butter days; the wonder was, when nothing of the kind occurred: but in that case all the worse for Barnaby, for he felt like a man whom some piece of bad luck should have overtaken, but had missed him on its way, only to return, however, with another evil to capture him elsewhere. Illustrative of a Scotch proverb, 'There was aye a dub before his door;' if half dry to-night it was certain to overflow on the morrow.

'Fine morning, Mr Biggles,' said a passenger, meeting him next day on way to town. 'Does one's heart good to see such a morning—so fresh and bracing.'

'Very fine, but awful cold—isn't it?'

And Barnaby passed on his way officewards, saturnine in heart and visage, because the sun didn't shed its warmth on an autumn morning. Had it been beautiful expanding summer heat, the answer would have been, 'Very fine, but better of summer weather now.' Had the clouds shed their tears upon thirsty earth, every drop precious as an amethyst, the reply, 'Dreadfully unpleasant though'—so perverse is human nature.

Barnaby entered his office.

A little lad, perched on a high stool, with an immense ledger before him, bobbed his head against the folio by way of doing homage.

'Moses, why arn't these packages placed all with the labels fronting? There's no regularity or order there. Take them down again.'

Moses sulkily proceeded to obey.

'Did Simon call this morning with an answer to the letter sent with him?'

'No, sir.'

'That's a little surprising. I wonder what's the reason. I hope he hasn't forgot to deliver it, forgot to bring an answer, or perhaps lost it. No advices from Cape Horn yet,' murmured Barnaby, laying down the last letter of a lot he had opened. 'Two days since word should have been here. These mails! I declare no dependence can be placed on them; but I'll take care the public shant be treated thus.'

Forthwith Barnaby sat down and penned a letter of inquiry to the editor of the 'Evening Regenerator,' upon the subject of post-office delays, which duly appeared in the columns of that highly efficient and useful journal.

Having finished this laudable undertaking, his eye

alighted on the unfortunate Moses fastening up a parcel. 'Moses!' shouted he, 'bring that parcel here. You don't mean to dispatch it in that shape, surely? See, untie it. You're a downright ass, I declare.'

'Yes, sir,' said Moses, either in relation to the assertion or command, and proceeded, in anything but wreathed smiles, to repack and retie the article.

A letter was handed in. Barnaby read—'Sir, my client, John Simpson, Esq., Daisy Villa, informs me of a wanton infringement of his rights, which you have committed by erecting a high brick wall close by his windows, so as almost totally to exclude the light therefrom. You must be aware of the illegality, to say nothing of the unreasonableness, of such an act; and I trust, upon this representation being made, you will lower seven feet of the wall complained of, and so obviate the necessity of ulterior measures, which, otherwise, my client is determined to resort to. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, LATTITAT ROBINSON.'

Barnaby rushed off to Snap, his attorney, and submitted the letter to him. Mr S. pulled up his collar, adjusted himself in his seat, and, with sundry hems, perused the same. 'A piece of downright impertinence, consummate impertinence, my dear sir,' said that worthy. 'He has no more right to stop you, though you build it to the moon, than I have. He cannot oppose you; he has no *locus standi* to pursue such an action. Coke lays it expressly down, and is confirmed by later authorities, that an owner vested in the fee of the soil may do any act in reference thereto, consistent with absolute authority over it. You have done no more, sir. Depend upon it, I shall speedily terminate the matter—depend on that, my dear sir.'

Not comforted but advised, Biggles returned to office, and Snap wrote Lattitat Robinson, Esq., informing that gentleman that Biggles was altogether disinclined to have his rights as a British subject and owner of the soil interfered with, and was fully determined to resist such an absurd interruption of them as Mr Simpson was about to attempt.

The two attorneys being now fairly at work, to it they went in style. Mr Simpson's attorney met Mr Biggles's, and they laid the law down to each other, Lattitat contending that no man could hold interest in land to the prejudice of his neighbour's natural rights, founding on Coke; and Snap insisting that a party possessing land in fee could not be controlled by another in his management of it, founding also on Coke. With such views of the matter, the gentlemen could not, of course, agree; and, after considerable correspondence, recourse was had to the Court of Common Pleas to adjust the difficulty.

Our friend, however, on return after consultation, found another epistle of ominous appearance awaiting him, which required on perusal a second visit to Mr Snap's chambers. This letter set forth that he, Barnaby, having wantonly and maliciously shot, to the destruction of life, a rare and valuable dog of the poodle class, the property of Miss Sarah Bowles, the said Sarah Bowles, by her attorney, did demand payment of the sum of fifty pounds sterling as the worth and value of said dog, and of the further sum of thirty pounds sterling as a solatium for the injury the feelings of the said Sarah Bowles had sustained by and through the loss thereof; which several sums were required to be paid within four days thereafter, and, failing, legal measures were inevitably to be expected.

Almost frantic with vexation, poor Barnaby hurried back to his comforter Snap, who, after a repetition of the former procedure and echo of the former speech, assured him that the claim was quite preposterous, and recommended leaving the matter entirely in his hands and the result was certain, which our friend was agreeable to do, not looking, however, upon legal relief as any incalculable blessing—a thing it may be said few men do. Poor, prejudiced, human nature! when wilt thou come to recognise the beneficence of the law and the beauty of its administration?

Snap's arrangement, however, was not in the first instance [illegible] looking individuals handed to Biggles a document, purporting to be a writ for eighty pounds sterling and costs, *in re* Bowles *v.* Biggles.

The lessons of this life, given for our improvement, are taught sometimes in exhibition of love, sometimes in punishment. Love is the first voice that speaks to man; and if in its genial sunshine the heart opens not, and its errors remain still imprisoned and nourished in darkness, then thunder may dispel them, and in alarm lest the lightning's stream should be attracted towards them they are rooted out and cast away. Should this fail there is no other voice; and the darkness is permitted to brood and gather, and error to riot and thrive till it consummate its own doom and the doom of the man.

There was an old woman who inhabited the porter-lodge at the gate to Barnaby's villa. There had she dwelt for some ten years with a little girl, a grandchild, her own sons and daughters being dead or gone abroad, and altogether alike forgetful of her. She was often ill, and much in bed with rheumatism and other ailments peculiar to decaying humanity. To Barnaby she paid no rent, and was thus so far indebted to him; while to his wife she was indebted for occasional additional comfort, in the way of a bottle of wine or lot of coals. The grand-daughter did needlework, and eked out a few shillings weekly thereby, cheerfully toiling generally, and when not cheerfully at least quietly, knowing that honest living could not otherwise be practised. Barnaby had often seen the girl with her seam working at the window as he passed, and on warm days the old woman in an arm-chair, basking in the sunshine, with a half-knit stocking on her knee, but thought not at all about them, till, coming home one day, a heavy shower met him at the gateway, and he stepped into the lodge till it should pass over.

'Pray, come in, sir, and take a chair till the rain ceases,' said the old woman, seeing Barnaby in the porch. 'Lilly, lass, do thee dust that seat for the gentleman.'

'Oh, pray, give yourself no trouble, good woman. I can stand here,' replied Barnaby, doubtful about the propriety of sitting in his own lodge. 'I hope you are well, and your grand-daughter here.'

'Not well to boast of, sir: far from that, this damp weather is very sore on me.'

'I suppose it must: you suffer a good deal, I believe, at times?'

'At times, sir; but I have little reason to complain for all that. The trouble is not of my making. I cannot remove it. I believe that the hand which wields the rod does wisely, and will in good time send a joyful deliverance.'

'It is a pleasant thing to feel so comforted in affliction,' said Barnaby, finding it necessary to say something.

'Yes, I thank God that while he wounds he also heals; and though he should cause his children to pass through the furnace, its flames will but purify them for his glory.'

'We have all our trials,' observed Barnaby, 'and should all strive to think so, and to reflect on the end of them.'

'True, sir; but it's worth while considering whether these trials are such, or are not, and made such by us. When I was a bit girl, I recollect having to milk an ill-tempered cow that had a practice of kicking with its heels. Now, to cure it I used to place a big stone behind it. Still the animal kicked, however, hurting itself against the stone, which became a vexation and annoyance not in its way, but which it, nevertheless, sought to get rid of. Now, I have often thought that many people's trials and troubles were like the stone I used to place behind our cow—not at all in the way, but made troubles because they were kicked at, and only then.'

'The shower's over—I must go now,' muttered Barnaby, retreating towards the door.

Barnaby's good angel dropped a tear, and, upwards looking, clasped its hands.

From that day forth he hated the poor lodge-keeper in his inmost heart. She had unwittingly rebuked him, and, not being one in authority, was condemned—so weak is the human heart [illegible]

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he lessons of this life, tending all to make us wiser and etter, must needs come from a golden-lettered primer, and ot be taught by a common horn-book! We might learn ong prayers from Dives, but would disdain to study hu-ility from Lazarus.

'I wonder, my dear,' said Mrs Biggles, on the entrance f her spouse, 'you didn't think of coming home in the mnibus. These wet days, I'm sure, it would be much bet-r to take advantage of it. See how damp you are all ver.'

'The omnibus is a downright imposture, my love. I'll ever enter it till the fares are reduced to the same rate s on other roads. I've written the 'Regenerator' twice n the subject, and directed public attention to the scan-alous extortion. Besides, that fellow Hopkins is said to e in it on a wet day, always insisting for open windows, nd you know what a dread I have of draughts, and how ertain to catch cold in them. People are obliged, I ctually think, to lead a life of vexation and annoyance on ecount of other people: and no matter what good one trives to do for the public or our neighbours, it meets a hankless return.'

'But still the omnibus, love, is——'

'Is an imposition and a fraud, and I'll not countenance ither till it is remedied.'

Neither did Barnaby countenance it. He wouldn't do himself such a wrong nor society such an injury. With a brave martyr-spirit he scowled down upon the perpetrators nd encouragers of the evil, and, for himself, he strode ome through the wet and cold.

What next? why he shivered one morning when he woke, felt sick and queer—so shaky he couldn't get his clothes on. The doctor came, said it was a fever coming, prescribed blistering and baths, and talked a good deal that Mrs Biggles didn't understand but believed sincerely in. He came often and oftener, by day and at night. There were lights burning in the chamber all night, and women watching sleeplessly, and listening to wild ravings and strange distorted thoughts expressed. Then came a deathlike calm and quiet, and the doctor shook his head mournfully. Another man in black appeared, with pen and ink, at the bedside, and wrote something, which the sufferer, with feeble shaking fingers, subscribed; and, as he left, another took his place, speaking in low earnest tones words of hope, while many faces, wet with tears, crowded around. It was morning—a subdued ray of golden sunlight streamed in through the half-closed win-dow, resting on the bed, and making doubly ghastly the pallid countenance of the sufferer, who seemed listening to the voice of the clergyman. Something crossed his mind; he looked troubled, and motioned with his finger.

'Do you wish anything, dear?' said his wife, placing her ear to his mouth.

He raised himself, with an effort, on his elbow, and, in broken half-articulate words, said, 'That light's an annoy-ance—too strong.' He fell back with a deep moan—his countenance was changed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

ON EXHUMING AN ICHTHYOSAURUS.

Thou mighty monster of an ancient earth,
Now disentomb'd—to mortal eyes exposed!
Since the Eternal Spirit gave thee birth,
And in thy rocky grave thou hast reposed,
What wondrous changes, both on land and sea,
Volcanic power hath wrought on nature's face!
From ocean's depths such power hath lifted thee,
Thou stony relic of a bygone race!
Once thou wert living far beneath the wave,
In the dark caverns of the primal deep,
Until some earthquake hurl'd thee to the grave,
And laid thee in thy everlasting sleep;
While ocean with its storms roll'd o'er thy tomb:
Now trees and odorous flowers above thee bloom.

Gloucester. E. W. MUTLOW.

THE WONDERFUL TREE.

O! emerald earth, once the garden of God,
Where now is thy bridal sheen?
Thy transporting bowers
With their fadeless flowers
And forests of living green?

Ah! sin hath bereft thee of beauty and bloom;
Thy flowers now wither and die;
And the wood monarch grieves
O'er his falling brown leaves,
As the autumn winds sweep by.

I've heard a strange tale of a beautiful tree
That bloom'd on the earth long ago:
'Twas a goodly tree,
And right fair to see,
And a fruitful tree also.

'Twas a tree of a noble stem; for its roots
Were fix'd in Eternity,
And its sap was love
From the bosom of Jove,
Creator of earth and sea;

Its branches spread, and its mantling leaves
On the air sweet odours flung;
And in dewdrops bright
Young angels of light
Around it in myriads hung.

The tempest in vain sought to rend it in twain,
For its wrath it patiently bore,
Yet the dark-wing'd blast,
As it over it pass'd,
All its goodly branches tore.

Still it flourish'd and grew, though wild winds blew,
For its roots in Love were set;
And its fruit-laden boughs
On the earth sought repose,
That perishing men might eat.

Oh! its fruit brought life, and a thrill of joy,
To a world about to die;
Whilst its tendrils twined
Round aught they could find
To shelter, in amity.

Jehovah, who planted that wonderful tree,
Look'd down, and it pleased him well;
And the angels sung
As o'er it they hung,
And named it—EMANUEL. J. N.

PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

THIS is the legal title of an act of Parliament, which received the royal assent on the 31st of August last. At first sight, we in Scotland have but little interest in it, as its operation is confined to England and Wales, exclusive of the metropolis. But it embraces facts and principles which deeply and vitally concern us—vitally, in the most literal sense of the term. The great fact on which the measure was based and justified, and which caused it to triumph over a severe and protracted opposition, was this—that the annual *preventible* mortality in England and Wales exceeds the mortality on the field of Waterloo! The fact was undenied and undeniable. The vital statistics, collected under the superintendence of the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages, and published in his quarterly reports, brought home the sad and startling state of things to every mind, with the force of absolute certainty. From these reports, the artist might construct a map of England and Wales, parcelled out and coloured, not according to its counties, but its rate of mortality. In one part, the shading would indicate the abode of hale old men and women, living, upon an average, fifty years, while the pale or sable hues, in another part, would show that the inhabitants become 'old in their youth and die ere middle age, without the violence of warlike death.' These various shadings would by no means be uniformly dark in the 'town' and bright in the 'country.'

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Manchester and Liverpool, Leeds and Bradford. would show as fair spots as any in Cumberland or Cornwall—establishing the fact that great cities are not necessarily unhealthy. It would be found, however, that in towns where the roseate hue of health marked the dwellings of the middle and upper classes, the pale cast of sickness, or the sable hue of death, would indicate the squalid abodes of working men. Within a circumference of a mile or two, we should find one class of our fellow-subjects living, upon an average, forty or five-and-forty years, while their neighbours in another street lived only twenty years! This is the state of things which originated and carried the Public Health Act of 1848.

Of course, in asking whether a similar measure should be extended to Scotland, we do not enter into the stormy region of pure politics. But, on the other hand, we would eschew the fastidious etiquette of the Cambridge student, who regretted that he could not interfere to save the drowning man because he had not been introduced to him; and we would venture to say, that if there is in Scotland, as in England, a large amount of *preventible* sickness and mortality, it ought to be prevented. But it is well known that there is so. We have not, though we trust we shall yet have, as complete a machinery for the collection and arrangement of vital statistics as our southern neighbours, but enough is known of the condition of our large towns, and even of our rural villages, to warrant the assertion, that thousands of our fellow-countrymen are swept annually to premature graves. This being so, we feel certain that the sanitary reformation will soon have its northern boundary at John O'Groats, and not at the Tweed; and instead, therefore, of arguing for a movement, which will certainly move on by virtue of its own momentum and vitality, we will glance briefly at one or two of the features of the English measure, and then offer a few remarks on the æsthetic and moral aspects of the sanitary movement.

We may state briefly that the Act is to be brought into operation by means of a Central Board of Health in London. Town councils may take the initiative, and apply it at once; but, failing this, the rate-payers may move in the matter, and, upon a petition from one-tenth of the rate-payers of 'any city, town, borough, or place,' the central board may order an inspection, and act upon it as they see cause. But in the event of both councillors and rate-payers failing to move, the central board are authorised and commanded to make a preliminary inquiry and act upon it, 'in all cases where the annual mortality of any city, town, borough, parish, or place, shall be found, on an average of seven years, as shown by the registrar-general's last returns, to exceed twenty-three to a thousand of the population.' This is a self-acting clause, and indicates a good deal of ingenuity in the framers of the Act.

The construction of the local boards, their powers and duties, and various other matters of detail, are but of minor importance in this part of the country, in the present state of the question. The following abstract of several of the middle clauses of the Act indicates the spirit and bearing of the whole measure. It touches upon a subject which is not often discussed, either in columns or decent company. It is a subject, however, which cannot be dissociated from the sanitary movement, no more than the fouler subject of moral evil, in its grossest manifestations, can be separated from efforts for moral reform. There is a world of reasoning in the expression—'Prate not even to thine own heart of the secrets known to all;' but there is also something truly grand and hopeful in the contemplation of some of our highest nobility and most cultivated scholars poring day after day over the sinks and cesspools of the metropolis.

It is enacted, *inter alia*, that no house shall be built or rebuilt without sufficient drainage—the sufficiency to be determined by surveyors under the Act, who must receive notice of all intended new erections. The house-drain must communicate with the sea, water-course, or public sewer, if the house be within a hundred feet of either; otherwise, a cesspool must be constructed to receive the drain, at a proper distance from the house. Neglect of these provisions to incur a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds. Existing houses must be similarly drained, and if the owner or occupier refuse, after due notice, to make the drains, the local board may proceed to do so, and recover the expense by summary process. But the Act proceeds to declare, that 'no house shall be built or rebuilt without a sufficient water-closet, and an ash-pit, furnished with proper doors and coverings, under a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.' In existing houses, the local board may order such conveniences to be constructed, and, failing compliance, may proceed to do so themselves, at the expense of the owner. Separate water-closets must be furnished for each sex, 'in all places of manufacture or business where above twenty persons of both sexes are employed at the same time.' The penalty in this case is twenty pounds, with an accumulating penalty the longer the duty is neglected. Fourteen days' notice must be given to the local board of all such erections, with plans and sections, showing drains, water-closets, &c., and the approval of the board must be obtained before the works be proceeded with. If the board do not decide within fourteen days, the builders may go on, taking care, however, to work according to law, under a penalty of fifty pounds, as stated above. Drains and water-closets must be kept in proper repair; and upon the written application of any person to the local board, complaining of any nuisance from these or other sources, the board may order its surveyor to enter the premises complained of, and make examination. If all be found right, any damage incurred by the survey must be made good by the local board; but otherwise, the owner or occupier shall be ordered to remove the nuisance; and failing to do so within a specified time, a penalty of ten shillings a day may be levied, and the board may execute the necessary repairs, and recover expenses by summary process.

Other clauses provide for the regulation of burial-grounds in towns, and shut them up when they are overcrowded; prohibit interment in any place of public worship erected after the passing of the Act; order the removal, and prohibit the setting up of offensive trades in towns; provide for the registration and regulation of lodging-houses, slaughter-houses, &c., for a proper supply of water, and the general cleansing of the streets.

This is a huge Colossus of an act, one foot of which rests upon the dirt and squalor of our large towns, while the other stretches far away into the ideal regions of Hellenic beauty. From the above abstract, most readers north of the Tweed will be apt to think that it is calculated to create quite a social revolution in the English towns and boroughs. So far this is correct, but not to the extent that such persons would imagine. The plain truth is, that our southern neighbours are ahead of us as regards the minor but by no means unimportant decencies and proprieties of life. Many, perhaps most, of English towns are exceedingly defective as regards general plan and arrangement, sewerage, ventilation, cleanliness, and facilities for out-door recreation; but they are generally constructed, especially their newer parts, upon a plan which is scarcely known in Scotland. In the great manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the houses are universally self-contained—from the mansion of the millionaire to the cottage of the factory operative or poor wool-comber. Generally, if not universally, they are furnished with water-closets, and the barbarous indecency of public conveniences is unknown. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive the existence of such things, and high refinement and civilisation; and we are inclined to think that such things and good taste are utterly incompatible.

No doubt, the appalling amount of preventible mortality, with the preliminary and accompanying sickness, and incalculable amount of human misery which it supposes, is the primary and broadest basis of sanitary reform; but it might be defended and advocated on other grounds, and by arguments scarcely less convincing. It

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is an old and true adage, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness;' but the intimate relation between outward and inward purity, between beauty of circumstance and beatific thought, is only beginning to be understood and appreciated—only beginning to be a popular faith. But these things are beginning to be understood, and we rejoice in it. Apart from this sanitary bill, we see and welcome delightful traces of a clearer perception and appreciation of the true realities and relations of things, in such facts as public baths and wash-houses, parks and pleasure-grounds for the people, which are springing up in the busy, bustling centres of our crowded population.

Referring to the Public Health Act, in the House of Commons, on the 30th of August, Lord John Russell spoke of it as a measure 'touching upon an untrodden field of legislation.' That field embraces three great departments or platforms, rising out of each other by beautiful and gentle ascents, and all so intimately connected and blended that the man who enters and learns to enjoy the beauties of the first, will be urged by a gentle compulsion to move forwards into the middle and highest regions. The lowest platform is the region of health and innocent recreation. The second is what the Germans call the æsthetic region, which comprehends the fair and beautiful in outward things, teeming with objects which appeal to the taste and imagination. This is the vestibule or outer court of the third or highest—the region of propriety of manners and pure morality. Now, we would not outrage fact and experience so far as to say that correct taste and propriety of conduct are altogether or principally dependent upon outward circumstances—that rude manners and low morals are peculiar characteristics of the inmates of dirty cottages, or, *vice versa*, that the inhabitants of our squares and mansions are uniformly patterns of outward propriety and inward purity. But, on the other hand, we shall not find it difficult to trace much of the moral evil which disgraces and scourges our country to the unfavourable social circumstances of our population. It is proverbial, for instance, that dirty uncomfortable cottages send fathers, sons, and brothers to the tidy public-house; the attraction of the domestic affections, which, in a healthy state of things, are the strongest of all human influences, is counterbalanced by the repulsive aspects of that spot which ought to be an earthly paradise or heavenly watch-tower—a Pisgah-top, or mount of vision, whence to descry and enjoy the beauties of the better land.

Of all merely human means for the reformation of mankind, we know none in which we should place greater faith than external cleanliness and beauty. At least, we should insist upon this as the basis of our efforts, the *point d'appui* of all our operations. As in the natural world, wood and other substances are petrified by long contact with stone, so the mind, by a law of mind, takes a tone and complexion from its circumstances. True piety and the genuine spirit of Christianity are often found in rude natures, in juxtaposition with low and depraved tastes; but it is not in such natures nor in such connections that they ever culminate, making the subjects of them 'but a little lower than the angels.' Refined taste, the love and enjoyment of beauty, are possible to the peasant in his meanest hut, to the toil-worn artisan in his pestiferous alley; but this is the exception, not the rule. Long and healthy lives have been led in cold comfortless cottages; the human span has stretched to its limits of threescore years and ten, or fourscore years, in such spots; and strong constitutions are sometimes proof, for as long a time, against the fever atmosphere of our wynds and alleys; but facts, upon which enlightened patriots and statesmen now found their legislation, abundantly testify that the average length of human life varies from twenty to fifty years, according to circumstances which are under our control. We thus find that the lowest is ultimately connected with the highest; the laws of matter and of spirit harmonise; the health of the mind is promoted by what improves the health of the body; mental purity acknowledges a relationship with bodily cleanliness—a truth symbolised of old by ceremonial ablutions, and in our more spiritual Christianity by its initiatory sacrament. The digging of a drain, the construction of a cesspool and its necessary adjuncts, the planting of a flower, the washing of a door-stone, the scrubbing of a floor, are facts and acts in which the philosophic mind sees the foundation of lengthened life, vigorous health, improved taste, and better morals; and therefore he hails with a 'God speed' the sanitary and æsthetic reformation.

MEMORY.

When we have perceived an object, and by the effort of attention have impressed it on the mind, our next endeavour must be to retain it—to fix and establish it on the memory for future use. The attainment of knowledge, and the enlargement of our experience, depend entirely on the memory; without this faculty, the mind would be a chaos—man a being divested of power, and incapable of progression. Though all men are more or less endowed with a power of retaining ideas, and are capable by nature of treasuring up, without much effort, anything presented to the understanding, yet, as much is left to art, and as the memory is susceptible of a very high degree of improvement in the culture of the mind, it should claim great attention; it is the storehouse of all our acquisitions, in which are deposited the effects of the operations of all the other faculties. The power of cultivating the memory implies two things—a capability of retaining knowledge, and a power of recalling it to our thoughts, when we have occasion to apply it to use. The qualities of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and, thirdly, to be ready. Some things are to be perceived, but not retained; others to be recollected for a time, and some to be retained permanently. The object of exercising the memory is, to enlarge and increase its powers; to increase the powers of retention is the great aim in cultivating it. To improve the memory, we must cultivate carefully the habits of attention and association, as they must have a great influence on our progress in knowledge, and likewise on the formation of intellectual character, provided the association be made upon sound principles, or according to the true and important relation of things. In proportion, also, to the intensity with which the power of notice is excited, the strength and tenaciousness of the memory will be increased. The memory may be improved by a judicious selection of those things upon which it is to be exercised. It greatly assists the process of recollection, to disencumber it of all matter that is frivolous or unimportant. The connection between memory and the associating principle is striking; the latter connects our various thoughts with each other, so as to present them to the mind in a certain order. Though we may have the power of retaining the knowledge which we acquire, yet, without the associating principle, this ability of treasuring up ideas would be of little use; for when an occasion presents itself, some of the most important articles of our knowledge might remain latent in the mind. Instead of this, by the association of ideas, the treasures of our experience may be made to pass before and offer themselves to the mind, as subjects of meditation; and when an occasion occurs which calls for the aid of our knowledge, the occasion itself recalls to us all the information upon the subject which our experience has accumulated.

Memory is the power of reproducing images impressed on the sensorial tablet, through the medium of the senses first, and reflection afterwards. It is, therefore, the child of attention; and where the parent is indolent, the progeny will be indigent. In nine cases out of ten, where the memory is treacherous, the observation has been superficial, perception faint, and reflection null or vague. The senses furnish, and the memory preserves, the whole material of the knowledge; while imagination and reflection are merely the architects that convert the rough material into various forms afterwards. Attention is the parent of memory; and one-half of our complaints respecting weak

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memory originate in inattention. We neglect to observe, and then we say we forget. The want of laudable curiosity is a great source of weak impressions; and consequently of defective memory.

THE ICHNEUMON.

PERHAPS in no respect are the benevolence and providence of God more beautifully exemplified than in the counterpoising influences which are exercised upon the increase of animals. We see, where the creatures are very powerful and destructive, such as the lion and tiger, that they are not prolific in their nature, and at the same time their young are extremely delicate and difficult to rear; while those creatures which are subject to an extensive and rapid destructiveness are very procreant and easily nurtured. Several powerful animals of a noxious and very dangerous character to man, and which, at the same time, are abundantly and rapidly produced, have their increase effectually checked, however, by the influence of an instinct in other animals, which, by their apparent insignificance, give force to the axiom that God often chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

In Egypt, the crocodile was anciently regarded as a river deity, and his mortal enemy the ichneumon was also looked upon with great veneration. They regarded the latter as a benevolent power which devoted itself to the destruction of those dangerous and annoying reptiles and other creatures which inhabit humid, warm climates. No animal in appearance could seem so ill adapted for a great protective work of this kind as the ichneumon; so small, so weak, and so timid is this creature both in form and nature. Any animal capable of offering a positive resistance to its attacks is perfectly safe from its enmity, and as it is not very carnivorous in its nature, it does not manifest any great love for battle. This little timid creature, however, is furnished with caution, prudence, and a keen sense of prey. It is not serpents and crocodiles that the ichneumon destroys, but their ova, and these it discovers with wonderful precision and eats with great avidity. Besides the eggs of serpents, lizards, crocodiles, and fowls, this little quadruped lives upon rats, mice, small snakes, and birds. When the Nile is inundated it retires inland, and, compelled by necessity, approaches the poultry-yards, where, coming in contact with the jackal and fox, it is often caught and devoured by these creatures. The ichneumon would not be so dangerous an enemy to the reptiles did it only kill what it was capable of eating, but its destructiveness impels it to kill and destroy far more than it is able to consume as food. All the young fowls which it comes upon fall victims to its rapacity, and eggs above everything are objects of its search and voracity. Towards evening this delicate little animal glides forth upon its mission, moving stealthily and warily along, and snuffing the ground, as it almost unerringly moves toward the place where the eggs of which it is in quest are deposited, and, gnawing the ends of the shells, it soon seals the fate of many embryo crocodiles. The ichneumon is one of the most patient and indefatigable of watchers, and will sit for hours in waiting on its prey; and this quality, and its capacity for domestication, have made it a valuable substitute for the cat in Egypt and India. When it has become habituated to a place and attached to persons, it never seeks to wander or to return to its natural state. It is as gentle and playful as a kitten, and manifests as much love of attention and caresses as does a petted little dog; when feeding, however, it manifests all the ferocity of the cat, running to some secret spot in order to conceal its food, and emitting an angry sound if any attempt is made to deprive it of the same.

In form and nature the ichneumon resembles the ferret, being identical in many of its habits. In colour it is brown interspersed with a dirty white. The hair with which it is covered is very short, lengthening on the back and tail, which is long, terminating in a black tuft, which contrasts with the brownish fawn colour of the body. The ichneumon is about a foot long, from the ears to the root of the tail, and its head is about three inches in length, tapering from a goodly breadth between the ears to a small and pointed muzzle. The tail is about sixteen inches long; and the height of the creature at the greatest is about seven inches.

The general organs of this little animal are not of the most acute and active kind; but its sense of smell is most sensitive and delicate. When it is put into an unknown place it immediately begins to explore the same, depending upon this sense as its guide, which, from its energy and keenness, seems to compensate for that feebleness of sight and taste which attaches to this creature. The term ichneumon is from the Greek, and is not a particular but a generic name. It means an egg-sucker, and is applied to the cuckoo and other vampire birds and beasts, as well as to this little animal. The tupiramhis and margouste are creatures of a similar character, and have from this circumstance been confounded by naturalists with the one we have just described. The name ichneumon was first employed towards the creature by Herodotus, to indicate its nature, and the name has continued to be used indiscriminately since the days of the Greek historian. The name, however, is now more particularly applied to the little brown egg-eater of the Nile, who was fabulously believed to creep into the mouth of the crocodile while it slept, and to eat out its intestines, but which really wages a constant and destructive war with the eggs which it lays upon the muddy banks of the great river.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

(Third Day's Hunt—continued from page 87.)

[Last of the Season.—Supernumeraries from Parnassus.]

Asphalion—'Last evening weary with the toils of day,
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay.
Methought I sat upon a shelty steep,
And watch'd the fish that gamboll'd in the deep:
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took. . .
At last quite spent, I drew him safe to shore,
Then grasp'd him with my hand, for surer hold,
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold! . . .
My prize I loosed, and strictest caution took,
For fear some gold might stick about the hooks.
Then safe secured him, and devoutly swore,
Never to venture on the ocean more,
But live on land as happy as a king:
At this I wak'd: what think you of the thing?
Speak free, for know, I am extremely loath,
And greatly fear to violate my oath.'

Friend—'Fear not, old friend; you took no oath, for why?
You took no fish—your vision's all a lie.
Go, search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
Hunger will soon discover your mistake;
Catch real fish; you need not sure be told,
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold.'

The Fishermen; Theocritus

'Look round the habitable globe, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But when we have our wish, we wish undone.
Whole houses, of their desires possest,
Are often ruin'd at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
. . . . . .
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl;
Then, fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
. . . . . .
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind;
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a heaven made fat with frogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state,
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs and their vainer tears;
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
. . . .

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The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipped by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.'—*Juvenal, Sat.* 10.

'Virtue is really in itself reward,
Alone secure, and out of fortune's power,
It shines triumphant, let her smile or frown.
Nor in high station, is it puffed with pride,
Nor meanly sues for popular applause,
Nor covetous of wealth, nor wanting praise:
Rich in itself, and confident it stands,
Immoveable, superior to events,
And with contempt looks down on mortal things.'—*Claudian.*

'If man be man his friendly succour lends,
It rarely proves but fair reward attends
Each generous deed; at least we thus ensure
Our future peace, and Heaven's regard secure.
Who wrongs another, soon or late shall find
The punishment for evil deeds assign'd.'
Book 23; Orland) Furioso.

'Learn, mortals, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were designed;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyself, what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard; nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou owest thy country and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greased advocate that grinds the poor.'—*Persius, Sat.* 3.

'None, none descends into himself to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-eyed to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.'—*Persius, Sat.* 4.

'Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving or oppress with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free by Heaven's consent and mine.

. . . . . .

Speak; wilt thou avarice, or pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave.
Nor think, when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.'—*Persius, Sat.* 5.

'What time Harmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's request,
Supplied with sparkling wine each welcome guest;
And all the gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Sister of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.

. . . . . .

But from these blissful scenes was *Discord* warn'd.

. . . . . .

As by the gadfly stung, the heifer strays
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, stung with envy, Discord roam'd, nor ceased
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feast.
Oft from her flinty bed she rush'd amain,
Then stood, then sunk into her seat again:
With desperate hand she tore her snaky head,
And with a serpent-scourge, she lash'd her flinty bed.

. . . . . .

The burnish'd apples, rich with golden rind.
Growth of Hesperian gardens, struck her mind.
Resolv'd contention's baneful seed to sow,
She tore the blushing apple from its bough.
Grasp'd the dire source whence future battles sprung,
And 'midst the gods the golden mischief flung.'
'The Rape of Helen,' by Colluthus.

'But here our days' appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend;
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene the smooth and limpid streams,
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.'
Second Olympic Ode of Pindar.

'O! Perses, justice ever be thy guide;
May malice never gain upon thy will—
Malice that makes the wretch more wretched still.
The good man injured to revenge is slow,
To him the vengeance is the greater woe.
Ever will all injurious courses fail,
And justice ever over wrongs prevail;
Right will take place at last, by fit degrees;
This truth the fool by sad experience sees.

. . . . . .

Who, full of wiles, his neighbour's harm contrives,
False to himself, against himself he strives;
For he that harbours evil in his mind
Will from his evil thoughts but evil find.

. . . . . .

Who, or by open force, or secret stealth,
Or perjured wiles, amasses heaps of wealth,
Such many are, whom thirst of gain betrays,
The gods, all-seeing, shall o'ercloud his days;
His wife, his children, and his friends shall die,
And, like a dream, his ill-got riches fly.

. . . . . .

Whatever by dishonest means you gain,
You purchase an equivalent of pain.

. . . . . .

O! Perses, foolish Perses, bow thine ear
To the good counsels of a soul sincere.
To wickedness the road is quickly found,
Short is the way and on an easy ground.
The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil.
Thorny the gate, but, when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.
Far does the man all other men excel,
Who, from his wisdom, thinks in all things well,
Wisely consid'ring, to himself a friend,
All for the present best, and for the end;
Nor is the man without his share of praise,
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;
But he that is not wise himself, nor can
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man.

. . . . . .

The man who gives from an unbounded breast,
Though large the bounty, in himself is bless'd;
Who ravishes another's right shall find,
Though small the prey, a deadly sting behind.'
Hesiod's 'Works and Days'; Book I.

'Through every task, with diligence, employ
Your strength, and in that duty be your joy;
And to avoid of life the greatest ill,
Never may sloth prevail upon thy will:
Bless'd, who with order their affairs dispose,
But rude confusion is the source of woes.'—*Book* II.

Gorgo—'Pray come you from the palace?'
Old woman—'Yes.'
Gorgo—'Can we get in, d'ye think?'
Old woman—'Make trial.'

'The steady never take denial;
The steady Greeks old Ilium won:
By trial all things may be done.'
Theocritus; 'The Syracusian Gossips.'

'As when embattled hosts their foes assail,
Tumultuous shouts and martial sounds prevail;
So from the ship loud clamours pierced the sky;
No more the Greeks their feather'd foes descry:
Rattling their bucklers, near the land they drew
And far away the winged furies flew;
So when great Jove on close-thronged cities pours,
From hyperborean clouds his hally showers;
Within the dwellers sit in peace profound,
Nor heed the rattling storms that rage around;
In vain the hail descends, the tempests roar,
Their roofs from harm were well secured before:
Thus on their shields the furies shot their quills,
Then clamouring vanish'd to far distant hills.'
Appolonius Rhodius 'Argonautics'; Book II.

'For the hurt eye an instant cure you find;
Then, why neglect for years the sick'ning mind?'
Horace; Epistle to Lollius.

'But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not reason's sacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to solid good.
Thence, quitting virtue's lovely paths, they rove
As various objects various passions move.'
The Hymn of Cleanthes.

'But since of life we have but one small share,
A pittance scant which daily toils impair,
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care?
Why do we labour to augment our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more?
Alas! alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.'—*Bion; Idyllium* 8.

'Why do we thus consume our years
In blind desires and anxious fears?

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For in the search, grown grey with pain,
We lose the bliss we strive to gain;
And thus absorb'd by distant views,
In thoughts of living, life we lose.'—*Manilius*

'Why, hopeless parent, should thine eyes o'erflow?
Why should remembrance thus renew thy woe?
Why thus afflict us both? or why once more
Repeat the loss we oft have wept before?
Sure each sad day sufficient sorrows bears:
And none but wretches would recount our cares.'
Moschus; Idyllium 4.

'Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun.
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock the fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on and always are in haste,
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste:
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares,
Strive to prevent, as first, a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.
. . . . . .
Nor let thy body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supplied.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this case belong
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame;
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.
. . . . . .
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell.
Deprived of sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But, stupid, to their own sad fate agree.'
The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

'To close all, my friends, what I would entreat of you is, to think over everything I have said to you, to weigh it well in your minds, and to practise accordingly. Get a habit of doing right, whatever pain it costs you; let no difficulties deter you in the way to virtue, and account everything else despicable in comparison of this. Then will the lesson that I have taught you prove to yourselves a lesson of happiness.'—*The Table of Cebes.*

[A Croaker at Bay.]

Strict to the set time Mr Smith presented himself in the library of Mr Brown. After some little time, they entered on the business for which they had met.

'I promised you some extracts from different writers,' began Mr Brown, 'but on second thoughts, I considered it better to give you the volumes with you, that you may read them at leisure. The places are marked. I was just marking off when you came in that noted saying of Seneca—"My thoughts of the dead are not as others are; I have fair and pleasant apprehensions of them; for I enjoyed them as one who reckoned he must part with them." How wise was this, in comparison of what Solon said, in a moment of weakness—"I weep the more because weeping can do no good." David curbed his anguish when his child died. An old author, whose name I forget, remarks—"It is with the mind of man as with the stone tyrhenus: as long as it is whole it swims; but once broken it sinks presently." Flavel in his "Token to Mourners," has an observation of like effect. "Grief," says he, "is a moth, which, getting into the mind, will in a short time make the body, be it ever so strong and well-wrought a piece, like an old seary garment." There is another passage, but I must have the book. This is it: "Many a man's soul is to his body, as a sharp knife to a thin sheath, which easily cuts it through; and what do we by poring and pondering upon our troubles, but whet the knife that it may cut the deeper and quicker? Of all the creatures that ever God made, devils only excepted, man is the most able and apt to be his own tormentor. Some men's souls have given such deep wounds to their bodies, that they are never likely to enjoy many easy or comfortable days more whilst they dwell in them. Now, this is very sinful and displeasing to God; for if he have such a tender care for our bodies that he would not have us swallowed up of over much grief—no, though it be for sin (2 Cor. ii. 7.), how much less with sorrow for any temporal loss." "A greater than Flavel has said that, "Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop," and "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones;" and a greater in some respects than Solomon saith, "Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, but the sorrow of the world worketh death." It appears, then, that all unnecessary and all immoderate sorrow is not only not good but evil, not meritorious but otherwise, and that means should be taken to avoid the one and temper the other.'

'Well, well,' said Mr Smith with an incredulous shake of the head, 'have it your own way; but depend upon it, it is not easy doing what these men say.'

'Admit it! and what then? You play the violin well, did you manage to do so in a month?'

'What a question!'

'Well, in a year?'

'Why, sir, it will take any man seven or ten years' hard practice to be a proficient on that instrument.'

'What a waste of time!'

'In many cases it may be so, and I believe is so, but still I do not grudge the time I spent on it in early life. The pleasure it has given me has more than repaid me.'

'Apply these things at your leisure to the case in hand—'

'I see! well, you have me for once, I daresay; but if grief has settled down in a man's heart who can minister to a mind disensed? who can—'

'I can't help you out, but I know the sentiment of the passage. In the first place, the man erred in letting grief for any temporal loss get the mastery of him; and again, if it be grief for guilt, God has provided a cure for that.'

'As to the latter, I don't doubt, and even granting error as to the former, still the evil is there, and it is irreparable.'

'Not irreparable! hopeless certainly, if he yield to the evil and feed it, but hopeful, if by reason and religion he manfully resist it.'

'Ah, if to do—'

'I can help you there—were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.'

'That's it! my memory's so bad. There's another passage if I could get it, about the ease of giving advice and the difficulty of taking it.'

'I know it. My wife has it marked. This is it, is is not? "I pray thee therefore cease thy counsel"—

'Yes, go on.'

"Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; for men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves feel not; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptional medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words;
No, no, 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore, give me no counsel—
My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

'That settles the question,' cried Mr Smith.

'It may settle the question of fact,' answered Mr Brown, 'but the question of duty remains as before. All men sin, but sin is not therefore proper nor pardonable on that ground. Nor is it universally, though generally true, to be no man's virtue nor sufficiency to bear grief patiently or follow good advice; for some men have, and more might, if they would take the pains they do in some other things of less importance. Nor is advice needless because few take it; nor does good advice become bad, because he who gives it acts not on it himself; neither is a man justified in withholding it though all should neglect it. Noah advised, and was laughed at for his pains, but he went on advising till the flood came. All men being wrong does not set one man right, and one man being right, is right, though all men be wrong. God did not cease to be, nor the earth to turn round, because the enemies of Elijah and Galileo would have it so.'

'Of course,' said Mr Smith, impatiently; 'but you said

ome have been so moral as to listen to advice under misortune. But if the nature of the misfortune be not known, s is often the case—some secret grief, for example—how an a cure be administered where the disease is not known?'

'It was the advice of Commineus to Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and to all distressed in mind,' said Mr Brown, 'first to pray to God and lay himself open to him, and hen to some special friend whom he held most dear. 'Nothing,' says Commineus, 'tends more to strengthen, recruit, nd heal the wounded soul of a miserable man.' Seneca ives a similar advice. He advises 'to get some trusty riend to whom we can freely communicate our secrets. Jothing so delights and eases the mind, as when we have prepared bosom into which we can pour our sorrows. The very sight of such a friend mitigates our sorrow.' Cicero, in like manner, expresses himself thus to his bosom riend Atticus—'I live here in a great city, where I have many acquaintance, but not one with whom I can converse miliarly, or freely jest. Wherefore, I expect thee—I desire thee—I send for thee; for there are many things which trouble and molest me, of which, were you but present, I could speedily deliver myself in a walking discourse.' Porphyrius the philosopher, in his life of Plotinus, relates 'that, being in a discontented humour, he was about to commit suicide; but meeting by chance his master Plotinus, who, perceiving by his distracted looks, that all was not well, urged him to confess his grief. Porphyrius did so, and Plotinus so quieted his mind, that he immediately renounced all thoughts of self-destruction, and afterwards was heartily ashamed of himself, when he thought of the plot which he devised against his own life.' This is one way by which the knowledge of the disease may be imparted to him whose advice is sought.'

'But if delicacy induce a man to keep part back, and an important part?'

'He has himself to blame. This, at any rate, cannot apply to God. Let him go there—the best of friends to those who trust him. The secret grief must have reference either to the things of time or those of eternity. If the former, it is unwise to grieve inordinately about what will so soon be past; and if the latter, the means of cure are furnished by God himself, and his help promised to them that ask it.'

'Suppose a man's grief to arise from envy or covetousness, or anything of that sort?'

'These are vices, and carry their own punishment with them; and the only way of escaping the punishment is to leave off the vice.'

'But a vain man can hardly be called a vicious man; yet I have known some vain men who suffered dreadfully.'

'Vainness is a vice, and a most dangerous one, not only to communities but to nations. Hurt vanity has led to all sorts of crimes, and frequently set kingdoms by the ears. One thing is certain, it will always be a source of annoyance to him who indulges it, and the only way to get rid of the annoyance is to get rid of the vice. Let the vain person consider how he hates a vain man; and let him consider again, that that vain man hates him as heartily in return; and let him reflect further, that he is following the surest means to miss what he so eagerly covets, and to secure what he anxiously desires to avoid. He places himself in a pillory, furnishes weapons to the bystanders, gives every one a right to abuse him, and misses the honours of martyrdom after all. Every one pelts him and no one pities him. His real attainments are decried and his deficiencies exaggerated.'

'He has just cause of quarrel there.'

'Yes, but he himself has provoked it. He wants to exact too much, and he gets less than he deserves, and the consequence is, that he gives way to anger and tormenting thoughts, and sometimes to misanthropy, and often to revenge, but he is sure, in the first instance, to ruin his own peace.'

'Well, he is not worse off than many others you have named, and whom you cannot call vicious.'

'An ill-regulated mind partakes of the nature of vice; it implies duties undone—and duty omitted is criminal as well as sin committed. There is negative as well as positive evil. The sluggard's garden retaliates. It gives weeds, and the ill-ordered mind gives sorrow.'

'Still I am persuaded the whole thing is more a matter of constitution and condition than anything else.'

'I have allowed something to both, as inducing causes either way. It is not denied that some are so happily constituted as to take everything easy, but such cases are comparatively rare; and it is admitted, that ill health, or adversity long continued, is apt to sour the temper, and beget gloomy views and miserable trains of thinking; but the knowledge of this fact points to the cure—should put a man on his guard; for experience has proved that misfortune and disease are not necessarily connected with fretfulness and despondency. The man who is prepared beforehand and resists stoutly at first, is almost sure to succeed. But of all classes of persons who should study this matter, the dispeptic and nervous have most need. Wherever nervous irritability exists, and from whatever cause it may arise, there is a tendency to indulge in morbid thoughts. Some of this class are always forming imaginary quarrels, neglects, or insults, and studying how to be revenged. Some one says that 'Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.' There is no doubt that this is in great part true; but if a man will indulge in conjectures of this sort he had better enjoy the unheard praise, than resent the unseen contempt.'

'But may it not feed vanity and lead to disappointment?'

'Yes! if carried to excess, or if any measure of credence be attached to it after the reverie is over; and yet it may sometimes do the nervously diffident and desponding some good by operating as a present solace and exciting their powers to action. But, however this may be, it is assuredly unwise to be constantly fancying that people are speaking ill of us or contriving our hurt, or closely watching and remarking upon what we do. People in general are too much occupied with their own concerns to interest themselves greatly or continuously in those of others. It often happens that the man who thinks a whole street is watching and talking of him, is not known by name or profession to his next-door neighbour, and though he were to die to-night, no one in it would miss him to-morrow, or any day afterwards. Society is not an arch, and though it were, he is not its keystone, and no man is. It is rather a sea, a bucketful here and there is never missed—the gap closes instantly, and it rolls on as before. The same kind of unhealthy sensibility leads some people to suspect the sincerity of their friends, and to be constantly devising expedients to test that friendship; whilst others torment themselves by thinking that, into whatever company they enter, a conspiracy is set on foot to bring them into ridicule. Sometimes it is true this actually happens. The bashful man is not unfrequently selected by rude and unfeeling minds as the butt of their coarse wit.'

'Some one calling you,' interrupted Mr Smith.

'Yes,' said Mr Brown, 'it is little Jane wanting her cut finger dressed. I'll be back immediately.'

AN AFTERNOON ON THE ANAPUS.

Reader, have you not heard of the River Anapus? Does not its very name call up the associations of earlier and more classic days? I can assure you that there is much of interest about this ancient stream, which remains unchanged, while all around has passed through sad mutations, leaving little evidence of the splendour which once adorned its banks and made it celebrated. It will be remembered that nature produced on the shores of this sluggish current the papyrus, which, in ancient days, filled the place now better occupied by those numerous paper manufactories which are the life of several flourishing New England villages. To this interesting spot I propose to conduct you during my ramble of a single afternoon, and the blame is surely mine if you do not find much to interest you.

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Leaving the Locanda del Sole, we emerge into a narrow street, which never knew a side-walk, presenting to the view as few comforts as we have left within the walls of our hotel. Before we proceed, our home—if an Italian 'albergo' may be called by so comfortable a name—deserves a passing notice. Its exterior would promise something better than Italian fare. It once furnished all the comforts of the island, until Neapolitan legislation drove from the town its only profitable customers Owing to the foolish jealousies of the authorities, the American squadron removed their wintering station to Port Mahon, and left this place to its squalid inhabitants, save when a traveller like us is ready to encounter a ride of forty miles under a Sicilian sky, upon the back of an ambling mule. Having pressed our way through the group of beggars which never fail to beset us, and passed through several streets, too narrow to admit the passage of a donkey with panniers of wood, we arrive at the opening by the gate. Let us stop, and observe a few of those peculiarities which remind one that he is in a foreign country. See yonder that circle of laughing girls, who, with flowing tresses and careless attire, are dancing around a companion, who produces music wild and strangely sweet from the simple tambourine. The crowd of muleteers, 'cicerones,' and common people, are dressed in a sort of outside shirt, of a light blue colour, while their heads are covered with a white cap, ornamented with a tassel of the same colour, like those worn by the country schoolboys at home. Donkeys with various burdens, children of all ages, and beggars of both sexes, soldiers with their muskets, priests in their three-cornered hats, and friars with their shaved heads, cowl, and cord, complete the picture.

We have passed the river-gate with its sentinels armed to the teeth, its quadruple walls, its drawbridges, and its moats, as if any nation desired to assault its feeble fortress, and have reached the shore of the Bay of Syracuse. What a noble bay! How beautiful appear the shores of Calabria in the distance! In the still further distance we see the dim outlines of the island of Malta, and trace in imagination the course by which St Paul landed near this very spot. But our cicerone of the morning calls, 'Signor, andiamo (let us go).' These boats remind us, by contrast, of the beautiful models at Whitehall, while the cadaverous but sun-burned countenances, and the bright black eyes of our boatmen, tell of a tropical sky and a miasmatical atmosphere.

The crowd of idlers are left behind, and we are passing along the city wall. 'But stay, boatmen, what is this?' The waters have suddenly become as pure as if poured from our own Horicon's sacred lake, and our boat appears to be suspended in an element that disdains to mingle with the brackish, darkened waters of the bay. Our guide, accustomed to see this spot attract the attention of strangers, cries out, 'Signor, ecco la Fontana dell' Arethusa.' The classical reader will remember that the story of this stream runs thus. The nymph Arethusa had such exquisite beauty that divine honours were paid her. While bathing in the river, Alpheus, the river-god, became enamoured of her, when Diana, in pity, changed her into a fountain. Alpheus at once mingled his waters with hers, when the patron goddess opened a passage through the earth, and the pursued fountain, passing sea and land, rose up in Ortygia, now Syracuse. The Anapus, the object of our present excursion, is the gallant Alpheus, and fable says that its waters cross this wide bay, unmingled with its briny flood, to meet these crystal waters. Modern improvements have destroyed much of the romance of this place. There are places too sacred for modern structures. As I saw this historic fount cramped in and concealed, its pure waters forcing themselves through a crevice in the wall, I would have restored it to its ancient freedom. I would have driven from its silver stream those unpoetical nymphs of the wash-tub, who thus defile its waters and encumber its banks, that nothing might mar the delightful associations it awakens. Thus have I seen a beautiful glen in our own country defiled by a saw-mill or a carding-mill; and with the same feelings, I found myself borne along the base of Vesuvius by a locomotive, at the rate of twenty miles per hour, the road being graded through ancient towns and buried cities, destroying ancient land-marks, with the recklessness of an American speculator.

But we may not tarry here. We have left the walls, and are standing out into the bay, with a fair wind, under a Sicilian lugger sail. Our boatmen are a good specimen of Sicilian ignorance and superstition. Though poorly clad and ill fed, there is seen in them the pride of country, and the devotion to priestly exactions, which characterises the inhabitants of this island. Seeing them look wistfully at our lunch, which we, for the first time, found leisure to eat, I offered some to them. It was refused, with the reply, that this was the second day of their *weekly fast*. I asked, 'May not those eat who must work?' They replied, 'No, unless they *can buy permission*.' In these enfeebling fasts and countless holidays are seen a reason for the poverty of this island, once the granary of the world.

We have crossed the bay, and entered the broad mouth of the Anapus; our sail is lowered, and the oars have taken its place. The banks are low, and the stream narrows as it winds up the valley; the stream still narrows, and is so filled with floating weeds that our boatmen are towing us along from the banks.

We have before us several hours of light, and must not pass this interesting little rivulet, which flows so purely into this clogged stream; it comes from Fonte Cyane, or, in modern language, Fontana Pisma, a spring two hundred and fifty feet in circumference and forty feet deep. This is the passage that the infernal Pluto is said to have made for himself, when he carried off the beautiful Proserpine, who was gathering flowers in these fields. But there are mythological stories connected with every feeling of this vicinage. We are now surrounded by brakes of bamboo and the overtowering papyrus. This plant, which forms the great attraction to this spot, is from eight to twenty feet high. It has a stock of triangular shape, tapering from four or five inches to a point. The top is surmounted by a plume, like the feather of a peacock. This looks as little like paper as a heap of rags, or a pile of tarred ropes, or a bale of cotton. Our landlord, Politi, showed us a piece of rude paper, this morning prepared by himself, from this plant, which enables me to conceive that a tolerable article might be prepared from the slices of the triangular stock.

On yonder hill is the ruin of Olympia. A visit to it will make a good termination of our jaunt. We must reach it before sunset. The hill is reached, and as we stand upon this fallen capital, and view the setting sun, we are reminded of the sinking of this portion of the Roman empire into such a fearful oblivion. See those columns standing in all their majesty, but in dread loneliness. I see by the guide-book they are thirty feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference, seventy feet apart, and stand on bases ten feet square. What a gigantic temple completed with such proportions! It requires little imagination, standing on this elevation, to re-people these plains, to rebuild this immense pile, to return to it the splendid statue of Jupiter, covered with a mantle of wrought gold, erected by Hiero II., and despoiled by Dionysius, and to bring again the thousands of votaries that came up to this shrine to pay homage to imaginary deities. We have no time to tarry, a mile must be traversed, that weedy river rowed through, a wide bay crossed, with hunger and fatigue to destroy the romance of the adventure. Well! the bay is sailed over, the quay, with its crowd of idlers, much diminished by the approaching darkness, is fairly reached. We are fortunate indeed in finding the city gates open, for, were they once closed, no interest would be sufficient to open them until daylight. Such a day as this renders sweet even the hard fare of a Sicilian hotel, which consists of bread, in the shape of a biscuit, and as hard as a paving-stone, butter of goat's milk, maccaroni, miserably cooked, and olive oil. But I will not trouble the reader further with personal adventures, but leave him with the assurance that a visit to this country will repay all the toil of such an undertaking.

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FLUIDS IN MINERALS.

There are some facts which now and then fall beneath the notice of the natural philosopher, the contemplation of which lead him to important truths, while the unobservant pass them by as too trifling for serious consideration. Who has not, in his amateur geological rambles, broken open, *secundum artem*, a round lump of agate, and discovered within clusters of brilliant crystals of the most resplendent character? How came they there? may have been a question of a moment's interest in his mind; but the apparent hopelessness of the inquiry causes it soon to be given up in despair, and it is no more thought of. One on the search for truth, however, is not thus easily satisfied; and to the labours of such inquirers we owe what is now known upon the curious subject, the existence of fluids in minerals, and even in precious stones.

It is a familiar fact to the geologist that topazes, rock-crystals, and fluor-spar often contain cavities which are either partially, or more or less completely, filled with a fluid body. The researches of modern investigators have greatly extended the list, and cavities of this description have been found in a vast number of crystalline substances. There may be said to be three classes of such cavities: first, cavities containing a fluid and a gas; secondly, those containing a fluid and a vacuum; and, lastly, such as are quite full of fluid. One or other of such cavities have been found in a large number of substances, out of which we select the following as the most striking examples. It has been mentioned as a curious fact that rock-crystal is often found in cavities of Carrara marble; on one occasion such a cavity was broken into, and a large quantity, about a pound and a half, of an acid fluid was discovered within. Rock-crystal itself very frequently abounds with cavities which contain fluid. In many cases the fluid appears to be only water, but in some it has been found to be a mineral oil, often differently coloured, black, dark yellow, or even orange-red. When some of the crystals are cut so as to be capable of microscopic examination, the cavities in them have the most singular appearance, giving the crystal a spotted aspect of the oddest kind. Crystals of gypsum or sulphate of lime also frequently present a still more curious aspect on the microscopic field, and the cavities assume the most grotesque and fantastic forms, out of which a warm imagination might, without difficulty, construct portraits of heads, legs, hands, &c. Rock-salt is also found abounding in such or similar cavities with fluid in them; but, in this instance, their form is one of greater beauty, being generally some regular mathematical figure of just proportions—an accurate cube, or octohedron—and full of fluid. Some years ago a singular discovery, connected with this subject, was made accidentally by some American workmen. A mill was being constructed, to supply which with water it was necessary to excavate for some distance through a sandy waste. In performing this work the labourers discovered a number of stone balls, like bombshells in appearance; some were as large as a man's head, and some even eight or nine inches in diameter. They had a dark rusty appearance outside; when broken open they were found to be mere shells of inconsiderable thickness full of fluid. The capacity of several was about two quarts; the fluid was white in colour, like white paint, and in fact was very speedily put to a similar use, for it was collected and used to whitewash several cottages in the vicinity. Unfortunately no examination of its nature was made, as no chemist existed in the neighbourhood. A somewhat analogous discovery was also accidentally made by an observer who was breaking up the stones of a vessel's ballast, arrived from Quebec, in the hope of meeting with some good crystals. A pebble of hornstone was broken into, and inside it was found a milky fluid, somewhat like a mixture of water and magnesia. It very rapidly evaporated, and there only remained behind a white, spongy mass of silex, in minute prismatic crystals, which scratched glass with great ease. In this case there can be no doubt that the fluid was a solution of silex; but the nature of the solvent agent is buried in mystery. In topazes the cavities are sometimes most curiously arranged so as strongly to resemble the appearance of an eastern manuscript. In many other precious stones, such as amethyst, beryl, pexidot, sapphires, and emeralds, the flaws, which detract from the value of the jewel, indicate the situation of these fluid cavities. In some instances the form of the cavities is still more extraordinary, and cannot be explained on any known principles. Specimens have been found, in which was the appearance of a most elegant turned sceptre, every part being in due proportion, and the whole of most exquisite taste. Now and then there are irregular branched cavities, like mimic lakes, rivers, creeks, and seas; and in one instance, recorded by Sir D. Brewster, the resemblance to a delicately curled lock of infant's hair is perfect. Cavities of a somewhat similar kind can be produced artificially in crystals formed from an aqueous solution of the crystallising substance; and similar appearances are noticed frequently in ice crystals, which often contain a portion of unfrozen water in the centre.

Sir Humphrey Davy appears to have been the first chemical philosopher who attempted to investigate the subject of the nature of the fluid contained in these mineral substances. The motive which induced him to undertake the inquiry was to endeavour to set at rest the contentions between the two opposing armies among geologists—the Vulcanists and the Neptunists, or those who ascribed the origin of crystalline rocks to the agency of fire, and those who attributed it to crystallisation from water. Sir H. Davy says—'I have often, in the course of my chemical researches, looked for facts or experiments which might throw some light on this interesting subject, but without success, until about three years ago, when, in considering the state of fluid and aeriform matters included in certain crystals, it appeared to me that these curious phenomena might be examined in a manner to afford some important arguments as to the cause of the formation of the crystal.' The great difficulty of the examination would probably have deterred any other man from the investigation. The cavities are very rarely large enough to be clearly discerned by the unaided vision, and even then there is the obstacle of the hard walls of the gem between the fluid and the operator. But the distinguished President of the Royal Society was not to be daunted by such obstacles as these, and he contrived a most ingenious way of getting at the fluid, and ascertaining the vacuous condition or otherwise of its cavity. Holes were drilled under water or mercury into the crystals to be examined, and very fine capillary tubes were introduced, by which means the fluid was extracted. In the cases examined by this philosopher, in every instance but one, the fluid was found to be pure water; in the excepted instance it was naphtha. In all a vacuum of a certain amount existed, with one exception, however, in which a state of compression was indicated. The gas found with the water in the cavities was believed to be nitrogen; the quantity being so exceedingly minute as to render its analysis almost an impossibility. Now, one general deduction appears obvious from these facts. The cases in question, with but one exception, all indicate that the crystal was formed at a higher degree of temperature than the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, because the vacuous, or semi-vacuous, condition of the cavity is just what would take place, if such had been the case, when exposed to a lower temperature. So far, therefore, the Neptunists have a serious argument in this fact against their hypothesis. And in the excepted instance, it is supposed that the crystal was formed under circumstances of great external compression.

Had we nothing more interesting than these facts to relate, we should scarcely have ventured to take up the pen on the subject. But, after the investigation had been apparently relinquished by Davy, it was undertaken by Sir David Brewster. His attention was first drawn to the subject by noticing the explosion of a topaz heated red hot, in consequence of the violent expansion of the enclosed fluid. On making a further examination of other crystalline bodies with the assistance of the microscope, he found that

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in the interior of many gems there were thousands of cavities of various forms and sizes, some regular, others irregular. These cavities were observed to be arranged in groups, forming strata of cavities, and in enormous numbers. In one specimen upwards of thirty-seven thousand were counted in the space of the seventh of an inch; in others they were as numerous as the sand-grains of the sea-shore. Although generally microscopic, some were distinctly visible to the eye, and a few were even, comparatively speaking, of a large size. The very minuteness of the quantity of the contained fluids—for the cavities were generally in a greater or less degree full of fluid—made its chemical investigation impossible. The great philosopher of light hit upon another and equally accurate method of investigation. He depended upon the physical effects of light and heat for evidence of its nature; and this plan possesses the advantage of examining the fluids just as they are in their enclosing cavities. In Sir D. Brewster's hands it proved remarkably successful. The curious fact now came out, that in the greater number of cavities were found *two new fluids*, which differed in a most remarkable manner from any hitherto known. They were generally clear and colourless, and, what was most singular, they existed together often in the same cavity, and in actual contact with one another, yet without mixing in the smallest degree together! One of these fluids differs remarkably from its fellow-occupant of the cell. It was called the expansible fluid, from its remarkable property of enormous expansibility, being in this respect thirty times superior to water. In most of the cavities there was a vacuity, but when a moderate degree of warmth was applied, this fluid expanded so as completely to fill it. Sometimes, on increasing the temperature, the whole was converted into vapour. This fluid displayed a singularly voluble character, scarcely adhering at all to the sides of the cavity, and rolling about in every direction, like the fluid in a level; even with the slightest tap on the microscope it trembled in a very lively manner; it resembled, in fact, rather a gas than a fluid. The refractive power of this fluid was also different to that of other known bodies, being inferior even to water. On the other hand, the dense fluid was totally unaffected by heat. Its particles appear to have a strong attraction for one another, and for the sides of the cavity; and, while the expansible fluid lies in the bays of the mimic sea within, the dense fluid is invariably found in the narrow channels, creeks, and necks of the cavity. Black, spicular crystals are often found in the dense fluid.

Having fallen upon a method of opening the cavities, Sir D. Brewster was able to investigate the physical characters of these new fluids out of their prison-house. The most expansible fluid runs out first, and appears on the surface of the gem. When it has made its escape, it neither remains still like oils, nor disappears like evaporable fluids. It is in a state of *constant motion*. Now, it will be seen to expand to more than twelve times its area, and then it will contract again to its original size. These motions frequently last ten minutes. Suddenly the fluid disappears, and all that remains is a minute residue of transparent microscopic particles. 'Upon examining this residue,' writes Sir D. Brewster, in his account of his discovery, communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 'with a single microscope, held in the hand, I was surprised to see it again start into a fluid state, and to extend and contract itself as before. This was owing to the moisture of my hand, and I can at any time revive the indurated substance by the approach of a moist body. A portion of the fluid which I took out of a cavity twenty days ago may still be made fluid again by moisture. This portion was shown to an eminent naturalist, the Rev. Dr Fleming, who remarked that, had he observed it accidentally, he would have ascribed its apparent vitality to the movements of some animals of the genus Planaria!' After the cavity has been left open a day or two, the dense fluid then comes out, and soon hardens into a resinous, yellowish, transparent substance, neither volatile nor soluble in water or alcohol, but dissolving with effervescence in sulphuric acid, and also dissolving in nitric and muriatic acids. After both fluids had been exposed to the air for some time, they acquired a metallic lustre. The curious motions of contraction and expansion displayed by the expansible fluid have been supposed to have an explanation in a singular experiment upon a drop of water. It was placed on a flat surface of mercury, between the two poles of a galvanic battery of some power; when the electric current was permitted to flow through the mercury, the drop was seen to lose its sphericity, and to spread out until it became quite flat; when the circuit was broken it resumed its globular form. These movements precisely correspond to those in question, but the difficulty is to account for the electricity requisite for their display. Possibly it is connected with the crystallisation of the fluid, supposing that the transparent residue is crystalline, since electric phenomena not unfrequently accompany this process.

Looking once more at the fluids as contained in the gems, a most beautiful phenomenon presents itself. On the temperature of the apartment being slightly elevated, a brown spot appears in the centre of the vacuous space in the cavity, which is a spot of condensed vapour. In its formation and dropping down again, a number of beautifully-tinted rings make their appearance, the play of colours in which presents an optical exhibition of no common attractiveness. While these rings are playing, the vacuity contracts and expands like the pupil of the eye. A drop of ether, by the cold of its evaporation, puts an instant stop to the exhibition. On the application of some heat, the whole fluid is in a state of constant trembling, as if its surface were disturbed by rapid-falling drops, while rings of a beautiful variety appear and disappear in rapid succession. If the heat is increased, the specimen may probably burst. A gentleman received a severe cut in his mouth by putting a gem into it, the fluid of which expanded and burst with great violence. Sometimes a curious phenomenon is seen; the heat being still applied, the expansible fluid actually rends its way through the adamantine walls, and escapes, but leaves not the smallest perceptible cleavage in the crystal to indicate its path. When the warm hand is applied to the crystal, the fluids are immediately in motion, but when the heat is withdrawn, both resume the *exact* places they formerly occupied, just as though they were endowed with vitality.

These apparently insignificant facts present us with an inexplicable mystery, which all science cannot unfold. What is the nature, and what has been the origin of these two new fluids? The first inquiry it is in vain to attempt to consider. As to their origin: Did they exist on earth at the formation of the globe, or have they been produced since by some undiscovered laws of mineralogy? It is a most unaccountable fact that these two fluids have been found in the most different crystalline bodies—in quartz, amethyst, topaz, cymophane, and others; and it is equally strange that the specimens containing them have been procured from the most contrasted and opposite quarters of the globe, as, for example, from Scotland, Siberia, New Holland, Canada, Brazil, &c. If the fluids are the results of some internal alterations, how is it that artificial crystals do not produce similar ones? and how is it that such different crystals produce precisely the same fluids? The probability is that these very singular fluids fulfilled some most important function in the early history of the globe—a supposition to which the fact of their wide distribution seems to lend probability. But beyond this philosophy leaves us in ignorance. With regard to the relative position of the fire and water philosophers, these discoveries rather tend to support the former hypothesis, and to *damp* the ardour of the opponents. It was found, that in many instances where vacuities existed, a temperature of about eighty degrees caused the expansible fluid completely to fill the cavity. We are therefore to suppose that the crystal could not have been formed around such a fluid nucleus at a *lower* temperature than that; as if the substance of the crystal were in a soft condition in the process of its formation, it must have accurately applied itself to the surface of the fluid within it. As the crystal cooled

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and hardened, the expansible fluid would contract and leave the vacuity in question. Could chemistry, by any of her refined operations, but produce such a delicately expansive fluid as that contained in these gems, how valuable an addition would it prove to our thermometrical philosophy! Meanwhile, Sir D. Brewster has suggested, and the observation deserves the attention of all, that very delicate thermometers might be constructed of plates of topaz, the cavities in which assumed a cylindrical form, thus constructing an exquisitely sensitive natural thermometer, wholly inimitable by human art. When the operations of chemistry become so refined and delicate as to require it, perhaps these invaluable instruments may be adopted. Sir D. Brewster's conclusion is, that he can see no probable way of accounting for the phenomena presented by these cavities and their contained fluids, but by supposing that 'the cavities were formed by highly elastic substances when the mineral itself had been either in a state of fusion, or rendered soft by heat.'

May we not suppose that, although no longer visible on the surface of the globe, excepting in the minute quantities contained in a lady's jewel, yet that these fluids may lie deep imprisoned in the heart of the earth? that those terrible heavings of her solid bosom, which desolate countries and overwhelm cities and people, are, after all, but the resistless expansions of a pent-up fluid, a mimic drop of which may lend a brilliancy to a jewelled bracelet or ring-begirt finger? The thought is full of interest, and, minute though the source of our wonder, should it not spread out into a stream of admiration and praise as we contemplate, even in the tiny cavity of a gem, indications of that All-creative hand, which alone is 'excellent in working,' illimitable in power?

OSCEOLA AND THE INDIAN SLAVE.

The tall green trees of a hundred ages hung over the waters of the Chatahuche, and bathed their pendent branches in the cooling river. The graceful acacia reared its handsome trunk high above the clumpy mulberries and the light maples, shaking over them its light green and airy foliage, as if to fan and shade them from the ardent beams of the sun. The banks of the broad stream were covered with clumps of shrubs and masses of herbaceous plants, which are tended and nursed in the conservatories of Europe, but spring in indigenous profusion by this wild and distant river, which the shallop of the white man had not yet navigated, nor the great eye of his cupidity scanned. The Chatahuche is one of the great arterial rivers of South Georgia, which, after flowing through that territory, drains the swamps of Florida, and then pours its tributary waters into the basin of the Mexican Gulf. The vegetation by this stream is rank and luxuriant; for an almost tropical position, and the nature of its climate and soil, conduce to develop a fertility as profuse as it is beautiful. The grand old trees, that stood like sentinels on the rich alluvial borders of the Chatahuche, and twined their long dark limbs over its glittering face, were reflected in the depths of its transparent bosom; and the flowers—the wild dahlia, the rhododendron, the lovely wisteria, and the ground-vine—hung their blossoms and foliage over its margin. There was a sublime aspect of repose pervading the primeval scene, as the sun rose over the tallest clumps of the forest, and threw his broken beams in golden patches upon the river and the forest-ground beneath. The wild beasts, afraid to disturb the peace of nature's day, had retired to their lairs; the birds, beautiful but dumb, perched upon the shaded boughs, or hopped from twig to twig, as if listening to the holy silence that lay, like the prestige of the primeval Sabbath, upon the uncultured, unexplored wild. The zephyr, laden with perfume from the prairies, came sighing amongst the leaves of the pine and acacia, and stirred them with the motion of his wings; and the trembling coy plants shook pearly dewdrops on his path, as if whispering a benediction of peace. It was a silent and a lovely scene, although peopled with all the creatures of its clime save one; but that one, the first and superior element of creation, was not there, and the clear Chatahuche, and the luxuriant verdure that surrounded it, were to the world a valueless *terra incognita*.

The great element of human interest, which gives interest to everything with which it is associated, is humanity, so that the banks of the Chatahuche were scarcely worth dwelling on, even in thought, had it not been for the sake of one human being. The bosky underwood that grew on either side of the broad deer-path, which led from the forest to the banks of the river, was suddenly stirred by some unusual agency, and a woman emerged from the obscurity of the wood, and gazed wildly and timorously around her; a woman whose torn garments had been woven in the looms of the east, and whose beautiful and graceful, though weary form, had never been subjected to the labour of the fields, suddenly stood amongst the grandeur and the gloom of this primeval landscape. Long black tresses hung over her swan-like neck, as if to veil it from the sun, which had already tinged it with a faint shade of brown; her little feet were torn and bloody; and her raiment was hanging in shreds, rent by the gorse and honey-locust. Her face was as beautiful and full of grief as that of the mother of Niobe. Her large black eyes, soft and glowing with sentiment as those of an Ethiopian beauty, seemed begging protection from the caverned rocks that reared their dark forms around her. Timid yet brave, shrinking from the faintest sound, yet eager to explore the most hidden recesses of this dark chamber of nature, the young maiden moved about with trembling steps, and gazed around with anxious eyes. In some eastern court, with a tiara on her brow and Cashmerian robes upon her lovely form, that maiden would have commanded the homage of a regal throne. The proud lineaments of her Caucasian origin were softened by one tinge of Ethiopic descent. The spirit and energy of her Saxon fathers shone from her intellectual brow and firm mouth. The sorrow and sadness of her maternal line were visible in the drooping eyes and richly-blooded cheeks. Poor child! she was a slave—a fugitive slave.

Sophia was the property of Abel Randolph, a rich and Christian planter of Georgia. He had purchased her; he had given another Christian planter money for her, and had led the girl away to his estate; and the law—human republican law—had ratified the deed of transfer, and had declared Sophia to be the property of Abel Randolph. Mysterious are thy ways, however, oh God! Deep in the unseen chambers of the poor slave's nature thou hadst planted a soul, pure and noble as ever dwelt in the fairest, whitest bosom. Abel Randolph had only bought the semblance of Sophia; her spirit was free and pure, and that indignant spirit had led her alone into the illimitable wilderness of nature, rather than become a thing as mean as the freeman Abel Randolph. Day and night had she toiled on through bush, and swamp, and lonely place, scarce hope before her, and with savage bloodhounds and still more savage men in her rear.

Weary and faint, the exhausted fugitive at last sat her down upon the river's bank, and gazed with an irresolute, half-wishful eye upon the placid and inviting waters that kissed her hot and lacerated feet. Suddenly she bent her head, however, and a shudder passed over her, as she listened to the faint howl of her canine pursuers, as it came from the recesses of the wood, and the low but unmistakeable cheers of men, which mingled with their baying. Sophia rose to her bleeding feet, which had borne her so far and long, and she looked furtively around her. She had reached the last point in her flight from a bondage worse than death, and resolved that she should not be captured. She was about to spring into the river, when the wild but measured cadence of a boat-song was wafted to her ear. It was a song of savage men—of dwellers in the woods and wilds, who knew no laws save those invisible innate laws of association that are more powerful than statutes, and who acknowledge no superiority save that of physical force. The light tiny bark came sweep-

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ing along to the vigorous strokes of the paddles. In the prow stood a man erect as the poplar, and solemn as the great sachem of the Seminoles. His robes were of the finest, whitest skins of the mountain-goat, fringed with the black hair of his enemies. Around his neck hung many colorettes of the claws of the grizzly bear, which showed his boldness and prowess in the chase; and on his head-dress were a profusion of eagle's plumes, and two horns of the moose, which demonstrated that he was a great and honoured chief. In his hand he held a long spear ornamented with red bark, and on his shoulder hung a red shield; while knife, tomahawk, bow, and quiver full of arrows, gave him an athletic and warlike appearance. Redbird, the great chief of the Seminoles, was hated and feared by the white men who dwelt on the frontiers, because they said he had no pity. He was cruel and vindictive, and often gave the roofs of the settlers to the flames, and their flesh to the wolves. He even took the scalps of women, as the settlers on Flint River declared; but, nevertheless, the Seminoles loved him, and sung his praises in their wigwams. From the deep recesses of the forest came the loud baying of the sleuth-hound, from the transparent bosom of the river came the song of the savage—whither shall the poor fragile slave-girl fly from them? shall she choose one of them or death? Nearer and nearer came the white man on her path; nearer and nearer the canoe of Redbird the savage. As the latter appeared in view, the poor fugitive, whose terror had fled before hope, uttered a scream and stretched out her arms in an imploring attitude. The white men in the settlements might write Redbird down a savage and implacable man if they would, but he saw the maiden, and understood the mute but eloquent appeal. In a moment the bark had touched the bank—the redman lifted the fainting maiden into the canoe—and the Indian chief had but passed the spot by a few hundred yards, when the baffled rangers and their yelling dogs emerged from the forest The disappointed slave-hunters gazed upon the bounding skiff, and cursed the redmen in their hearts, who had so fortuitously robbed them of their prey.

The savage, cruel Redbird did not scourge nor scalp the humble slave; he did not even insult her as Abel Randolph, Esq., had done. He looked upon her weak and weary form, and his heart melted with pity. He laid her down upon the softest buffalo skin that lay in his wigwam, and covered her with his richest robes, and the slave girl became the wife of a great Indian chief; and her daughter, the Whitefawn, was so fair and beautiful that she won the heart of the noble Osceola, and became the queen of his wigwam. The slave Sophia never sighed for the plantation of civilisation, for in the village of her warrior husband all that she could love dwelt, and she was no slave, but a free woman and a queen.

The white men have often made treaties with the Indians, and have sworn most solemn oaths to preserve them inviolate, yet, strange to tell, they have broken them all. The only treaty that the white man promised to keep and did keep was not ratified by an oath. The Indian, who never breaks his word, still credulously accepts the promises of the paleface, and meets him again and again in council and treaty. Three commissioners from the government of Georgia entered the village of Redbird one morning, and the great council of the nation was forthwith convened. The sage chiefs sat solemn and silent beside the white men, and around the high council of honour were ranged the most distinguished braves and chiefs of the Redbird tribe of the Seminoles. It was a territorial treaty which brought them together—an attempt at dispossession, of a character with those too numerous and successful efforts which disgrace the annals of the United States, had brought the white men to the land of the Seminoles.

When the council was concluded, the commissioners were consigned to the hospitality of the most distinguished chiefs, and Abel Randolph and his nephew, who formed part of the commission, were led to the wigwams of Redbird and Osceola. If Sophia in her youth had been beautiful, her daughter, the Whitefawn of the Seminoles, was lovelier still. Her father's red blood mantled through her transparent, fair skin, and her round and elastic form was as full and free as that of the Medician Venus. As we have said, her mother had been treated as a wife and not as a slave by Redbird; and Osceola also regarded his lovely Whitefawn with as much care and respect. When the white men had sat down upon the mat and began to eat, the now aged slave and her daughter brought lights to their husbands, who had primed their pipes with knick-kneck. Suddenly the guests exchanged glances with one another, and a gleam of joyful, half-savage intelligence overspread their faces. Abel Randolph had discovered in these two Indian wives his slaves, and his distardly soul was already plotting their abduction. The law, the atrocious law of Georgia, written a half century before, rose up like an ogre to claim from Redbird and Osceola their wives as slaves. They ate of the red man's venison, and they drank from his gourd; and with profound professions of friendship upon their lips, that grey-haired senator and his chivalric nephew took leave of the village of the Seminoles.

Simple people believe that truth is sacred, be it spoken to saint or savage. The legislators of America deny this theory in practice. They have created a dual faith—twofold as Janus. They adopt, in its worst form, the treachery of the redskin, but they scorn to emulate his virtue of truthfulness. Eighteen years had passed since that poor fugitive girl had fled from the cruelty of this law-maker of a free state. The years of her bondage were but a dream, for she had lived as a queen amongst her husband's people, and the very tongue that she had spoken in her slavery had almost ceased to be remembered. Yet, tenacious as the grave, that slaveholder of Georgia clung to her and the child of her bosom as his property. The Whitefawn of the Seminoles, the daughter of Redbird, the wife of Osceola, she who had been born in the broad, free prairie, who had been rocked to sleep by the free wind, as she hung in her Indian cradle upon the limb of the pine,—she who had been almost worshipped by the squaws of her tribe was, in the criminal ideality of a white man, called a slave, and that white man fortified his claim to her by the opinion of his forefathers, which had been embodied and adopted as a law.

The noblest warriors and chiefs of the Seminoles escorted the commissioners and the soldiers who accompanied them through their territory, but when they had reached the hunting-grounds of the Cherokees they waved their hands gracefully in farewell; and Redbird and Osceola were the warmest and most graceful in their greetings.

The white and red men parted, but not for ever. The stars were looking down upon the village of the Seminoles that night with the saddest expression of sadness, as a band of white men, headed by Abel Randolph, stole stealthily towards the wigwam of Osceola. The stars have looked upon many sad and sorrowful deeds during their silent midnight watches, and they have marked high heroic glories also upon the brows of unseen, unknown men and women; but they never looked upon deed of deeper infamy or treachery than was that which was being enacted by Abel Randolph under the name of law. If the stars had been the dark eyes of Redbird or those of Osceola, that band would not have approached the wigwam so safely and without challenge; but the chiefs and warriors had gone to hunt the buffalo when they bade the white men farewell, and they would not return perhaps for two or three days. Whitefawn and her mother were seized by the relentless robbers, and, spite of tears, and grief, and indignation, were borne away as quietly as possible, as the property of the white man.

'And why does not Whitefawn meet me?' cried Osceola, as he bore home from the chase the choicest part of a young buffalo, rolled in its rare white skin. 'And why is my wigwam empty?' he cried, as he gazed wildly round him and did not discover his darling wife. The tale of robbery and abduction was soon told; and Osceola and Redbird, with a hundred warriors at their backs, were

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soon upon the broad trail of Abel Randolph and his band. A day of pursuit brought the burning, injured redskins to the bivouac of the whites. In a low, crumbling log shanty, which some trapper had built upon the banks of a creek, in which to stow his skins during the hunting season, Abel Randolph had placed the wretched Sophia and White-fawn; and, seated round a fire of logs, the escort and their leader were eating and drinking triumphantly. As the tinchal surrounds the browsing deer, so did the hundred redskins noiselessly encircle the soldiers, and then, like two spirits of the forest, Redbird and Osceola glided into the midst of the astonished band.

For a short space the two tall and beautiful chiefs only gazed scornfully upon their treacherous foes, and then Redbird exclaimed, at the same time confronting Abel Randolph, 'Let the wolf of the palefaces restore to my wigwam its queen.'

Osceola's words were few and pointed; he only said, 'Osceola has come for his wife.'

Villany was seldom destitute of hardihood, and it was not likely that Abel Randolph, who had been the senator of a slave state, was to be destitute of this element of a robber. He rose to his feet and confronted the Indians, as his men followed his example and took to their arms, and then calmly replied, 'I do not know the queen of Redbird's wigwam, nor the wife of Osceola. I never saw them. I saw my slaves hidden like rabbits in the wigwams of the Seminoles, and I took them away. I have spoken.'

A low and expressive 'Hugh!' burst from the lips of the Indians, but still they did not move.

'There are thirteen warriors of the palefaces with rifles in their hands,' said Osceola, calmly, 'and they are in the woods with two women of the Seminoles; while a hundred bows are bent around them, and a hundred tomahawks are unslung and ready to the redskin's hands. The redskins say, that the women shall go home again, and sing in the wigwams of their husbands. Will the palefaces let them go in peace?' he asked significantly.

'No, never,' cried Abel Randolph, aiming a blow at the head of the athletic young Indian; which, with the speed of lightning, he parried and returned, braining the slave-holder where he stood.

The wild fierce sounds of war instantly rose on the stillness of the forest like the sounds of fiendish jubilee; and when it died away, the Indians with their wives were on the march, while twelve scalps torn from the heads of the white soldiers and Abel Randolph hung upon their war-pole. The nephew of the planter alone escaped to tell the tale, and to rouse to bloody vengeance the chivalry of his state.

Dark and direful was the war of extermination which followed this terrible night. The soldiers of the model republic, led on by the man whom millions would now invest with presidential honours, hunted with the bloodhounds of Cuba the noble and invincible Seminoles.

Redbird fell, defending his wife, beneath the bullet of a Georgian rifleman, whose wife longed and sighed for his return from the war; and Sophia lay down beside the corpse of her murdered daughter, in a swamp which was still sacred to liberty, and there she died free.

Osceola was now alone. His heart was dead; his wife, his people were gone, and yet he scorned to yield. He was now thin and emaciated, and his feet were heavy as he dragged them along on the war-path, but still he had no selfish love of life or peace, and he scorned to yield.

But treachery did what arms could not do. The myrmidons of the United States promised peace to the broken remnant of the Seminoles, if Osceola would submit to the domination of the white men, and, like a true patriot, the redskin gave himself up for his country. They murdered him, and they broke their word. They rendered Florida a silent, depopulated wilderness, and they blotted the name of Seminole from living story; but the causes and issue of this dreadful tale of slavery shall bring the blush into the cheek of America, while history records the foul stain on her memory.

THREE DAYS' HUNT AFTER CROAKERS.

(Third Day's Hunt—continued from page 111.)

'To select the nervously sensitive as the butt of any unfeeling or unthinking company,' said Mr Smith, on Mr Brown's return, 'is cowardly conduct.

'It is so—it is like striking a woman, and should be resented as such by society; but at the same time a person of this soft and susceptible temperament should fortify himself against this evil by calm reflection and firm resolution, and the jest which is now to him a poisoned arrow, will soon become as the crackling of thorns beneath a pot. Cowper, who knew what the pains of bashfulness were, feelingly says—

> 'I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
> Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
> And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,
> Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
> Our sensibilities are so acute,
> The fear of being silent makes us mute.
> We sometimes think we could a speech produce
> Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
> But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
> Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
> Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
> Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.'

'Poor Cowper!' said Mr Smith with some warmth; 'but I'll tell you what, I've always found these tongue-bullies, like braggarts, cowards at heart, and easily put down.'

'You are right,' said Mr Brown, 'people are apt to imagine they have hides like a rhinoceros, whilst, in fact, they are as quick and thin-skinned as a newly-closed wound. They delight to hit, but none stand hitting worse—and if hitting is lawful in any case, they are proper subjects of it, and, at any rate, the defenceless should be protected. It is true, there is a kind of pleasant banter allowable among friends who understand each other—raillery I mean—raillery, properly so called, which turns the current of humour apparently directed against an individual, to his praise, and is, in truth, an indirect way of paying a compliment. Not that compliments are the only thing which friendship owes. The advice which involves rebuke, and self-sacrifice to give, is one of its highest duties and surest tests.'

'Ay, ay,' chimed in Mr Smith, 'I see where you are. Pretty ingenious turn that.'

'I was just going to remark,' continued Mr Brown, without noticing his friend's allusion, 'about another class of self-tormentors.'

'Well, let it be the last; we've had enow of them. They are not the pleasantest of company.'

'The last be it till another opportunity; but it is well to know them all, that we may range ourselves under the class we like best.'

'Like best!' reiterated Mr Smith.

'There is a numerous class of persons who are the most affable and obliging imaginable to acquaintances, and even to strangers, and who are always studious to please into whatever society they go; and yet are selfish and cross whenever they pass the threshold of their own dwellings. If they would take half the pains to be happy and make happy at home that they do when abroad, they would be happy indeed, and, instead of that heart-burning which they feel and cause, they would experience a sweet flow of affection and of tender associations around the family hearth, for the absence of which nothing else can compensate. The fox has better philosophy. He is said not to pilfer the poultry of the farm-yards around his hole that he may have peace at home. Another class——'

'Stop!'

'I had forgot.'

'But I have not.'

'Well, allow me to say, that in our efforts to escape needless pain, we must take care not to be over-studious in the matter, not to be always thinking about it. This of itself will become an evil. It is well to take care of health, but not to carry this care to excess. Certain diseases may be induced by constant thought and anxiety to escape them.

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It is the same with the mind. So soon, then, as we have duly considered and resolved, the work to be done will be mainly of a negative kind—the imposing of checks on all petty disquietude, inordinate grief, and groundless fear the moment they manifest themselves. And as Brutus says in another matter—

> 'Since the quarrel
> Will bear no colour for the thing it is,
> Fashion it thus; that what it is, augmented,
> Would run to these and these extremities,
> And therefore think it is a serpent's egg,
> Which, hatch'd, would, as its kind, grow mischievous,
> And kill it in the shell.'

To succeed, as I have said, time must be taken by the forelock, and, if successful, the mind will be freed from innumerable tormentors; but if not, it will be like a city without walls, open to the incursion of every enemy. Not that complete happiness can be secured here, or that the highest attainable happiness is to be reached by merely negative or precautionary means; but only that these, when happily selected and resolutely acted out, will save us from much unnecessary, and not only barren but pernicious vexation—worldly vexation, whose fruit is death.'

'Of course, you exclude Christians—Christians really so.'

'No; many, perhaps the majority of Christians, fail in their duty here from want of consideration, and thereby do injury to themselves and to their religion. Cheerfulness ought to be the concomitant of a steady and enlightened faith. It is a Christian duty, and of much more importance than most think. Were it generally observed, it would operate as a powerful persuasive to Christianity. As it is, the conduct of Christians in this respect furnishes a handle to the infidel, and acts as a repelling power to those without. Faith is meant to give peace and pleasantness—to be profitable for this life as well as the next. Equanimity is the proper result and characteristic of genuine Christianity.'

Mr Smith rose to leave.

'Allow me to hold you by the button one moment longer,' solicited Mr Brown. 'Here are a few of Grant's hints which I wish to show you. I noted them down occasionally, somewhat at random, whilst passing through my novitiate, and I regret that I did not do so regularly; but if all be well, he will be back within the year, and give us the benefit of his knowledge from his own lips.'

'Are they long?' asked Mr Smith.

'Here they are; a few minutes will suffice for their reading.'

'Read fast, then,' said Mr Smith.

Mr Brown read as follows:—

'The means of happiness are more equally distributed than appears at first sight. The chief and necessary blessings are all common. Light, air, water, the beauties of nature, sleep, health, reason, the domestic relations, the joys of friendship, of hope and religion, are open to the peasant as well as to the prince, and in most cases the peasant has the advantage. His sleep, as a rule, is sounder and his food sweeter. If he want provocatives, he does not need them; and if his diet be sometimes spare, he does not suffer from surfeit. His pallet may be hard, but it is healthy. Habit, in a great measure, equalises the diversities of condition, and renders that agreeable which was at first distasteful. Better want dainties than have artificial appetites—stimulants, than suffer their reaction. The simple delights of nature are lasting, and leave no sting behind them.

There is something more terrible than poverty, desertion, or death—to live after hope dies; but ennui is an approach to this.

Make sure of the next world, and be as happy here as you can. If God did not mean us to look upon and enjoy nature, why has he made it beautiful and drawn the curtain? He could have withheld the flowers and hidden the stars. He who thinks it sinful to indulge in innocent enjoyments, or mean to sympathise with the moods and shews of nature, especially of the lesser sort, as the frolics of lambs, the gambols of children, or the singing of birds, the chirping of grasshoppers, and the dancing of summer-flies, does, in effect, question the wisdom of God, and may consistently decline to enjoy full health, drink clear water, or breathe pure air. Abraham drove the fowls away from his sacrifice, but some invite the harpies to every feast which Providence sets before them.

Observe what annoys you, and determine not to be annoyed by it. A half resolution will not do, but a full and firm one will, and, after a time, habit will take the trouble off your hands.

> 'Gentle handed stroke a nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains;
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains.'

He who frets under every trivial cross is like a sunk rock in the ocean; every passing wind and tide creates a whirlpool about it.

Misery is not virtue; when found in connection with it, it is accidental not essential; exotic not indigenous. There is no merit in excessive, any more than in needless sorrow; the excess is needless. Wasting happiness is the worst kind of prodigality; and the most foolish barter is to exchange peace for strife, and pleasure for pain. Why take bad when good food is presented; wherefore sleep among nettles when providence offers straw? It is unwise and impious to make that bitter which God has made sweet; to deform what he has made fair; and to make dark what he has made light. He means us to enjoy the blessings he has provided—they are not blessings unless enjoyed; if we sullenly refuse to enjoy them, neither God nor man will thank us for it. There is neither merit nor ingenuity in running to the cellar when the sun comes to the door; it is skulking God's messengers and casting contempt on his gifts. Penance is not piety, otherwise the pagan often excels the Christian; but many Christians think mental penance meritorious, though it is only putting the soul, instead of the body, upon a pillar or a frame of spikes. If mere pain were piety, the fallen angels were most pious, and hell the holiest place in the universe, and God a mystery and a contradiction.

The man who forgets he has a body as well as a mind, will bring both body and mind into trouble. Cultivate health for its own sake, and as the medium through which every external blessing must pass to become an enjoyment. Be temperate in all things. Avoid stimulants. Rise early. Study cleanliness. Bathe daily. Ventilate your house well. Keep all sweet about you, and the coarse will become comfortable and the plain pleasant. Take sufficient exercise in the open air. Be fully employed; it conduces both to health and happiness. Mix recreation with labour; avoid excess in either.

Guard against flurry in anything that engages you; it leads to oversight, delay, and exhaustion. Order your affairs well. Do what is right at the right time. 'Have a place for everything and everything in its place.' Tax not to-morrow with the duties of to-day. Beware of forming an antipathy to any of the duties of your profession. Do what you can to forestal contingent evil, and, having done so, leave the event to God, and not give way to useless and hurtful anxieties about the future. 'Be not too exquisite to cast the fashion of uncertain evils.' When anything unpleasant is to be done, do not brood over it beforehand; but, when the time comes, do it, and not stand shivering with the string of the shower-bath in your hand. 'Cowards die many times; the valiant taste of death but once.' Let your heart sit lightly on the things of earth, as a bird in the act of flying away. To trust in God, is a tower of strength at all times—a citadel built on the Rock of Ages—open and accessible at all points.

Refuse your own advice if angry, nervous, or depressed. Thou art nauseous, says Ague to the pine-apple; thou art yellow, says Jaundice to the rose. Turn a deaf ear to memories of the past, which awaken only needless regret. Some seem to think it the prime duty of man to turn the mind into a witch's cauldron.

Dismiss vicious suggestions as enemies under disguise. Maintain a constant vigilance over the passions and appetites; like fire and water, they are good servants but bad

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masters. Beware of the tastes you form, the friendships you make, and the habits you establish. Study the nature of habit. It is begotten by frequently repeating the same act. It forms independently of the will of either fool or philosopher. Ignorance and knowledge are alike passive under it. A man may as well say to the stone he has cast into the air, 'Fall not,' as to habit, 'Form not,' and yet continue to repeat the act which generates it. A man is what his habits are. Form as many useful and virtuous habits as you can, but no vicious or expensive ones. Expensive habits make us the slaves of circumstance, and lay us open to temptation; but simple ones preserve our independence, and are safeguards to conscience. In striving to break an evil habit, shun the society of those who indulge in it; avoid thoughts about it, for thought revives desire, and desire is temptation. In joy and sorrow be especially on your guard. Elevation and depression dispose to indulgence. Do not think yourself safe after a year's triumph. The habit will occasionally rally its force after that, and make vigorous assaults. If you yield in the slightest you are likely gone. Hold no parley, but up with the drawbridge and to with the gates. An old habit, like charcoal, is easily rekindled. The only safety is absolute and unconditional abandonment in thought as well as in act. Women form habits sooner, and are more difficult of cure than men. Of all tyrants and monopolists, evil habits are the worst; they narrow in the universe at last to a spot; their hours are night and day.

Let not your peace depend on outward circumstances, nor put the key of your happiness into other men's hands. Have resources within yourself which no one can close against you. The man who trusts solely, or even mainly, to what is outward, will find he has confided his comfort to what is uncertain as wind and unstable as water.

Live peaceably, if possible, with all men, and wish all men well, if from no higher motive yet for your own sake; and think kindly of the meanest creature. It has as good a right to its place in the universe as you have. If you dispute its charter, you impugn your own. It serves an end though you may not see it. Be especially at peace with yourself: better be on good terms with your own heart and conscience than with all the world besides. Keep the springs clear in your own bosom, whatever others may do. Do not withhold your good, nor refuse theirs; but cease to drink at their fountains the moment they become impure, and fall back upon your own, and invite them to follow you.

Store the cells of thought in summer, that in winter age may not want. 'As long as you live, seek to learn; do not presume that age brings wisdom.' 'He is a fool who says, I will be wise to-morrow.' The man who reaches old age through a life of folly and vice, is like a left pool in a deserted river-course—a pit of mud, clammy weeds, and noisome creatures. The outwardly gay are often like what the feudal castles were—revelry above and pining captives below. The head may sparkle as a stately palace in the setting sun, while the heart below sits dark and desolate in its dungeon.

Independently of external condition, every mind is its own prison or palace. Our thoughts and feelings forge sceptres or chains out of the same materials, and make us kings or felons, freemen or slaves. A man may inherit rank and fortune, but he must be the architect of his own happiness; it cannot be transferred by parchment or bills of exchange. Opinions are only truly ours when we act them out. The hypocrite lauds religion and the rogue honesty; but they are not therefore honest or religious. The reality of anything is the thing itself, but nothing else is. Counterfeits may pass current, but there is no alchemy in currency to turn pewter into silver or paste into diamond. Nothing spurious passes the gate of heaven: the region around it is heaped and strewn with detected forgeries of all kinds, many of them so well executed that they passed unquestioned among men, and secured immortality for their doers. The exposed cheat lies yonder, while its monument rises on earth, and the uncovered pilgrim kneels before it. Martyrs are singing in heaven, whose bones once rattled in chains upon earth. What revelations will be made on the judgment-day! Masks will be torn off and motives seen. The affected will give place to the real; and every one will not only be, but seem what he is.

Be mindful of eternity; it is but a few days' march from any of us. Men are crowding into it, as a fall of locusts do when they approach the sea. It seems far off, like things seen in mist, but is really near. Believe it near and act accordingly. Secure the friendship of God; enter into league with him on his own terms; they are the most liberal in the universe. Do this immediately, to-morrow has cast its millions into hell. Make every place a meeting-spot with God in nature, providence, and grace, and, like the moon at midnight, you will see a sun the wicked see not, and receive light over the back of a benighted world. The man who takes God to his heart becomes like the winter passing away. The sun arises with spring under his wings, and she leaps down here and there as he passes by, and opens the buds and flowers, and sets the birds a singing, and the streams a wimpling, till, at last, the song and the verdure become universal, and summer begins.

The laws of personal happiness are as firmly established as those of the material universe; obey and you enjoy, break and you suffer.

Rule your mind or it will rule you.'

'I have an appendix here to these maxims of Grant,' said Mr Brown, looking entreatingly on his friend.

'What! more last speeches,' said Mr Smith, in a somewhat better humour.

'Yes, but the very last and best—sweet, short, and comprehensive—not desultory as our conversations have been, or fragmentary as my jottings from Grant; but close as a phalanx and light as a cloud—a burden for an infant's memory—a tiny manual for all, on a subject which deeply concerns all.'

'Well, go on.'

'It is a man's proper business.'

'Who says so?'

'Locke.'

'He who writes on the understanding?'

'Yes.'

'That is a man worth hearing—go on.'

'It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery. Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind: misery, in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it. I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet—to have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be. But I must take care that I prefer not a short pleasure to a lasting one. Let me then see wherein consists the most lasting pleasures; and that, as far as I can observe, is in these things. 1. Health. 2. Reputation. 3. Knowledge. 4. Doing good. 5. The expectation of eternal happiness in another world. If, then, I faithfully pursue that happiness which I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross none of these five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love, but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest. And so of the rest. But all innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther; and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.'

'Tear off that and give it to me,' said Mr Smith.

'Certainly,' said Mr Brown, 'there is the lock, and a poor pun along with it; fasten it to the door of your understanding, and find the key for yourself.'

Mr Brown shook hands with his friend, and they parted in considerably better humour than they had done for some time.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THERE are few sentiments, we apprehend, more amiable than a love of the past. It is a sentiment that begins to exercise an influence over the mind as soon as memory comes into operation; and it goes on increasing with every year, for every year adds something to our love of the past. What is so bright and beautiful in the thoughts of the aged man as his youthful years? what pleasures so exquisite as those which he beholds through the twilight vista of retrospection? Everything beautiful becomes more beautiful in the evening shades of golden memory; even sorrow becomes sweetened and softened into a happy thought, when refined by resignation and reviewed after a lapse of years.

There is nothing that we are so much inclined to dispute as the wisdom of our ancestors, and yet there is nothing that we better love to contemplate and admire than the relics of antiquity. We would demand to be emancipated from the dominion of the ancestral mind, and yet we would love to roam amongst the monuments of former ages. The sentiment is a paternal one, and as such it is one worthy of being cherished; but let us guard against our reason being made subservient to it. We can fondly bend over our hoary-headed grandsire, and feel our souls stirred with love and veneration towards him; but to the edicts of his dotage and senility we may not yield implicit obedience. Stronger and loftier far than the sentiment of veneration, is the principle of justice; the former, enchaining us in an inert admiration, would clog the wheels of progress; the latter, teaching us to regulate our sentiments, guards us against yielding an undue obedience to opinions which have outlived their age and applicability to the wants of society. It was with such feelings as these that we entered the venerable and imposing Cathedral of Westminster.

Westminster, or the Church of St Peter, derives its general appellation from being situated to the west of East Minster, or St Paul's. These majestic piles are the two superior ecclesiastical establishments in London, and, like all things old, have seen and undergone mighty and wonderful changes. St Paul's rears its great black dome over what, in old times, was really, but what is now only termed a hill.

Westminster Abbey stands on what was anciently an island, formed by a branch of the Thames, which, breaking from the main course of the river, near the end of Abingdon Street, and making a detour until it rejoined the river near the south end of Privy Gardens, cut off a small piece of ground from the mainland, which was called Thorny Island, from being originally covered with black clusters of this well armed shrub. Gradually the course of this erratic portion of Old Thames became arched over with brick, and now forms a part of the great subterranean sewer system of London. The insular character of old Thorny Island is completely gone now, and great massive buildings and heavy pavements supersede its rank vegetation and alluvial flats. Old chronicles have striven long and sturdily to invest the spots of ground upon which St Paul's and Westminster Abbey stand with an associative antiquity of a very high character. The Romans, it is said, built a temple to Diana upon the mount on which St Paul's stands; and a temple of Apollo made way for the establishment of a Christian church upon Thorny Island. Old chronicles tell that, in the year 605, Sebert, king of Essex, being converted to the Christian faith, gave token of his sincere piety by founding upon this spot a church to St Peter. The present Westminster Abbey is only the successor of many which have preceded it; and it is certain that Sebert was recognised in old times as the founder of the original structure. Great care was always taken to preserve his remains, which were buried here, and those of his queen Ethelgotha, when the building was reconstructed or repaired, and they were always assigned the most honourable place of sepulture. But the light which history sheds upon the foundation of this old pile is as obscure as it is perplexing. One of the most audacious and gratuitous assertions of the old mystery-making, wonder-loving priests, was their fable concerning the consecration of this abbey, which, according to their testimony, was performed by St Peter in person. This was no mere floating delusion, but a jealously maintained and coolly recorded fiction, for the monks of Westminster in the thirteenth century actually sued the minister of Rotherhithe for a tithe of the salmon caught in his parish, upon the plea that St Peter had given them this grant when he consecrated their church. Some historians contend that the church of Westminster was not founded for a full century after the time of the Saxon king Sebert: but it is generally conceded that to him is attributable its establishment. Upon the death of this chief, his subjects went back to their old worship of the Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga, and Seater;* and left the church which Sebert had built to fall into desuetude and decay, until Offa, king of Mercia, restored the crumbling ruin once more.

But the red-handed, red haired Dane, came with his swords and brands, and, in his love of spoil, he tore every article of wealth from the little fane, and almost razed it to the ground. Again its walls and buttresses were repaired, through the exhortations of St Dunstan, by king Edgar, in the year 969, and, for its support, it obtained many privileges and great grants of land. But it was not until nearly a century after this period, that it was raised to its supreme position by Edward the Confessor. Here the last undisputed scion of the Saxon dynasty determined that he should be buried; and, in order that his mausoleum might be one worthy of his vanity, he resolved to spare no cost in rebuilding from its foundation this grand old cathedral. To the prosecution of this work he devoted a tenth part of his entire revenues and possessions, in gold, silver, and cattle; and in the year 1065 it was completed. The 28th of December, called the Day of the Holy Innocents in memory of the massacre of the children of Bethlehem by Herod, was appointed for its dedication. Three days previous to this event, however, Edward was seized with the fatal illness which terminated his life on the 4th or 5th of January following, and he was consequently unable to attend this imposing ceremony. On the 12th January, 1066, his body was interred with all the pomp and circumstance of funereal grandeur

* Such were the titles of the principal deities whom our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from these have we derived the names of the days of the week.

Sunday, called by the Saxons *Sunan's-daeg*, was dedicated to the Sun, which was their chief deity. In the temple consecrated to the sun, was an idol representing the bust of a man set upon a pillar, his face darting bright rays. His arms were extended, and he held a wheel before his breast, typical of the circuit which the sun was supposed to make round the earth.

Monday (*Monan's-daeg*) was devoted to the Moon, which was represented by a female image standing on a pedestal, dressed in a most fantastic style.

Tuesday (*Tuis'-daeg*) was consecrated to Tuisco, who, as legend reports, was father of the Germans and Scythians, from whom the Saxons sprung, and was held in so much estimation by his countrymen, that at his decease they deified him. He was represented by the figure of a venerable old man, with a long white beard, standing upon a pedestal, with a boar's skin upon his shoulders and a sceptre in his right hand.

Wednesday (*Woden's-daeg*) was consecrated to Woden, or Odin, who was considered by the northern nations the father of all the deities, and the god of war, uniting the characters of Jupiter and Mars of the ancients. Woden was represented by the figure of a warrior in a martial posture, clad in bright armour. In his right hand was a broad and crooked sword, and in his left a shield.

Thursday (*Thor's-daeg*) was consecrated to Thor, the eldest son of Woden. He was considered the supreme governor of the air, lightning, and thunder, in which latter particular he answered to the Roman Jupiter, and was supplicated for fruitful seasons. He was represented as seated on a splendid throne, his head decked with a golden crown, adorned with twelve glittering stars. In his right hand was a regal sceptre

Friday (*Friya's-daeg*) was consecrated to Friga or Frea, the wife of Woden, and mother of all the gods. She had the attributes of the Roman Venus, and was represented by a female figure holding a naked sword in the right hand, and in the left a bow.

Saturday (*Seater's-daeg*) was consecrated to Seater, supposed by some to answer to the Roman Saturnus. He was represented by an idol standing on a pedestal, upon the prickly back of a perch. The figure, whose head was bare, and the countenance thin, was clad in a long coat, confined about the waist and shoulders with a linen sash. In his right hand was a pail of water, in which were fruits and flowers.

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before the high altar, so shortly was the cathedral completed before it was called upon to fulfil the purpose for which it had been rebuilt. Here now slumber around, in their quaint stately tombs, and beneath the diamond-shaped slabs of the abbey's stone floor, kings, queens, councillors, poets, warriors, philanthropists, and courtiers; and here, in storied urn and animated bust, are seen the chief attractions of this old English Pantheon.

On the Christmas-day following—the anniversary of the Confessor's illness—William the Conqueror was crowned beside his Saxon predecessor's grave; and in the same place, with the single exception of Edward V., have all the English sovereigns been crowned to this day, during a period of eight hundred years. The church built by Edward is supposed to have been the first cruciform one raised in England, and it maintained its entireness and unique appearance until the reign of Henry III., who took down the eastern part of the edifice, which had become dilapidated through time, and determined to restore it in a more magnificent form than it ever wore. Edward I. and succeeding kings continued the work, which was intermitted by the troubles of the times, until Henry VII. ascended the throne, and added the beautiful chapel dedicated to the Virgin, but which bears his own name.

For richness of ornament, elaboration, and preciseness of workmanship, and perfect architectural beauty, this chapel is said to challenge comparison with any other Gothic structure in the world. To the general visiter Westminster Abbey does not present an imposing aspect. St Paul's awes you by its magnitude and grandeur; the Abbey, with its chapels, challenges your admiration. Few places in the world are so full of historical interest as the spot upon which the abbey stands, and the ground immediately circumjacent. It was upon the site of Westminster Hall, now giving place to the Houses of Lords and Commons, that the kings of England built their first metropolitan palace. Edward the Confessor dwelt here, and here the Conqueror kept up the courtly pomp of the feudal system. It was here that the stern, ignorant, fierce Normans ejaculated their iron laws, and revelled in all the stern magnificence of their chivalric dominion. To this old palace of the Saxon line, William Rufus added the first Westminster Hall, where the mail-clad barons held high revels and the kings exhibited their lordly state. Rufus's hall fell into decay after three hundred years of use, and Richard II. took it down and replaced it by one much more splendid, making also such additions to the palace as obtained for it the distinction of New Palace. Here were held Christmas and Easter feasts; here Richard II., before a year after its completion, laid down, by compulsion, his regal crown; here have all the coronation feasts been held; and here state trials and executions for high treason have taken place. Fire, however, has swept with its devastating element over the palace of Westminster and the hall of St Stephen's, involving them in ruin; but upon their sites the Houses of Parliament are being raised, in even a more splendid style than ever. The House of Lords holds its sittings in Westminster Hall.

Westminster Abbey is chiefly attractive from its monuments, and these are so beautiful and numerous that they are worthy of being made the objects of a pilgrimage from a far distant land. To a Scotchman, perhaps, the most interesting object in that venerable pile is the Stone of Destiny (Lia Fial), upon which the ancient Scottish kings were crowned; and those of England and Great Britain, since the time of Edward I., who removed this stone from Scone, in 1290. A vague old Scottish tradition declares this stone to be the very one on which Jacob pillowed his head, while, on his journey to his uncle Laban, he dreamt his remarkable dream of heaven and earth meeting; and a prophecy connected with it, declares that

> 'Wherever should be that stane,
> There would a Scot reign.'

Everybody knows that this has been verified since the year 1603.

The history of the *Lia Fial* is a very curious one, and, as it is not generally known, it may interest our readers. Old chroniclers tell of a people called the Tuatha-da-Dannan, who, having studied necromancy at Delphos, wandered gradually towards the north-west, until they found themselves in Scandinavia, having brought with them the 'Stone of Destiny.' Being enriched with a sorcerer's spear and cauldron, they continued their migrations westward, until they reached Scotland, whence they passed over to Ireland, after a sojourn of a few years. The Dalriadan dynasty of Scoto-Irish kings were crowned upon this remarkable stone, which Fergus I. removed from Leinster to Morvern in the year 521. The Scoto-Irish kings continued to be crowned in Argyle upon this stone until 829, when Kenneth M'Alpine removed it to Scone, whence it was taken by Edward I., and placed in Westminster Abbey in 1296, where it now remains, and upon which the British monarchs are still crowned.

If a man would learn the vanity of human ambition, and the shortlived nature of human power, let him go and commune with the tombs of Westminster Abbey. The very echoes that his footfalls awake seem to cry from the hollow tombs of those who in life were proud, and haughty, and great, and honoured, and wealthy, and jealous of their privileges, and of their brother men—'All but virtue is vanity.' Antiquity is every day adding to her deep and extensive elements of tuition and warning, and day after day is rendering more venerable and monitory, as well as more transitory, the venerable Abbey of Westminster.

GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NO. IV.—THE LATE JOHN STERLING.

PART II.

We mentioned at the commencement of our last paper, that we conceived John Sterling's progress was typical of that of a large and interesting class of intellectual persons in the present day. We proceed now to explain what we mean. It is an extremely important and serious aspect of his history at which we must now look. It is at his *religion*.

So far as religion can be called constitutional, John Sterling was constitutionally religious. The union of ardent temperament, high intellect, and pure morals, generally in this country generates a strong religious appetency, which was manifest in him. Dr Hare has not traced so minutely and clearly as had been desirable the entire progress of his thoughts and feelings on this momentous topic. Indeed, there is throughout all his memoir a shrinking, skulking, and want of plain speaking on the subject, unworthy of such a man writing on such a man, and this, we know, some of Sterling's warmest friends feel; but we think we can map it out with considerable accuracy, and in very few and very plain words. From the early piety of genius, he seems to have passed into the early scepticism of genius. While sounding on his dim and perilous way in those troubled waters, the great beacon-light of Coleridge attracted and seemed to save him. He became in theory, as he had been in feeling, a Christian. Influenced by his marriage and other circumstances, disciplined by various grave events, and not, he trusts, unguided by the Holy Spirit, he entered the work of the Christian ministry, laboured for six months with exemplary diligence, and was only prevented by illness from prosecuting the calling. Afterwards, a change began gradually to pass over his mind. Loosened from professional ties—burning with a hectic speculation—impatient of the cant, and commonplaces, and bigotry of ordinary theologians—sick of the senseless controversies of his church—and attracted ever more and more by the learning and genius of Germany, his orthodox belief in Christianity was shattered, though his childlike love for it remained the same. At last he died, it must be told, more than

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doubtful of the divine origin of Judaism, unsatisfied of the evidences of Christianity, and yet ravished with the unutterable beauty and moral grandeur of the latter; and his almost last words were a request to his sister to hand him the old Bible he was wont to use in Herstmonceux (where he had been curate) among the cottages.

Such is the plain unvarnished tale of Sterling's religious career. It is a very painful, very interesting, and very instructive narrative. We must be permitted to methodise our impressions of it under the following remarks:—First, It is not, alas! a singular case. Secondly, Its causes are not very recondite. And, thirdly, It teaches some momentous lessons.

First, the case is not uncommon. Without alluding to innumerable private instances, the process through which Sterling was passing is almost the same with that less fully undergone by Foster and Arnold, and which, in Newman and Parker, in Carlyle and Emerson, may be considered perfected. In Shelley, it was different. In the first place, he unfortunately never enjoyed, we fear, the opportunity of seeing real religion incarnated in living examples; with that noble moral poem, sublimer far than a 'Paradise Lost,' a meek and humble disciple of Jesus, he seems never to have come in contact. 2dly, He was early repelled from just views of the subject by the savage stupidity of university tests and treatment. And, 3dly, the motion of his mind was accelerated by that morbid heat and misery which made his life an arm of Styx, and rendered his entire character and history anomalous. Shelley is the *caricature* of the unsatisfied thinker of the times; and while, as a poet, admired by all for his *potential* achievements, his creed, which creed was none, unless a feverish flush on the brow be a fixed principle of the soul, has only influenced those who are weak and morbid through nature, or raw and incondite through youth. Sterling, on the other hand, was the express image of such a thinker, in his highest and purest form.

Ere inquiring into the causes of that strange new form of scepticism, which has seized so many of our higher minds, let us more distinctly enunciate what it is not, and does not spring from. It is not, as some imagine, a mere disguise which the scepticism of Hume and Voltaire has assumed, better accommodated to the tastes and the progress of the present age. It is not the same with it, even as Satan towering to the sky was the same with Satan lurking in the toad. It differs from it in many important respects. 1st, It admits much which the unbelief of Paine and Voltaire denied; it grants the beauty, the worth, and the utility of our religion—nay, contends that, in a sense, it is a divine emanation, the divinest ever given to man. It does not sheathe, but tosses away the old poisoned terms imposture, fraud, priestcraft, cunningly devised fable. 2dly, It approaches religion with a different feeling and motive. It desires to find its very highest claims true. It has no interest that they should be false. The life of such an one as we describe is modelled on the life of Christ; his language is steeped in the Bible vocabulary, as in burning gold. Prayer and its cognate duties he practises, and his heart is ever ready to rise to the swells of Christian oratory and feeling, as the war-horse to the sound of the trumpet. He teaches his children to prattle of Christ, and weeps at eventide as they repeat their little hymns. He gives to the cause of the Gospel, and his cheek glows at the recital of the deeds of a Williams or a Waddell. The sceptic of the eighteenth century first hated religion, because it scowled on his selfishness—then wished it untrue—and then, generally with the bungling haste of over-eagerness, tried to prove it untrue. Thus Paine felt the strong right hand, which, in the 'Rights of Man' had coped worthily with the giant Burke, shivered to splinters when he stretched it forth, in the 'Age of Reason,' against the 'ark of the Lord.' The doubter of our day (we speak, of course, of one class) loves religion, wishes it true, reverences every pin and fringe of its tabernacle, tries to convince himself and others of its paramount and peculiar divinity, and if, at last, the shadow of a cloud continues to hang over his head, it fails to disguise the fast-flowing tears wrung from his disappointed spirit. 3dly, It approaches religion, not only with a different feeling, but from a different direction. The sceptic of the eighteenth century approached it from the platform of matter—a platform in itself mean, even when including the whole material universe; the doubter now looks at it from the lofty ground of the ideal and the spiritual. 'It contradicts the laws of matter,' said the one. 'I cannot, in all its parts,' says the other, 'reconcile it with the principles of mental truth.' 'It is something greater than matter,' said the one. 'It is something less than mind,' says the other. 'I cannot grasp it,' said the one. 'I can but too easily account for much of it,' says the other. 'It surpasses my standard,' said the one. 'It does not come up to mine,' says the other. 'Its miracles to me seem monstrous things which I cannot swallow,' said the one. 'To me,' says the other, 'they appear petty tricks, not impossible to, but unworthy of a God.' 'Its prophecies seem to me all written after the event,' said the one. 'To me,' says the other, 'the objection is that they tell so little that is really valuable. What comparison between the fate of a thousand empires and one burst of pure truth?' 'The whole thing,' said the one, 'is too supernatural and unearthly for me.' 'To me,' says the other, 'it bears but too palpable marks of an earthly though unparalleled birth—God's highest, it may be, but not his only or ultimate voice.' 'I wish I could convince everybody that it was an imposture,' said the one. 'I wish,' says the other, 'that I could convince myself that it is what the world professes to believe it.' 'It is strange,' said the one, 'that, superstition as it is, it wont die.' 'It is far stranger,' says the other, 'how, if it be *par excellence* true, it is dying, and has become little else than a *caput mortuum*.' 'But, then, it must be confessed,' said the one, 'that its external evidences are imposing, though not irresistible.' 'To me,' says the other, 'these seem its weakness, not its strength; and as to its vitals—its internal evidences—is it not, like Cato, day after day, tearing them out with its own suicidal hands—is it not rapidly becoming a worldly and mechanical, if not a carnal, sensual, and devilish thing?'

Such is a fair statement of the difference between the two scepticisms. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to refute the conclusions of the second variety. We now come to its causes. 1st, We may name the over stress which was long laid by the defenders of Christianity upon its external evidences. The effects of this have been pernicious in various ways. It could not, in the first place, be disguised that many who defended with the most success the external evidences were, if not secret sceptics, strangers to the living influence, and disbelievers in the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. Such were Lardner, Watson, Priestley, Wakefield, and Paley. They first threw away the kernel of Christianity, and then did desperate battle in defence of the empty shell. Never were walls and bulwarks containing *nothing* more heroically defended. The school of Warburton and Hurd, indeed, were of a more Christian class, but their polemical bitterness and personal arrogance were intolerable. 2dly, Even the successful defence of the evidences seemed a poor exploit, when it was confessedly considered inadequate to impress the vital principles of Christianity upon the mind—stopping, it might be, the mouths, but not opening the hearts of its adversaries, whom it drove away from, instead of drawing into the city of God; and the loud cheers, which followed each victory over a desperate but unconvinced foe, sounded harsh and horrible, as were one to encore the plunge of a lost spirit into the abyss. 3dly, If external evidences were the principal, if not sole proof of Christianity, what became of the belief of the majority of Christians, to whom these evidences were unknown, or who, at least, were quite incapable of estimating the true nature and weight of the argument founded upon them? If their belief was worthless, must not their Christianity be baseless and worthless too? If it was not, what a slur on those elaborate evidences, which in no instance could reach a result which was daily attained by thousands without any external evidence at all! 4thly, What was the *utmost*

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value of external evidences? Not to produce demonstrative conviction of the truth of Christianity, but only a very high degree of probability. But is the soul, with all its eternal issues, to depend upon a question of degrees, of less and more, of a few grains above or scruples below? Is there no straighter, higher, nobler road to conviction? May there not be a voice within us, corresponding with a voice in Christianity, changing a faltering 'perhaps' into a loud, confident, and commanding 'it is, it must be so?' Thus felt Pascal, and this is the true history of his faith. He did not, as Cousin pretends, in order to avoid the gulf of universal scepticism, to which his thoughts and researches were leading him, and where he knew perdition weltered at the bottom, turn back and throw himself into the arms of implicit faith, which, like a nurse a child, had followed him to the brink. No, but dissatisfied with the common evidences of Christianity, as *demonstrative*, he leaned down and listened to the hidden river of his own spirit, as echoing the voice of inspiration, and it became to him an oracle—a proof unutterable, an argument unstateable in human terms, only to be fully written out in soul-cypher, and to be fully read by the eye of the soul.

Pascal, we must observe, felt the utmost value of external evidence; he believed that it made the truth of Christianity highly probable—nay, probable in the *highest* degree, though the highest degree of probability is still, of course, remote from absolute mathematical certainty. But there are others who look upon the evidences *pro* and *con* as nearly balancing each other, and what for them is to turn the scale? Nay, there are some who conscientiously think that, after all Paley and Watson have written, the evidences *con* outweigh the evidences *pro;* and what can our boasted external argumentations do any more for them?

Thus has external evidence in a great measure failed of securing its object, and has by this felt failure produced in many of our present thinkers the form of scepticism we now describe and deplore. In our humble judgment, instead of miracles being the principal proof of Christianity, Christianity is a much stronger proof of miracles. A Book intrinsically so divine, so simple, so far superior to all others, and so adapted to the wants of human nature, cannot be imagined to be deceived or to deceive others in the relation of facts. The quantity and singularity of such facts is itself an additional circumstance in their favour. A wise imposture would have sprinkled them more sparingly and artistically, and brought down, in no case save in that of necessity, its *Deus ex machina*. The great purpose of miracles at first was to compel attention to the new system, by the glare of grandeur it threw around it—a finger of supernal light must touch the head of the bashful boy-God, and mark him out to the world; their main use now is to corroborate a belief which has been formed upon quite independent grounds. 'Culture,' cries Strauss, 'cannot believe in miracles.' Culture, however, can and has believed in Christianity, and will not recal its belief, because she wears on her breast and forehead those mysterious ornaments which speak, not more forcibly than her whole dress and bearing, of a foreign and unearthly origin. Miracles must not be considered as splendid tricks—as mere mighty bravados, which whoso could not equal or explain was compelled to believe, as well as to believe whatever was said in the lecture that should follow or accompany those experiments. They were rather, in Foster's grand thought, the simple tolling of the great bell of the universe, to announce the great sermon that was to follow; and as the sermon continues after the bell has rung out, and becomes of its sound a memorial and testimony, so the marvellous words have outlived, and do testify of the marvellous works.

A second cause of our recent refined scepticism may be found in the narrow, bigoted, and unworthy notions of Christianity which prevail, in the obstinacy with which they are retained, in the fury with which they are defended, and in the contrast thus presented to the liberal and fluent motion of the general age. This is a large text, and opens up a field which we have not at present time to embrace. Religious authorship may be taken as a correct index of the general state of religious culture and progress. Now this has decidedly improved since John Foster wrote his first essays, where he so sternly characterises a large proportion of its writings, where he speaks of 'one writer who seems to value religion as an assassin his dagger, and for the same reason—of another, who in all his motions is clad with sheets of lead—of a third, from whose vulgar illuminations of religious themes you are excessively glad to escape into the solemn twilight of faith—and of a fourth, who represents the Deity as a dreadful king of furies, whose dominion is overshadowed by vengeance, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of his creation.' For such, perhaps, we may now search our religious literature in vain; but we could point out some curious specimens still extant: here a writer, who would sacrifice all the records of creation to the arbitrary interpretation of a Hebrew particle; there another, who, in order to prove Christianity the most excellent of the sciences, raves like a maniac against all science, and cares less for the sun, moon, and stars, than for a farthing candle glimmering in the corner of a conventicle; a third propounding the horrible doctrine, that if you are not immersed in water you must be immersed in everlasting fire; a fourth turning the Bible into a padlock on the chains of the slave; a fifth, seeking to excommunicate from fire and water here, and from water hereafter, one of the most gifted and amiable, albeit misled men of the age, who came an invited and unassuming stranger to our shores; a sixth, hanging around the majestic form of Christianity a dirty finery, picked up from the cast-off clothes of second-rate poets, and sinking the mother-tongue of heaven into the sickly whine of a mendicant, as though Isaiah had become an old Jew clothesman; a seventh indulging, while defending religion, in the worst of human passions and language, as if rancour, and want of charity, and spleen, could be baptised and consecrated to Christ's service—as if the raven perched in Noah's ark were not a raven, a bird of foul feeding and bad omen still; an eighth, peppering bad poems with religion to make them sell; and a ninth, talking of the fearful secrets of future punishment as coolly as if he were not also in danger of the judgment, and who perhaps goes smacking his lips from the side of the great universe-darkening sacrifice to the Lord Mayor's feast! Add to this the deluges of commonplace, issuing in the form of religious pamphlets and periodicals of the day, and the thousand narrow and fierce controversial productions which each month spawns, and conceive of the three-piled disgust, which in so many of the refined and intellectual darkens into a deeper feeling, and provokes the cry, 'If this be religion, better scepticism, pantheism, atheism itself.'

This, indeed, thank God, is *not* religion. But it must bear the reproach of having turned away many who otherwise would have come near and seen this great sight, and found how vast the difference between those crackling, whizzing, empty, and transient fireworks, and the low light of the wilderness, uneclipsed by the noonday ardours, clear, innocuous, but piercing as the eye of the Inspired, kindled from, and pointing above—the bush ever burning and never consumed.

Thirdly, The divided and unhappy state of the church must bear its full share in accounting for the evil, and this the more especially when at present both letters and science are approaching closely the ideal of a commonwealth—when associations of the scientific and literary are the order of the day—when rancorous personalities and jealousies are dying out—when an appeal made in behalf of the family of a deceased poet is responded to with such promptitude by men of all politics and creeds, as to show that an electric cord of communication is fast binding the literary world into one. And yet alas! alas! for the divisions of Reuben, and the rents in the seamless garment of Christ. Where any real love between various parties? Where aught but hasty and ill-considered armistices? Where any broad comprehensive plan of union? Where a genuine *esprit de corps* among Christian churches? Where

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any actual unions consummated, except in cases where the parties had come so near before, that their union lost much of its romance—where it seemed more a shaking of hands in the market-place than a marriage, and where, as at the peace of Amiens, everybody on both sides was *glad*, but nobody proud? What philosophical examination of principles, conducted by wise and impartial men, such as should precede a great scheme of permanent union, has ever been even talked of; and are even the meanest and basest of old arts of polemical depreciation and abuse altogether obsolete? It were long to trace the causes of this sad spectacle, which just amounts to—the church inferior to the world, in culture, in gentlemanly feeling, in Christian charity; but such is the fact, and prodigious the mischief which is springing from it. There are other causes which might have been illustrated, such as the contempt and prejudice entertained by many Christians for science and letters—the piece of well or ill adjusted mechanism to which the office of the ministry has been reduced—the superiority which the press has acquired over the pulpit—the political spirit which our churches of all kinds have been led to cherish—and the infection of German, and, in general, of Continental modes of thought and speech. But, prominent above all, stands the enemy within the camp—the ghastly fact that Christianity has not the vital hold over men which it formerly possessed—that we are now rather haunted by its ghost than warmed by its presence—that formality, mechanism, and a thousand other evil influences have crushed and choked it—and that its extension, however wide and rapid, will in all probability extend its evils at even a greater ratio than its advantages—propagate more tares than wheat. We unite our feeble voice with that of Chalmers, and James, and Thomas Binney, in proclaiming this alarming state of matters. It cannot now be concealed that a great proportion of the mind of the country—of those who make our laws, who distribute our justice, whose eloquence fills our courts, whose talent informs our press, whose energy inspirits our business, whose genius animates our higher literature, whose benevolence supports our charities, and whose *beauty*, *taste*, and *accomplishments* decorate and refine our society, have travelled away from churches, and resigned faith in creeds, and that this they have done principally because the charm and the power which were wont to detain them there have departed. Were a dance of the living suddenly turned into a dance of the dead, though there remained the same splendour in the decorations, and the same lustre in the lamps, and even the same grace in the movements, would there remain the same delight in the spectators? Would not they rush forth in confusion, and shrieking dismay at the sight of this ghastly mimicry of life, enacted where its pulse was beating highest, and where its stream most richly and tumultuously ran? Thus feel many to our deserted churches—deserted not of the dead but of the living, not of worshippers but of God. Pathetic the unseen Ichabod inscribed on the fallen cathedral—more pensive still the 'Here God once dwelt,' visible through the moonlight of meditation on the chambers of the soul in ruins; but, most sorrowful of all, the sight of a large assembly of professing Christians, where all the elegance, splendour, light, decency of deportment, eloquence of speaker—where sympathetic thrill, awful shadow, heaving breasts, and bursting tears themselves, will not disguise the fact, that one is absent, and that this place is no more 'dreadful' with his presence, nor glorious with his grace.

The statements thus made must be somewhat qualified. In the first place, we must not be understood to hold that all our modern sceptics are actuated by such motives, or influenced by such causes. Many, we fear, like their brethren in times past, just 'hate the light because their deeds are evil,' while others are stimulated to scepticism by vanity, pride, or ignorance. There is another class still, very intelligent but very inconsistent, of whom Miss Martineau may stand as a specimen, who, not merely doubting, but absolutely denying all the supernaturalism of Scripture, express their respect and reverence for the writers, although, on their own showing, those writers were either fools or rogues. But the class whom Sterling typified, while sorely perplexed about the supernatural part, and even the genuineness and authenticity of many of the documents, are smit to a passion with the grandeur and heavenliness of the system, even to its peculiarities of atonement, spiritual influences, &c.

Secondly, We must not be understood to homologate the train of thought which we have ventured to put into the mouth of the Sterling-sceptic, except so far as that relates to the insufficiency of external evidence, nor to insinuate that the causes we have mentioned excuse his scepticism. Prophecy, as well as miracles, we look on as powerfully corroborative of the divinity of religion, and the fate of nations, besides, not being the sole subject of prediction, is very important when taken in connection with that system which they opposed, and which proclaimed their destruction, as well as in itself. The internal evidence of Christianity seems complete, notwithstanding the fact of a partial decline; and the genius of our religion seems absolutely to forbid its contentedly taking its place at the head of other faiths; it must be all or nothing—a devil's lie or divine. And if it does not answer to the sceptic's idea of a unique and solitary emanation from heaven, may not the blame lie not with it, but with the nature of his idea—with himself?

Thirdly, We do not wish, from these giddy heights, to 'waft a lesson of despair' to any one. We are sorry for the position of such men as Sterling, but it were to be weaker than old Eli, on their account to tremble for the ark of God. The lessons we do mean to draw are as follows: 1stly, of charity; 2dly, of warning; 3dly, of shame; and 4thly, of courage.

1st, We have need of much charity at the present crisis. It will not do now to skulk from the field under a flight of nicknames. It will not do to call our opponents miscreants and monsters. There never were many in the world really deserving these names; fools only can believe that there are many now. Here, at least, in Sterling, Arnold, Foster, we have to do with mist-severed brethren upon one great common march, with sincere lovers of mankind, with practisers of the Christian virtues, with men who diligently discharged the duties of the Christian ministry, and whose latest deathbed murmur was of Christ. While we blame their doubts, let us pity the pain and sorrow, amounting almost to distraction and despair, which attended them, and let us inquire, if we have no difficulties, may it not be because we have never thought at all? and let us envy them the resolution of their doubts, to which they have now attained, we trust, in that land where the strength of light is not measured by the intensity of shade—where, amid all the constellations which may garnish that upper firmament, that of the 'Balance' vibrates no more—where the inhabitants bask in spotless love, and see in perfect vision.

No such charity, however, can we or dare we extend to those half-fledged children of impudence and conceit, or else of pride and profligacy, in whom this age abounds, who at the finding of each new difficulty (one, perhaps, resolved for centuries) raise a noisy Eureka, as they rush out with their filthy treasure—for those who cull from such writers as Shelley the blood-red stones of his blasphemy that they may wreathe them into a necklace of ruin for themselves—nor even for those miniatures of Giant Despair, who seat themselves in we know not what churches of doubters or Doubting Castles, to confirm those misconceptions which they cannot or seek not to cure. The charity which would extend to such must verily be of that sort which covers a multitude of sins, and of sinners too.

2dly, We must take up anew a voice of warning—the voice of him who saw the Apocalypse. There is coming up the church a current of doubt, deeper far and darker than ever swelled against her before—a current strong in learning, crested with genius, strenuous yet calm in progress. It seems the last grand trial of the truth of our faith. Against the battlements of Zion a motley throng have gathered themselves together. Unitarians, atheists, pantheists, doubters, open foes, secret foes, and bewildered

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fiends of Christianity are all in the field, although no trumpet has openly been blown, and no charge publicly sounded. There are the old desperadoes of infidelity—the last followers of Paine and Voltaire; there is the soberer and stolider Owen and his now scanty and sleepy troop; here follow the Communists of France—a fierce but disorderly crew; the commentators of Germany come, too, with pickaxes in their hands, crying, 'Raze, raze it to its foundations!' Then you see the *garde mobile*—the vicious and the vain youth of Europe; and on the outskirts of the fight hangs, cloudy and uncertain, a small but select band, whose wavering surge is surmounted by the dark and lofty crests of Carlyle and Emerson. 'Their swords are a thousand'—their purposes are various; in this, however, all agree, that historical Christianity ought to go down before advancing civilisation. Sterling and some of his co-mates the merciful cloud of death has removed from the field, while others stand in deep uncertainty, looking in agony and in prayer above.

3dly, Of shame. While thus the foeman is advancing, what is Zion about? Shame and alas! her towers are well nigh unguarded; her watchmen have deserted their stations, and are either squabbling in her streets with each other, or have fallen fast asleep. Many are singing psalms, few are standing to their arms. Some are railing at the enemy from the safest towers. The watchman who first perceived the danger and gave the alarm, almost instantly fell back in death.

4thly, Of confidence. Shall, then, these old and glorious battlements be trodden down? Between the activity of their foes and the supineness of their friends must they perish? No; vain is perhaps the help of man, but we, too, will look above. We will turn our eyes to the hills whence our aid is expected. Our grand hope as to the prospects of the world and the church has long lain in the unchanged and unchangeable love of Christ. As long as his great, tremulous, unsetting eye continues, like a star, to watch her struggles as the eye of love the tossings of disease, we shall not fear. And whenever the time arrives for that 'Bright and Morning Star' starting from his sphere to save his church, he will no longer delay his coming, whether in power or in presence. To save a city like Zion, there might fall the curtain of universal darkness. That curtain shall not fall, but there may, in lieu of it, burst the blaze of celestial light; and who can abide the day of that appearing?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

'Go back, my daughter—I would tread
My thorny path alone;
'Tis all too rough for youthful feet—
Most grievous to my own.
Jehovah's hand is on me now,
To bring me very low;
Why wouldst thou blend thy lot with mine?
My gentle daughter, go.
Oh! kindly hast thou dealt with me,
And kindly with the dead;
The Lord do so to thee, and pour
His blessings on thy head.
I am the dry and wither'd trunk
Of a wind-smitten tree,
And not one single branch is left,
Wherewith to shadow thee.
My eye is dim, my head is grey,
My parch'd heart none may raise;
It matters little how *I* spend
My few and evil days.
God will prepare new friends for *thee*,
To fill thy young heart's void;
Its founts of joy were for a time
Shut up, but not destroy'd.
Thine eye hath all its brilliance yet,
Thy face is very fair,
And not one silver thread appears
Amid thy rich dark hair.
Hast thou no better way to spend
Youth's short delightsome years?
Was that hand form'd so fair to dry
A poor old woman's tears?
My lonely lot is of the Lord—
It's not for *me* to shrink;
But of that bitter cup, my child,
I would not have thee drink.
That soft sweet smile, that loving voice,
Some brighter home should know;
Then leave me to my loneliness—
My gentle daughter, go.'

'Entreat me not to leave thee now;
Speak not of trial either;
And if it be a bitter cup,
We'll drink of it together.
We've trodden in the self-same path,
Sunk under the *same* blow;
Mother, the *roughest* spot is pass'd,
And shall I waver now?
And if ye be a wither'd trunk,
A drooping flower am I—
An unsupported trembler that
Must cling and clasp, or die.
I'll twine around thee, stricken tree,
And wrap thee as a screen,
And thou shalt, in my weakness, be
My prop whereon to lean.
Thy God be mine—I know Him as
The living and the true;
Our idols are self-carved, and served
With painful homage too.
What if the dull and voiceless things
Once more my gods become?
I've learn'd to worship Israel's God—
Be Israel my home.
To bow before the altar whence
His holy law is given:
Unless I serve my husband's God,
I cannot share *his* heaven.
Where'er thou livest will I live;
And it were shared by thee,
A palace or a cottage home
Were all the same to me.
My husband's mother, wouldst thou take
This weary pilgrimage
Without one friendly voice to cheer
Thy desolate old age?
And who will speak to thee of *him*,
When thou art gone away?
Alas! I'd fain do nothing else
For all the live-long day.
Dead! but still dear to me as when
From Judah's land he came,
And I, the lonely stranger girl,
Was honour'd with his name.
Oh, picture not another home,
With reasoning false and vain!
The clear, fresh fount of early love
Can never spring again.
But, had he lived, to cherish thee
I know would be his will;
And though, God help me! he is dead,
I'll do his bidding still.
Yes! I will be to thee instead
Of son and daughter too;
To earn thy daily bread my hands
Shall find them work to do.
And when the weary day is done,
To soothe us in our wo,
We'll sit upon the same hearthstone,
And talk of long ago.
I'll tend thine age; when sickness comes
I'll lift thy heavy head;
We'll share each other's griefs and cares
Till one of us is dead.
I will be buried by thy side;
And may our common Lord

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Redeem the soul of her who loved
His people and his word.'

True hearted Ruth! thy fame as far
As time itself shall reach,
And to the women of the earth
Its gentle lesson teach
Of pious love and faithfulness,
Of duty to the old;
Sure 'twas a heaven-instructed tongue
The sweet old story told.
Oh, thou whose parents' footsteps tread
The steep and narrow way,
When in the world's more tempting paths
Thy wayward feet would stray,
Think of that steadfast maiden then,
And be her motto thine—
'Thy people *are* my people too,
So shall thy God be mine.'

E. A. G.

THE DUPLAY FAMILY.*

THE house in which Robespierre resided belonged to a joiner and builder of the name of Duplay, who had adopted with enthusiasm the principles of the Revolution. Connected with several members of the Constituent Assembly, Duplay had besought them to bring Robespierre to his house; and, from the thorough conformity of their opinions, they were not slow to unite on the day of the massacre of the Champ de Mars. Some members of the society of *Friends of the Constitution* thought it would be imprudent to leave Robespierre to return alone to the end of the Marais, across a city still full of excitement, and to abandon him, defenceless, to the dangers they said he was threatened with; so Duplay offered him refuge, which was accepted. From this moment Robespierre continued to reside in the carpenter's family. A long cohabitation, a common table, the intimacy of their lives for several years, converted the hospitality of Duplay into mutual attachment, and his landlord's family became a second family to Robespierre, who made them adopt his opinions, without taking away anything of the simplicity of their manners, or even of their religious practices. The family comprised the father and mother, a son, and four young women, the eldest of whom was about twenty-five, and the youngest eighteen. The father, occupied all day at his craft, went sometimes of an evening to hear Robespierre at the Jacobins; he returned penetrated with admiration for the people's orator, and with detestation and horror of the enemies of so young and pure a patriot. Madame Duplay partook in her husband's enthusiasm. The esteem she cherished for Robespierre made all the little acts of voluntary servitude she paid him pleasing and honourable, as though she had been rather his mother than his landlady. Robespierre repaid those services and devotion with affection. He set up the tabernacle of his heart in this poor house. He talked with the father, was a son to the mother, was paternal almost to the son, and familiar and brotherly with the daughters; he inspired and experienced, in this interior circle formed around him, all the sentiments an ardent mind inspires and experiences only in spreading itself over a large space.

Even love attached his heart to the place in which labour, poverty, and union fixed his life. Eleanor Duplay, the eldest daughter of his landlady, inspired Robespierre with a more serious and more tender attachment than he felt for her sisters. That sentiment—a predilection rather than a passion—was more reasonable in Robespierre; more ardent and simple in the young woman. Neither of them could have said whence the sentiment dated; but it had grown with age in Eleanor's mind, with habit in Robespierre's heart. This attachment gave him tenderness and no torment, happiness and no anxiety: it was the love that suited a man thrown every day into the agitations of public life, a repose of heart after the weariness of spirit; 'a masculine mind, that would know how to die, as well as how to love,' he said, speaking of his mistress. They had given her the name of Cornelia. This inclination, avowed by both, and approved by her family, was respected in its purity. They lived in the same house, like two betrothed, not two lovers. Robespierre had asked the young woman of her parents: she was promised to him. 'The absence of fortune and the uncertainty of the morrow, hindered him from uniting himself to her before the destiny of France was cleared up; but he only looked forward,' he added, 'to the moment when, the Revolution ended and established, he could retire from the strife, and marry her he loved, and go and live in Artois, on one of the farms he still preserved from the property of his family, there to confound his obscure happiness in the general felicity.'

Of all Eleanor's sisters, the one Robespierre was most attached to was Elizabeth, the youngest of the three, whom his countrymen and colleague, Lebas, afterwards sought in marriage, and espoused. This girl, whose friendship for Robespierre cost her her husband's life, eleven months after their union, survived that day half a century, without once denying her worship for Robespierre; and without comprehending the maledictions of the world against this brother of her youth, who ever appeared to her, in all her recollections, so pure, so virtuous, and so mild.

In this home, as elsewhere, Robespierre's habits and pursuits were of the simplest character: he was essentially a man of domesticated habits. Among the few friends who visited him, mostly politicians, was a *woman*, Madame de Chalabre, a lady of rank and wealth, enthusiastic as to Robespierre, devoting herself to him, like the widows of Corinth or Rome to the Apostles of the new faith, offering him her fortune to serve in the popularisation of his ideas; and seeking the affection of Duplay's wife and daughters, to merit a look from Robespierre at such meetings. The Revolution was the usual topic of conversation. At other times, after a short conversation, and some playful raillery with the daughters, Robespierre, who was desirous of adorning the mind of his wife, gave readings to the family. They were usually from the tragedies of Racine, who, with Rousseau, was his favourite author. He loved to declaim these fine verses, whether to exercise himself in the theatre for the tribune, or to raise these simple minds to the level of the grand sentiments and catastrophes of antiquity, to which each day was drawing his life and career more near. He rarely went out of an evening. He took Madame Duplay and her daughters to the play two or three times a year. It was always to the Théatre Français, and to classic representations. He only loved the tragic declamations which recalled the tribune, tyranny, the people, great crimes, great virtues—theatrical even in his dreams and in his amusements.

At Robespierre's downfall, the Duplays were, of course, involved in his ruin. The whole family were arrested, and thrown into the Conciergerie. Before the house, which he had inhabited, a band of women stopped the procession, and danced round about the cart, on the day of his execution. A child holding in its hand a butcher's pail filled with bullock's blood, and dipping a broom in it, sprinkled it against the walls of the house. Robespierre shut his eyes during this halt, not to see the roof of his friend insulted, on which he had besought misfortune. This was his only gesture of sensibility, during the thirty-six hours of torture. Duplay was executed with Robespierre. And in the evening of the same day, these furies of vengeance invaded the prison where his wife had been thrown, strangled her, and hung her to the rod of the bed-curtains.*

Some weeks after a young woman, clad as a washer-

* From 'Heroic Women of the French Revolution.' By M. de LAMARTINE.

* Lebas, the husband of Elizabeth Duplay, had shot himself dead at the moment of Robespierre's arrest: his body had been removed to the tribunal, and had accompanied the condemned to the scaffold, to be buried with them in the same tomb.

woman, and bearing a young child in her arms, presented herself at the door of the furnished house Saint Just had inhabited, and requested a few words in private with the daughter of the owner. The stranger was the widow of Lebas, daughter of Duplay. After her husband's suicide, and the death of her father, the murder of her mother, and the imprisonment of her sisters, Madame Lebas had changed her name, and had attired herself as a working woman; she was getting her own and her child's living by washing linen in the boats, which serve as wash-houses on the river. Some persecuted republicans alone knew her disguise, and admired her courage. No vestige of her husband—neither inheritance nor portrait—was left her. She adored his memory in silence.

The young fugitive had heard that Saint Just's nostess, a painter by profession, was possessed of a portrait of Robespierre's disciple, painted by her, a short time before his death. She burned with the desire to possess this picture, which would at least recall her husband in the figure of the young republican, Lebas's colleague and dearest friend. The artist herself, reduced to indigence by her own father's imprisonment, prosecuted as a friend of Saint Just, asked six louis for her work. Madame Lebas did not possess this sum. She had saved nothing from the sequestration, but a trunk of clothes, linen, and wedding garments, all her fortune. She offered this trunk, and all it contained, as the price of the portrait. The offer was accepted. The poor widow brought back the articles at night, and carried away the treasure.

THE SAXON LANGUAGE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our object in continuing the present observations on the Saxon tongue, or more properly the radical Teutonic, is to show how distinctly that language is primitive, and how thoroughly the elements of sound and sense are combined in its expressive vocabulary. It was already remarked that the French, Spanish, and Italian dialects were almost wholly compounds, derived from a variety of roots. However much this circumstance may have augmented their elegance, it certainly detracts vastly from their force—their *pith*, to speak Teutonically. Even their own writers make this confession. Lamartine, the French bard, has said within these few years—'Ah! if one had only a language! But there is no language—above all for us Frenchmen. No; there is no language for philosophy, love, religion, and poesy. Mathematics are the language of our people. Its words are dry, precise, and unemphatic as ciphers.' Though Lamartine here alludes chiefly to the general or universal absence of means to express fully the fancies of the poetical enthusiast, he yet admits the truth when he says that Frenchmen, more than others, speak a tongue devoid of that strength and expressiveness arising from the assimilation of sound to sense. Such qualities rest only, or mainly, with the primary and uncompounded forms of human speech.

Does not the reader hear the very sound indicated (to resume our philological lucubrations where we left off), when the word *kaw*, the cry of the crow, is pronounced even by human lips? And who can say *keckle*, without half a laugh in the act? Does not the great toe feel the impulsiveness of the verb-active *to kick?* Is it not the identical sound implied to be heard in *klick?* It would appear as if the initiatory letter *k* give a certain form or phase of energy generally to the signification of the verbs of action which it precedes. But much (as we shall hereafter show) may also depend on the terminative vowels or consonants. For example, in the word *kill*, the closing *lls* add most materially to the power of the opening *k*, and the force of the sense. So, in the word *knell*, do they give a similar ringing sound most indicative of the meaning. How much is the case altered here by using two vowels and one *l*? *Knee'* has a degree of softness, remarkably appropriate to its meaning, and which no dexterity of pronunciation could give to knell. *Knead* and *knit* have a sort of twist in the very sound and spelling (and the *k* was at first partly sounded) which affords really a good idea of the respective actions.

Lag carries in its sound an expression of heaviness and weariness; but one very unlike that of *drag*, however, which clearly denotes exertion, though of a slow kind. Observe how appropriately soft are the terms *lamb* and *lambkin*. In the utterance of the verb *lap*, we with pointed propriety close the *lips*—both words painting the action implied by labial movements. *Lick* is of no dissimiliar meaning; and yet, though forcible, how different is its quick sense from that of *lap*, by which word the very noise made by dogs in drinking seems to be conveyed to the ear! *Lash* has much of the strength which this termination of letters always gives, though modified so far by the various opening vocables. *Clash*, *crash*, *dash*, *flash*, *gnash*, *mash*, *quash*, *plash*, *slash*, *smash*, *thrash*—all of these may be said to have their signification principally embodied in the closing *sh*; and yet a visible difference certainly results from the effect of the various initial letters. What speed lies in *flash*, and what force in *smash?* In the word *laugh* there is much of the same power as in *cough*, particularly when the guttural old Saxon enunciation is adopted. Like most of the terms beginning with *l*, where a double consonant can scarcely occur (always saving in Welsh), the verb *leap* has its sense chiefly depending on the close, where the letter *p* catches up the sound in a way extremely significant of the action, as it does also in *jump*. *Leer* embodies in its utterance much of the cunning impertinence of the action implied, and may be well contrasted with *gaze* and *stare*, the first of which expresses a kind of soft anxiety, and the second a bold force, neither of which appertain to *leer*. It is curious to note how many of the old Saxon radicals ending with *eer* express an action more or less scornful or impudent. *Jeer*, *peer*, and *sneer*, are examples of such terms, and their point may be held to lie in the partial movement of the under-lip in their enunciation, which movement is of itself the very mode of displaying pert contempt without words. As a general rule, characteristic physical motions in utterance must have mainly guided the formation of words in all primitive languages. But, indeed, the whole of our present argument, as already implied, rests on this principle.

The verb *to lift* is derived, as some lexicographers say, from the Latin synonyme *levare*. If it be so, how very different is the effect of the two words, *lift* having a catching up and exertion in the sound itself, which the Roman verb altogether wants; but *lift* is really from the old Saxon. Does not *limp* express its meaning, also, in the mere utterance—the sound leaving on your mind the idea of a limb caught in the air during its progression? *Lisp* is the very action itself in the pronunciation, as much so almost as *hiss*. There is a softness in *list* and *listen*, which verbs have a clear reference to their fundamental significations, resembling in effect the interjection *hist*. 'List! oh list!' says the ghost in Hamlet with fine effect, as respects both sound and sense. The concluding letters in *loathe* and *lock* give respectively a slow and a quick effect to the two words, which corresponds well with their meanings. *Log* lies as heavy as a log on the tongue. The word *loll*, again, seems to us admirably significative.

> 'The large Achilles, on his press'd bed *lolling*,
> From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause.'
> *Troilus and Cressida.*

Thoroughly cognisant Shakspeare seems to have been of the force of his true mother-tongue, and in numberless instances uses the double liquid (*ll*) as effectively as he has here done in the case of '*lolling*.'

> 'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
> She strike upon the *bell*.'—*Macbeth.*

The last word here, again, sounds in the mouths of great actors like a funeral knell. *Lull*, a verb-active terminating similarly, has a very different (and yet appropriate) effect when compared with *loll*, the vowels only being changed. *Lop*, *lour*, *low*, *lug*, *lumber*, are all verbs having a distinct union in them of appropriate sound and sense. It seems to us that there is an appropriateness, too, in the composition of the word *lurk*, considering its signification;

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as well as in *launch, link, lock, loom, lounge*, and others in daily use.

We must, for variety's sake, try a different way of pointing out the forcible Teutonic words beginning with *m*, taking these chiefly from Shakspeare.

'To pluck the *mangled* Tybalt from his shroud.'
'The *matted* woods that clothe Ontario's shore.'
'Put up thy sword betime; or I'll so *maul* you.'
'Those detestable *maw*, thou womb of death.'
'Thrice the brinded cat hath *mewed*.'
'*Mingle*, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.'
'Stands tiptoe on the *misty* mountain-tops.'
'I pray thee, do not *mock* me, fellow-student.'
'His port I love—he's in a proper *mood*.'
'With *mop* and *mow*.'
'This hand is *moist*, my lady.'
'Upon this *moss* bank.'
'A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And *mounched*, and mounched, and mounched.'
'Man was made to *mourn*.'
The *muffled* drum.'
Hell is *murky*.'
Murder will out.'
'Go, *muster* men.'

All of these words seem to us pregnant with meaning appropriate to the sounds, and chiefly through their several forms of termination. *Maze, mar, meek, moan, moil*, and *mope*, may be added to the list, as in their respective ways equally expressive. Two words derived from the Latin may here be pointed out as founded on the true Teutonic principle, namely, *monster* and *murmur*. These may be best illustrated by two lines, the first a famous one of Virgil, often quoted as a fine instance of the sound echoing the sense:—

'*Monstrum* horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.'

Which means—

'A monster horrid, shapeless, huge, and blind.'

The word murmur, again, is beautifully used by Keats:—

'The surgy *murmurs* of the lonely sea.'

The adjective 'surgy' adds greatly here to the picturesque force of the line.

Neigh is one of these words, Teutonically or gutturally enunciated, which gives an admirable idea of the convulsive action implied, like *cough* and *laugh*. *Nice*, too, is a firm, mincing word, as it should be. All must remember the story of the patient angler, who, having fished all day and caught nothing, was yet thoroughly consoled by his having had, to use his own most empathic phrase, 'a glorious *nibble!*' What could be better, again, than 'Just in the *nick* of time?' Or, 'We're a' *nodding, nid-nid-nodding*?' These terms tell their own story; and we may say the same of various others words beginning with *n*, as *nest'e, numb*, and the like.

The letter *p* so far differs from the preceding two, in having the power of uniting initially with another consonant, as *l* and *r*. Yet the terminative letters give to the Saxon radicals beginning with *p* their main force. '*Pack* up your awls and begone!' Is not the sentence here most expressive? *Paddle* bodies forth the action of paddling in the mere sound; and we might say the same of *pant*. The two verbs, to *push* and to *pat*, have meanings akin to each other, and yet well distinguished by the formation of the respective words. Who can use the word *pause*, also, without a tendency to pause in its utterance? There is a sort of contemptuous sense attached to the adjective *pert*, which occurs in various other words similarly framed—as *flirt* and *dirt*. Our readers may depend on it that such coincidences are not the result of accident, but have their origin in the great fact already adverted to, that the peculiarities and necessities of physical utterance were all-important in laying the foundation of primitive languages. *Peck* and *pick* have congenial significations, and yet are not undiscriminated. To *plod* and to *plump* are expressive words of action; and still more so is the verb to *plunge*—in the very sound of which is conveyed the sense, not of a mere plump, but of a souse in water over head and ears. *Pop* is the very sound emitted by a pea-gun, or a pen-gun, or a bottle of soda-water at its uncorking. Very different is the slow effect of *pose*, and well marked the compulsorily quick effect of *pounce;* and their meanings are exactly so distinguished. A vision of a protruded lip comes up at the utterance of *pout;* the noise of much small talk lies in *prate* and *prattle;* the mouth contracts inevitably in giving forth *prim;* a poacher, or a wild beast, comes before the mind on hearing *prowl;* and one feels a kind of consciousness of candle-extinguishing at the very utterance of *puff!* What sound can a cat emit but *purr?* And what can a sick man do but—*puke?* We shall leave our reader, however, to find out for themselves the other effective words begun with *p;* and they will not be *puzzled*, we think, in their search, if they *push* it actively.

We are far from wishing it to be understood, in passing over the terms in the Saxon language beginning with *vowels*, that these were not used finely in many instances to give the initiative to words; but indubitably the opening and closing of the vocables of that tongue by CONSONANTS give it much of its force on the whole. Accordingly, it is mainly by adverting to numerous striking examples in illustration of this fact, that we wish ultimately to justify to our readers our desire that modern writers should not lose sight of the pithy language of their Teutonic ancestors. This is indeed the purpose, the moral of our present observations. We see the Saxon speech dying away in Scotland—and our early Scottish poets and historians composed it as purely as their English contemporaries—and we see it losing ground daily in England; the substitute in both cases being a compound form of expression, which we cannot characterise more pointedly than by calling it 'Johnsonian.' There is certainly a gain in consequence on the side of sonorousness and elegance; but, in our humble opinion, there is such an amount of counterbalancing loss, in the items of point, and pith, and picturesqueness, that the men of letters of the country would do well to hesitate ere they sanction to its full extent the progressing innovation. Did our readers ever look closely into the secret of Cobbett's singular pithiness of expression? If they have not, they will find, on so doing, that his clearness and his force arose principally from his use of his true vernacular Saxon tongue. Far be it from us to desire the employment habitually in writing of those *truly* coarse words which it contains, any more than we should wish to see the synonymes for them in use which *every* language contains; but that it is right to hold every word as coarse, and vulgar, and not employable, merely because it is plain Saxon, seems to us alike a fallacy, an injustice, and a misfortune.

We have here been tempted partly to anticipate the line of argument with which we proposed to close these remarks—mainly, we admit, because we find that our cursory glance at the Saxon vocabulary will occupy yet a third paper, and we feared that our readers might have failed to recognise a good and useful purpose as capable of being elicited from the whole. We have yet to notice the derivatives of several initial letters, and above all, those formed by *s* with several other consonants, indubitably the most curious and emphatic section of the entire Saxon language. To this and other points, accordingly, we shall attend in a concluding article.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.

WHEN I was a young man there lived in our neighbourhood a farmer, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good—rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of the farmer: 'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, friends—but one journey through the world.—*J. Simpson.*

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GASTRONOMY:

A DESULTORY DISCOURSE UPON GOOD EATING.

Man is truly an omnivorous animal. From the philosopher who only eats to live, to the gourmand who only lives to eat, all are deeply interested in the great process of deglutition. True, there are some *special* purposes in eating, apart from the *general* objects of nourishing the body. Some men eat themselves into a furor of patriotism, others into a fervour of charity. Some eat to show their respect for the learned, others to display their sympathy with the poor. Is one man installed into office, or another instated into power—is a school endowed, or a church consecrated, or an hospital founded—turtle and turkeys, chickens and capons must die—die that men may live. Such, we say, are the special purposes of eating, but still eating is a subject of such general interest—an everyday affair, indeed, but one of such universal practice—that we may venture a few remarks upon the subject. As in everything else, so in the matter of epicurism, a happy medium is to be found; for while many men nauseate one with their incessant talk about their victuals, and the deep calculations they seem ever to be making on the capabilities of their stomachs, another class affect an indifference that they do not feel, and, for the sake of an assumed intellectualism, pretend that the body, with all its cares and concerns, is not worth a straw. They affect to despise the whole science of gastronomy, and cannot condescend forsooth to tell you what they like or what they dislike. 'What! do you wise people mind such matters?' quoth the fop to the philosopher, as the latter (a jovial old Greek, no doubt) was enjoying a good dinner; and what was the philosopher's reply—'Do you think that good things were created only for fools?'

Ah! that same gratuity of goodness in *creation*—that is the point which makes us wiser and better to reflect upon; that is the point which, whether in the cheerful trifling of discursive gossip or the hushed solemnity of a sober reverie, makes the eye swim and the bosom bound. What munificence of kindness in the matter of taste! Let us then pause for a moment on the wonders of sensation, than which none are more wonderful than this same sense of taste. Whether it is some subtle chemical affinity, or some inexplicable nervous irritability, by which the palate appreciates so nicely all the exquisitely minute gradations of sweet and sour, bitter, acrid, bland, how passing wonder is the effect produced! Science is not easily satisfied; the astonishing acumen of scientific investigation has traced the mechanism of the human frame to a surprising extent, yet in this path of deduction there is ever a gap somewhere. You may pause, with the uninitiated, upon the threshold of investigation, and at once confess your astonishment; or you may go with the theorist through the whole maze of glands and ducts, papillæ and nerves, until you reach the brain, and there, in the *modus operandi* of the brain upon the mind, you have a greater gap than ever. And be it so, however we may delight in the profound researches of modern science (albeit unable to follow them); however we may rejoice in the mechanism of nature, so far as we can trace it, we are content that there should be this hiatus somewhere in the chain of cause and effect, resolvable alone into the will of the Supreme—that we should feel our own incompetence, adore and praise. One great and marvellous point in all the senses is the exquisite nicety of discrimination which belongs to them. Look at hearing, for instance—the vibrations of the air upon that marvellous organ the tympanum of the ear. We seem to approach the subject—at a most respectful distance, indeed, but still we feel some approach to its apprehension when we turn our attention to the production of musical tones. The regular waves of sound, the vibratory substances, the mathematical ratio of rapidity necessary to produce different notes, all this seems to give us some conception of the subject, but when we turn our attention to the recognition of what are specifically called noises, in contradistinction to musical tones, the affair becomes apparently more wondrous still. It is all very well for you to say that the air is set in motion in a different manner, and, thinking you have said something wise enough to settle the matter, let the matter drop; but how these minute distinctions are impressed upon the sensitive organ is as much a mystery as ever. Think of the certainty with which we can decide, by sound alone, whether a man is breaking a coal or chopping a log, hammering on wood or iron, using a file or a saw, a hatchet or an adze. Experience, of course, teaches us to associate particular sounds with certain operations, but there must be an intrinsic difference in the sounds themselves—some wonderfully minute variety in the way in which the air is set in motion, which our exquisite tympani are able to recognise. And there is something analogous to all this, at least in the minute discrimination alluded to, in the phenomena of taste. Think of the perfection of that organ which can so readily recognise, so keenly appreciate the flavour of the nectarine, the apricot, the peach; and is all this purely gratuitous gratification to be despised? If we revel in admiration at the fact, may we not, ought we not, to indulge a due degree of gratitude at the effect?

A remarkable circumstance connected with this subject, and one that has been often noticed, is that man is the only omnivorous animal. He alone is provided with a case of instruments adapted to the mastication of all substances—teeth to cut, and pierce, and chump, and grind; a gastric solvent, too, capable of contending with anything and everything—raw substances and cooked, ripe and rotten; nothing comes amiss to him. Other creatures are generally restricted to one *sort* of provender at most. They are carnivorous or graminivorous, piscivorous or something ivorous, but man is the universal eater. He pounces with the tiger upon the kid, with the hawk upon the dove, and upon the herring with the cormorant. He goes halves with the bee in the honey-bell, but turns upon his partner and cheats him out of his share of the produce. He grubs up the root with the swine, devours the fruit with the earwig, and demolishes the leaves with the caterpillar; for all these several parts of different vegetables furnish him with food. Life itself will not hinder his appetite, nor decay nauseate his palate; for he will as soon devour a lively young oyster as demolish the fungous produce of a humid field. This propensity is indeed easily abused; viands of such incongruous nature and heterogeneous substance are sometimes collected as to make an outrageous amalgamation, so that an alderman at a city-feast might make one shudder; but this is too curious an investigation—it is the abuse of abundance too, and we know that abuse is the origin of all evil. The fact should lead us to another point of appreciation of goodness and beneficence. The adaptation of external nature to that of man has often been insisted on—the adaptation of man to all circumstances, states, and conditions, is carrying out the idea. The inferior animals are tied down even by the narrowness of their animal necessities to a small range of existence; but man can seldom be placed in any circumstances in which his universal appetite cannot be appeased. From the naked savage, snatching a berry from the thorn, to the well clad, highly civilised denizen of the court, surrounded by every comfort, every luxury; from the tired traveller, who opens his wallet and produces his oaten cake beside the welling lymph which is to slake his thirst, to the pursy justice, 'in fair round belly with good capon lined,' who spreads the damask napkin on his knees, tucks his toes under the table, and revels in calipee and calipash, what an infinite diversity of circumstances? Man, with all his natural and artificial necessities, all his social and domestic dependencies—more dependent, indeed, upon his fellows than the fowls of the air—from the grand exuberance of nature, and his remarkable adaptation to it in the point alluded to, finds subsistence under circumstances in which other animals might starve.

The first and grossest abuse of this exuberance is the vice of gluttony, than which a more disgusting and debasing propensity exists not in the catalogue of crime. Why, the kindred vice, more fatal in its results, more extensive

in its disastrous consequences, *seems* at least more excusable in its commission. The very madness that men court in the grape has for it often the excuses (paltry though they be) of hilarity, and hospitality, and good fellowship, to plead. Or there may be keen misery, deep anguish of heart, from which a man flies to the transient, foolish, cowardly refuge of the bottle; but gluttony! for a man to go quietly, grossly stupifying himself by over-feeding—to stultify his faculties and overcome his energies, and bury his soul in his body; yes, we say, making his body, not the *temple* but the *tomb* of his spirit, and all for the paltry gratification of his palate—faugh! And there positively are men who make eating not the means but the end of their existence, who make the gratification of their animal appetite a species of idolatry. We should shrink from fixing such a stain upon our fellow-creatures had not the honest indignation of an apostle painted the picture. We can understand a man's making an idol of his children, his wealth, his talents; we can understand his attempt to deify nature, reason, liberty; but that there are those whose 'God is their belly!' What a startling fact! On the other hand, there is the abuse of asceticism. We know that the different varieties of delicious flavour constitute a source of enjoyment of a purely gratuitous description. All the purposes of nourishment, it has been frequently remarked, might have been achieved without them; and we hold it as an axiom that where enjoyment is the obvious end of the Creator's goodness, not to enjoy is to abuse. We have, indeed, few instances of absolute asceticism in these days. The nasty saints who thought cleanliness a crime and eating an iniquity are passed away, and, save some poor old miser, who occasionally offers up his wretched attenuated carcass upon the altar of mammon, few are found to starve themselves; but, as hinted above, there is a modification of this folly in the affectation of intellectuality, much less pernicious in its results, it is true, but much less respectable in its motive; for the deep, stern, religious infatuation of the anchorite is wanting in the vanity and folly of the modern vapourer.

Miss is too ethereal-minded to think of culinary things. She wishes she was a butterfly, to sip the nectar of a flower—not a grub, mind you, to live upon its leaves. She dotes upon Byron, because he was thin, and wore his collar open, and she thinks, as she puts her hair in paper, what a world of vanity, what a gross, corporeal, ultra-material world it is. Her friend Constance is a strong-minded woman—she has got a very masculine soul—she is rigidly intellectual, and thinks eating and drinking waste of time. She fancies that she knows Greek, because she has learned the English words derived from that learned language in an old spelling-book. She affects hard words, has some misty, hazy ideas about astronomy, but thinks gastronomy utterly beneath her. Again, others think eating *ungenteel*. Nothing with them is so vulgar as feeding—want of appetite is interesting. We know of one young lady who kept a plate of sandwiches in her bedroom, thrusting them into a drawer when she heard any one approach, that she might seem to be a little eater at lunch-time. Some sacrifice comfort to vanity. They are too poor to possess both, so they dispense with the comforts, almost the necessaries of life, that they may indulge in finery and display. That fine Cashmere shawl has cost many a scanty meal; that grand satin dress has been pinched out of many a pound of beef. We seem to be rather hard upon the ladies in these remarks, and, with all our known devotion to the fair, we must confess that they are chiefly to blame in this matter. Men, with all their faults, are, in our humble opinion, much more rational in the matter of eating and drinking.

One great practical point in this subject—and we love to glean a little wisdom from the lightest topic—is to overcome that fastidiousness to which some people are so prone. We know that while many tastes are to be acquired, there may be much natural and constitutional difference among individuals; but if *tastes* are to be acquired, so are *distastes*, and distastes are very disagreeable things. Fastidiousness is often the result of affectation, but it is not unfrequently real. The palate has been taught to disapprove, the very stomach to refuse certain species of food, wholesome and nutritious; and it is the more important to observe this point, because it is frequently acquired in very early life. If, on the one hand, children ought to be discouraged in the vice of greediness, to which they are so liable, so, on the other, should that fastidiousness be overcome to which they may be exposed. A man knows not into what circumstances he may be thrown; his indulged fastidiousness at home may be preparing for him an immense amount of inconvenience abroad. We have often pitied most sincerely men, on a journey, for instance, who really could not eat what others have partaken of with relish and satisfaction. For ourself, we hardly know the edible substance in earth, sea, or sky on which we could not make a meal. We would not commit so egregious a piece of affectation as to say that we do not like a good dinner, or that there are not some things that we especially affect: but we do say, and we think it a most valuable advantage, that we possess in full man's omnivorous capabilities. We have fed in the hall of Isis, under the auspices of his majesty the lord-mayor, the acknowledged *king* of feasting, and we have fed on the mountain-side, without so much as a drop of 'mountain dew' to qualify the cold element; and between these two extremes nothing in reason and season has come amiss at feeding-time. We say 'reason and season,' because we do not intend to try the train-oil of the Esquimaux, nor the rats and mice of the Chinese; we abide by the *cuisine* of civilised nations.

The English, as a nation, indeed, are stigmatised as great, if not gross eaters; but we think this is an unfounded allegation. We verily believe that the French, for instance, eat a great deal more, and care a great deal more for eating, than the English. Compare London in this particular with Paris. Your sober London citizen, after a moderate breakfast, seldom eats anything but a solitary chop, if he does so, until the afternoon, dines on a dish or two, and peradventure indulges in a single pint of port. If he has not finished business, indeed, the matter is generally dispatched in a still more summary manner—despatched as though it were a waste of time, and hindered him from more important avocations. Those of a lower grade, who have only their brief hour to make the most of, repair to the tavern, the ordinary, or the eating-house, and perhaps with one dish and one draught of porter settle the affair. But Paris! Did it never strike you that the grand business of the gay metropolis was gormandising? Positively one half of the population seems to find employment in feeding the other half. Every other house seems to be a *café traiteurs* or *restaurateur*, and how they all live by keeping others alive is an unapproachable problem. Then look at a Frenchman in the matter of gastronomy. His cup of coffee in the morning is temperate enough, though sometimes laced with a little Cognac; but look at his *dejeuner a la fourchette*, with some half-dozen dishes! and then in the afternoon he sets in to the serious business of the table. Such a multitude of dishes as under the old sumptuary laws of England would have been denied an alderman, tickles his palate and provokes his critical acumen. The remainder of the day is devoted to eating or amusement, and the positive quantity of provender consumed is prodigious. We believe that a Frenchman often devours as much bread at dinner as would serve an Englishman for a day or two.

There are two points connected with our subject that deserve a little attention—cookery and carving; and, with regard to the first of these, our happy medium is peculiarly desirable, for, while some people disgust you with their incessant talk about the preparation of their food, others are so careless that good victuals seem to be thrown away upon them. Besides the positive waste committed in consequence of the mistress of a family knowing nothing of cookery, there are certain little points of harmless gratification that a woman owes to her home and her husband, which it is neither wise nor amiable to overlook; and though it is disgusting to see a woman in the respectable ranks of life always dabbling in sauce-pans and stew-pans,

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it is no shame to her, but very much the reverse, to understand something of culinary concerns, to know when her servants do their best, and to see that they do it. Milton seems to have had an eye to this in several passages. He even makes our great mother skilful in the combination of different flavours:—

'So saying, with dispatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change.'

Again, in his charming ode, he says—

'Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.'

These things are not beneath the notice of the poets. It is the characteristic of genius to elevate its subject into elegance, and not to allow its subject to depress it into vulgarity.

Akin to cookery is carving. What a pleasure it is to see a truly graceful woman doing the honours of her husband's table! Not with intense solicitude, as if her heart was in the kitchen, and she sat on the tenter-hooks of suspense, fearing every dish should prove a failure, but with ease, and pleasantness, and kindly hospitality, while every dish, under the hands of dexterous carvers, is duly apportioned. Why! there is no greater mark of civilisation in the whole history of man than the way in which he takes his meals, and carving is a very considerable item in the account. You shall see some men carve a fowl, for instance, as though they made a few passes over it with the wand of Harlequin, and the thing was done, while others do so wrench and dislocate it as to make one's very joints ache. Brutus—stern, sober, cold curmudgeon as he was—knew something about carving, and could appreciate it. He says—

'Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds'—

a cool way of talking about assassinating Cæsar; and for our own part we would much rather carve a fowl than a friend: yet you see he held the notion that there is a great difference in the way in which a thing is to be cut up. Some men are very awkwardly situated for want of a little dexterity in carving—bashful men in particular. We are not particularly bashful, but we do confess to a little low intrigue in placing ourself at table for the purpose of avoiding an unintelligible dish. We have known people go without some particular viands because they could not venture on the carving of them. Two strangers at an inn-breakfast mutually declined a fowl because neither of them liked to carve before the other. They became good friends in the course of the day, and the fact came out in the way of gossip. Another cold fowl appeared at dinner. What was to be done? They were not to be disappointed again; so when the waiter's back was turned they cut it by main force down the middle, and each pocketed his portion, to be dealt with at an after period.

But enough of this 'bald, disjointed chat.' Let us be merry and wise; and as brevity is the soul of wit, appropriate the soul if we cannot accomplish the body. Not entirely useless will our gossip be if it throw out a hint against gluttony on the one hand and affected stoicism on the other. If it warn us against an inconvenient fastidiousness, or if it urge us to take a wider and more grateful glance upon the exuberance with which the Giver of all Good has scattered his bounties on all hands around us, so shall we be induced in this sense to use the good gifts of His providence without abusing them. Above all, if it hint to us not to judge one another hastily, let not the man who heedeth these things call his brother a churl because he heedeth them not, and before we too hastily set down a man as gross, sensual, grovelling, let us remember how the words, 'a gluttonous man, a wine bibber,' were once employed.

IOTA.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. XI.

SIGHTS IN CANTON—OPIUM-SMOKING—PLACES ON THE RIVER—A THEATRE—GARDENS—VICTORIA, HONG-KONG—INCIDENT ON BOARD—CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE.

STOPPING one day in our wanderings through Canton to look at some Chinamen cutting wooden types, a gentleman belonging to the American Baptist Mission accosted us, and, having introduced himself, kindly offered to show us a few objects of interest. He took us first to the Ningpo exchange; a place where the native merchants from Ningpo transact their business and reside while at Canton. It contained, besides a public hall, some dining and sleeping apartments; places also for idols, and the paraphernalia connected with their worship; together with a theatre. Our conductor then took us through a large dwelling-house belonging to Pun-din-qua, one of the Hong merchants; and here we found the passages, stairs, and other internal arrangements so complicated and bewildering that, if left to ourselves in the interior, we should have felt considerable difficulty in getting out again. The floors were paved with earthenware and porcelain slabs, and the partitions between many of the apartments were composed of translucent plates of pearl shells. Marble tables and curiously carved couches and chairs were scattered over the rooms, while chandeliers, and the peculiar Chinese lanterns, hung in abundance from the roofs. The walls were adorned with sentences from favourite authors, also with drawings in china-ink, and with slabs of marble having indistinct figures of trees and other natural objects depicted on them as if by the hand of nature, but really by some artificial process. In the library we found a pretty large collection of Chinese books on shelves, arranged in utter defiance of all plan or symmetry. In one of the open courts there were flowers in pots, and some plants of the sacred lotus in boxes mounted on wheels. High up on one of the side walls of this court was fixed a large red-painted board, having gilded on it a Chinese word signifying 'happiness.' From the roof of the house we saw the garden with its fish-ponds and pavilions, and also a great part of the city, with two pagodas nearly in ruins.

On leaving this place, Mr S. led us through several streets decorated in a very showy manner for one of the annual festivals. From cords stretching across the street, between the houses, were suspended beautiful chandeliers and other glass ornaments, with festoons of coloured silks intervening, and, at intervals, groups of figures brilliant with paint and gold—all hanging aloft, above the heads of the passengers.

Going among the shops about sunset, we entered some where the inmates were engaged at their evening meal. The tables were laid out with small dishes of strange-looking mixtures, with a supply of rice standing on one side, intended evidently for the bulk of the repast. Every person was furnished with a couple of chop-sticks, a small porcelain spoon with a short handle, a diminutive cup for tea, and a basin for holding rice. Instead of tea some had a hot mixture containing *samshoo*—a spirit distilled chiefly from rice: a most disagreeable taste it had. The shopkeepers take only two regular meals a-day—the first between nine and ten in the morning, and the second about sunset; but they have always tea beside them, and take it frequently (without cream or sugar) in the intervals of business. When making purchases we often got a cup of excellent tea from them, and, knowing our taste, they generally produced sugar-candy with it.

Returning next day to the ship, we landed at the village of Whampoa, and visited Kang-foong's manufactory of soy, preserved ginger, samshoo, &c. Soy is made from the seeds of a leguminous plant—a species of *dolichos*. They are first boiled soft, then mixed with flour, and allowed to ferment in earthen pots for some months; a quantity of salt is then added, and the mixture is strained, and again set aside in earthen vessels to improve by age.

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It was sold from the manufactory for twelve dollars a pecul (133⅓ lbs.).

At Whampoa our comprador took us also to see an opium-smoking establishment. We had no difficulty in getting admission to witness the process, notwithstanding that death is the penalty denounced against the owners of these places, and blows and imprisonment to those that frequent them. Two Chinamen were indulging in a whiff when we went in. They were reclining on a bamboo-couch, with a pipe, a glass lamp, and a little extract of opium, contained in a minute vase of tortoise-shell, lying between them. If a common round ruler were bored nearly throughout, and into the side of it, towards the closed end, were fixed a knob with a small aperture drilled through it to the internal cavity, a pretty good representation would be formed of the sort of pipe they were using. The method of smoking was as follows: One of them took a wire and dipped it in the opium, which was about the consistence of treacle. The portion thus raised he held over the lamp until it was dried up; then taking the end of the pipe in his mouth, and bringing the bowl close to the flame of the lamp, he kindled the opium on the wire, thrust it into the small aperture of the bowl, and immediately sucked through. He did not puff out the smoke as people do from tobacco, but drew it in by a long inhalation, and let it escape through his nose. The pipe had then to be re-charged by the wire as at first.

Leaving Whampoa and proceeding down the river, we landed on French Island, much against the will of our sampan-men, who feared lest we should be ill-used by the natives; but feeling sufficiently valorous in the possession of a double-barrelled gun and our constant companions the 'Penang lawyers,' we clambered up one of the hills and had a good view of the country. The hill was partially covered with trees, and its sides were formed into terraces for the growth of sweet-potatoes and other vegetables. Graves were also scattered about, each with its semicircle of ornamental mason-work. The Chinese always bury their dead, if possible, on hills, and they visit the tombs once a year to present offerings, and to invoke the aid of their departed relatives.

Leaving this place without molestation, we next landed on Danes' Island, the low grounds of which were covered with rice, sugar-cane, sweet-potatoes, &c., and the hills, as usual, sprinkled with graves. One small eminence is devoted to the burial of Europeans that die among the shipping. Proceeding further down, we landed at a small village called Chung-Chow, where there is a six-sided pagoda of three storeys, and several temples. One of the latter is built against a precipitous rock, and consists of two storeys. The ground-floor contains two or three gilded images, with joss-sticks and sandal-wood burning before them. In the small upper room (which is approached by a flight of stone steps) there are no images, but a plain altar built against the bare rock which forms the back wall of the temple. On the altar there is a small upright tablet inscribed with a few Chinese characters, and surrounded by an ornamental border, the whole being partially enveloped in a piece of cloth. Beside this simple shrine stood a figure of a bird. I was very anxious to have these things explained, but our guide could tell us nothing about them; and indeed it was generally very evident that the common people knew little, and cared less, about any of the forms of religious worship practised among them.

We went into a flower-garden beside this village, and a little boy belonging to it was very attentive in pointing out the various objects of interest, and giving us a few flowers. In return we presented him with a rupee, not having at the time any smaller change. The little fellow's gratitude was boundless: he *tsin-tsin'd* over and over again; shook our hands and patted our arms, as though we had enriched him for life. He then ran and gathered for us some buds of a sweet-smelling white flower, which the Chinese and Malay women often wear in their hair; and he gave us also a basket made of flower-buds fastened on a wire frame.

On the occasion of another visit to Canton I had an opportunity of witnessing a theatrical exhibition, called in the Anglo-Chinese jargon *Sing-Song*. The stage was placed in front of a house, and the audience, which was numerous, stood partly in the open air, and partly in a semicircle of houses which, being open towards the stage served as boxes. The dresses were fine and rather tasteful, but there were no painted scenes, nor much apparatus of any kind; and the noise produced by the crashing of gongs, the beating of bamboos, and the squeaking of a sort of fiddle, was most hideous. I did not stay long enough to get any glimpse of the nature of the plot, but there was abundance of loud talking, fighting, and absurd gesticulation, and the audience seemed much interested. The theatrical establishments are supported, I believe, chiefly by government.

Another day we visited an excellent specimen of a Chinese garden, a mile or two up the river from the factories. It contained beautiful pavilions, bridges, artificial rock-work and caverns, shady walks, sheets of water covered with lotus-plants and water-lilies, canals with fancy barges floating in them, large cages full of beautiful birds, together with monkeys and other animals chained to the trees or enclosed in wooden houses. The owner (who was a Hong merchant) had his summer residence here, and the house was fitted up in a more airy and ornamental manner than the one we examined in town. It contained a sort of museum of curiosities, comprising ancient Chinese armour and dresses, pictures, models of machines, such as a steam-boat and a locomotive engine; also a camera-obscura, a Pekin carriage, and such like. On the ground-floor was a large dining-room with one side of it formed of glass, for the purpose of affording a full view of the stage of a theatre erected outside. In this house we saw by accident two small-footed ladies, very good-looking, and having their shining black hair curiously dressed up and ornamented with flowers and jewellery. Returning along the canal that leads to this place, we were frequently saluted with '*Fan-kwy-lo* (see the foreign devils)!' by the children on the banks.

Besides frequent visits to Canton, we often landed near the ship, and had rambles among the villages and rice-fields in the neighbourhood. In general we could do this without molestation, but occasionally we had the native dogs set at us, and now and then the band of idlers that commonly collected about us from curiosity would have manifested a slightly riotous disposition. We made a point, however, of taking such things good-humouredly and always got off unscathed, although we were never without the means of active self-defence when it should be requisite. After a day's exposure to a hot sun on one of these excursions I took a fever, which confined me to the ship for a fortnight; and by the time I had got pretty strong again the weather was so much broken up by the changing of the monsoon that I had very few more opportunities of looking about me. In the beginning of November we had a great deal of rain, and the thermometer fell so low as 58 deg., while, about the commencement of the previous month, it had been as high as 88.

Wishing to see Calcutta next, and the ship in which I then was being homeward-bound, I left her and joined another. We began to drop down the river on the 12th November; passed the Bogue early next morning; and the day following went through the narrow, winding passage called Capsing-Moon, and anchored at Hong-Kong, where we made a stay of five days. The town of Victoria stretches about two miles along the sea-shore, at the foot of a pretty lofty ridge, the sides of which are a good deal excavated for the streets and houses. The town was then only in the course of being built, but it already contains many handsome edifices, and gave every indication of turning out a smart place. The principal building stone is white granite, dug in large blocks from the debris of the mountains.

After getting business through at Hong-Kong, the captain came off one afternoon, and gave orders to have the ship under weigh. Instead of this, however, the crew

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mustered aft on the quarter-deck, and announced that they would do no more work unless they were to get more 'grub.' This being refused, on the ground that they had more than what they had signed for in the ship's articles, and as they still refused to 'turn to,' the captain had no help but wait till next day, and take them on shore to the police magistrate. On stating their complaint to this functionary, and being asked to descend to particulars, the only thing they had to say was that they did not get enough potatoes, and what they got were not good. Now, potatoes being entirely *extra*, and not mentioned at all in the dietary scale, their complaints were of course adjudged to be groundless, and they were ordered to return to their duty or be sent to prison. They chose the former alternative; and on getting on board again—having accomplished, I believe, all they wanted, namely, a trip on shore—they set to with a will, and got the anchor up and sail made in fine style. On such frivolous pretences on the part of English sailors are ships often subjected to delay and expense in foreign ports.

Before leaving the subject of China entirely, I have a remark to venture on the character of the people. Previous to going there, I was led to believe, both from oral and written testimony, that the Chinese were a dishonest, double-dealing race, ever ready to take advantage of the ignorance or inexperience of Europeans, and so expert in their nefarious practices that no watchfulness would protect a person from being cheated or robbed. My experience was of course too short to enable me to form a decided opinion; but, during a stay of more than two months, and in the course of frequent dealings with shopkeepers and artizans, I never suffered myself, nor did I see any other person suffer, from their want of honesty. On the contrary, they always appeared to me a cheerful and industrious people, peaceable and friendly among themselves, and as honest in their dealings with strangers as people of the same class generally are in more civilised regions. From this estimate the low rabble must, of course, be excluded: they are a pest not only to foreigners but also to the decent Chinese themselves; and that even the better classes *do* cheat very cleverly at times cannot be denied, for otherwise the opinion would not be so commonly held; but I suspect that the individuals who have occasion to form a low estimate of the honesty of the Chinese in general are chiefly those who go everywhere armed with suspicion, and who pride themselves in their sagacity in making bargains, and their skill in detecting a cheat. It were a pity if such persons were to find their keenness and vigilance altogether useless.

ATHENS.

No nation of antiquity furnishes so much of interesting material for the historian as Greece. Her sons were long and greatly distinguished for their martial superiority. Glorious laurels were won by them on the plains of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, under the command of Miltiades, gained the memorable victory over the Persian army, numbering upwards of 100,000 foot and horse. No less brave, though less favoured by fortune, were the 300 Spartans, who disputed for three successive days the straits of Thermopylæ, with, according to some authorities, nearly five million Persians under Xerxes. It is a sad reflection, that a nation so accomplished in arms, and therefore so well able to beat back the approaches of the common enemy, should have, in the course of time, yielded to feelings of weak rivalry and bitter jealousy, and turned their arms against each other. In the order of events, we shall have to chronicle the subjugation of the high-minded and noble Athenians, by the warlike Spartans and their allies. The wisdom of her laws has been long and widely celebrated. Those enacted by Draco were minutely, and even in the then state of society, needlessly severe—the punishment of death being awarded to every offence. But those promulgated by Solon and Lycurgus, though marked by great decision, were characterised by a large amount of fairness. It would be too much to expect in them perfect consistency; but none has ever denied to them a minute acquaintance with human nature, and a wise application of necessary restraints. Greece was the home of poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. Here old Homer recited the immortal productions of his muse, and inspired the populace with the love of song; Socrates and Plato cultivated the various departments of an advanced philosophy; Aristotle trained the youth in subtle dialectics; Demosthenes charmed and swayed the people by a commanding eloquence.

Ancient Greece was divided into the five following divisions: Peloponnesus, Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Greece proper. Greece, properly so called, was again divided into a number of parts:—Ætolia, Doris, Bœotia, and Attica. Athens was the capital of Attica, and is now that of the modern kingdom of Greece.

Attica has been compared to a triangle, and the comparison is accurate. Two sides, the east and south, are washed by the sea, and the other is bounded by a range of mountains. Athens, of whose site, and history, and antiquities, we now proceed to furnish a brief sketch, was the capital of this district. It stood at the distance of five miles from the sea, but had attached to it three harbours, situated not at great distances from each other. From the harbour at either extremity a high and strong wall extended to the city, thus at once enclosing the intervening space and securing a safe and unbroken connection with the sea. This arrangement gave to Athens an importance and power which no inland town, however well-chosen the situation, and however splendid and extensive its buildings might be, can ever possess. In the plain there rises a huge rock with three abrupt sides. It is only accessible at one point—the north-west. Like many of the isolated rocks in our own country, it presents a flat surface, though somewhat rugged and uneven. On this and two or three other eminences the early inhabitants of the plain seem to have begun to erect buildings, probably in the first instance for safety. Gradually the site was occupied; and at length, streets, and temples, and statues, rose around its base, and stretched in all directions. We may, for the sake of illustration, suppose the city to have formed a circle, and the hilly eminences to have occupied the centre. The Acropolis, Areopagus, and the Hill of the Museum were all within the walls of the ancient city; while mount Lycabettus, with its peaked summit, rose on the north-east just without the walls. On the east, the river Ilissus, on whose banks was erected a temple sacred to the muses, separated the city from the heights of Hymettus. In the hot season of the year its waters are exhausted before it reaches the sea, by the natural heat and numerous channels for artificial irrigation. Around the city were the cemeteries, especially on the north and north-west. They commenced in this direction immediately without the walls, and stretched to considerable distances. 'The road from the gate Dipylum to the Academy was lined with the tombs of illustrious men, such as Pericles, Thrasybulus, Chabrias, and Phormion. Here too were the monuments of those who fell in their country's service: a slab of stone, with the name and township of each individual, was the honour paid by the state to its citizens who died in battle. The academy was surrounded with a wall, planted with trees, and ornamented with fountains of water. Near it was the tomb of Plato.' The wall that enclosed the city was strengthened by towers at regular intervals. The walls that joined the city with the ports were strengthened and protected in a similar manner. The space enclosed by these walls was, in the best days of Athens, largely occupied with houses; and the three sea-ports extended so much as to form, combined, a city larger then Athens itself. Nothing now remains of these extensive buildings save the ruins of a temple, and the foundation of some parts of the walls. Such is the end of human greatness. The limited district of Attica is not the most beautiful or fertile portion of Greece; yet it is varied in scenery, and deeply interesting to the man of taste. The hills, girdled with wood, enclose delightful valleys, where sparkle, as

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in days of old, the crystal fountain and the fairy stream. The climate is still delicious and the sky serene. It is still the land of poetry:

'Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould:
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the muses' tales seem truly told;
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone;
Age shakes Athena's power, but spares grey Marathon.

Long to the remnants of thy splendours past
Shall pilgrims pensive and unwearied throng;
Long shall the voyager with th' Ionian blast
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song!
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore—
Boast of the aged, lesson of the young,
Which sages venerate and bards adore—
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.'—*Byron.*

The history of Attica is lost in the fables that surround its origin. According to all accounts, however, it appears certain that the first form of government recognised was monarchical. Seventeen kings reigned in succession, and it is interesting to observe that the last of these, Codrus by name, was contemporary with Saul the first king of Israel. Medon, the son of Codrus, was placed at the head of the commonwealth with the title of Archon, or governor. The archons were originally appointed for life, afterward for ten years, and at a still later period for one year only. In the eyes of the Athenians, jealous of their liberties, the office, as originally instituted, resembled too closely the regal power they had just destroyed. The monarchy gave place to an oligarchy, and this again to the democratic form of government. It is rather curious that at the time the children of Israel were murmuring against God, and demanding a king to go before them to battle, like the other nations, the Athenians had grown disgusted with their kings, and had resolved to abolish the office. Under the democracy, Athens increased in importance, power, and splendour. The naturally unproductive soil of Attica seems to have been productive of two results that mightily influenced, and consolidated the power of her inhabitants. First, for a long period, no enemy cast a longing eye upon their territories, deeming them unworthy the cost of conquest. They were thus left to reap the consequences of a lengthened peace. Besides, at an early period of their history, the various townships seem to have been brought into a close and friendly alliance. Secondly, the unproductiveness of the soil, coupled as it was with a natural and universal abstemiousness, in all probability contributed not a little to that state of mental superiority and philosophic attainment which so long distinguished the Athenians. On the other hand, the naturally fertile district of Bœotia supported a population notorious for their rudeness and intellectual indolence. Perhaps the history of nations will be found to support our philosophy on this point. Where the people feed but sparingly, and have few luxuries, the spiritual man is more fully developed, and his various capacities better and more extensively exercised. At all events, in the case before us, the period of the Athenian influence and glory was co-existent with the period of their frugality and temperance. In proportion as riches and effeminacy increased, so were developed those principles and passions that first corroded the unity and strength of Athens, and then easily worked her overthrow.

Under this new order of things many turbulent spirits arose, and by their lengthened contentions endangered in no small degree the safety of the state. Her power during this period did not increase; and she was fortunate in being able to retain her former position and influence. The experience through which the Athenians passed, appears to have impressed them with the conviction that the governing power was now incapable of regulating and controlling the numerous elements that were at work. It was accordingly resolved to entrust the management of the state to a legislator, who should be endowed with the requisite authority. The choice fell upon Draco, a man of wisdom and integrity. At this time the social condition of the people was deplorable. The poorer classes were not only indebted to the rich; but many of them had been compelled, through want, to sell themselves to this class as slaves. They were clamorous for a new division of the lands, being persuaded that this would prove a remedy for all their evils. All eyes were turned to Draco. His well-known wisdom and interest in the poor emboldened the sufferers to anticipate the most complete reformation; on the other hand, his integrity, and being himself a wealthy man, gave the rich ground to believe that he would give due consideration to their lawful claims. There seems to have been no written laws previous to this date (B.C. 624). The new legislator published, in course, certain laws, which astonished the people by their rigour. Every offence, great and small, was to be punished with death; a circumstance which led Demades long after to say that the laws of Draco were written, not with ink, but with blood. On the matter of debt and slavery—the vital question between the body of the people and the rich—he seems to have come to no decision. His laws, however, because of their severity, were speedily rendered all but void, through the sentiments of humanity that influenced the judges. Twenty years after the issuing of these laws, and when society was threatened with a relapse, because of their disuse, the eyes of the chief men were directed towards a man greatly distinguished for his wisdom, integrity, and moderation. This person was Solon, the true founder of Athenian law. He was born at Salamis, but educated at Athens. By his father he was descended from King Codrus. After finishing his studies, he travelled through the other Grecian states. On his return he was chosen supreme legislator. He might have become absolute, and been recognised as king of Athens, as there was at this time a wide-spread desire among the wealthy to return to the ancient form of government. But Solon would not accept the proffered crown; he contented himself with the office of lawgiver. The vexed question of the debts and slavery of the poor soon came up; and on it his decision was such as neither to satisfy the one party nor the other. He decreed that all debts should be immediately cancelled; and that no man should be deprived of liberty on the ground of inability to pay his redemption-money. The rich were irritated by the law, and the poor were disappointed. Solon, however, stood firm, and ultimately prevailed. He softened the laws of Draco; abolishing death for every crime save that of murder, and instituted many others, conceived on such an enlightened and liberal principle as rendered them remarkably appropriate to the existing circumstances, and still renders them the admiration of all. He regulated offices and magistracies, all of which he left in the hands of the rich; and balanced this power by conferring upon the people certain privileges. Solon augmented the authority of the Areopagus, giving to that tribunal, as the supreme court of judicature, a general inspection over all affairs, and also the care of seeing the laws put into execution. When these laws had been published, and the people by oath had engaged to respect and follow them, he removed from Athens. In his absence disputes arose, and the people were gathered into parties, with men accomplished and brave at their head. On his return he exerted his authority to remedy the evils that threatened the liberties of the state, but was unsuccessful. Pisistratus, the leader of the mountaineers and handicraftsmen, gained the ascendency. Two years after this Solon died, much regretted by the usurper, who always treated him with respect, and even kindness. For about fifty years Athens was governed by tyrants, with various fortunes; at length in 508 B.C. they were driven from the city—the same year the kings were banished from Rome. The Athenians manifested the greatest desire to honour the memories of their deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, and acted in the most generous manner towards their descendants. With the recovery of her liberty, Athens recovered her spirit and

martial energy, but for a time was still subject to disputes and outbreaks. It was now that the Spartans, for the first time, allowed their envy and jealousy to appear, and urge them to interfere with the affairs of Athens. It was proposed by them to their allies that the son of one of the tyrants should be again brought to Athens, and by their united force placed upon the Athenian throne. This base attempt was crushed in the bud, mainly by the noble stand taken by the representative of Corinth. However, what the Spartans did not do, was attempted by Artaphernes the Persian; and hence the origin of the wars between the Persians and the Greeks.

It is said that Darius was so incensed against the Greeks that a servant every evening, by his order, repeated these words in the king's hearing—'Remember, O king, to punish the Athenians.' Preparations were made on a vast scale to invade Greece, and subdue its turbulent inhabitants. An army of not less than 100,000 men, and according to some 600,000, was speedily raised and despatched on this important expedition, under the command of Datis and Artaphernes, who superseded Mardonius in the command in these parts. Before engaging in the enterprise, Darius sent heralds to the different states in Greece, to demand of them, in token of submission, according to the Persian custom, earth and water. Most of the states were so terrified at the name and number of the Persians that they without delay acceded to the request; but Athens and Sparta sent a very different reply. The heralds to these cities were cast, the one into a well and the other into a ditch, and told to take thence earth and water to their master. No time was now lost in prosecuting the war—the Persians making all necessary preparations for the attack, and the Grecians providing for the defence. Darius had given instructions to his generals to plunder and burn Eretria and Athens, not even sparing the temples, and to take the inhabitants prisoners, to be transmitted to Persia. So certain were they of victory that they provided themselves with chains and fetters for this purpose. At length the army reached Eretria, a city of Eubœa, which they took after a siege of seven days, but only by the treachery of some of the principal inhabitants. Meanwhile the fleet had taken possession of most of the islands in the Ægean Sea. The city was reduced to ashes, and the inhabitants were sent in chains to Persia. The victorious Persians now advanced towards Attica, and arrived at the town of Marathon, ten miles from Athens. The fate of Eretria was made known to the Athenians, and they were called on to surrender. In the meantime they had sent to Lacedæmon to desire succours against the common enemy. Their desire was promptly granted; but, owing to a superstitious notion, the Spartans could not march till the full moon. Not only the fate of Athens but that of all Greece must be decided before the full moon. The Athenians, then, to the number of 10,000, aided by 1,000 Platæœ, met the enemy on the plain of Marathon, resolved to conquer or to die. The enemy, according to the most sober calculations, amounted to upwards of 100,000 men. Ten to one did the Athenians fight that day at Marathon! The common danger quenched the feelings of jealousy among the Athenian generals, and by common consent the command was entrusted to Miltiades. He chose a strong position, protected in the rear by a hill, and flanked on both sides by large trees, where he awaited the signal for battle. No sooner was this given than the Athenians rushed upon the enemy, and, by the suddenness and fierceness of the attack, shook the Persian lines. The battle was fierce and obstinate. Victory oscillated in the balance. Now the Athenian centre gives way; but already had the Persian wings been driven back with great loss and confusion. The whole body of the Greeks now press upon the Persian centre, and speedily regain the ground lost. The enemy wavers, and takes to flight, and the Grecians are left undisputed masters of the field. The Persians fled to their vessels, thinking by this means to escape the fury of their enemies, but in vain. Many were overtaken and slain, and many more perished in the waters. Thus was completely broken the numerous army of Darius, and, by Athenian valour, Greece was saved. Immediately after the battle, and while yet reeking with blood, a soldier made his way for Athens. He arrived at the magistrate's house with the happy news, and was able only to utter these words, 'Rejoice! the victory is ours,' before he fell down and expired. So confident were the Persians of victory that they had brought marble with them to Marathon to erect a trophy there. The Grecians made of it a statue to the goddess Nemesis, who had a temple near the spot where the battle was fought. The camp of the enemy, containing all manner of costly things, fell into the hands of the Athenians. The Persian fleet, instead of sailing for Asia, attempted to make a descent upon Athens, but was prevented by the hurried march of the victorious army from the field of battle. Thus the designs of Darius upon the Greeks were, for the time, completely defeated; but the news of the defeat of his army only roused him to the greater determination to subdue the refractory Greeks.

Darius now resolved to raise a still more numerous army, at the head of which he should himself march, in order to accomplish his object—the entire subjugation of the Grecian states. But God, the righteous governor of the universe, cut short his specious plans and splendid hopes of victory, by sending the messenger of death, and withdrawing him from this earthly scene. Xerxes succeeded to his father's throne and his father's ambition. Preparations for the war went forward. In due time an enormous army marched for Europe, at the head of which was the king. The army was supported by a fleet consisting of many hundred sail. Altogether, there were not fewer persons engaged in this mad enterprise than five millions. Strange things are told of the arrogance and folly of the Persian monarch. It is said that he ordered 300 lashes to the waters of the Hellespont for having broken down his bridge of boats, by which he intended to transport his army. After incredible labour and loss of time, he succeeded in constructing a bridge of boats and trunks of trees lashed together with strong cables, along which the army took several days to file. The Greeks were not idle in the interval. Every effort was made to prevail on the different states to join in an honourable alliance against the common foe. But, partly through fear, and partly through petty jealousies, the confederacy was limited to the Athenians and Spartans. Taught by experience, the Greeks had now a considerable navy at their service, the command of which was entrusted to Eurybiades, a Lacedæmonian. The land army was under the leadership of Leonidas, one of the kings of Lacedæmon. It was resolved in a council of war to choose a favourable position, and give the enemy an early opportunity of judging of Grecian courage and prowess. Thermopylæ was fixed upon for this purpose. This is a narrow pass of Mount Œta, between Thessaly and Phocis, and only twenty-five feet broad. There was no other way by which the Persian army could enter Achaia, and it was capable of being defended by a mere handful of men. The Grecian army amounted in all to 11,200, of which number 4000 were appointed to defend the pass. When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, he was astonished to find that the Greeks were resolved to stop his progress. He sent a party to reconnoitre, and delayed four days, thinking that the presence of his army would lead them to break their resolution and retreat. In this he was deceived; these men knew that their liberties and lives were in the most imminent peril, and their determination was to conquer or to die. When the army was found steadfast, Xerxes tried the effect of bribes and flattery on their general. Leonidas had made to him the most splendid promises, with the assurance that, should he come over to the king's party, he would be crowned king of all Greece. The proposals were rejected with scorn and indignation; and when afterwards he was written to, to deliver up his arms, his spirited reply was, 'Come and take them.' Nothing now remained but to march to the pass and engage the Grecians. Orders were issued to take them alive and

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bring them to the king. The first onset was terrific; the Persians were repulsed and put to flight. The immortal band, consisting of 10,000 veterans, were next ordered to face the Spartans; but they were as unsuccessful as those that preceded them. Xerxes was now driven to his wit's end, and feared that by force the pass never could be taken. At this juncture, a countryman sought the Persian camp, and pointed out a secret path which conducted to an eminence which commanded the Spartan forces. This eminence was immediately seized, and now it was obvious to the band of patriots that they had been betrayed. Victory was impossible; nothing remained but certain death or ignominious flight. Leonidas instantly made his choice—he resolved to die. But the loss of four thousand brave men was more than Greece could in the present emergency afford, consequently he ordered the whole to retreat save his 300 Spartans, who were prepared with their leader to sell their lives at the highest price. Animated by a brief but spirited address from Leonidas, they received the attack of the Persians with firmness; but the shock was violent and bloody. Their noble-minded leader was the first who fell; and around his dead body the battle raged with the utmost fury. Incredible deeds were performed by the Spartans, multitudes of their enemies were cut down, but nothing could turn the day in their favour. At length, they were overwhelmed with numbers, not conquered, and one only of the devoted 300 escaped with his life. The results of this engagement were of the most beneficial nature; all Greece longed to imitate, and show themselves worthy of the brave Spartans. In after times, a magnificent monument was erected at Thermopylæ, in honour of those who fell there in defence of their country. One of the inscriptions was couched in these appropriate words:—'Go, passenger, and toll at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to our sacred laws.'

On the same day on which the action at Thermopylæ was fought, a naval engagement took place, which, though not decisive in favour of the Greeks, was yet encouraging to them. Several other actions followed of a similar character; but that which gave the advantage to the Greeks, and broke the spirit of the Persians, was the naval battle of Salamis. After the action at Thermopylæ, the latter pushed forward to Athens, where they found a city deserted of its inhabitants, with only a handful of brave men, who would not, for any consideration, leave their post in the citadel, and who were put to the sword. The city itself was laid in ashes. Themistocles, in accordance with the response of the oracle of Delphi, *that there would be no other way of saving Athens but by wooden walls*, prevailed upon the people, after much eloquent pleading, to evacuate the city, and betake themselves to the fleet. The aged, the women, and their children were conveyed to an island where they were considered safe. With their homes in ashes, and their fathers, wives, and children thus exposed and constituted spectators of their valour, the Athenians met the enemy. Thus situated, and impelled by such considerations, though greatly inferior in point of numbers, victory could not but be theirs. Xerxes, who had caused a platform to be erected, from which he might witness the engagement, was compelled to behold the defeat and destruction of his numerous fleet, without having it in his power to render the slightest service, either by word or action. He returned with the utmost precipitancy to Asia, and left the prosecution of the war to Mardonius, with an army of 300,000 men. The crisis was now past, and though the Athenians were compelled again to evacuate their city, and to fight another battle—the battle of Platææ—yet even their enemies do not seem to have anticipated now the accomplishment of their object. At length, they entirely disappeared, leaving behind them vast spoil, by which the Grecians were enriched, and we may add enervated. The Persians and the Greeks still lived at variance; but we cannot trace the matter further. No sooner were the states of Greece delivered from the presence and terror of their formidable enemy than they began to differ among themselves. Athens and Sparta grew jealous of each other. The latter, especially, feared the restoration of her rival to her former power and glory; and actually attempted to prevent her from rebuilding her walls. But the Athenians, by a stratagem, succeeded in effecting their purpose before the Lacedæmonians were aware. At length, matters came to a crisis, and the whole of Greece was involved in the quarrel. Several of the states took part with the Spartans, while others cast in their influence in favour of the Athenians. Hence the origin of the Peloponnesian war. This famous but unnatural war lasted twenty-seven years, and was characterised by great cruelty on both sides. The first blow was struck on the 7th of May, B.C. 431. The King of Sparta followed this up by an invasion of Attica at the head of 60,000 men, and wasted the country with fire and sword. Pericles, who was at the head of the Athenian government, did not attempt to stop his progress, but immediately commanded a fleet to sail and ravage the coasts of the Peloponnesus. For a time various fortune followed the Athenians; and at length their superiority was so far acknowledged by the Spartans, as to lead them to sue for peace. The terms were rejected, and the war continued. Greek fought with Greek as if bent on a war of extermination. The result of the whole was, that after, through the intrigues of the allies, all proposals of peace were rejected, the Athenians were shut up in their city, and through the intrigues of the aristocracy were forced to capitulate on dishonourable terms. The defences at the sea-ports were destroyed, the walls that joined these with the city were thrown down, and their fleet was reduced to some dozen vessels. They resigned every pretension to their ancient dominions; and were compelled to recall those members of the aristocracy who had been banished the republic for seeking its overthrow. The whole was wound up with a festival, and the appointment of thirty tyrants, by Lysander, over the unfortunate city. The Athenians laboured long under their calamities; and though they gained some of their ancient spirit in the time of Philip of Macedon, yet they could not resist the golden influence of this prince. They became subject to the Romans B.C. 86, and latterly were brought under the cruel sway of the Turk, from which they were but recently delivered. In the year 1834 was instituted the modern kingdom of Greece, of which Athens is the capital. Such is a brief history of a people most distinguished for their love of liberty, and from whom sprung some of the wisest, most able, and most eloquent of men. This is a subject on which one is strongly tempted to moralise; but, considering the great length to which this paper has already extended, this exercise must be devolved upon the reader.

Before we conclude, we must devote a paragraph to the interesting antiquities that abound in and around the city. 'The most striking object is the Acropolis or Citadel, a rock which rises abruptly from the plain, and is crowned with the Parthenon. Opposite to the west end of the Acropolis, and separated from it by a depression, is the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, on the eastern and highest extremity of which was the court of the Areopagus. Adjacent to the Areopagus on the west was the Pnyx, where the public meetings were held in the more ancient period of the state, and where a *bema*, or pulpit of stone, still marks the place from which the assembly was addressed.' The principal ornament of the Acropolis was the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. The circumstances that related to the early life of the goddess were all represented with wonderful minuteness on the entrance. The statue of the goddess was composed of gold and ivory, and stood twenty-six cubits high. It was reckoned one of the masterpieces of Phidias. To those who approached Athens by sea, the spear and helmet of this colossal figure are said to have been visible at a great distance. At the west end of the Acropolis, which was the only entrance, there was a magnificent work of Pentelic marble, which served both as an approach and a defence to the citadel. This splendid building existed as late as the year 1676, but is now demolished. The great theatre for dramatic exhibitions and the musical theatre stood on the Acropolis. A

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noble figure, seated, which stood here, is now in the Elgin room of the British Museum, and is known as the statue of Bacchus. Many temples were scattered over the city; 'the city was indeed wholly given to idolatry.' The Temple of Theseus, which stood north of the Areopagus, and is built of beautiful white marble, is one of the best preserved buildings of ancient Athens. Areopagus, or Mar's Hill, is an isolated precipitous rock. It stood in the centre of ancient Athens. It was here that the court of the same name held its sittings in the open air, and under night. It was to this spot, and before this court, the most famous in the world, that Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, was brought, that the Athenians might have the opportunity of ascertaining the nature of his doctrines. The following description is from Dr Clarke:—'It is not possible to conceive a situation of greater peril, or one more calculated to prove the sincerity of a preacher, than that in which the apostle was here placed; and the truth of this will perhaps never be better felt than by a spectator, who, from this eminence, actually beholds the monuments of pagan pomp and superstition, by which he, whom the Athenians considered as the setter forth of strange gods, was then surrounded; representing to the imagination the disciples of Socrates and Plato, the donatist of the porch and the sceptic of the academy, addressed by a poor and lowly man, who, rude in speech, and without the enticing words of men's wisdom, enjoined precepts contrary to their taste, and very hostile to their prejudices. One of the peculiar privileges of the Areopagitæ seems to have been set at defiance by the zeal of Paul on this occasion, namely, that of inflicting extreme and exemplary punishment upon any person who should slight the celebration of the holy mysteries, or blaspheme the gods of Greece. We ascended to the summit by means of steps cut in the natural stone. The sublime scene here exhibited is so striking, that a brief description of it may prove how truly it offers to us a commentary on the apostle's words, as they were delivered on the spot. He stood upon the top of the rock, and beneath the canopy of heaven. Before him there was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and skies: behind him towered the lofty Acropolis, crowned with all its marble temples. Thus every object, whether in the face of nature or among the works of art, conspired to elevate the mind and to fill it with reverence towards that Being who made and governs the world, who sitteth in that light which no mortal eye can approach, and yet is nigh to the meanest of his creatures—in whom we live and move and have our being.'

The topography of Athens has been greatly corrected by recent investigations, carried on principally by Germans. Besides other works that treat of this subject, the reader who may be desirous of investigating it further may be referred to 'Stuart's Athens,' London, 1827; 'Leake's Topography of Athens,' London, 1841; in the last of which he will find an account of the more recent discoveries.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD AGED TWO YEARS, ON HEARING HIM SIGH DURING HIS SLEEP.

Where are thy thoughts, thou fair and dreaming child?
What can it be that haunts thy dreaming hours?
Thy life hath been as yet one dream of joy—
Bright as an April sky, without its showers.

Love is around thee, smiling on thy home;
The fervent love of many hearts is thine;
Near and more near each closing day are drawn
The links which bind thy childish heart to mine.

Thou art before me now in slumbers deep,
Hush'd is thy merry laugh, thy childish glee,
Upon thy lips one rosy smile seems curl'd,
And yet they breathe a sigh—whence can it be?

Ah! who can trace the spirit's onward flight
To unseen worlds conceal'd from mortal eye:
Or the strange wandering of the soul in dreams,
Even in the early hours of infancy?

It may be that thy soul hath converse deep
With things too bright for erring man to know,
Or the dim curtain o'er the future cast,
May have unveil'd thy onward path below.

Ah! who can tell what thy deep thoughts may be?
There is no shadow left for us to trace
The lights and shades which flit across thy soul,
Leaving no shadow on thy slumb'ring face.

Sadly and solemnly my heart is stirr'd:
Sadly, for human love must ever be
Link'd all too closely in this lower world,
With dark'ning thoughts of dim futurity;

And *solemnly* across my soul will come,
Visions of future quickly-coming hours;
Yet why, amid the glorious hours of June,
Think ever of the *fading* of the flowers?

Sleep on, sweet dreamer, though thy dreams be sad,
Soon will the shadow leave the midnight dream!
Would that the ills to which our race is heir
As quickly faded from life's troubled stream!

It cannot be. Man's destiny is dark.
Life is the passage leading to the tomb;
Nought but the light which shines beyond the grave
Can chase away the shadows from its gloom. MRS HARNER.

WILHELM, THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

WISE men, in their illustrations of life and manners, generally go to find their extremes in the city and in the wilderness. Politeness and the mental and social embellishments and comforts attendant upon the arts and sciences are attributed without exception to the city, while mere physical vegetativeness and the manifestations of a rude and savage condition of humanity are the prescribed residents of the uncultured wilds. We do not require, however, to go beyond the moral boundaries with which the social economics of capital and labour have environed the homes of men to find the antipodes of human existence; the positive and negative conditions of life, like the points of a straight line, are to be found in every city; wealth lolling on its Sybarite cushions, feasting on its ambrosial dainties, and breathing its odour of roses, luxuriates hard by the dark and noisome caverns of ignorant, hungry, and almost naked poverty. Outcasts from the world of soul, and sense, and virtue, and home-life and love, drag on a weary load of proscribed debasement and suffering within the demesne of religion, and beneath the eyes of charity; while the former stretches her gentle helping hand to raise the darkling savage, and the latter looks with her tearful dove-like eyes across the sea to men in pathless wilds, without seeming to know that there is a moral wilderness at home, peopled with types of poor humanity, more distant from heaven's light and radiance than he who, from his wigwam-door, can look at morn and evening upon the sun and feel its warming beams. It is to the wilderness, however, that men have gone and go to find their demigod heroism: it is there that they bend their pilgrim steps to look upon incarnate endurance and temerity, and to bend to them in worship; but, even in the close-pent home of that neglected parish poverty, there resides a heroism which is unseen of men, but known and loved by angels; there love has its heart-warmed temple, resignation its martyrs, and charity its dwelling-spots.

'Knives to grind,' cried Wilhelm, as he limped through the streets of Brussels, driving his old crazy machine before him. 'Knives and scissors to grind.' Wilhelm did not limit his trade to the grinding of knives and scissors exclusively; he would not refuse to put an edge upon a butcher's cleaver, and he was even very thankful to obtain a hatchet to reduce to chopping acuteness, but he only cried 'Knives and scissors to grind,' as has been the custom of itinerant cutlers since the days of Catiline. Wilhelm drove his machine before him very slowly, and he perhaps required to do so, as it was rather fragile in its

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constitution; but he called 'Knives to grind' with a lusty, cheerful, happy voice, that seemed to belie his own constitution; for he, too, like his precursor combination of beams, and stones, and wheels, was none of the most robust of creation's works. He was a little, ragged, lame, and feeble Fleming, with an old and well-worn grinding-wheel as his only property; and anybody particular in affinities would have said they were made for each other.

Wilhelm's face would have been notified merely as 'a face,' by a passer by. Any one would have been satisfied at a glance that it was deficient in none of the constituent parts of the human visage; but the thought of whether it was beautiful or ugly, would never have intruded itself amongst his impressions. His large, old, broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his back and shoulders, and threw a deep shade upon his brow; and then, again, his thick black hair clung in large curls down his pale cheeks, and also partly obscured his features; so that Wilhelm's countenance was not put forward to advantage like those of the bucks who promenaded the Boulevards, and therefore it might be full of hidden beauties for aught the world knew. His well-patched blouse hung loosely round his spare form, investing it with even more than its own due proportion of apparent robustness; but poverty's universal and palpable mantle hung over him all, with a truthful tell-tale earnestness of whose reality there could be no mistake. In this guise Wilhelm limped along then, crying out for customers, and looking sharply about him for the same. He would turn his glancing eyes to the high windows of the quaint wooden-fronted house, from which pretty damsels were looking into the street, and then he would look earnestly at the portly merchants who leant lazily over their half doors; but, though neither dame nor burgher would pay any attention to him, Wilhelm would still jog on and shout as gaily as if he were a wild-bird uttering his accustomed cry.

It was through the lower or Flemish part of the city that the knife-grinder pursued his slow and devious course, and either mantua-making and knife-using were at a discount, or all these utensils had been in good repair in that quarter, for poor Wilhelm had little, save the echo of his own cry from the throat of some precocious urchin, for his pains.

Up one street went Wilhelm and down another. He often rested in front of the great church of St Gudule, and looked admiringly at its architecture, for he had a strong love for the beautiful, although he was only a knife-grinder; and sometimes he would seat himself upon the handle of his machine, in order to contemplate the outward grandeur of the Hotel de Ville; but if any one had supposed that there was one envious thought in all his contemplations, he did the knife-grinder injustice, for no envy had he, poor though he was.

To those who knew all about Wilhelm, there was nothing more incomprehensible in the world than his lightness of heart. That he should sing, was one of the most startling of anomalies—he, whose father, the fireman, perished in trying to rescue his own wife and Wilhelm's mother from the flames of his burning home. It was often said by those who saw the knife-grinder's ever-cheerful aspect, that he might think of his father and mother, and if nothing else could remind him of them, surely his own lameness might; for it was upon the night when they perished that he was afflicted, and yet he didn't seem to think so.

Wilhelm's life was a lonely enough one, without adding to it the pains and penalties of a morbid melancholy; but some folks didn't think so, and would have had him forever sad as well as lonely. It was acknowledged that Wilhelm was a wonderful lad, however; and as this phrase is capable of a multiplicity of explications, it may be as well to state that he had refused all offers of a pecuniary nature from anybody whatever, had established himself in a little dwelling, and supported himself by his grinding-machine, and this is why he was termed wonderful. If it had been possible to look into the bosom of the knife-grinder, there would have been seen throbbing there, and sending through every channel of his frame a current of boundless love, a heart as rich and pure as ever bosom bore. It was a wonderful heart, too; for it was stout and strong, and bore up as if it had been a giant's sent to animate a weakling. There was no flinching in its courage, no drooping in its joyous mood, no change in its loving pulsations from morn to night as he plodded up one narrow street, down another, through crossings and squares, and courts, and byways. Wilhelm the knife-grinder's heart was a hero's; and let who will say otherwise, we will maintain with tongue and pen that it was, and of the proudest order too. It is easy, it is natural for hearts to maintain their beauty and their goodness in those sunny spots of the world to which love and beauty are indigenous. By cheerful hearths, where, in the ruddy glow of the log, and in the bright flame, you picture golden gardens, and caverns, and groves, or behold the brightly lighted faces of childhood, how can the heart wither or grow sad? In the duality of love resides its natural life. Heart answering heart, bright eye enlightening eye, kind words echoing back love's gentle aspirations—these maintain the eternal spring of the affections, as sunlight and heat give to the earth her summer. If Wilhelm had resided in the Park where the nobility and English dwelt, or in the great Sablon Square amongst the merchants and savans, it would have been easy for one so constituted to have been happy and gay; but to maintain a vital relation to bright and glorious heaven, amidst the darkness and gloom of a lonely little room in the dingiest spot of the low town of Brussels, was heroism, let the world say as it will.

'Oh, have pity, and give the poor little homeless one a mite!' said a soft and gentle voice—so soft and gentle that the words might have been with propriety addressed direct to Heaven, as well as in the ear of one of Heaven's humblest agents upon earth, Wilhelm, the knife-grinder.

It was in a dark and wretched quarter of the town where he was thus accosted, a spot whose gloom the shade of evening scarcely deepened; black walls, grim with the smoke of ages and crumbling to ruin, rose on either hand, and, converging at the top, seemed agreed to meet and exclude the blue heavens and sunbeams. Little windows, dirty, dingy, broken, and rag-patched, told that these high walls were the walls of homes, and the faces of human beings peeping now and again from them were the indices of immured life and thought. Yet, even in that lofty series of chambers, where humility scarcely could brook to live, the little outcast who had breathed her piteous accents to Wilhelm had no spot to lay her head.

'One little farthing to buy a roll to poor Lelie,' pursued the child in tremulous tones; 'oh I am hungry!' and she laid her hand on that of Wilhelm, and looked up in his face.

The knife-grinder's machine dropped from his hands as if he had been suddenly struck, and he turned towards the little suppliant with so benign a look, that the child smiled in his face and crouched nearer to his person.

'Poor Lelie,' said Wilhelm, decimating his fortune and presenting the tithe to the infant, 'art thou hungry?'

'Yes; and cold, and sad,' said the child, artlessly; 'I have no father nor mother, nor anybody to care for me; I am a beggar and an outcast.'

The knife-grinder held in his breath, as he bent to listen to the words of Lelie, and when she had done he caught her hand, stretched himself proudly up, and breathed long and freely, while his eyes became radiant and his face illumined with a sudden and noble purpose.

'Alone, like me,' exclaimed the knife-grinder; 'poor child! Oh! is there another even more destitute of all the reciprocities of love than lame Wilhelm?' and he turned his kindly face towards the little girl; 'I could sit at my lone fire at night when the world around me slept, and I could hold communion with my parents' spirits in silent peace and joy; but Lelie, what will night be to her but houseless horror. I am a man,' pursued Wilhelm, again stretching himself up and striving to look strong; 'I am independent,' and he shook the coppers in his pocket; 'can I not snatch this child from sorrow and hunger? Jan Roos the water-carrier keeps a great dog, which I am

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sure will eat more food than Lelie, why not keep a child as well as a dog?' The spirit within the knife-grinder seemed to say, why not? and the spirit of the outcast child seemed to know it, for Lelie crouched still closer to Wilhelm, and looked up in his face as if she knew him. 'And does no one care for you, Lelie?' said the poor lame youth, softly; 'is there no one to love you?'

'None but the Father who dwells beyond the stars with good angels,' said the child, timidly.

'Then thou shalt go with me for His Son's sake,' said Wilhelm, snatching her up in his arms and kissing her pale thin cheek as lovingly and rapturously as if it had bloomed in health and beauty. 'Thou shalt go with me, and I will love thee and take care of thee, and thou shalt grow up to be a woman, and I will be to thee as a father. Sit there, Lelie, and hold on firmly; my machine is not very strong, but it will bear thee. I am not so brave and stout as the sentinels at the castle-gate, but I will be weaker if I cannot carry thee home; so here we go,' and with a heart overflowing with feelings which he had never known before, and his eyes dancing with a pleasure which surpassed all former emotions, he limped on with his crazy wheel and smiling child, the proudest man that night in Brussels.

'Here we are,' cried Wilhelm, as he hurled Lelie into the dark passage of his home, opened his door, and lifting her gently down, placed her upon his cold hearthstone. 'It wont be cold long,' cried he, laughing cheerily, as he struck a light and applied it to the wood from the forest of Soignies, which filled his grate. 'It isn't a palace this, Lelie; but if you are not as happy as a little queen it shall be no fault of mine. Come, let me wash thy face and hands with this sweet water from the Seine, and eat thou of this brown bread.'

After ministering in every possible way to the comfort of his protegee, Whihelm sat him down, and looked upon her with eyes that sparkled in the light of his crackling logs. A strange elevating sensation stole over his spirit—a sense of dignity and power that he had never known in his loneliness. Was it not a direct radiation from heaven which exalted the soul of this poor man with an inward cognisance of paternity? 'My child,' muttered Wilhelm, with a sweet smile; 'mine!—I now have something to care for; something that will learn to care for me. Jan Roos's dog loves him I know, and would fight for him, but his dog is but a brute. This young Lelie was sent from heaven, fresh, rosy, and glowing with a celestial nature, and then misfortune blighted her, to render her a fit companion for the heart-lone Wilhelm Voss.'

Everybody wondered to see how clean and neat Wilhelm the knife-grinder became all at once. He felt that it was necessary to give Lelie a good example in all things, and so he kept his blouse as clean as if every day were Sunday. A change came over the aspect of his home too; he became particular with regard to scrubbing his floor, and burnishing his two little cooking pans, and arranging his crockery; and when he took Lelie to school, and paid a weekly instalment of what he intended to pay for her education, she and he were so trig and neat that the teacher said he was glad to see a brother have such care over his sister.

Wilhelm became filled by degrees with a sense of home and an assurance of love. When he was abroad, his thoughts were dancing in the flames of his own beaming hearth, and smiling in the face of pretty, blooming Lelie. In every penny he earned he recognised her share; in every step he took at nightfall towards his dwelling, amongst his anticipations of peace, rest, and comfort, her face was seen smiling him on, and her hands were seen spreading his board. Wilhelm's fortunes began to mend as the little girl began to grow up. He could not account for it unless as a gracious dispensation of that Great Ruler of good, who sent a double share of work to him for Lelie's sake. But work came to him now, when he didn't call out for it; and as he was respectable, and could go with his new machine to the Park, it was astonishing how much money he would carry home in the evenings. Nobody would have believed that the Wilhelm Voss who had his name painted jauntily on a board in front of his machine, and wore a smart blouse and beaver, was the same lame Wilhelm who bore home the little foundling five years previously. His cheeks were clean and ruddy, and his bright black eyes were scarcely brighter than his well-combed locks; and the cookmaids who brought him knives to grind often declared that his face was very handsome; and, blessings on their woman's hearts, they pitied him that he was lame, and you would have thought that they blunted the knives on purpose, so regularly did they bring them to Wilhelm to sharp.

Little Lelie grew up as tall and straight as a poplar, and as beautiful as any orange-tree in the royal conservatory of Brussels; and how pleasant to Wilhelm to watch her growth and opening loveliness; but he could hardly define the happiness that thrilled him, when the truth dawned upon his observant spirit that she was like unto him in her ways. Every little delicate kindness that ever this lame knife-grinder had shown to this poor outcast, she strove by some spiritual impulse to reciprocate; she loved him with a strong and passionate earnestness that he knew not of; and every smile he gave her, every happy word he spoke, fell on her heart like heavenly music; and it was because of the refined and delicate manners which she observed in him, and which she so assiduously strove to imitate, that she loved him. Wilhelm had never hinted at the link which bound him and Lelie together; she was old enough when he found her to know that he was no relation of hers; and she had so distinct a remembrance of the vice amongst which she had dwelt, that the gentle words which Wilhelm constantly spoke, and the little prayers and hymns which he taught her to repeat, gave her at first a dim idea of maternal care, and then of human goodness, which she was constrained to love and venerate, and to which she had some indefinite affinity; but she had no sense of charity, no feeling of dependence, for Wilhelm had consulted her about every little household act, and had so identified her with himself in all he said or did, that she, too, had no thought of doing anything beyond the knowledge of 'our Wilhelm.'

Lelie would go out of the afternoons to meet her modest protector at some appointed place, and the knife-grinder looked so happy and so brave, and Lelie looked so beautiful and smiling, that the great folks began to take notice of the cheerful pair, and to declare that *that* knife-grinder and his pretty sister deserved to be encouraged. And so Wilhelm was encouraged, for, when he opened his cutler shop in the Place de Ville, customers came pouring on him, and, assuredly, Lelie had a busy time of it serving them. Dinner sets of knives and forks for the quiet, calculating dames, who were queens in their way, for each ruled a home; long black scalpels for physicians; large carvers for keepers of cookshops; pruners and hedgebills for agriculturists; and hooks and scythes for reapers; together with penknives for students of law and divinity; these constituted part of the stock of Wilhelm Voss, and these were the class of his ready-money, constant customers.

In twelve years from his finding Lelie, Wilhelm was a man of standing and importance amongst the guildry of Brussels. He was esteemed wise, and good, and rich, which last was perhaps the most important consideration of the whole in the eyes of some. But he esteemed himself especially blessed of heaven in Lelie, and she was the chief of all his earthly treasures. And what a treasure of grace, and beauty, and affection, had that young child become! It was a picture far finer than any of the paintings in the city gallery, and the finest of Flemish paintings were there; it was a finer sight than them all to behold Lelie seated behind the counter of Wilhelm's well-filled shop on the fine summer afternoons, when the sunbeams streamed through the little panes, and fell upon her fine ruddy cheeks, smooth brown hair, and blue eyes, as she bent thoughtfully over a book, or wrought away with her needle. Wilhelm, grown a thoughtful man, with a dignified air that became him wonderfully well, would stand and gaze upon the maiden from his back workshop, and bless her from his heart; and then he would wonder if any one

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could envy him of this jewel of his home. Was it envy, or that most selfish of all the passions, sometimes misnamed love, that prompted Ritter Van Ostt, the skinner, to come so often to the shop of Mynheer Voss. He was a great gallant Ritter, who was ambitious of illumining the world, for, like many other people whose money had accumulated in their coffers, he, with great modesty, and no doubt truth, felt assured that his intellect had brightened and expanded too; and if there had been an election for primarius of the University of Ghent or Louvain, and it had been left to Ritter to choose the fittest person to fill the academical chair, he would not have required to leave his bed to find such a person. He came to the shop of Wilhelm day after day, finely done up in velvet and linen, with his beaver stuck up a little at the side to give it a rakish air, and his cloak hung carelessly upon one shoulder, in cavalier fashion. He was a very large specimen of the human frame, and he spoke very loudly and authoritatively upon everything and even nothing, and few in Brussels thought themselves so high and killing as Ritter Van Ostt.

Brussels is a fine city. There is the Park, with its fine broad gravel walks, and its old green shady walnut-trees; and then there is the Botanic Garden, with its orange grove as old as the Prince of Orange himself; and there are galleries, and museums, and many other sights, all agreeable to look upon and profitable to contemplate. Ritter Van Ostt would ask Lelie Voss to accompany him to all these places, and Lelie, who had been at them all already with Wilhelm, would refuse, and declare that she had sufficiently seen them; and then Ritter would appeal to Wilhelm, who, remembering how happy she had been with him, would urge her to go for her own sake, but always in such tones that Lelie would still refuse three times out of five. And what was it that stirred Wilhelm Voss when Lelie would reluctantly go with Ritter? Was it the old sensation of his poor and lonely years—his sense of friendlessness that came back upon him? It was a strange vague feeling—a dread of nothingness, that stole over his heart, as if to extinguish it. Ah, if Lelie were to leave him now! and then the tears would rush into his manly eyes, and Wilhelm knew that he loved her. It is a truth, and an almost universal one, that the strongest and most beautiful minds feel most sensitively the oppression of corporeal infirmities. Wilhelm was lame, and he knew that Lelie was surpassing beautiful. He was only twelve years her senior, and he had known, loved, and tended her longer than any other mortal had; but though he had deemed himself fit to be a father and instructor to Lelie, he was convinced that she would hardly reckon him a fit companion to brighten and sustain her life—a worthy object to whom she might apply the name of husband.

'Ah, well, Wilhelm, I shall tell Mynheer Van Ostt to walk by himself henceforth,' said Lelie, gravely, as she threw off her cloak and hood after one of her walks. 'I am done with him.'

'And why, dear Lelie?' said Wilhelm.

'For various weighty reasons,' said Lelie, smiling, 'but chiefly on my own account.'

'And how on your own account?' said Wilhelm, earnestly.

'Lest I should fall in love with so stupid a creature,' said Lelie, laughing; 'and then, you know, according to your theory, I should become like him.'

Wilhelm was silent for a few moments, and then he said, 'So you would prefer some other companion to Ritter, Lelie?'

'Ay, that I would, to all the Ritters in the Netherlands. Do you think, my own Wilhelm, that I am happy when I am in the gardens with Van Ostt? Ah, if you do, how mistaken you are!'

Wilhelm was troubled, and then quietly said, 'Ritter Van Ostt is a man of substance and of honest fame——'

'Oh, fame!' cried Lelie, interrupting him; 'that he blows forth most lustily himself; they should put a trumpet in his hand when they erect his statue on the top of the Town-House.'

'I have asked you to go with Ritter merely because I thought it would be pleasant for you to see the green trees, and to inhale the fragrance of the flowers.'

'Then you should come with us if you wish them to be beautiful in themselves or agreeable to me,' said Lelie, with charming naïvete.

Wilhelm looked at his protegee in amazement, and then a sweet smile overspread his face, as he replied, 'And so you prefer to talk to Wilhelm and to walk with him, although he is not the finest talker or walker in Belgium.'

'This hearth is the brightest spot I know or have ever known on earth,' said Lelie, in low, tremulous, earnest tones. 'This face is the handsomest to me in the world,' she continued, as she leant upon Wilhelm's breast and spread back the dark curls from his brow. 'These lips have ever been the sweetest exponents of wisdom and goodness that I have known. Ah, Wilhelm, Wilhelm: what should poor Lelie do if you were to bid her leave you?'

The knife-grinder caught the earnest tearful girl in his arms, and he gazed into her face. Was he dreaming? Was this some passing illusion too bright to last? Ah! no; for truth in its integrity and purity was reflected in her eyes. Through the vista of a few years he saw himself a poor and ragged youth, friendless and almost spiritless, plodding the streets of his native city for the precarious bread derived from a precarious calling. He saw a little girl thrown in his path even more friendless and wretched than he. The political economist who draws conclusions only after casual reflections and with arithmetical precision, would inevitably have seen in the adoption of this child by Wilhelm an addition to his misery; but, by a law which political economists and philosophers have never been able to write down, the blessing had come with the burden. A good deed more than rewards itself; the deed is but the action of a moment; the reward begins on earth and goes on increasing through eternity. From a drooping, almost satisfied, son of poverty, Wilhelm, by the stirring of the nobler impulses of his nature, had grown slowly and gradually into a refined and honoured man; and Lelie, from a beggar and an outcast, had been trained into beauty, goodness, and virtue.

'Well, Wilhelm, I considered it but right as a matter of courtesy, and what not?' said Ritter. Ritter always finished his sentences with the words, 'and what not.' 'I considered it right,' said he, 'to let you know that it is time Lelie was married.'

'I was thinking so myself,' said Wilhelm, as he leant over his counter, and smiled in the face of Van Ostt.

'And I consider it but right to let you know that I mean to have her, which, I daresay, will be as agreeable to you as to her, and what not?' said Ritter, cocking up his beaver and swelling out his cheeks.

'As agreeable to the one as to the other doubtless,' replied Wilhelm, quietly.

'You are a man of substance, Voss,' said the skinner, looking more important than ever he had done, 'and it is to be hoped that you will be liberal to the girl.'

'I have never laid past a stiver but her share was in it,' said Wilhelm, seriously, 'she shall have my all when she marries.'

'I always said that you was a good fellow, and a liberal fellow, and what not?' said Ritter, grasping Wilhelm's hand, and slapping him on the shoulder with the other.

'Odds Bobs, man, how glad we shall be to see thee in the evenings!'

'I shall keep at home in the evenings as hitherto, replied the knife-grinder, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'my wife shall feel lonely without me else.'

'Your wife!' said Ritter, staring at Wilhelm, 'who is she? when is it to be? and what not?'

'Why, Lelie has her wedding garments to make, and what not?' said Wilhelm, laughing outright; 'but whenever she says the word, I am ready.'

'Lelie! you!' cried Ritter in amazement, as he looked at Wilhelm, and then, strutting up and down the shop, looked first at his limbs, and then at the cloth of his doublet. 'Well, who ever heard of the like?'

'Ay, ay, Ritter, and so you envied me of my little

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girl, did you?' said Wilhelm, smiling; 'she wouldn't have you though, although you were twice as large and rich as you are. I shall take care and give thee a bidding, however, to our wedding.'

Wilhelm and Lelie Voss were the father and mother of honest burghers, and of burghers' lovely wives. Everybody loved them who knew them, and their children almost adored them; but there was a class of children who had reason, above all others, to bless their name, and to rejoice that prosperity had not made them forget their own early days. The poor and outcast children of humanity, who roamed the streets in rags, were ever recognised by Wilhelm as brethren in soul and suffering; and the little girls who trembled on the verge of youthful purity and irreclaimable vice, were sisters to the bosom of Madame Lelie. Holy, purifying suffering! which, like the crucible of clay that is continent of gold, refines while it burns, how many have passed through thy ordeal preparatory to a mission of love and beneficence!

Who so active as Wilhelm in founding the Foundling Hospital of Brussels? and who so careful in tending the school for orphans as Lelie? And Wilhelm and Lelie had means and time, too, to attend to these things; for he became burgomaster of all the crafts, and rich to boot, and lived at last in the Park where he used to limp about a poor itinerant knife-grinder.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

We shall now take notice of some localities in Northumberland, which, though in themselves they may be but of secondary size and importance, are nevertheless striking and useful, as illustrating the leading principle or idea pursued in these sketches.

Corobridge, or *Corbrigg*, is made by Skinner to be the *Curia* Ottadenorum, with the modern postfix bridge added to it. *Curia*, whence our English *Court*, was among the Romans the place in which the public affairs or *cares* were transacted, as well in the provinces as at the seat of empire.

Dilston is syncopated for *Devilston*, or the *town* of the *Devil*. Bede calls it *Devilsburn*. The Saxon chroniclers say that it had its name from the death of Cedwall, a noble Briton, who was surnamed *Devil*, on account of his monstrous cruelty. It is to be considered that it is his inveterate enemies who give him this diabolic character, and therefore, as in the parallel case of Hannibal, it is to be taken with some grains of allowance. Places have frequently derived their names from the death or defeat of heroes and other illustrious persons.

Halidown-hill is a sort of tautological term—*hill* being superfluous, as *Halidon* itself signifies the *Holy Hill* or *mount*, or *down*. It had this appellation from the assistance which King Oswald is reputed to have had from above when engaged in a stubborn battle with Cedwall, the above-mentioned British chief. This supernatural aid is said to have decided the fortune of the day and *field* in favour of Oswald, whence also the place long went by the *alias of Heaven-field*, indicative of the popular belief on this point. *Halidon* may be aptly termed the *Scottish Allia*, *infaustum nomen*, i. e. an inauspicious or *uncanny* name; for while many localities here are associated with bloody *bickers** and plundering *raids*, fought and prosecuted with alternate success and reverse on the part of the hostile nations, *Halidon* is memorable for a *pitched battle*, in which, in 1333, Edward the Third defeated the Scots with prodigious slaughter, attended by circumstances scarcely less calamitous than the fatal fight of *Flodden*, in 1513, in which the Scots lost their valiant King James IV., and the flower of their nobility. *Flodden* signifies the *hill*, subject to *floods*, viz., of the river Till, on which it is situate. This famed tributary of the Tweed, taking its rise in the Cheviot Hills, properly so called, sends down from the mountains a great quantity of water, which causes frequent *inundations*.

The state of mutual feud and hostility in which the English and Scottish borderers perpetually lived before the happy union of the two kingdoms, with the acts of atrocious aggression and savage retaliation to which it reciprocally gave rise, has produced some of the finest specimens of our ballad poetry. And no wonder, for, in the course of that petty warfare, often were performed deeds of surpassing valour and consummate strategy, which would have placed the actors on the roll of heroes and *eminent* commanders, if they had but been achieved in a just and humane cause. It is curious to observe how the bards participated in the feelings of the belligerent parties. Though the particular names of the authors of these poetic effusions are now buried in long and hopeless oblivion,

> 'Omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longa
> Nocte,'

still the tenour and strain of the productions themselves often indicate unerringly the native country of the composer. Thus in the concluding stanza of the exquisite dirge composed on the above disastrous defeat, the author flings out a most unfounded calumny against the victors:

> 'O dule for the order sent our lads to the border!
> *The English for anes by yyle wan the day.*
> The Flowers o' the Forest, wha aye shone the foremost,
> The prime o' the land, now lye cauld in the clay!'

And, *vice-versa*, who does not see the outrageous nationality of the braggadocio bard in the following stanzas of the noble ballad of Chevy-Chase?

> 'This news was brought to Edinburgh,
> Where Scotland's king did reign,
> That brave Earl Douglas, suddenly,
> Was with an arrow slain.
>
> 'O heavy news!' King James did say;
> 'Scotland can witness be,
> *I have not any captain more*
> *Of such account as he.*'
>
> Like tidings to King Henry came,
> Within as short a space,
> That Percy of Northumberland
> Was slain in Chevy-Chase.
>
> 'Now, God be with him,' said our King,
> 'Sith 'twill no better be;
> *I trust I have within my realm*
> *Five hundred good as he.*''

Halystone, contracted *Halstone*, is situate on the south side of the *Coquet*, which, by the way, seems to be a corruption of *Cheviot*, among whose 'heathy heights' this river, which crosses the centre of the county, and may be called Northumberland's diameter, takes its rise. It is called *holy stone*, because, close by some remarkable *stone*, Saint Pauline, who, as Skinner records, was the first apostle of the North, here baptised many thousand converts to Christianity. From the same fact of being used in early times as baptismal fonts, many springs were supposed to possess a peculiar virtue, and thence termed *Holy-wells*. They were generally dedicated to some patron saint, or to the Virgin Mary. Thus there is a *Holy-well* in Hampshire, in Flintshire, in Middlesex, and *Clerkenwell*, in London, which has reference to the same idea and custom. There are also *Motherwell*, in Lanarkshire; *Tipperary* in Ireland; *Tobermory* in Argyleshire, which last two mean the *spring* of *Mary*. This same Pauline is said to have converted and baptised Segbert, king of the East Saxons, at *Walton*, which was then a royal residence, and has its name from being situate *on the wall*, as *Walton* in Essex means the town *with the wall*.

Thirlwall, situate on the *wall*, and close upon Cumberland, signifies the *perforated* or *bored wall*. It is from Anglo-Saxon *thirlian*, i. e., to bore a hole through, to *drill* as with a gimlet, whence our modern English *nostrils*, i.e., the *holes* of the nose. After the final departure of the Romans from the island, the Picts and Scots, with a view

* *Bickerston*, on the Coquet, and *Bicker*, to the west of Newcastle, may not improbably be derived from this very word *bicker*, which signifies a desultory fight, and is still used in Scotland, as the old scholars of the High School of Edinburgh and the 'Herioters' can well attest.

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to facilitate egress and regress on their marauding excursions into the abandoned province, made many *breaches* in the *wall*. *Thirlwall* is situate high, if not on the very spine of that dorsal ridge of hills which has not unaptly been denominated the *Apennines of England*. This point of the wall was most exposed to the attacks of the restless northern tribes, and we may suppose was, in consequence, most strongly built and fortified. At all events, here it is that the *wall* is to be seen still in its most perfect, or rather least imperfect, state. It stands a little to the west, three yards high, and has sixteen regular courses; and, at one part, sixteen of the facing stones are entire. So massy was this rampart, that to have demolished it would have been a work well-nigh as tedious and operose as that of rearing it; and, therefore, the barbarian forces, impatient of systematic labour, and grudging the time requisite to dilapidate and level with the ground this barrier, which had so long bridled their impetuosity and predatory habits, took the more expeditious method of *boring* gaps through it, through which they sallied to *harry* and lay waste.

We shall bid adieu to Northumberland, by recounting a somewhat facetious anecdote of it in connection with this subject of the etymology of places. Some four or six years agone, we happened to be spending our 'merry Christmas' in the archiepiscopal city of York. We took up our inn in the Turf-Tavern. In the same ancient hostelry of '*old Ebor*,' there happened to be lodged a company of professional gentlemen from London, who were conducting the music of the yearly county ball or concert. We spent some pleasant hours with these gentlemen, with equal improvement and hilarity. Their leader was a gentleman of very superior conversational powers; and he spoke the English language with as correct, fluent, and elegant an inflection, as we have ever heard it uttered in. He defied any person to say from his speech from what county he originally came. We boldly pronounced him a *Northumbrian*, though he had not the *Northumberland burr* in his throat.* The gentleman was astounded, and stared as if he had seen a warlock. The fact was, however, not his *tongue*, but his *name* betrayed him. The latter was singularly and unmistakeably *provincial*;—it was *Thirlwall*. We told him the secret of our felicitous guess; he smiled, and said his father came from the vicinity of *Thirlwall*-castle. In fact, a vast number of English surnames are *territorial*, as an inquiry into their genealogy will abundantly evince.

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.

If ever man was born in circumstances which might seem adverse to the development of great literary ability, that man was John Leyden, and if ever the abilities of any human being rose superior to the adversity of circumstances, those capacities and powers belonged to the same individual. The brief and instructive biography of this most remarkable man is calculated to inspire us with a belief that circumstances, so called, can only be esteemed in proportion and relation to particular minds. The insuperable obstacles in the path of one individual are mere excitatives to exertion in the view of another. An easily satisfied or timid mind, when it approaches some rugged steep, leading to the temple of knowledge and fame, shrinks back, and, without an effort, gives up the attempt to climb. The indomitable and aspiring youth, who fixes his eye untiringly upon the one grand object of his travail, sees not the impediments that roughen his onward way. He will work out his aim, in spite of toil, opposition, midnight vigils, and cold neglect. The strength of his unseen spirit supports him; the voice of visioned, white-winged, sunny-eyed hope is ever whispering to him, although men may shake their heads and shrug their shoulders. The light that irradiates his eye and illuminates his inward life throws its beams upon the object of his ambition, and onward he moves, and upward he climbs, without an idea of defeat, pitied or neglected by the crowd while he lives and struggles, and honoured with the epitaph of genius when he has fallen down in his proud career into a premature grave.

John Leyden, who preserved the rusticity of his original manners, and the enthusiasm of his wild poetic nature, while he excelled all his contemporaries in the acquisition of scholastic attainments and antiquarian lore, was the son of a poor moorland shepherd. He was born at Denholm, upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, a few miles from Hawick, on the 8th of September 1775, and was sent at a very early age to herd cattle and tend sheep upon his native braes. About a year after his birth, his parents removed to Henlawshiel, about three miles distant from the cottage where he was born, and here his father sojourned for sixteen years, tending the sheep of his kinsman, the goodman of Nether Tofts, and latterly managing the affairs of the farm, when his relative unfortunately lost his sight. Leyden's dwelling place was in the vicinity of the majestic mountain of Ruberslaw, and the hut and its appurtenances were as humble and simple as the scenery in which it was located was grand and lovely.

Leyden was ten years of age before he went to school, but he had been taught his letters by his grandmother before he was sent to a regular seminary, and the thirst or knowledge was awakened in him. The splendid and inspiring passages of the Old Testament were eagerly devoured by the enraptured boy. He wept for Joseph, torn from his loved and loving father, and sold by his brethren into a far country; he rejoiced in his glory and triumph, when the poor Hebrew slave rode forth in the chariot of Pharoah, and all the people bowed down to him; and he loved to recal him, as he stood before his brethren, in regal splendour, and cried, 'I am Joseph.' He gleaned with Ruth in the field of her kinsman, and loved the queenly Esther who so strongly loved her people. He saw the good old Noah building his ark of gopher wood, and he beheld it floating above the watery shroud of an immersed world. It was the Bible that first touched the poetic heart of Leyden, and filled his soul with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge; and we are persuaded that the general poetic tendency of the Scottish mind is attributable in a great degree to the universal knowledge of the sacred volume.

Leyden, like almost every Scottish peasant, had his ancestral associations and traditions. One of his progenitors had drawn his claymore for the covenant, and had distinguished himself as a warrior under the flag which was inscribed with the names of 'Gideon and the Lord;' and personal as well as natural motives induced the boy to learn with avidity the wild tales of Scotland's most woful times. His mother, too, was Isabella Scott, of one of the most famous border clans, and thus to the enthusiastic, fair-haired, rustic, wondering boy, the ballads and traditions of Teviotdale were procreant with familiar and personal illusions. He was a borderer by birth and in heart, and a poet and an antiquary from his earliest years. His mind carried him back from the simple, and honourable, and most noble pastoral occupation in which his father and himself were engaged, to the times of midnight foray, and chase, and battle, until he completely identified himself with the borderers of old, and really assimilated his mind so much with theirs, that the eccentric romantic habits, acquired in his unregulated youth, characterised him to the end of his short and eventful life. All the fervid, fierce, nationality of one who had often followed Wallace and bled with Bruce inspired the breast of Leyden, and all the wild superstitions and majestic idealities of a mountain minstrel assumed vital and real aspects in his poetic imagination. The books which this remarkable youth disentombed from the ancestral cobwebs and dust of the neighbouring peasantry's shelves were few, but they were such as would minister to his patriotism and wonder.

* The *Northumberland burr* is a guttural pronunciation, similar to what is called in Leicestershire *warbling*—the *Northumbrians*, like the great Athenian orator, not being able to pronounce the letter *r*. Few natives ever get rid of this peculiarity; if any do, it is only by dint of such dogged application as Demosthenes used in curing his defective utterance.

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Selection was out of the question. Leyden read whatever he could lay his hands on, and glad was he if he could catch anything novel in the shape of print; but, by one of those fortuitous coincidences which serve to illustrate the law of affinity, he caught some stray volumes of the 'History of Scotland,' the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Sir David Lyndsay's Poetical Works,' Milton, and Chapman's 'Homer.' His manner of obtaining the 'Arabian Nights' was characteristic of the man. A companion had informed him that a blacksmith's apprentice, who resided several miles distant, had in his possession this oriental treasure, and, his friend having perused it and described its contents to Leyden, the latter determined to proceed to the young votary of Tubal-Cain, and solicit a perusal of the volume in his presence. Early in the morning the peasant boy set off through the snow to present himself at the smithy-door, and beg a reading of the book. At daybreak he was at the smithy, but the young smith had removed to some distance to a temporary job. Onward followed Leyden, found the object of his pursuit, humbly explained his mission, and was refused. Little, however, did the blacksmith know that the unseen will of the determined boy beside him was superior to his power of refusal. During the whole day Leyden stood beside him, and the smith, fairly conquered by his pertinacity, gave him the volume in a present, with which, famished and frozen as he was, he returned home triumphantly.

At eleven years of age Leyden went to the school of Walter Scott, Kirktown, under whom he acquired a smattering of Latin, and, under the subsequent teacher, a faint knowledge of arithmetic. He received little help from teachers, and was subjected to scarcely anything like systematic training. Yet he went vigorously on, storing and educating his powerful mind. His parents, observant of his rare talents, at last determined to devote them to the great end of a Scottish peasant's veneration and ambition, the church. The Cameronian minister of Denholm taught him Latin, and he privately acquired the rudiments of Greek, and in 1790 commenced his professional studies in the University of Edinburgh. When Leyden appeared in the class-room of Professor Dalzell, he was dressed in humble, homespun habiliments, and looked and spoke the rustic. When he first rose to recite his Greek exercises, even the worthy professor's gravity was discomposed by the high, harsh tones of his voice, the broadness of his Teviotdale dialect, and the uncouth appearance presented by his unrestrained fair hair, his ruddy face, and humble garb. The professor soon perceived, however, that the intellectual qualities of the youth were superior to those of his raiment, and his fellow-students also discovered that, if they dared to play with him, he too dared to match his homespun-covered arm with the best of theirs in England's best broad cloth.

Now at the fountain-head of learning, the peasant Leyden was not long before he proved that he could labour as diligently with the mind as his ancestors had done with ploughshare and shepherd's crook. He attended all the lectures which it was possible for him to attend, and, in addition to perfecting himself in his classical studies, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, as well as Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He soon became particularly distinguished as a linguist; nevertheless, he maintained a respectable reputation in every department of science. Ethics, mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, botany, chemistry, and mineralogy, were not unknown to him; and in astrology, demonology, and antiquities, he was peculiarly excellent.

During the college vacations Leyden studied and experimented in the little church of Cavers; and as he became known to the lord of the manor as a student, he was admitted sometimes to the privilege of his library. In the country, the peasant-student might be said to live in himself. There were many with kindred sympathies, but none of his class with anything like kindred capacities of expression. They felt, but they had not developed nor nursed their feelings to the same extent as Leyden; and so he lived in a silent dreamland. In Edinburgh, however, he had Thomas Campbell with whom to poetise; Alexander Murray, his companion in the pursuit of Oriental literature; Dr Thomas Brown, the precocious philosopher, and many other young men of distinguished ability, were his associates.

In 1796, John Leyden obtained the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, with whom he remained two or three years. During the winter of 1798 he attended to the studies of his scholars while they pursued their educational course at the University of St Andrews, where the friendship of Professor Hunter, and the monastic life imposed upon him in this ancient city, enabled him to prosecute with advantage his favourite subjects. While in St Andrews, the renown of Mungo Park reached the humble but sympathetic and enthusiastic student, and his whole mind immediately became concentrated upon the customs and manners of Africa. Full of the romance of discovery, he investigated everything that had been written about African exploration, and presented the fruits of his researches to the public in 1799. His 'Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa,' at the close of the eighteenth century, produced, through some mistake, an impression on the minds of Mungo Park's friends that Leyden wished to ridicule the great traveller; and when the bard appeared in Hawick, at a time when the Roxburghshire yeomanry, many of whom were Mungo Park's personal friends, happened to be in town, he was advised to go away clandestinely, if he wished to escape condign punishment. The very reverse of this advice suited the temper of Leyden, however. He walked directly to the market-place, when the troop was there reviewing, and, humming

> 'I've done nae ill I'll brook nae wrang,
> But back to Wamphry I *will* gang,'

seemed to invite and defy his foemen to come on. They were no way loath to accept the quarrel, and there would have been a fray but for the timely interposition of some peacemakers.

Introduced to Dr Robert Anderson, Leyden had opened to him the pages of the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' and to this periodical he sent translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, Hebrew, Syriac, and Persian, together with original pieces, signed J. L., which attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott. In the winter of 1799–1800, Mr Richard Heber was in Edinburgh, collecting the materials of his valuable library. At this time Archibald Constable was a retailer of old and curious works, and to this shop the future bishop made many visits. Here he frequently found, mounted on a ladder, and examining old tomes with the greatest ardour, a person whose appearance was more rustic than scholastic. It was Leyden, who, attracted to Constable's shelves by love, was glad to be privileged to read while Heber purchased. The poor student was the very man necessary at this time to the rich and learned collector. They were of kindred minds—both devoted to learning and the muses, and they immediately became friends. Through Heber's means Leyden was introduced to all the literati of Edinburgh, and in the house of Sir Walter Scott he was especially welcome—their congenial tastes for ballad literature, antiquities, demonology, and everything pertaining to the world of chivalry and romance, rendering them most suitable companions, and their mutual goodness and warmth of heart constituting them cordial friends.

The manners of Leyden were never modified by his communion with the most conventional society. He was still the rustic, open, bold, uncouth, free, but simple John Leyden, even when he walked the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, receiving the homage due to his genius and acquirements. The personal appearance of Leyden—that is, not the raiment but the man—was rather interesting. His cheeks were clear and ruddy, his hair brown, and his eyes dark and lively. His temperament was one of the most sanguine; at the same time his features were handsome, and full of life and intelligence. His person was of

common stature, rather sparingly than athletically formed; but his wiry muscles and agile limbs were well adapted to those athletic exercises in which he loved to excel, even more than in the arena of scholastic competition. It is a curious reflection in the biography of one so gifted, that he was as emulous of being considered an excellent boxer, leaper, wrestler, and runner, as scholar, and that he risked his life on more than one occasion in order to demonstrate his agility. The ideal of bold and manly independence which Leyden had formed in his youth, he maintained in all circumstances with a determined and irrepressible egotism. He would dissonantly roar forth some rude ditty in the company of the most fashionable, in order to prove that he was not *afraid* to sing before them. He ate raw meat in the presence of Ritson, because he knew that that crabbed, nervous virtuoso had a horror even at well-cooked animal food; and he argued in the same bold, loud, harsh tones with man or woman, gentle or semple, in parlour or saloon, in order to maintain his point, in which he always saw his own independence involved. He was proud of his humble origin rather than ashamed of it; he knew that his own intrinsic merits alone had brought him into communion with richer and better-bred people than himself, and he could not fail to discover that he met none his superior in attainments and talents, and from this sense may have sprung his carelessness to conventional forms. He never took offence, however, at decent criticisms upon his manners, and rather encouraged by his jocularity than suppressed the raillery directed against his roughness. To the glory and honour of the humble but gifted student be it recorded, however, that his moral character was above the breath of suspicion. He was deeply impressed with the principles of morality inculcated in the sacred oracles of God, and he maintained them untainted through life.

In 1800, John Leyden became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and preached in several of the city churches. In the autumn of the same year he accompanied two young foreigners on the tour of the Hebrides and Highlands, and made many investigations into Highland traditions and manners; the only record of his tour extant, however, is his beautiful poem of the 'Mermaid,' published in the 'Border Minstrelsy.' In 1801, Leyden furnished the ballad called the 'Elf-King' to Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder;' and in the following year he devoted himself with uncommon enthusiasm to the procuring of materials for the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;' relative to which pursuit Sir Walter Scott records the following anecdote as an instance of his zeal: 'An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, could not be recovered. Two days afterwards, while Scott was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance, like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel that scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture and all the energy of the sawtones of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity.' It was Leyden who supplied the essentials for the 'Dissertation on Fairy Superstition,' in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;' and he is also author of the ballads, 'Lord Soulis' and the 'Cout of Keildar.' In 1801, he edited a curious old work of uncertain origin, and date 1548, called the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' the preliminary remarks on which are full of the most curious information. In 1802, Leyden became editor of the 'Scots Magazine,' of which Constable was publisher, and continued in this situation five or six months, contributing several pieces of poetry and prose; and in this year he wrote his 'Scenes of Infancy.'

The restless, imaginative mind of Leyden, ever living in a region of wonders, and laughing at the obstacles and dangers of the most desperate enterprises, could find r rest for itself in the quiet, passive tenor of Scottish cleric life; and in 1802 he had made overtures to the Afric Society to pursue those African researches so hopeful begun and so fatally terminated by Mungo Park. H friends, in order to divert him from this suicidal projec applied to government for some situation that would e able him to gratify his longing for the means of maki researches into oriental literature. There was no situ tion open in the Indian department but that of surgeon assistant, which could only be held by a person who h a surgical degree, and who could sustain an examinati before the Medical Board. In the incredibly short spa of six months, John Leyden had added to his cleric license the diploma of surgeon, and was summoned to jo the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, having been appoint assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. Of cour it was understood that his rare talents were to be devot to pursuits similar to those of Sir William Jones, who he soon hoped to surpass in oriental erudition.

In 1803 he arrived at Madras, and was immediatel transferred to a situation promising every opportunity gratifying the main object of his expatriation; but, alas the climate of India was uncongenial to the health of th Scottish borderer, and the sturdy and hardy descendan of midnight rievers, who would have scorned to yield t mountain's mist or snow, succumbed to the fever-breed ing malaria of Madras. He was constrained to leave th station for Prince of Wales' Island, in order to restore h wasted strength.

While at Puloo Penang, where he partially recovere he made some curious and valuable researches concernin the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chines tribes, which he laid before the Asiatic Society at Calcutt whither he repaired in 1806. The health of Dr Leyde did not succumb so much to climate, perhaps, as to hi own irrepressible and inordinate activity. '*I cannot b idle!*' he exclaimed, when told by his physician that h must rest or die; 'whether I die or live, the wheel mus go round till the last;' and so, under the depression o fever and liver complaint, he studied ten hours a-day.

Sir John Malcolm, governor of Calcutta, a countryman of his own, relates the following anecdote of him on hi landing in the chief city of Bengal. 'When he arrive at Calcutta in 1805,' says Sir John, 'I was most solicitou regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital 'I intreat you, my dear friend,' I said to him, on the da he landed, 'to be careful of the impression you make o entering this community; try to learn a little English, and do be silent upon literary subjects except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed; 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue if you will make fools hold theirs.''

Leyden was appointed a professor of the College of Bengal; and shortly after he exchanged this situation for the judgeship of the twenty-four purgunnahs of Calcutta. His duties in this capacity were partly military and partly judicial, and brought him in contact very much with the natives, whose language and habits he well understood. His whole emoluments were expended upon the purchase of oriental manuscripts and the employment of native teachers, under whom he studied night and day, to the total engrossment of all his spare time and the detriment of his health.

Dr Leyden accompanied the British expedition to Java in 1811, high in the hope of adding to his literary stores, but death swept him away three days before the reduction of the island. He died on the 28th of August, 1811, not thirty-six years of age. His death was an irreparable loss to literature and to his friends, and a sad visitation to his parents and his country. Consumed by the ardour of his genius and of his devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, he laid down his life before he had seen the meridian of manhood, and

'A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.'

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, London, on the 18th of February, 1775. His father, John Lamb, had left Lincoln when a boy, and had come to London with as bright dreams and scarcely brighter prospects than worshipful Dick Whittington. He had entered the service of Mr Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple as footboy, and, eventually, so outgrew his livery and original position, that in his maturer years he had expanded, in the words of Elia, into Mr Salt's 'clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his 'flapper,' his guide, his stop-watch, auditor, treasurer.' He had married, and settled in the obscure domain of his duties, labouring with patient assiduity to win his bread, and that of those who fed his heart with affection in requital of his toils. A son and daughter blessed the union of John Lamb and his matronly wife. Nature seemed at first satisfied with the reproduction to each of one infantile object of peculiar affection, for the boy had become twelve years old and the girl ten, before Charles was born to revivify and concentrate in himself the love of all his father's amiable household. For seven years Charles Lamb resided in the seclusion of his home in the Temple; and then, through the patronage of Thomas Yeates, governor, he was admitted to the school of Christ's Hospital, whose cloisters, with yellow stockings and flowing blue gown, he trod until he was fifteen. Nature had denied the lad a masculine frame, as well as that selfish domineering spirit which compensates to small boys for the lack of physical strength, and makes them commanders and governors of boys, as they often have become of men; but the gentleness of manners and the generosity of heart which characterised the Charles Lamb of riper years, and made all who knew him love him, won from even the selfish young monks of Christ's Hospital the homage of universal affection and gentle consideration. The most robust and virile were conquered by his sweet timidity; the stern and bold respected his corporeal infirmity. Thrown into himself, by a defect in his speech, and constitutionally averse to those rougher pastimes, for which his physical debility incapacitated him, Charles Lamb indulged in antique phantasies, which were alike the result of all his associations and education, until his keenly observing and amiable mind became like some old Gothic fane, quaint yet beautiful in its construction; elaborate yet fantastic in its rich and varied ornaments; with capacities for religious gloom, deep as sacristy or shady aisle, and for a joyous light, sweet and softened as that which falls upon a marble tomb, through the medium of a stained oriel, upon a lovely midsummer's noon.

Lamb's lingual impediment, which nervous agitation increased, claimed the indulgence of his teachers; and his sweetness of disposition, joined to an acute and powerful intellect, won their sympathy and respect. No harsh inhumanities, dealt out in the name of curatives, intermitted his thoughtful habits of boyhood, or added to the natural tristesse of his mind. The classics were his favourite school-day studies; and the old English classics were the mental aliment of the man. His home, in whose sombre shades were embosomed the deep springs of parental and the greenness of fraternal love, was full of old associations; the hospital and school, in which he passed his most impressible years, were buttressed and roofed with ideas and memories of the past, and lent a bias to the boy's mind. Lamb's abilities and classical attainments marked him out at school for distinction; but the invincible stammer in his speech consigned him to sedentary drudgery and ignoble obscurity. While less able contemporaries marched from behind him to the University, with their eyes illuminated with hopeful ambition, he modestly and unmurmuringly retired to occupy the humble tripod of a scrivener in the South Sea House, where he passed a three months' apprenticeship, under the cognisance of his brother John, preparatory to his appointment to the accountant's office of the East India Company, which he obtained on the 5th of April, 1792.

Lamb's youth was passed in tenderly watching the declining years of his parents, and in gleaning rare thoughts with his sister, from the rich harvest of good old English authors, which constituted the library of his father's employer Mr Salt; and the even tenor of his life was sometimes interrupted and enlivened by a dinner with some of his old schoolmates, when the Cambridge vacations allowed of their return to London. These re-unions must have vividly recalled the memory of Charles Lamb's blighted prospects, but they never produced one visible sentiment of regret; he had early learned to dissociate himself from all individual sense, save as a dreamer or a lover. The worldly, present or prospective, as related to himself, had no power to disturb his equanimity. His world of griefs and shadows was of the past; of the present he had none save the most kindly and generous thoughts. Upon one of those convivial occasions which occurred upon the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes or Gunpowder Plot Day, Lamb's friends, amused with the flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on both sides, in the form of a cocked-hat; and he, nothing loath, walked home towards the Temple in his usual sauntering way, with the fantastic sombrera on his head. As he was moving down Ludgate Hill, some gay young bloods, who had been inspired with loyal toasts, and whose imaginations were excited by errant aspirations against conspiracy, screamed out upon beholding him, 'The veritable Guy! no man of straw!' and, seizing him, they forewith bore him back to St Paul's churchyard, where they seated him on a post and left him. Ever after, Lamb bore the name of Guy—a soubriquet at which he smiled, and in the humorous origin of which he found as much mirth as his less interested friends. Occasional association with the companions of his youth broke the dull current of the poor clerk's monotonous life, but it could not satisfy the yearnings of his soul; he must have something to admire, some luminary superior to his own light to shed a halo of love and sympathy around the years of his exile, from that sphere in which he felt, if he was not able to act, in which he deserved to be if he was not. His consciousness of intellectual power, humble and modest as that consciousness was, and the construction of his sympathetic mind, must have been fruitful of sources of regret to him, as he contemplated those mechanical labours to which high intellectual sympathy was alone calculated to make him feel resigned. In Coleridge and friendship he found enough to satisfy him for his estrangement from Alma Mater, and for the extinction of his academical ambition. The 'inspired charity boy' had been the object of his admiration at school, and he became the enthroned tenant of his adoration and love, when both began to tread the path of laborious life. The splendid genius, and glowing, generous enthusiasm of Coleridge, touched with electric vigour the latent powers of Lamb. The higher qualities of Coleridge's genius elevated and developed those of his timid friend, until they felt their own original strength and walked alone; and the friendship of Coleridge, whom he early recognised as one of the most splendid geniuses of his day, satisfied the aspiration of Lamb for intellectual distinction. It is to Coleridge's friendship with Lamb that the world of letters is indebted for one of its most distinguished ornaments. The great erratic genius, so full of vague thoughts and grand suggestions, has the honour of suggesting and producing one great and complete work at least, and that was Charles Lamb.

The incidents of Lamb's life, save one—one terrible and trying as ever man with generous soul endured—were nothing more than a succession of friendships with the most distinguished literary men of this century; the epochs of his publications; and those other common occurrences which constitute the casualties of every-day life. He toiled at his desk in the India House; read poetry and the drama with his sister; wrote letters to his friends; changed his lodgings from the Temple to the city, and from the city to the Temple; kept house at Islington; paid occasional

visits to his friends in the country, and stuttered puns at the tables of his friends in the city; published poetry in concert with Coleridge and Lloyd; wrote quips and cranks for the daily and weekly papers, with essays for the monthlies; hissed his own farce at the theatre; and consoled unsuccessful authors, who were not blessed with his magnanimous philosophy; retired from the India House, after upwards of thirty years' service, with a pension of £450 per annum; died at the age of sixty, and was buried in Edmonton Churchyard. Such would constitute a complete synopsis of the grand elements of Charles Lamb's life, if that life had been apparent and superficial; but the annalist must search deeper and examine more closely for the lineaments and attributes of his exalted and heroic mind and character. The genius of Lamb was as fantastic as it was grave; it was as full of ornate beauties as of strange devices. He had nursed it in crypt and cloister, and had fed it on Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shakspeare, until it took the form of the originals, and invested modern incidents with the drapery of an antique fancy. Lamb's knowledge of, and association with, modern authors were real, vivid, and present; his own literary associations were old and ideal. His essays are full of the conceits of antiquity; they are rich, profuse, elaborate, and beautiful in style, though somewhat deficient in congruity. They are as highly polished as his wit, and sometimes as profound. There is no contradiction in speaking of the profundity of Lamb's wit. It was bright and apparent to those who were of similar habits of thought with himself, and who were familiar with his allusions; it often appeared to be licentious joking to those who could not penetrate into the arcana of his mind.

The form of Lamb's writings is old, because his ideas had all been moulded in antique forms; they are prim, formal, and grand in appearance, and can be individualised, as of an old date, as distinctly as the South Sea House, or the trim benchers of the Inner Temple. But the charm which vivifies and universalises them is their plenitude and genuineness of generous affection. The warm emotions of the child live in the memory of the man, animating his quaint allusions and redundant comparisons, with the freshness and vigour of his own green sunny heart. He revives in the affections of his auditors a love and reverence for the obsolete glories of England's Augustine age of literature, as a visit to Westminster Abbey restores in the capable mind the supremacy and beauty of Gothic architecture, over the more pretending but abnormal styles of modern masonry. You are not accustomed to Lamb's manner, in these unrecondite times, and, perhaps, you may never learn to love it; but the originality which truly constitutes style—the earnest, active, motive, thought, living and loving on the vital page—is sure to find its way to the sympathetic heart, and win in every reader a lover for 'Elia.' Sometimes there is a recklessness, an abandonment of glee and humour, in the pages of Lamb, which grave people might condemn and wise ones would have repressed; but let it be remembered that it was only on paper that Lamb could give full point and expression to the vivid and varied ideas that would move him. His jokes and puns died ere they fell from his incapable tongue, and he was too guileless, too good to conceal his humours. He was as free to reveal the erratic courses of his imagination as its more circumspect volitions. He threw from him the lighter bubbles of the human mind, as well as the deeper essence of its stream. He was human, and did not see that the gravity of the philosopher was one iota more becoming the human countenance than the smile of the comedian. Both, he contended, were comprehended in the limits of virtue, and only differed in kind. Laughter was not denied to the human face divine, and might be nearer to wisdom than many of wisdom's pretended votaries supposed. He wrote as he felt, and, like all men, he felt differently moved at different times.

One of the favourite and common adjectives to the name of Charles Lamb is *gentle*. Coleridge calls him his gentle Charles, and every body else has followed his example. Lamb rejected the application, and with reason. In one of his letters to the author of the 'Rhyme,' he says concerning this subject: 'Don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print. The meaning of gentle is equivocal at best, and almost always means poor spirited; the very quality of gentleness is abhorrent to such vile trumpetings.' Lamb's gentleness was of a lofty and spiritual kind, more akin to religion than poorness of spirit. He had been softened in the crucible of trial—intense, agonising, and constant trial: and he had learned from childhood to regard the feelings of others as superior to his own. He was gentle towards men, and considerate even of their faults and frailties, not because he was afraid to rebuke them if need were, but because he knew and felt that he was frail himself. His gentleness was an honest generous sacrifice of egotism and pride, which impelled him rather to suffer obloquy and unjust judgment than prove false to his sympathies and affections. No one more keenly felt the stings of injustice and the cuts of critical malice than he; but his was a heroism that would have rather endured the combined artillery of a dozen hostile reviews than have caused one friend a moment's pain. The political prepossessions of Lamb were not strong, their bias, however, was partly towards the grandeur of the past, and still more towards benevolence in the present. In his idealism, perhaps, he was a Tory. In his sympathies he was to all intents and purposes a 'friend of the people.' Political opinions, or any opinions, had no influence in recommending a man to the consideration of Elia. Of all things that existed beyond the cognisance of tyranny, and the power of external domination, opinion in his mind was the most sacred and inviolable. Conformity was no evidence of men's uniformity of thought; dissent, however extreme, implied independence; so that Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Southey, Bernard Barton (the Quaker poet), and Godwin, were each and all dear friends of Lamb, not because of coincidence of opinion, but because of that generous genial humanity which was common to them all, and which distinction of party could not destroy. No considerations of party or opinion could have arrayed Elia against any one of these in hostility or feeling; but his spirited letter to Southey, in the London Magazine for October 1823, showed with what chivalrous self-sacrifice he could do violence to his own feelings, in defence of his friends, Hunt and Hazlitt, from the side-thrusts of a Quarterly reviewer. Lamb's letter to Southey is the only ripple that disturbs the smooth tenor of his life's long friendships; for even the perverse and passionate Hazlitt could not for a moment chill him or divert from himself the current of his warm affections.

Men and the things made with hands were, indeed, the chief earthly objects of Lamb's veneration. He had no passion for nature, save human nature, no veneration for scenic beauty beyond the walls of a city. He left to the poets and tourists all interest in the wild scowling mountain, the black yawning cavern, the moaning forest, and the green sunny plains. The pensive old Samuel Salt, the stately Coventry, thin Twopeny, and meagre Wharry, had more charms for him, in the peculiarities of their physique, than giant Helvelyn and all its kindred mountains. He often wrote to his poet friends upon this subject of the city and rural life, and the following is the determined Cockney's deliberate averments to Wordsworth: 'I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, trades-men, and customers; coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the printshops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself, a pantomime and masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels

me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life.' Such were Lamb's emotions, and they were the true emotions of his nature. A city is insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the whole man, it is true; teeming as it is with all the varied excellencies of art, it is yet destitute of those God-created aspects of the beautiful from which the artist derives his aspirations, and art its form. The whole man cannot know development, if he only feels the warmth of a brick-shaded sun, and beholds the glories of a smoke-obscured moon and stars. Flower-potted rose-trees and boxes full of mignionette cannot compensate for the old primeval forests and the broad flower-gemmed prairies; but still, the amount of man's nature, which urbane associations develop, is as much human nature as that which is nursed in woods and wilds and solitary places; and therefore Lamb's love of the Strand and Temple seem to us to be as amiable and delectable, though less grand and poetical, than Wordsworth's love of the lakes. Lamb's character was eminently social, and if he made a visit to the country, it was not so much to gaze upon green fields as upon the face of a friend.

The most sublime view of Lamb's character, however, and indeed it is the highest of the morally sublime, is obtained by penetrating into his domestic sanctuary, and lifting up the veil from the deepest fountain of his heart affections. In the biographies hitherto published of him, there is a solemn and impenetrable silence maintained regarding the causes of Lamb's celibacy and his devoted attachment to his sister. That attachment and devotion were mutual, it is true; but in the ordinary circumstances of life, it was not necessary that a youth should suddenly forego all the hopes and endearments of wedded love, in order to devote himself to a maiden sister, who was ten years older than himself. The world knew that Lamb loved, and although he often alluded to his early attachment as a flitting passion, those who knew him best were aware that from no light and transient feeling could spring the warmest expressions of his muse. The grave has at last closed over Charles Lamb, and that dear sister Mary, for whose sake he willingly sacrificed the dearest and strongest affections of the human heart. All the hearts that would have trembled at the terrible revelation are now cold, and all the cheeks that would have become bloodless at the recital, are now veiled by the green-turf; and the world at last knows the fulness of that self-sacrifice, and the grandeur of that moral heroism which constituted the life of gentle Elia.

In a letter to Southey, recommending one of his early broken-down friends to the consideration of the author of 'Madoc,' Lamb makes the following allusions to that awful domestic calamity to which we have alluded, the murder of his mother, in a fit of insanity by his sister Mary—that Mary who was the only sensible woman whom Hazlitt ever met—that Mary whose soul was as gentle and genial as that of childhood—that Mary whom he bore about with him in all his visitings, and who constituted a part of himself in all his friendships—that Mary whom he never went abroad with for twenty years, without a strait waistcoat in his pocket; the sister whom he fondly loved and tremblingly watched until his death, lest her terrible malady might again break down the barriers of her reason. 'Poor ——!' he says, in his own charitable way to Southey, 'I am afraid the world, and the camp, and the university, have spoilt him among them. 'Tis certain he had at one time a strong capacity of turning out better. I knew him, and that not long since, when he had a most warm heart. I am ashamed of the indifference I have sometimes felt towards him. I think the devil is in one's heart. I am under obligations to that man for the warmest friendship and heartiest sympathy, even for an agony of sympathy, expressed both by word, and deed, and tears for me, when I was in my greatest distress. But I have forgot that, as, I fear, he has nigh forgotten the awful scenes which were before his eyes, when he became a comforter to me.' The intimate friends of Lamb alone knew the meaning of this heartrending reference; the secret of the fatal catastrophe had been carefully retained by all cognisant of the fact, and even the notice in the coroner's record had been guarded from publication. It was this tragic occurrence which determined Charles to break asunder all tenderer ties, and religiously devote himself to the care of his sister. What a melancholy interest does this fact give to the following beautiful phantasmagoria from the essays of Elia: 'Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, when, suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding till nothing at last, but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name.''

If the uncommon sacrifices which Lamb made for his sister's sake were worthy of admiration, the spirit in which he made them is much more so. The first little copy of his verses, which he published in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, was dedicated to her; and all the tender endearments which he lavished upon her, seemed rather to flow from the depths of filial gratitude than fraternal sacrifice.

Of the dedication of his poems to his sister Mary, he says to Coleridge, in 1796, 'This is the pomp and paraphernalia of parting,' in allusion to his love, 'with which I take my leave of a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me. I fling it off, pleased and satisfied with myself that the weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those merrier days, not the pleasant days of hope, not those wanderings with a fair-haired maid, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, I trust, will come. There will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me.'

In a subsequent letter, he alludes more particularly to Mary. 'My sister has recovered from her illness. May that merciful God make tender my heart, and make me as thankful, as in my distress I was earnest in my prayers. Congratulate me on an ever-present and never-alienable friend like her.' The force of these tender reflections, and the intensity of that concealed grief, become terribly affecting and sorrow-inspiring when the veil of obscurity is raised from the cause of their enunciation. The life of him, who seemed to exist that he might fuse men into love, and reconcile them to the cares of this world, by sharing their burdens of sorrow in the lightness of his own, was, in truth, a long and ever-acting tragedy, and it was upon the agony of his heart that its loves and joys were nursed. How mysterious and incomprehensible is the deep unknown! how feeble is the partition between the beauties and horrors of human passion! May heaven have requited the self-sacrificing love, and the soul-ennobling heroism of Elia.

The only portrait worthy of recognition that was ever taken of Lamb was executed by Hazlitt in 1804, and was amongst the last works of that beautiful painter, before he laid down the pencil for a grey-goose quill. The beautiful engraving that accompanies our letter-press sketch, is a transcript of Hazlitt's portrait. The following verbal

limning is from the pen of Sergeant Talfourd: 'Methinks I see him before me now as he appeared at our first meeting, and as he continued, with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy that followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly carved, and delicately curved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness, and fix it forever in words? There are none, alas, to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought striving with humour, the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth, and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose.'

In 1825, Lamb retired from the India House. He had long wished for his superannuation; but when it came, the charm of liberty had vanished with the idea of his drudgery. Age was beginning to lay its whitening hand upon his brow, and death to subtract from the number of his early friends, and even London was now becoming less necessary to his existence. He removed to Colebrook Cottage, Islington, where he maintained himself in rural state until his sister's health constrained him to remove to lodgings in Enfield, and finally to Edmonton. Cheered by the society of the orphan Miss Isola, whom they had adopted and reared as a daughter, Charles Lamb and his sister still maintained the earnest affection of their childhood, while the young maiden made up to Elia for the loss of the companionship in his rambles of his now feeble sister. But love, the bond of their little household's union, divided the triplex knot at last, which it had so auspiciously tied. Miss Isola was married, and now Lamb was left to walk abroad alone. In taking his daily morning walk on the London Road, as far as the 'Bell at Edmonton,' he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The trivial wounds seemed healing, when erysipelas attacked his head, and he died, placidly murmuring the names of Moxon and Proctor and others of his friends.

He died in his sixtieth year, in 1835, and was buried in Edmonton churchyard, where now slumbers the ashes of this most amiable and remarkable man. The world deplored his loss; for the world's best hearts had lost one of their best friends; but it was reserved till the present year to declare the majesty of his nature and the magnificence of his modest heroism.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

I.—THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

JUVENILE depravity! There is something in the very sound of these words which grates upon the ear, and shocks the feelings of the delicately-constituted mind. The words themselves seem to be joined in a violent and unnatural connection. Juvenility and depravity! How unseemly the conjunction! How incongruous the association of ideas of which they are suggestive! Are we not accustomed to associate with juvenility, innocence, simplicity, beauty, honesty, purity? And yet, if there be juvenile depravity, this association must undergo a harsh reversion, and there must be juvenile deceit, juvenile deformity, juvenile villany, and juvenile pollution. One's very heart grows sick, and a thrill of horror runs through the frame at the bare enumeration of such a catalogue as this. Yet that juvenile depravity exists is a melancholy fact, which no one with open eyes can for a single moment dispute; and we think that few inquiries in connection with the present condition and prospects of our country can surpass in importance or mournful interest the following: To what extent does juvenile depravity really exist? Is it on the increase or decrease? What are the varied forms which it assumes, and in which it is bodied forth in action? What are its immediate, and what its more remote causes? How, and to what extent, does it affect society at large? And such investigation could not fail to suggest and press on our attention with a peculiar emphasis the further inquiry—What has hitherto been done to check and destroy it? What more effective measures can be adopted than have hitherto been tried in order to suppress it? On whom more especially devolves the execution of such measures? What benefits would they confer on communities and the nation were they carried into effect with energy and perseverance? That the subject is one of very high importance, and that it has a strong claim on the immediate attention of every friend of humanity and every well-wisher of our country, will appear from a variety of considerations.

Childhood is the spring-time of human life, 'the bud of being.' How full of beauty, and interest, and varied utility, is the spring-time of the material world! The silence and the gloom of winter are gone, its ice and snows have disappeared, and instead thereof there is the warm and revivifying sunshine, the soft and balmy zephyr, the blithe carolling of birds, and the budding of the flowers, and the shrubs, and the trees. It is a season of new and joyous sensations, of elasticity of feeling, exhilaration of spirits, and inward serenity and joy. As we look around us and behold the mysterious and wonderful transformations that are going on, alike in lowly vale and on lofty mountain-top—as we behold the earth putting on her mantle of living green, beautifully inwrought with the tapestry of flowers, and all nature clothing herself in her garments of beauty and gladness, our bosoms swell with a multitude of pure and joyous emotions, and the incense of gratitude spontaneously arises from the altar of our hearts to Him who creates, directs, and completes all the operations in the physical world. And if the spring-time of the material world be replete with such varied interest and beauty, how much deeper must be the interest, and how much more attractive the loveliness, which pertain to the spring-time of an immortal nature? What reflective mind can contemplate without emotions of the most lively interest the growth of physical energy, the dawn of intellect, the earliest development of genius, and the first buddings of moral sentiment and feeling? And, oh! if it be a painful thing to witness a blight come over the fair face of nature, substituting depravity for beauty, desolation for bloom, and inducing the crushing dread of famine instead of the cheering hope of plenty, how much more painful still must it be to witness a moral mildew come over the spring-time of the soul! What more humiliating or melancholy spectacle can engage the eye of man than that of childhood and youth reduced, through external depraving influences, to a shrivelled, shaking thing, more pitiful in its debility than extreme old age—long furrows on the cheek, deep wrinkles on the brow, and dim vision in the eye; while, more terrible and appalling still, the last lineaments of virtue have been effaced from the soul, the last semblance of moral feeling obliterated, and all the high qualities of mind either tortured into the attributes of fiends, or reduced to a state of dark fatuity? What heart does not bleed at the contemplation of such a spectacle? What generous nature does not long for the discovery of some remedial scheme by which this moral plague may be stayed? And who would not willingly accord high honour to him who would bring to light effective measures for the counteraction or annihilation of those baneful influences by which the work of destruction is carried on?

But it is chiefly as connected with and as bearing upon the future that the season of youth assumes its most solemn interest and importance. The impressions which it receives it will retain and stamp on the coming age. If that season be characterised by blight and failure, age will be distinguished only by bleakness and sterility. Youth is indeed interesting in itself, but it is thus incomparably more so in its relations to the future. The young of the present day will constitute the men and women of the next generation. Let but a few brief years roll past, and they who now figure on the broad arena of life will have gone

down into the tomb, and they who are now dandled on the knee, or gambolling on the sunny green, or spelling out the simplest symbols of thought, will have shot up into manhood and taken their places. *They* who are but juvenile prattlers *now*, will *then*, literally and emphatically, be 'the age,' 'society,' 'the world.' They will be the men and women of *that* day, the conservators of knowledge for good or ill, the diffusers of thoughts, the advocates of opinions, the pillars of custom, and the dispensers of justice; and according to the impressions they now receive, the principles they espouse, the tastes they imbibe, and the habits they contract, will be the aspect, the tendencies, the influence of that age. Let the youth of the present day, then, be pure, generous, and virtuous, and the coming age will be all that can be wished for; but let them, on the contrary, be ignorant, depraved, and vicious, and the coming age will be characterised by unblushing scepticism, licentiousness, and crime. Surely, then, it must be of the very highest importance to guard the youthful mind well, to protect it from noxious influences from without, to destroy those agencies by which it is corrupted and depraved, to instil into it noble thoughts and aims, and to train it to virtuous feeling, principle, and action. All who would be faithful to future ages—all who would assist in laying a sure foundation for the prosperity and happiness of our country in days to come—must lend their willing aid, to the utmost extent of their power, in accomplishing this.

The importance of directing attention to the springs or sources of youthful depravity, so that these may be checked or dried up, appears further from the consideration, that if they only be permitted to flow forth they gather strength and malignity at every stage of their course, besides leaving contagion and desolation everywhere behind. It is not only reasonable to suppose, but is a well-known fact, that as juvenile offenders become older they become more irreclaimable, and spread around them a more contaminating influence. They not only become worse themselves, but at the same time become more successful in drawing others into the same fatal whirlpool of crime. They diffuse around them a moral miasma, which is constantly increasing in rank and infectious power, and consequently becoming more deadly in its influences, every day. The author of 'Old Bailey Experience,' who had the most ample opportunity of judging in such matters, states that if one who has been a thief from infancy lives until he be twelve years of age, and all the while is allowed to go at large, he will draw, 'on a moderate calculation, ten others into crime annually, who are his neighbours, not the sons of thieves, but the offspring of parents who have neither time nor means of putting any restraint upon them as to their associates during their own absence from home, which is generally from morning to night. From twelve to twenty years of age, he will seduce each year four or five of his own age, heretofore quite unused to crime,' and this besides the encouragement which he gives to the whole body of youthful criminals. The same writer adds—'It will be seen from this statement, which is founded on indisputable data, that the mischiefs of contamination are as three to one from the ages of five to twelve, as compared to the ages of twelve to twenty.' From these statements we see the necessity of assailing crime where it really exists in its infancy, not merely because it will be then most easily curable, but because, by being checked thus early, a large amount of crime will be prevented from ever coming into existence. It matters not what be the particular form which youthful depravity assumes; it is invariably true of it, that the older it becomes, the more extensive, noxious, and deadly are its influences. Suppose the case of a boy who, from his earliest years, has been a mendicant, a pickpocket, or a drunkard, or, as is frequently the case, all of them at once. He is a living, walking poison, from which is habitually diffused on all around with whom he mingles an atmosphere of moral death, and this poison increases in baneful intensity and power every day. He is like the inner circle of a whirlpool, and he spreads around him numerous concentric rings, which gradually, yet surely and rapidly, enclose his youthful companions, until, by their suction-power, these companions reach, like himself, the centre of the fearful eddy; and these rings are ever increasing and widening, and exerting a more terrible influence in the ensnarement of the unsuspecting, the exposed, and the innocent. At first he is the scholar in the school of vice and crime, until, having passed his dark curriculum in the arts of depravity, he graduates as a master of villany, and thenceforth becomes an instructor of others in the evil practices which he himself has learned. Who can estimate the influences for evil which such an one will create, the terrible agencies for mischief which he will call into play, even during a very few years of criminal pursuit? Ought not the eyes of the moral reformer to be turned towards him when in the earliest stages of his downward career? Ought not every possible instrumentality to be employed, and every possible effort to be made to check and reclaim him, so that the frightful mass of human depravity to which he shall yet give birth by the influence of his example and teaching upon others, if allowed to go on unrestrained, may be prevented from ever springing into hideous and hateful existence.

Again, the question of juvenile depravity is one which concerns the whole nation, and every individual in the nation. National honour, national enterprise, national stability, national virtue, and national happiness, are all affected by it. Let such depravity continue to exist and to spread itself, and the honour of our country will ere long be stained, its gigantic energies will be crippled, all its splendid agencies for good will be enfeebled, its sceptre of power will be broken, and all its glories trodden in the dust. And with equal emphasis and urgency does it concern every right-hearted individual in the land. It concerns the man of property, the man of commercial enterprise, the tradesman, the parent, the moral reformer, the Christian. The position of all such is affected by the moral condition of the rising generation; the interests of all such are greatly imperilled when that condition is one of wide-spread depravity. If less selfish motives fail to arouse to action, let the man of wealth care for his property, the merchant for his gains, the tradesman for his produce, the father for the virtue of his son, and the mother for the purity of her daughter—for these are the very objects on which juvenile depravity continually preys. For these it watches night and day, for these it puts forth all its vile ingenuity, for these it risks the jail, the convict settlement, the scaffold; and thus, with a purpose that wavers not, and an energy that flags not, and a fearlessness that death cannot appal, it feeds on, and devours, and destroys alike mankind and their dearest interests.

THE SERENADE.

At the confluence of a mountain-stream with the river which watered a pastoral valley in the south of Scotland, on a rocky rising ground, around which the 'burn' bent its broken way ere it joined the 'water,' stood the house of Craighillbeck. In extent and convenience it might be eclipsed by a modern farm-house of the district; but the observer might detect about it a kind of *recent* antiquity; and a thoughtful spectator might reflect how much it must have surpassed the houses of the 'south country' farmers when it was built, about a hundred years ago. The house was the family residence of the Mitchells of Craighillbeck, whose inheritance extended over a considerable mountainous tract in the neighbourhood. They had possessed the property for two or three generations; and the 'lairds' had succeeded each other not only in their moorland acres, but also in a peculiar sort of narrow-mindedness and miserly love of worldly goods. A younger son of the family would now and then go forth into the world, and distinguish himself in commerce or in a profession; but the elder ones ever remained the same self-conceited, bigoted, and penny-wise lovers of money. 'Five pounds a-year,' said a farmer of the true Dinmont breed, in the dale—'five pounds a-year would make Roger Mitchell a gentleman; for I am sure that he does not

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save so much out of all his screwings, pinchings, and cheatings of servants, labourers, and poor folk.'

A beautiful place, nevertheless, was that Craighillbeck, possessed by this anything but fine specimen of moral loveliness, Roger Mitchell. The linn half-encompassed the building. The burn rushed down from its native hills, and swept close under the dwelling-house behind and on one side. Wood sprung from the precipitous mountain-sides round about, and nodded over the linn and the chimney-stalks. The sleeper was hushed to rest with the lullaby of the wind in the trees, and the gentle but never-ceasing murmur of the waterfalls.

Two younger brothers of this worthy inheriter of the place had embarked in commercial pursuits in early life, in a large seaport town. The elder of the two was married, and the other was a bachelor. A daughter was the only child of the first, and her mother was dead: she had died of consumption while her child was yet an infant. The girl having exhibited a delicacy of constitution as she grew up, which led her father to fear for her a fate like her mother's, he became anxious to find for her a home away from the murky atmosphere with which the nature of things had enveloped his own residence. His early prejudices painted to his imagination the beauties of his native vale. He had learned to despise the sordidness of his brother; but his sister-in-law was a relation, and a woman, and, placed at Craighillbeck with her governess, he hoped to see the beauty of health, which had characterised his only child in her infancy, resuscitated in her womanhood.

Now, Roger Mitchell had an only son, who was fully worthy of the race from which he was descended; and no sooner was the proposition made to Roger that his niece should reside for a year or two with him and his family, than he immediately began to turn over in his calculating soul the pecuniary advantages that might result to his own son from a union between the cousins: for Mitchell Brothers were rich—that everybody knew—much richer than he, and able to buy his patrimony twice over. He wrote to his brother to say how much pleasure and happiness both he and his wife would have in their niece's residence with them; and as for terms, which had been hinted at, he begged that nothing might be said on such subjects among kindred. This communication excited in his brother, to whom it was addressed, a warm feeling of gratitude, and he had pleasure in thinking that his relation was a much better man than he had before taken him for.

'Now, Thomas, my man,' said Roger to his son, when Helen Mitchell arrived at what may be called the family mansion—'now, Thomas, my lad, she's a fine bit lassie; and, can ye but make her lady o' Craighillbeck some day, yese be a richer man than ever your father was.'

'Has uncle William more siller than you, father?' said the sagacious son, who was indeed 'a chip of the old block,' pricking up his ears. He had vegetated, like his sires, at Craighillbeck, and had been brought up in their ways. He was yet too young, however, and too irresponsible, to show in strong relief the leading features of the family character as it existed on its native estate. He was a robust, clumsy, good-natured young man, very much averse to anything which went to exercise his mental faculties, which were but of limited power; and the father did not urge the son to intellectual exertion, for he 'did not see,' as he himself used to remark, 'the use of learning to Thomas, who would not have to work for his bread.' This blindness was not so much to be wondered at, when it is recollected that Roger himself had been all his adult life one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county, without being able to practise the king's orthography.

There had been, certainly, a considerable contrast between Thomas Mitchell and Herbert Halliday, his schoolfellow, the son of a farmer near to Craighillbeck—the former being he of the Dinmont class who has been quoted above. Herbert was a comely lad, and of good parts—as superior to Thomas in mental endowments as Thomas to him in hugeness of stature; but still the youths liked each other well. It might be, in part, that they were companions. They were so from the force of circumstances, having, day by day, to journey to school together; but that they were fond of each other might also be explained by there being no similarity between them to prompt to dislike, and by there being no feeling of rivalship. They bird-nested together, fished together, shot together, and were everywhere known as the companions of each other. In the course of things they grew men; the one to sink into a booby squire, the other to rise into the dignity of a citizen, mixing with men, loving them, and respecting himself. For Herbert's elder brother being his father's assistant in the management of his sheep-farms, and his destined successor in his leases, the Joseph of the family, with a spirited ambition natural to him, had gone forth into the world, and had been attached by his father to an opulent commercial firm in one of our largest cities. Here, though but standing in the position of an apprentice, his natural ability, the manliness of his bearing, and the kindliness of his disposition, brought him many friends. Conscious of his own powers, and knowing that he had a generous, sound-hearted father, who was not poor, to back him out in life, he felt a confidence in himself. He saw something of men and manners, and profited by whatever he saw. Under these circumstances, is it to be wondered at that, when he came home for his month in the autumn, he should be looked on by the rustic youth with a jealous eye, and by the rural fair ones with an admiring one?

Helen Mitchell had now grown a woman, and a very lovely one. Beauty she had always had, and again health lit it up. Her neighbours, the Hallidays, were her almost only and her dearest companions; so that, when their handsome brother Herbert came home, it was not surprising if he should find his happiness enhanced by Helen's presence there, or to be made a marvel of if she should prefer his company to that of her ignorant and self-sufficient cousin; for Helen was endowed with native sense and penetration, and though her cousin tried all his clumsy arts to win her heart, she could not return him any of a lover's regard, and the more difficult it became when she contrasted him with young Halliday. Herbert and Helen fell in love. Their *chance* meetings were noticed to be, somehow or other, of frequent occurrence; and their passionate eyes, and the tender tones of voice of the one to the other, did not escape the hawk-like vigilance of the Mitchells of Craighillbeck, and did not fail to stimulate them to the most bitter enmity. Helen was straightway forbidden, in peremptory terms, to visit Polburnfoot, the Hallidays' residence, and the Hallidays were treated with a studied rudeness and incivility, and by no means invited to continue the acquaintance at Craighillbeck. And the companions, Herbert and Thomas, how liked they each other now? Ah! they hated each other thoroughly—Thomas Herbert, because he was a fit person to win a worthy bride; and Herbert Thomas, because his circumstances and position might gain him a woman whom the ardour of the former's love declared should be his alone. Herbert was astonished that he had not before perceived the meanness of his neighbours: Thomas troubled not his head with thinking, but he hated his old friend with the extremest degree of bitterness.

Poor Herbert! He became a wanderer on the hills—a heaver of melancholy sighs—an inditer of verses. He could but see Helen at church, and then he could not speak with her. He could but cast rueful glances to her pew when his mind ought to have been otherwise occupied; and in return for his glances he would receive a few from her bright blue eyes, which made his heart palpitate at the time, and caused him to be altogether uncomfortable for a week. He saw the waving of a robe at a field's distance now and then, and would straightway mount some rock, and give his verses, his sighs, and his flowing locks to the heedless wind, or would dive into the recesses of the glen and bemoan himself like the cushat-dove in the absence of his mate. Horrible to think of, too, time sped on just as if nothing had been the matter; and without

any understanding, without even any declaration, he must again return to the prosaic forms of business. When night had wrapped Craighillbeck 'in her sable mantle,' as our poets have it, he would find himself hovering round the place, from invading the precincts of which his pride was sufficient to keep him during the day. Late as it used to be, and sure as he was to be put through a severe ordeal of quizzing by his sisters when he returned, he was constantly in danger of breaking his neck in the linn, as he scrambled about to see his lover pass up a stair, or appear at a window with a candle in her hand. To expect her to come out upon a balcony like Juliet he could not hope for, as there was no balcony to the house. And, oh, shocking! the very night preceding his departure came at last. There he sat on an elevated crag, in rather a dangerous position, the branches waving over his head and the water rumbling below, watching a lady's chamber-window. That window was Helen's. It was getting late, and his own family—a mile off—would be already thinking of retiring. His sisters' raillery too! They would, even now, be cooking it up into something like piquancy for his supper. So sat, and such were the thoughts of our swain without the walls, while Helen within sighed heavily too—poor damsel! How could she possibly know that he was to leave the district on the morrow? We don't know how she found it out; we only know that she had discovered that the next day was that fixed for Herbert's departure; that she moped and pined within, while he pined and sighed without; and that, last of all, she took her chamber-candle to light her to bed. Ah! he sees his lover's lamp to-night. How near! he could almost jump across. And she, what is it she hears? What is it that seems to mingle with the sighing of the trees and the murmuring of the brook? She listens, and snatches of a melody reach her ears. The strain was Herbert's, and, as far as words went, ran as follows:—

Oh, dearest Nell, I love thee well,
Far dearer thou'rt to me
Than fragrant thyme or heather-bell
Are to the honey-bee.
Thy wild-rose cheek, thine aspect meek,
Thy mildly-beaming eye,
Silent, but eloquently speak,
And I can only sigh.

I love thee well, my dearest Nell,
Ah! didst thou only know
How I am bound, as with a spell,
Thy heart might tender grow.
For, well-a-day! my only lay
Is 'Sweet Nell—beauteous Nell!'
And all my 'wildered muse can say
Is, 'Oh, I love her well!'

So come, sweet night. Her presence bright
Fills then my dreams with love,
And makes me revel in delight
That daylight cannot prove.
Come then, with dreams, like heav'nly beams,
And bring my angel Nell:
I love her better far, me-seems,
Than ever tongue can tell.

Oh, dearest Nell, I love thee well.
Dost think thou couldst love me?
For, an thou couldst, no tongue could tell,
How well I would love thee.
Sweet Nell, I pray, oh, list my lay!
Believe what tongue can't tell;
And let a faithful lover say—
'He loves, he loves thee well!'

The shades of night concealed the singer from Helen's eyes, but well she knew it was her lover's voice. She took up the last cadence, and committed to the breeze what she could not have whispered in Herbert's ear—'She loves thee too—good-night! adieu!' And this was their betrothal! It cheered Herbert many a weary day; and Helen rose in the morning with renewed joyousness, and never was the memory of that soft autumn night effaced from her heart. Her health and strength were now so much confirmed, that she would have returned to her father's home; but he wished to go to Smyrna, and to winter there at least, the affairs of his business connecting him very closely with that part of the world. In that case, it was his wish that his daughter should remain a year longer where she was—an arrangement which he did not by any means dislike, seeing that she had already reaped such a marked benefit from her residence in that pastoral region. She now held a jewel within her bosom, which reconciled her to her lonely position among relatives she could not love much, and she did not wish to leave a spot to which Herbert was sure to return the following year at latest. The father and son had not abandoned their hope of an alliance, for they calculated that when the matter was laid before Helen's father he would be eager to make his daughter the mistress of the paternal estate; so that they still made it their study to cultivate her good opinion, and to conciliate her esteem as much as in them lay, after their own peculiar manner. But what was the consternation of Roger Mitchell, when he received one day, from his younger and bachelor brother, a letter requesting him to be security to Mitchell Brothers, to the extent of ten thousand pounds? The letter stated that the house had been thrown into difficulties by the failure of a large firm with which their interests had been intimately interwoven; but that, were they but backed with the specified sum, they should feel confident of being able to rub through, and to hold their heads above the water, however much they might suffer of a direct loss.

'Bless us, Thomas,' said the laird, 'here's a stramash! What think you o't, lad?'

'Think!' said Thomas. 'I think I would lend them no money, father, nor back them either.'

'Back no man!' exclaimed the laird. 'That was a word of my father's. 'Back no man.' And so, when their ruin approaches, they must drag me in too! Hold their heads above the water! They want to rob us of ten thousand pounds, Thomas; that's brotherly. But 'catch a weasel asleep,' as my worthy father used to say.'

'There's Mistress Sauciness too, father. What say you to that match now?'

'I am glad that her father is abroad; else he might, on discovering the state of his affairs, have cheated us into a bad bargain, and out of our property,' said Roger, judging of the mind of another by his own low cunning. 'Brat! baggage! She may trundle. We want no more o' her here.'

The letter which Roger dispatched to his brother John was enough to freeze up any natural affection that might have been left lurking in his fraternal bosom towards 'the laird.' A direct refusal John could have borne better; but there was an ill-natured charge of an attempt to cheat, and a hint that bankrupts should be satisfied with ruining themselves, without dragging their friends into the dirt. To this John merely replied that William would return from Smyrna very soon, when the laird would be relieved from the charge of his niece, which he had kindly undertaken. And to his niece the kind old bachelor wrote, and he told her to be of good cheer, whatever she might hear to distress her, for her father would soon return, and that, though their affairs were at present embarrassed, there existed a strong hope that their house would yet weather the storm, with an entire credit and perfect honour.

Helen longed sadly and much for the return of her dear father, for now the house of her uncle was to her but a wretched and miserable abode. Disappointed avarice prompted to an ill-nature, which was directed against her on every hand. Even her aunt was among her persecutors; for, with better original dispositions than her husband, she had long been infected with his meanness. The wooed, the humoured, the flattered niece, the heiress, was placed in that cruel position which perhaps can only be understood by such as have endured its pains—the position of being by circumstances placed in a family, where, under a show of kindness, one is subjected to every species of covert insult, indignity, and neglect. The country people said that the laird's rich brothers had become bankrupts; but they loved and compassionated Helen, while her own blood turned against her. She relied on her uncle's representation—her father's advent—and the arrival of another! Yes, she was never blither in her

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life; for she did not attach to her notion of happiness the necessity for superfluous means. Her worthy uncle, under whose roof she was, made no scruple now about her visiting the Hallidays. With them she now spent the most of her evenings. Sometimes she remained for several days continuously—an arrangement to which the laird by no means objected, as he had begun to think that what he could save off her sustenance might be all he should make by her. She now felt the disinterested kindness of the Hallidays, for they believed that her father's affairs must be past redemption, thinking, though they said not so, that her uncle's letter was but such an one as had been calculated to keep her mind as easy as possible till her father should return, and break the matter, and bear the burden along with her.

'I tell thee what, my girl,' the father Halliday used to say, and he meant it, 'thou must come and live with us altogether. You loved poor Jane that we lost in the spring, and my lasses will call you sister, if you will but say the word. I knew thy father well, Nelly—boys at school—different men, he and John, from that rapscallion your uncle. Now, you remember, my woman, that when you want a home you have one here.'

He did arrive at last—Herbert arrived. Helen had seen what transfigurations a reverse of fortune makes of friends—of admirers, at least—and she wondered what her lover would now say to a penniless girl, it might be. She wondered, and she feared, and trembled. He had, of course, heard of her family misfortunes. He met her with an outbursting joyous heart, and all his long pent-up affection flashed out at his eyes.

Preliminaries, and much talk, and laughing, and joyous tears on all sides, being got over, they settled themselves down to a happy evening—an evening such as they used to enjoy long ago, when Herbert and Helen first fell in love.

'Give us one of your dear old songs, Herbert,' said his youngest and loveliest sister.

'I will give thee a new one, Mary,' replied her brother; 'but you may like it as well as one of your old favourites, as it is of my own making, words and music.'

He sang the song of which imperfect snatches had been, for the last twelve months, floating in Helen's mind; and he turned tenderly to her when he came to the lines—

'Ah! dearest Nell, I love thee well;
Dost think thou couldst love me?
For, if thou couldst, no tongue could tell
How well I would love thee.'

He turned to her, and she looked sweetly on him with her earnest eyes. The song she had heard borne on the wind into her chamber was not, then, a conjuration of her fancy—no vivid dream, as she had sometimes feared. It was true.

Now, everybody could see this by-play, except that straightforward, stupid, generous, old father of this happy family.

'Herbert, my boy,' said old Halliday, interrupting the silent language of love that was going on, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'

'What can that be, father?'

'Will you grant it before you hear?'

'I will, father.'

'Well, my lad, there sits a lass I love as well as one of your own sisters. She is a good girl, Habby, and a beautiful. Her father's affairs, rich as he was, have gone sadly wrong. I know this for certain from that old rapscallion of an uncle of hers who does anything but behave himself towards her as he ought. Now, Herbert, my boy, you may not have thought of it, but you will want a wife soon. I should like thee to marry Helen, if she will but do thee the honour to take thee. And I tell you what, if you can't quite keep her yet, Hab, why, thy father shall help thee till you can.'

'I promised to grant your request, father; but how can I do so without a third party's consent?' said the son, taking Helen's hand, and soliciting her acquiescence in his father's proposal by a silent look.

Helen blushed confusedly at having to reply to a question, before so many surrounding faces, albeit friendly and affectionate ones—a question, too, which is generally supposed to be put in some sweet sequestered spot—a garden-seat at the least. She felt overcome, besides, by the extreme kindness and generosity of old Halliday. She loved Herbert. So, not knowing what to do better, she sank her head on his bosom and wept.

'There is yet a fourth party, however,' said she at length, looking up with smiles, as she dashed aside her tears. 'My father'——

'Is here,' said William Mitchell, stepping into the room, 'and is not so badly disposed to let true love take its course as parents are generally said to be.'

'Oh, my dear papa!' exclaimed Helen, throwing herself into her father's arms, after the little speech which accompanied his rather theatrical burst into the room, 'how came you here?'

He had come down to Craighillbeck to take his daughter home. Not finding her there, he had walked across to Polburnfoot, having been given to understand that she might remain there all night. As he approached the happy farmer's house, the parlour-windows appeared open, and the last notes of Herbert's song were dying away. He stood still to gaze on the interior, which was fully displayed. For what wandering eye was expected there? He was rivetted to the spot by the *tableau vivant* which presented itself to his surprised and interested regard. There stood his daughter, grown a fair and lovely woman—ill treated by his own brother's family, finding here a refuge, a happy home with strangers, but strangers who are kinder than brothers and sisters. And, ah! because they think her in distress, they will shelter her; because they think her homeless, they will give her a home; because they think her father is ruined, they will give her the brother they are all so proud of, for a protector. And, having wiped his eyes, he started into the apartment to relieve his bursting heart, in the manner we have seen.

... ...

'Well, Herbert,' said William Mitchell, after he had been a few days with the Hallidays, 'you can join our firm if you have a mind. We want fresh young blood in it; and we are not quite ruined yet. Smith, Johnson, & Roberts want but breathing-time to pay twenty shillings in the pound, and again we are on our legs, with but a few turned hairs.'

'I'll give him five thousand pounds to join you with' said father Halliday.

'We shall apply to you when we are in difficulties the next time, instead of troubling a certain worthy neighbour of yours.'

'He cannot help it,' said Halliday. 'Forgive him.'

'And as to taking you also into a certain private connection,' continued Mitchell, turning again to Herbert, 'why, we shall see how you get on in the other first. A man is not in a hurry to give another a better right to his only child than himself. I suppose you are in no particular haste?'

When, years after, Mr and Mrs Herbert Halliday visited their native parish, the race of Mitchell, as it existed on Craighillbeck, opened its goggle eyes to see the possession of riches accompanied with generosity and liberality; and old Halliday, now the *grand*father of many children, would dandle Herbert's sons on his knees, and tell them what a fine good fellow their father was, and how all they had to do was to be like him.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—OCTOBER.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Can you catch the flying shadows of the clouds that onward speed?
Can you count the winged millions of the thistle's downy seed?
Can you make the winds quiescent, or the waves less swiftly run,
Or stay the earth one moment as it whirls around the sun?

Can you change the alternations of darkness and of light?
Can you bid revolving seasons forget to urge their flights?

Will time its fleeting footsteps for you an instant stay,
Or arrest the busy workings of his minister, decay?

How futile are such questions, addressed to mortal man,
Himself a shifting atom in the universal plan—
A wafted seed, a shadow, of light a feeble gleam,
A leaf shook from the tree of life upon the hurrying stream!

And now when leaves fall thickly, and hollow boom and swell
Of winds and waters mournfully of coming winter tell,
We should be meek and humble, and, with a holy fear,
Worship, and pray, and watch, throughout this 'Sabbath of the year.'

Lo! what a glorious temple the Architect divine
Hath built for our devotions—for every heart a shrine,
For every knee a resting-place, a halo for each head,
And an atmosphere of love benign on all around us shed.

Amid the rustling branches, and amid the whisp'ring leaves,
A spirit mute, yet eloquent, a solemn measure weaves,
A warning and admonishing, wherein is this refrain—
'Prepare for your departure, ye cannot here remain!'

NATURE is glorious even in decay, and at no period of the year perhaps does she put on such rich attire, and assume such a magnificent appearance, as during the present month, when all things which are most bright and beautiful are fast fading and withering, and when the chilling influence of approaching winter is beginning to be felt and recognised on every hand, so that we are sorrowfully compelled, even while lost in admiration at the gorgeous appearance of the landscape, to exclaim with Bidlake—

'But yet, fond man, in all thy transient joys
Some poisonous sorrows lurk; for while the sight
Delighted dwells upon the glowing scene,
Reflection wakes the painful thought of death,
And life's too evanescent traits of bliss;'

and to lament, with another poet—

'Alas! those thousand hues declare
Corruption's work is busy there—
Forerunners they of winter's gloom,
A victim garnish'd for the tomb!'

Few are the flowers which we can cull for our October wreath—few and unfragrant; yet is the month not wholly destitute of bright-hued blossoms wherewith to deck his brows, all sun-embrowned; and of fruits he has a plenteous store, beautiful to look upon, grateful and refreshing to the palate; and when the poets would personify the jovial month—the swarthy bringer of good gifts to man—they generally bind his brows with vine wreaths, and load him with the glistening grape clusters, purple and crystalline, and with russet and red-streaked apples, and with rich mellow pears. He is the treader of the vine-press and the cidar-press; at his command the pleasant juices flow, of which men too commonly make so bad a use, as they do of all the gracious gifts of a bounteous Providence. To him the ripe olive yields her useful oil, and he and his brother September pluck and dry the fragrant hops, whose tonic properties were no doubt intended to strengthen and invigorate the human frame, and to counteract the effects of disease; but we convert them into an intoxicating beverage, and thus of an intended blessing make a curse. Such is the perversity of sinful man!

Still a rebel, striving still
To undo what God hath done;
Out of good producing ill;
Making all beneath the sun
Minister unto his lusts
And debasing appetites:
Full of vain desires, and trusts
In whate'er the sense invites;
Turning from the purer springs
To polluted sources, whence
Issue vile imaginings,
Fraught with dire intemperance,
Whence the social evils flow,
Which embitter human life;
Therefore earth is full of wo,
Full of bitterness and strife.

There is a natural connection between such reflections as the foregoing and a certain use to which the ancient Greeks put the plant of which we are about to speak—the Ivy, which during this month shows its pale green blossoms, one of the last offerings which Flora makes to the declining year. Bacchus, the god of drunken revelry, is invariably represented as having his temples bound with ivy leaves and tendrils. Aristophanes, for instance, calls him the '*ivy-waving* king,' and addresses him thus—

'Oh, thou with bright-leaved ivy crown'd!'

and Claudian says—

'Gay Bacchus comes, in ivy garlands drest,
And with the Thyrsis guides his reeling steps.'

But these are not the associations on which we should just now particularly care to dwell. Dickens has rendered the plant almost as celebrated and popular with us, as its use in the national sports and religious festivals of the Greeks must have done amongst them. 'A dainty plant is the ivy green,' are words which have been echoed through the length and breadth of the land, and sung in all classes of society; we hear them alike in the public concert and the private drawing-room, in the snug parlour and the sanded taproom of the town or country alehouse, as well as in the open street; and truly both the song and the subject of it are worthy of this wide celebrity, for in no country perhaps is the ivy seen to greater advantage than in this, where it invests, and beautifies, and in a measure guards from decay, the time-honoured landmarks of our national history—the ruined abbey, or church, or castle:

Sheltering the poor
The naked and the cold,
Twining round and o'er
The tottering and old,
Ivy thou art growing,
And like *charity* thou art
From the Christian's generous heart
Warmly ever flowing.

Professor Henslow says—'Name but the Ivy, and some beautiful remnant of the grandeur, taste, or piety of former days (over which time, as he mars its fair proportions, gently throws a mantle of ivy to supply a new grace),

'Will flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;"

and he compares the Ivy to *friendship*, as does also Phillips and many other writers. Not so, however, does M. Santaine, who says—'*Habit*, like the Ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates what it cannot destroy.' Mrs Hemans addresses it thus—

'Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er—
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more—
Where years are hast'ning to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb, art there.'

We know not that we ought to introduce that singular plant the Arum, or, as it is often called, the Cuckoo-pint, into our October wreath, seeing that it is now past the period of flowering—that period when the broad spotted leaves unfold, and disclose the curiously-shaped flowers, if we may so call them, which children are wont to hunt for in the hedges under the name of 'Lords and Ladies;' but now, in the time of fruitage, it is that the Arum puts on its most beautiful and attractive appearance, shooting up its short club of thickly-clustering berries of an intense scarlet hue. These will contrast finely with the dark Ivy leaves amid which we purpose to place them, but we must beware of the poisonous juice which they contain. As Mrs Rowden sings:—

'The shining berry, as the ruby bright,
Might please the taste and tempt the eager sight;
Trust not this specious veil; beneath its guise,
In humid streams, a fatal poison lies.
So vice allures with virtue's pleasing song,
And charms her victims with a syren's tongue.'

Gisborne, in his 'Walks in a Forest,' alludes to this poisonous property of the plant—

'Arum, that in a mantling hood conceals
Her sanguine club, and spreads her spotted leaf,
Arm'd with keen tortures for the unwary tongue.'

Clare mentions the unfolding of these spotted leaves among the pleasing indications of spring, and to a Welsh super-

stition connected therewith Mrs Hemans alludes, in her 'Scenes and Hymns of Life'—

'Yes, these deep inwrought marks
The villager will tell thee (and with voice
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew,
And in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills their sealing stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away.'

Besides the names above given, the Arum is also called Wake-robin, Jack-in-a-box, and Starch-wort, the latter because the roots were formerly employed in making starch. Culpepper, with commendable candour, says—'Authors have left large commendations of this herb, you see, but for my part I have neither spoken with Dr Reason nor Dr Experience about it.'

And now let us, before they have quite disappeared from the upland wold and the low-lying meadow, pluck a few of the silver stars, set with gold studs in the centre, and delicately edged with pink, of the Daisy—of *La Belle Marguerite*—the beautiful pearl wherewith nature adorns her emerald carpet.

'The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies,'

sings James Montgomery, and soothly, too; for doubtless it *is* to be found blossoming the whole year through, in some sheltered nook or place of retirement, where, as Wordsworth says,

'We meet it, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.'

The daisy! what a host of memories and associations, youthful, and poetical, and picturesque, and historical, rise before us at the very name. Properly it belongs unto

'The spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad,
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups on the yellow mead,
And prank their hair with daisies,'

as Cowper tells us. Properly it belongs to the age of chivalry, when St Louis of France took for a device in his ring a Daisy, and a Lily, and a precious stone, whereon was engraved a crucifix, because, as he said, these were emblematical of all he held most dear—his wife (Margaret), his country, and his religion; and when, as Chaucer in his beautiful allegory, 'the Flower and the Leaf,' tells us, when knights and ladies met in greenwood bowers and flowery meads to hold sweet converse or to disport themselves,

'Then began anon
A sweet voiced dame to sing right womanly
The Daisy's honour in a melody.'

Properly it belongs to the poets, for who of them, from Chaucer downwards, have not celebrated its praises? With the old 'father of English poetry' it was an especial favourite; he says:—

'So glad am I when in the Daisy's presence,
That I am fain to do it reverence;
For she of all sweet flowers is the flower
With virtue fill'd and honourable power;
Forever fair alike and fresh of hue,
As well in winter as in summer new.'

All through his writings we find allusions to this 'day's eye,' or 'eye of day,' as he delights to call it, no doubt in allusion to its closing and opening at the setting and rising of the sun. Passing over a whole host of intermediate poets, among whom may be named Spenser, and Drayton, and Withers, and Shakspeare, and Browne, and Dryden, and Hurdis, and Thomson, and Pope, we come to Burns, who is never so happy as when describing the beauties of his native hills and valleys, and singing of

'The humble broom bowers
Where the Bluebell and *Gowan* lurk lowly unseen.'

And who does not know that touching lament of his over the Daisy turned up by his ploughshare, beginning—

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.'

Then we have Wordsworth dedicating we not how many beautiful stanzas of imperishable poetry to the Daisy, and James Montgomery singing its praises, and Dr Mason Good making it a symbol and a token of Power divine:—

'Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in tones as clear.'

And Robert Nicoll, and Cornelius Webbe, and the Countess of Blessington, and, in short, almost every votary of the muses, has thrown around this simple flower the halo of sweet song. With Keats—poor Keats!—it was one of the last of earthly memories, associated with calm and peaceable rest—that rest which he hoped to find in the grave. 'I feel,' he said to the friend who watched his dying moments—'I feel the daisies already growing over me;' and there, we are told, where death prematurely overtook him, and he was lapped in mother earth beneath the walls of imperial Rome, do even grow all the winter long violets and *daisies*, mingled with fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, 'making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.' We are not at liberty to adorn our wreath with a sprig of Michaelmas Daisy—one of the aster tribe—which we now see putting forth its purple stars in many a cottage-garden, because it is not with us a wild flower, being a native of America, whence it was first brought in the year 1633; but here, beneath this sheltering hedge, we have the little Herb Robert, one of the Cranesbill or Geranium family, and a late lingerer into the autumn, approaching even to the verge of winter. It is a common wild flower this, and must be known to most of our readers; with dusky red hairy stems and pointed leaves, and blossoms of a bright pink or purplish hue, usually streaked with white, it is a pretty, delicate-looking, yet in reality a hardy plant. Whence it obtained its common appellation we have yet to learn; an anonymous poet, quoted by Mrs Louden, has written thus of it:—

'There is a small but lovely flower,
With crimson stem and calyx brown,
On pathway side beneath the bower,
By nature's hand profusely thrown.
And should you ask me where it blows,
I answer on the mountain bare;
High in the tufted rock it grows—
In lonely glens and meadows fair;
An emblem of the steadfast mind,
Which, through the varying scenes of life,
By genuine piety refined,
Holds on its way 'midst noise and strife.'

The blossoms of the Pyrola or Winter-Green, so called because it keeps its foliage fresh and verdant through the winter, may also still be gathered in the woods of Kent and Yorkshire, and other parts of England, although it is not at any time a flower to be frequently met with.

'I found within the pleasant wood
The lone Pyrola growing,'

sings Mary Howitt, alluding, no doubt, to the round-leaved Winter-Green, which blooms the latest, and has white spreading flowers. Now, too, may be gathered, upon sandy banks and dry pasture-lands, the Meadow-Pink, whose generic name, Dianthus (flower of God), pertains to all the beautiful and fragrant Pinks and Carnations of the garden; this, however, is a very simple flower, with little or no scent, something in appearance like its relative the yet rarer Castle-Pink, which, about a month since, was blooming luxuriantly upon our garden-walls, the seed having been procured from the lofty keep of Rochester Castle, one of the few spots in England where it is to be found:—

The Castle-Pink! the Castle-Pink!
How wildly free it waves!
Exposed to every blast that blows,
And every storm that raves;

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It heedeth not the pelting rain,
Nor whistling gales that sweep
Around the time-worn battlement,
Around the massive keep.
But smileth still and flourisheth,
The various seasons through;
For God, he nourisheth the plant
With sunshine and with dew.

And, to complete our wreath, we may now gather a bunch of the lemon-coloured blossoms of the Wall-Mustard from the heap of rubbish or waste ground; and if we take the trouble to go to the banks of the Teviot near Nottingham Castle, we shall find the naked flowering Crocus just putting forth its purple cups; while in the Warwickshire meadows, and about Halifax in Yorkshire, another kind, the showy autumnal Crocus, is likewise unfolding its silken petals to deck the declining year. But here, for the present, we must conclude, leaving the mosses, and some few of the latest autumnal flowers, wherewith to enwreath the brows of the coming month, for

Lo, now the year, with air subdued and sober,
Such as may well befit one growing old,
In russet dress doth hasten to enrobe her:
Meanwhile her servitors, in green and gold
(The stately forest trees), you may behold
Bowing a welcome unto proud October.

A GLANCE AT THE LONDON DIRECTORY.

A GLANCE at the London Post-office Directory is sufficient to arrest the attention of a provincial; a glance into it must excite his interest and wonder in a very high degree. The tome is a massive plethoric quarto, containing 2074 pages of closely-printed letterpress, and is representative of tens of thousands of the most wealthy, enterprising, and industrious men in the world; as well as a reference and guide to the most noble edifices and institutions that ever were founded by national wealth and human benevolence. Some erudite country squire, whose name fame has neglected to record, when returning to its owner a dictionary of the English language which he had borrowed, critically declared it to be a very entertaining book, but badly put together. The Post-office Directory can as little boast of unity or identity of elements as a dictionary; it is nevertheless as replete with thoughts, and its words are suggestive of ideas and speculations as various.

London! word of wonderful import—symbol of a mighty apparent unity—of one mass of human beings, vast and world-like, gravitating towards one centre of social attraction, and linked together by a system of mutual dependency—yet word, motive with ideas, diverse as the poles and opposite as positive and negative in thought—'of life's extremes, the grandeur and the gloom,' the boldest and most striking phenomena are seen in thee. London! the word describes, as with the graver of a Prometheus, palpable and distinct, a circle replete with unequals and antagonisms. Within the grand outline of its periphery, stands, monumented in stone and bronze, the good and bad ideas of old ancestral times; and the false, prurient—ay, and the true conceptions which to-day we are pedestaling for posterity. Here wealth, groaning with satiety, sighs for some new world of pleasure, and poverty, maddened with hunger, seeks from day to day any world, it cares not which, save this. Palaces and hovels stand almost shoulder to shoulder—the time-worn cathedral and the den of brigandage mingle their shadows together. High over the dwellings of the poor and needy towers the monument of the ferocious warrior and the immoral, princely spendthrift, as if in mockery of the commercial dupes who cheered on the destructive progress of the one, and disbursed the crime-contracted debts of the other. Gloomy and grand, St Paul's frowns darkly down upon the world of homes, and prisons, and churches, and stores, and hovels that gravitate around it. It lifts its great dome into the sky like the dark summit of some mountain. The fishermen of Galilee, as they trod with humble steps and in simple guise, never dreamt of such a Christian temple as this. London! no one can tell when the first stone was laid of its mighty material. Some savages, with painted skins, pitched their little wigwams of mud and osiers upon the banks of the Thames, and then the Roman conquerors raised their camps by its streams. The Tower of London superseded the Prætorium of Cæsar. The Saxon came, with Horsa and Hengist, and he fought with Scot and Briton, and tilled the ground, and established for himself a home. Slowly the patient, untiring genius of labour cut from the earth its clayey shroud, and, moulding it into millions and millions of squares, which it indurated by fire, piled these particles one upon another, until there arose dwelling on dwelling, temple on temple, bridge on bridge, and street on street, and that, too, almost as noiselessly as the temple of old, where the sound of lusty blows was not heard, but, like a tall oak, the mystic fabric rose. By a long, continuous, and determined system of accretion, brick was laid on brick, stone on stone; rivers were spanned by arches miles in length, and hedges and forests were superseded by rows of building and forests of chimneys; the nucleus, planted in the dark dim ages of antiquity, grew and expanded; the principle of association, rudely and crudely manifested by men clothed in the skins of wild animals, became developed more and more through the course of ages, until now we look upon huge, overgrown, but still growing, still dissatisfied, still suffering London.

The London Directory, albeit it is a goodly portly volume, well filled with compact rows of names, is still but a decimated record of the human beings associated in the grand plane, and comprehended in the circumference of London. In the pyramid of society there is a snowline clear and distinct as the rim of a glacier, and all below that line is not comprehended in the category of noticeable things. People seldom look at the base of a superstructure; they generally turn their eyes towards the ornamental portions, which are carefully placed above the line of vision; and so it is in the Directory. The individuals composing the crowd that toils and suffers are too much associated in identical pursuits, and too obscure to be of interest to any one beyond their own circles, save the philosopher or philanthropist, and so the Directory does not take cognisance of what they do or where they dwell. The Directory, then, is only a partial record of those who dwell in this 'nation within walls,' and yet it is so vast as to produce strange reflections, and excite the mind to wonder.

The population of the city of London is something over two millions, and the buildings occupy an area somewhere about sixty square miles. These two millions of people, nearly equal to the entire population of Scotland, located upon so small a comparative space, must have been induced to agglomerate from some strong principle of cohesion. Neither written laws, nor laws of force, state enginery, nor martial terrorism, could ever have induced this tremendous association of men. They have been brought together and kept together by the great principles of social union and mutual dependence. They have all come together to get something done for themselves, and to do something for each other. To live, and to render life as pleasant to each other as human ability and capacity can do so, have been the motives upon which leviathan London's society was founded, and upon which it has grown up to its present huge proportions.

There are some men whose chief demands upon society are of a physical nature—food and clothing, and the other necessaries of what is termed civilised life, constitute all that they require from society; and in London their requirements, exaggerated though they may be, can meet with ample and sufficient supply. There are other men who make but very simple demands upon the storehouse of the material world, but who live, and move, and have their being in the intellectual; there are sympathies, also, for all moods, and tenses, and powers of mind in London. Inverting the general rule of observation, which neglects the essential for the ornamental, we are impelled to glance first at the fundamental ideas of the Directory, and these are bread and meat. There are in London 1700 bakers

and muffin and crumpet-makers, together with about 1600 butchers. These 3300 men are not the breadmakers and meat preparers of the great city, but the bread and meat sellers—the employers of those who slaughter sheep and bullocks, and who drag their drays from door to door with the loaves which they have manufactured. These 3300 bread and beef merchants represent several thousands of men immediately employed in the preparation of those viands, and of millions of people employed in the consumption of them. Seventeen hundred master bakers! what an amount and variety of wealth and labour are involved in that sentence! You think you hear the waving grain, from Northumberland to Wilts, humming the words, as the sickles of twice ten thousand reapers mow it down; you think you hear the winds sigh it, and the steam-engine scream it right out, as ship and railway-car hasten on to the great city with the golden corn; the stones of the mill clatter it, and the great Flemish dray-horses of the flour merchants snort it, as they champ and tramp with stately neck and lofty step through the great thoroughfares of old London. There are 984 merchants, who dispose of nothing but cheese. Stilton, Cheshire, Gouda, Dunlop, and all varieties of American, are piled up in square and circular pyramids in great stores, and is constantly rolling off to consumers and small retailers. There are 765 dairymen, who are said to dispose of more milk than ever cow produced; and 100 ham-curers, who impart to the legs of pigs the power of curing craving stomachs. The Londoners have long enjoyed a gastronomic fame in the provinces, and certainly 459 dining and confection-rooms, together with 720 coffee-rooms, independent of every private house being an eating-house, does no discredit to the assumption.

The foregoing establishments and individuals are chiefly patronised by healthy Cockneys. When disease attacks the frame, however, they must eschew the succulent juices of beef, mutton, and veal, and turn to the essence of rhubarb and calomel, with other aperients and narcotics less simple. There are 396 physicians and 1701 surgeons to administer, with 750 chemists and druggists to prepare and sell the medicaments considered necessary to cobble up the old worn-out constitutions of the cockaigne community; and 435 undertakers, who are always anxious, as a matter of business, to take upon themselves the dolorous duties of sepulture.

Undoubtedly the most prominent, attractive, and splendid class of warehouses in the great city are the palaces of King Alcohol. The great wooden banners of Barclay Perkins are hung out on great posts, together with the emblazoned flags of Hanbury, Buxton, & Co., to lead the way to the glittering halls, where crime, and poverty, and ruin mix the cup and hold it out to the trembling, bleer-eyed victims of diseased appetites. There are vintners and publicans in London to the number of 4491, who dispose of the liquors prepared by 252 brewers and distillers. Here you find enormous numbers of men who live upon the crimes, miseries, and passions of the great multitude: 330 pawnbrokers, who thrive and grow rich upon the increasing poverty of the poor; and 1500 barristers, about 2000 attorneys, and 246 law-stationers, who contrive to live in luxury upon the jealousies and selfishness of the rich. It is no less interesting to examine the number of men engaged in known and active professions than to glance at the old corporations, some of whom retain the names of obsolete trades. We must acknowledge ourselves to be ignorant of the duties of fletchers and loriners; and we are not clear regarding the precise occupation of that single Richard Tons, who styles himself blood-dryer, and dwells in Bow Common. These fletchers and loriners, however, have their clerks and corporations, and probably some old privileges, which shall be retained, perhaps, by individuals who know as much about fletching and lorining, as George IV. did about button-making, or the Prince of Wales regarding navigation. Girdlers and horners, old men of mark and metal, have lost these terse and pointed cognomens through the general progress of language and decadence of certain trades. The girdle is superseded by the oven, and porcelain and britannia metal have taken the place of horn in the manufacture of cups and spoons. In one page of this large volume, we are referred to birch and alder dealers, who sell transverse sections of these trees to boot and shoe makers, in order that they may manufacture therefrom wooden pegs, as we suppose. There is one profession chronicled in the London Directory, which induced us at the first glance to smile—that of billstickers; but it must be remembered that the metropolitan bilisticker is not like the poor paste and brush men of the provinces. They are a ragged and humble democracy in the country, but in town the billstickers-in-chief keep up dashing establishments, and constantly employ an active staff of peripatetic agents.

We can notice several pleasing transitions in the purpose of professions retaining names which were very significant in old times. 'Bead and bugle makers,' for instance, suggest the manufactory of rosaries and war-trumpets; but we believe that modern bead and bugle makers are engaged in the manufactory of glass ornaments for children. Bowstring makers, although retaining the warlike significance appertaining to their trade during the times of English death-dealing archery, now make more strings for fiddle-bows than cross or long ones. But how vain it is to attempt to analyse this great book; we can only glance at it. Oh, what an amount of wretchedness, misery, care, and toil is involved in the contemplation of those long arrays of tradesmen's names! How many, in the death-struggle of competition, are asking them for leave to toil! how many, in the depths of misery and crime, are beseeching the bounty of their charity, and the fulness of their philanthropy!

Let us turn for a moment, however, from the inner life of London to its outward ideas—from the men themselves to their thoughts, not as they are cut in marble and stone, and are cast in bronze and iron, but their thoughts as they are written upon the corners of streets. A glance at the names of the streets of the city is not calculated to exalt one's opinion of metropolitan ideality, although it certainly is sufficient to call forth the reader's wonder and amazement. We think we see profound councils, sitting in awful meditation, and discussing with more than Turkish gravity the name to be given to a row of brick buildings, which had suddenly been blown up from the mud of London; and then we think we hear the happy deliverance, the final enunciation of *New* Street. All the other streets are old, but this is new—wise, sage conclusion! Well, eleven times have the wits written *New* before Court, Street, and Lane in the metropolis, and still new streets are being built. We admire the honest John Bull-like truthfulness of *Brick* Street and *Brick* Lane, repeated five times; but, then, what was the use of being exclusive and partial on this point—all the streets and lanes of London are brick streets and lanes. There is a Bride Court, Bride Street, Bride Lane, Bride Terrace, and Bride Passage. How hymeneal, how uxorious must the great mind have been that dwelt upon the idea expressed in the substantive adjective, bride! Bride Street—was this street first inhabited by brides, or did the bride of the builder or owner fill with her majesty this street? There is some forgotten tale of a bride involved in all these indefinite allusions, which have now become definitely the names of well known localities. There are twenty-one Bridge Streets, &c., which show that there was very little thought expended upon their nomination; they run parallel with bridges, and so Alderman Wisdom, with a precision and prosiness worthy of Wouter Van Twiller, married Bridge to Street, and the thing was done. We must confess that we have a high respect for the exalted and benevolent ideality which gave to one of London's retreats the name of Cherubim Court. The cherubim who locate there are certainly not at present of the most ethereal character; but let us emulate the charity of the nominator, and believe that they were in those days. Our credulity is often called upon to yield credence to certain zoological phenomena which may have existed in London, but that certainly have now become extinct; the ichthyosaurus lived, how-

ever, after all, and so did the great mastodon and megatherium, and why not red lions, and blue elephants, and all these sort of creatures? Red lions we should suppose to have been very prolific in old times in the city, for there are twenty-one rows, streets, and lanes, &c., graced with their name. We can trace some faint but yet fond recollections of nature and the beautiful in Cherrytree Court and Cherry Garden, and Lillypot Lane; but they are recollections of verdant grounds, amidst a labyrinth of sick chambers, and dwellings of suffering weary people, and of people who are driving the world before them. They are little atoms of country life, amidst the immensity of city life, and have almost a sound of sadness deeper than even that of Bridewell. The eye grows weary, and the brain grows bewildered, however, as they look and reflect upon the great and instructive lesson taught, even by a glance at the London Directory.

BIRDS.

BY MRS CHILD.

There is nothing which makes me feel the imprisonment of a city, like the absence of birds. Blessings on the little warblers! Lovely types are they of all winged and graceful thoughts. Dr Follen used to say, 'I feel dependent for a vigorous and hopeful spirit on now and then a kind word, the loud laugh of a child, or the silent greeting of a flower.' Fully do I sympathise with this utterance of his gentle and loving spirit; but more than the benediction of the flower, more perhaps than even the mirth of childhood, is the clear, joyous note of the bird a refreshment to my soul.

'The birds! the birds of summer hours,
They bring a gush of glee
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.

We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amidst the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from heaven;

And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them
With a blessing and a prayer.'

But, alas! like the free voices of fresh youth, they come not on the city air. Thus should it be; where mammon imprisons all thoughts and feelings that would fly upward, their winged types should be in cages too. Walk down Mulberry Street, and you may see, in one small room, hundreds of little feathered songsters, each hopping about restlessly in his gilded and garlanded cage, like a dyspeptic merchant in his marble mansion. I always turn my head away when I pass; for the sight of the little captives goes through my heart like an arrow, the darling little creatures have such visible delight in freedom;

'In the joyous song they sing;
In the liquid air they cleave;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nests they weave.'

I seldom see a bird encaged, without being reminded of Petion, a truly great man, the popular idol of Hayti, as Washington is of the United States.

While Petion administered the government of the island, some distinguished foreigner sent his little daughter a beautiful bird in a very handsome cage. The child was delighted, and with great exultation exhibited the present to her father. 'It is indeed very beautiful, my daughter,' said he; 'but it makes my heart ache to look at it. I hope you will never show it to me again.'

With great astonishment, she inquired his reasons. He replied, 'When this island was called St Domingo, we were all slaves. It makes me think of it to look at that bird; for *he* is a slave.'

The little girl's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, as she exclaimed, 'Why, father, he has such a large, handsome cage; and as much as ever he can eat and drink.'

'And would *you* be a slave,' said he, 'if you could live in a great house, and be fed on frosted cake?'

After a moment's thought, the child began to say half reluctantly, 'Would he be happier if I opened the door of his cage?' 'He would be *free!*' was the emphatic reply. Without another word, she took the cage to the open window, and, a moment after, she saw her prisoner playing with the humming-birds among the honeysuckles.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds was often related by my grandfather, who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.

Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was that the serpent charmed the bird by looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that if the snake was struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.

These traditions excited my grandfather's curiosity to watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he had a chance to despoil the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid, and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white ash!

The little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in 'massa's' corn or tobacco.

I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees round their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

The following well authenticated anecdote has something wonderfully human about it:

A parrot had been caught young, and trained by a Spanish lady, who sold it to an English sea-captain. For a time the bird seemed sad among the fogs of England, where birds and men all spoke to her in a foreign tongue. By degrees, however, she learned the language, forgot her Spanish phrases, and seemed to feel at home. Years passed on, and found Pretty Poll the pet of the captain's family. At last her brilliant feathers began to turn grey with age; she could take no food but soft pulp, and had not strength enough to mount her perch. But no one had the heart to kill the old favourite, she was entwined with so many pleasant household recollections. She had been some time in this feeble condition, when a Spanish gentleman called one day to see her master. It was the first time she had heard the language for many years. It pro-

bably brought back to memory the scenes of her youth in that beautiful region of vines and sunshine. She spread forth her wings with a wild scream of joy, rapidly ran over the Spanish phrases, which she had not uttered for years, and fell down dead.

There is something strangely like reason in this. It makes one want to know whence comes the bird's soul, and whither goes it.

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is founded on traditions handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time in watching them than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was *so* busy, and *so* important; and her mate was *so* attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than these did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth *such* a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on 'the woman question;' for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but, nevertheless, it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labour. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalising policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbours. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chatted away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold. The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.'

Three times their neighbours came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. That beautiful family continued to be our playmates, until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art from those little creatures perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbours. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me. We had lived so friendly together, that I wanted to meet them in another world, if I could not in this; and I wept, as a child weeps at its first grief.

There was somewhat, too, in their beautiful life of loving freedom which was a reproach to me. Why was not *my* life as happy and as graceful as theirs? Because they were innocent, confiding, and unconscious, they fulfilled all the laws of their being without obstruction.

'Inward, inward to thy heart,
Kindly Nature, take me;
Lovely, even as thou art,
Full of loving make me.
Thou knowest nought of dead-cold forms,
Knowest nought of littleness;
Lifeful truth *thy* being warms,
Majesty and earnestness.'

The old Greeks observed a beautiful festival, called 'The welcome of the swallows.' When these social birds first returned in the spring-time, the children went about in procession, with music and garlands; receiving presents at every door, where they stopped to sing a welcome to the swallows, in that graceful old language, so melodious even in its ruins, that the listener feels as if the brilliant azure of Grecian skies, the breezy motion of their olive groves, and the gush of their silvery fountains, had all passed into a monument of liquid and harmonious sounds.

THE VALE OF TEMPE.

I LOOKED forward with the greatest pleasure to our next day's ride, for we were to pass through the celebrated Vale of Tempe—yes, 'the pleasant vale in Thessaly,' which several years before I had been in the habit of having drummed into my head in the 'Propria quæ maribus,' and the description of which in Ovid's Metamorphoses had occasioned me many pulls and thumps from my preceptor. Yet somehow or other, such is human nature, and so much more durable are pleasing than disagreeable impressions,

that I found myself looking back with pleasure to Ovid's Metamorphoses, and forgetting the said thumps and pulls, and actually got ready and carried in my travelling cap, a copy of the lines which begin 'Est nemus Hœmoniæ,' &c., in order to be able to read the description as I rode along. Pain, it seems, makes not so durable an impression on us as pleasure, although its temporary influence is tenfold greater; and many scenes in which there may have been a considerable degree of alloy, disappointment, or even pain, become, after a lapse of time, far from painful to recur to, or even unpleasing to call to one's recollection.

The extreme beauty and grandeur of Tempe baffles all attempts at description. I had heard a great deal of it from persons who had before visited it. I had formed the most extravagant notions concerning it, yet, so far from experiencing any feeling of disappointment, I found the reality far exceed my expectations. I was enchanted more than I am able to express. I would willingly have remained many days there, if it were only to ramble through its romantic scenery and picturesque groves.

The vale itself is a chasm, between Mounts Olympus and Ossa, through which the Peneus, or Selembria, finds its way to the sea. After leaving Larissa, the road towards Tempe lies, for some distance, across the plain, until arriving at the mountains, which seem to join each other, and prevent all egress in that quarter. The traveller begins to wonder how a passage can possibly exist through a chain apparently so impassable.

Tempe puts me in mind in some measure of the Avon, below Clifton, but it is tenfold more grand and striking. The bold and almost perpendicular sides of the chasm—which vary, I should imagine, from six to eight hundred feet above the level of the river below—are of a barren limestone, to which a most luxurious vegetation, which adorns the sides of the river, and extends considerably above the accessible parts of the craggy sides, forms a pleasing contrast. This vegetation consists of shrubs, bays, arbutus, &c.; and forest trees of various kinds are picturesquely interspersed with rocks, and the bold features of the limestone formation; while, as he luxuriates in the shade of the pleasant vale, delicious springs of the clearest and coldest water refresh the traveller, burned by the sun of the scorching plains he has left. The Peneus, which, as it runs through Tempe, is about fifty yards in width, occupies nearly the whole breadth of the vale or chasm, and the narrow track, which, however bad as a road, will never be felt long or wearisome, runs parallel to its right bank.—*Anon.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

A MORAL instructor should be attached to youth, and well acquainted with the development of the youthful mind. In communicating instruction his manner should be earnest and affectionate, and his language simple and perspicuous. With these qualities, accompanied by a gentle tone of address, he will more effectually convince and persuade than by all the studied arts of oratory. There are two methods of imparting moral instruction. The first conveys a precept by the direct address; the second involves a truth in a maxim or proposition, and leaves the practical deduction of the precept to the reflection of the reader. The second method I frequently adopt, since it gives a salutary exercise to the intellectual and moral faculties; and truth which is discovered by reflection usually makes a deep and lasting impression on the mind. A subject which we long and attentively contemplate, acquires an importance in the mind in proportion to the time and attention we bestow on it. At first a subject is obscure, gradually and progressively it appears more clear, till at last it rises in its full proportions before the mental vision. In the tuition of youth what is of more importance than moral discipline? Nothing: impress, then, on the youthful mind moral instruction with all the earnestness of truth, and with all the kindness of affection, avoiding the formality that fatigues and the austerity that repels. But sentiment is not action; the love of virtue is not the practice of it: the two may be disunited. We may love virtue without being virtuous, and claim for it the merit which is due only to the harmonious union of principle and conduct. Vain and abortive are our best emotions unless they are reduced to principle and embodied in action. We conceive a sentiment, we also feel it. These propositions, temperance is health, benevolence is happiness, gain ready assent, but their full import is felt only by the temperate and the benevolent. Thus should moral duty be inculcated on the young till they feel its truth and delight in its practice. An action by repetition becomes a corporeal habit. In this respect, the mind is analogous to the body; a thought or an emotion frequently recurrent, in like manner, is converted into a mental habit. These habits, when new and unconfirmed, may be easily modified and changed, but the difficulty of modification and change increases with their strength. Habits are not stationary, they are progressive; and as they gradually advance to conformation, they prompt to action, and form the character. Physical and mental habits of primary moment, if neglected to mature age, can never be acquired to any degree of perfection. In order to impart to them the facility and correctness of natural ease, they must be commenced in early years, and cultivated with steady perseverance. A physical habit is similar to a mental habit in its course of training by reiterated exercise. Train, then, the young to moral duty with the same assiduity that you train them to a trade or a profession. When the habits are matured and consolidated, a man changes not his character with his condition; but when they are tender and unconfirmed, the character of a young man is moulded by the circumstances in which he is placed. In the circle, then, in which a youth moves, let all that he sees and hears, every action that he witnesses, every book that he reads, be pure, virtuous, honourable, and worthy of imitation. Many act foolishly in opposition to their health and happiness, and are sensible of their folly, yet their experience does not induce reformation, and why not? Their bad habits are too deeply rooted for their weak resolution to eradicate. What a powerful argument for the early inculcation of moral and religious principles!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

The virtues and vices are as distinct in their conceptions as they are in their names. Candour is different from benevolence as envy is from falsehood; yet each class has but one origin—the virtues a principle of goodness, the vices a principle of depravity.

A small deviation from rectitude, it may be alleged, offers an excuse in the trifling nature of the effect; a considerable deviation plends a palliation in the weakness of human nature, and in the strength of temptation. Both views or arguments are fallacious and fraught with danger.

Virtue is a comprehensive and uniform system. The observance of one duty, however important, cannot compensate for the neglect of another; and the highest merit cannot atone for the indulgence of minor faults.

To comply with one error is to facilitate the lapse into another, till the habit of compliance is formed that terminates in guilt. To resist error is to acquire moral fortitude; and moral fortitude, when confirmed into habit, is the conservator of virtue.

No temptation can justify a vicious action. Every good man resists vice; hence he who yields to it cannot plead in excuse the strength of temptation, since what others overcome he may overcome; it therefore follows, that his conduct is the result of his own vicious habits.

We may resist vice in its grosser forms, and yield to it when it assumes a delusive show of goodness. Never is vice more dangerous than when it treacherously allies itself to some virtue, usurps its power, and under this disguise, without alarming caution, betrays us to ruin.

The hypocrite, who assumes virtue, is outwardly in conduct what the good man is in principle. The one personates a character, fears detection, and his mind is never

at ease. The other, who is undisguised, fears no scrutiny, no exposure, no disgrace and his mind is ever tranquil.

In all your actions be more afraid of the accusation of conscience than the reproach of men. From the reproach of men, you may find refuge in virtue; from the accusation of conscience there is no escape. In a happy home the vexations of the world may be soothed; in an unhappy home domestic peace is destroyed.

In every pursuit, when we have done our part, and wait the issue, the inquietude of expectation is often equal to the previous turmoil of labour: but after discharging the duties prescribed by virtue, the mind is at peace, for it leaves the issue to Providence. In the common avocations of life, there is often much doubt and perplexity, in virtue all is fixed. Do your duty and trust in God.

Virtue contains its own reward, and vice its own punishment. A benevolent man rejoices with the prosperous, and in his sympathetic feelings shares their happiness; a selfish man envies the prosperous, and afflicts himself without diminishing their happiness.

In every condition of life maintain your integrity. An accusing conscience, though the world applauds, whispers in accents of reproach, and destroys mental peace; an approving conscience, though the world frowns, smiles on the heart.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELFISHNESS.

We naturally love our own well-being; and this principle, the prime and ruling impulse of our nature, is termed self-love. Self-love deserves no more praise or blame than do the appetites of hunger and thirst. In its excess and perversion, when confined to personal gratifications, it is denominated selfishness, and incurs censure. In its diffusive sympathies to mankind it has the appellation of benevolence, and is entitled to commendation.

When we contemplate the character of the Supreme Being as it is discovered in natural and revealed religion, we plainly perceive that he wills the harmonious union of the great family of man. No system therefore, of theology, morality, or polity, can be pure and efficient which is not in subserviency to humanity, and benevolence to social order and happiness.

A beautiful landscape is presented to two individuals. One of them, who has no relish for such an exhibition, looks on it with indifference; the other, whose taste is cultivated, gazes on it with delight. Similar is it with selfishness and benevolence. The selfish regard noble and generous deeds, in which they have no interest, with apathy; the benevolent hail them with congenial mind, and experience a reflected pleasure in their sympathetic feelings.

The call to benevolence on religious principles is clear and conclusive. All who are religious, love their Creator and Preserver; those who love him obey his commands, and his express command is to love one another, and to do good to all men.

A selfish man, like an opaque mineral, absorbs every ray of good in himself. A benevolent man, like a transparent gem, refracts them in diffusive lustre around him.

A worldly man calculates everything by his profit and loss, and estimates every person according to his station and fortune. A virtuous man values everything by its physical good or evil, and estimates every person according to his integrity and usefulness.

The selfish cannot see with satisfaction those happy whom they envy; their minds are like a diseased body that cannot enjoy the vernal beauties of nature. The benevolent rejoice in general happiness, and by sympathy share in it, as by taste they enjoy the blooming prime of the year.

A person who is happy rejoices in the happiness of others, and he who rejoices in the happiness of others promotes his own. Cultivate, then, in the prime of life, the personal virtues which constitute the felicity of the individual, and the benevolent sympathies, which, extending through society, unite and bless the great community of man.

SMILES.

What is that smile, that o'er the cheek
Of artless, blooming childhood strays;
That revels in the dimple sleek,
And charms the mother's tender gaze?
'Tis the bright sun of April's morn,
That rises with unsullied ray,
Nor marks the clouds that swift are borne,
To wrap in shades the future day.

What is that soft, that tender smile,
That mingles with the rising sigh?
Light spreads the timid blush the while,
And sweetly sinks the melting eye?
'Tis the bright sunbeam on the rose,
That lights away the early shower—
That will its folded leaves enclose,
And in full fragrance spread the flower

What is that smile, whose rapturous glow
Passion's impetuous breath inspires;
While pleasure's gaudy blossoms blow,
And the eye beams with guilty fires?
'Tis the volcano's direful blaze,
Which sheds around its fatal light;
The victim dies that stops to gaze,
And safety is but found in flight.

What is that sad, that transient smile,
That dawns upon the lip of wo;
That checks the deep-drawn sigh the while,
And stays the tear that starts to flow?
'Tis but a meteor o'er the heart,
When youth's gay dreams have pass'd away;
When joy's faint, ling'ring days depart,
And the last gleams of hope decay.

What is that bright, that fearful smile,
Quick flashing o'er the brow of care,
When fades each fruit of mental toil,
And nought remains to check despair?
'Tis the wild lurid lightning's gleam,
Swift bursting from a stormy cloud,
That sheds a bright destructive beam,
Then sinks amid its sable shroud.

What is that smile, calm, fix'd at last,
On the hoar brow of reverend age.
When the world's changing scenes depart,
And nearly closed life's weary page?
'Tis the rich, glowing, western beam,
Bright mantling o'er the dark'ning skies,
That shows, by its mild parting beam,
A cloudless, heavenly morn to rise. MRS H. ROWE

TEARS.

There is a tear that early flows,
The first to fall, like morning dew,
And leaves, like it, the cheek's young rose.
Unsear'd in form, undimm'd in hue.
It springs but from some transient pain,
And chasing smiles are always near;
'Tis lightly shed, like April rain—
And this is childhood's guileless tear.

There is a tear than smiles more bright,
Which springs into the beaming eye,
And sparkles there in all the light
Which souls new blest in love supply.
Hopes perfected, but which the heart
Deem'd fate's hand lifted to destroy,
Will make it into being start—
This is the tear of cordial joy.

There is a tear more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love,
By angels' eyes first wept, and oft
On earth by eyes like those above.
It flows from virtue at distress—
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here:
'Twas given, and is shed to bless—
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear. CAPT. M'NAMARA

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ETIQUETTE.

The man who defined etiquette as 'great among the small and little among the large affairs of life,' spoke like an acute observer. But life has few great things; at least, they are scarce with most people—the occupations, the motives, and even the cares of mankind being, for the greater part, composed of an infinitude of trifles linked and interwoven together till each becomes important by its union with a thousand. Some philosophers have, indeed, argued that nothing of either moral or physical existence could be properly termed greater or less than another, as 'all were parts of one stupendous whole,' according to Pope; but, whatever truth they may contain, these are abstruse speculations, and very apt to turn absurd also in the setting forth of ordinary minds, for whom it is safer to abide by the common comparatives. A single glance along the course of his daily life will satisfy any man that it is made up, so to speak, of generations of small matters, succeeding each other as regularly and imperceptibly as the minutes, and forgotten as soon as past, till all that memory retains out of a considerable period are some prominent scenes and events, the details of which would not occupy more than a couple of hours or a few printed pages in their relation. On the same principle the history of a mighty kingdom is contained in two or three volumes, and the important facts may be included in still smaller compass. Socially and personally, we live for and by trifles; and truly etiquette is great among them, whether termed a science, an art, or an institute, for by all these designations it has been known. On no subject was there ever more time and labour expended; no branch has had more enthusiastic teachers, more numerous scholars, or greater variety of practice. The volumes that have been written on etiquette would of themselves alone constitute a library; but though instruction might be gleaned out of them by those who could find sermons in stones, it is to be feared they would form what Miss Simper found the acts of Parliament, 'very genteel reading, but a little dry.' Etiquette has been known to all ages and nations; the highest civilisation and the deepest barbarism have entertained it, though with different variations; and it is remarkable that, however singular in this respect, the latter is by far the most punctilious. A native of New Guinea would consider himself grossly insulted if his acquaintance did not square his fists at him the moment he became visible; and a Nogay widow could have no chance of a second husband if she appeared in public without an ox-bladder, inflated to its utmost extent, upon her brow. A pious missionary gives a curious account of his visit to three Indian chiefs, who had come over to London, in order, as they said, to hold a palaver with their great father, George III. The missionary had been among their native forests, and of course thought proper to wait upon them in the English metropolis; but he was obliged to wait from twelve o'clock till three in the afternoon, when the red gentlemen had finished their toilet of paint and feathers, without which they could not present themselves. Did ever Bond Street foppery surpass these children of the woods?

No depth of savagism has yet been discovered in which etiquette is unknown; it is found among tribes possessing scarcely any other vestige of human knowledge or habits; even the New Hollanders have their ceremonies of salutation and leave-taking, though in many respects but little advanced beyond the apes and kangaroos that divide with them the Australian wilds. In short, our subject is one of the social peculiarities of man, which hangs about all the institutions of society, but many and singular are its developments. In some of the Malay tribes it is necessary for two long-parted friends, when they meet, to burst into a strain of mutual abuse, the violence of which is in proportion to their intimacy, and appear on the verge of a fierce battle, which is, however, terminated by sudden reconciliation and a long shaking of hands. The natives of the Friendly Islands were accustomed, on similar occasions, to pull off each other's tappa and clothe themselves with it in turn. Legal etiquette among ourselves has been ridiculed on account of the barrister's dress and some other ceremonial observances, but the laws of other lands have required still more peculiar displays of deference. In Persia any criminal whose punishment was less than capital was expected to send a letter of thanks to the king, in which he expressed his gratitude that the monarch had remembered him so far as to correct his faults. In the kingdom of Cacongo, in Central Africa, the prince, who generally administers justice in person, is required to take a draught of palm wine on the sentence of every convicted person, dispensing with which would render the proceedings extremely unformal. The bridal occasion gives scope for large displays of etiquette in most nations. When the sure prospect of a wedding is attained in any Turkish family, the mother and all the female relatives of the bride elect, especially if the match be considered very eligible, assemble for the purpose of lamentation, the burden of which is the many excellences of the young lady, and their grief at losing her. Loud cries and other eastern demonstrations of sorrow are thus renewed at intervals till the marriage-feast is prepared, when all become gay as heart could wish over coffee and sherbet. Among the Bedouin Arabs it is necessary for a respectable young lady, when married, to escape out of her husband's tent and not be found for some days, during which the efforts of her female acquaintances for her concealment are only equalled by those of the spouse and his friends for her discovery; and she who cannot be caught till it is her own good will and pleasure to return, which at farthest occurs in a month, is believed to have acquitted herself in the most graceful manner. In Armenia it is not etiquette for the bride to speak at all on her wedding-day, nor in the presence of her mother-in-law for the first year after marriage, but this description of ceremony has never been introduced into Europe. The Chinese are known to exceed most nations in the minutiæ and strictness of their etiquette, one dictate of which the French missionaries, who preached so successfully among them in the beginning of the last century, found particularly annoying, for no persuasion could induce a widower, though a nominal convert, to defer a second marriage beyond the funeral of his former spouse—the Chinese always insisting that it was the fashion of the Celestial Empire to furnish the vacancy in his heart and home as soon as possible. Demonstrative and extravagant on every occasion, the Orientals have been remarkable, from the earliest times, for their ritual of exaggerated compliments, but a similar fashion seems to have prevailed in Europe, especially during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, many examples of which remain in the literature of that period, and in the addresses presented to Queen Elizabeth and her contemporaries. In much later days it was practised in the south of Italy to such an extent that a formal though very unreal kind of presentation of anything they happen to admire was made by the more polite classes to their acquaintances; and an anecdote in point records the disappointment of an English nobleman on being refused permission to fish in a lake which the churlish marchesa had presented to him the day before. A curiously kindred custom existed among the Indians of North America. When the English and French were disputing the possession of that great continent, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the red man's etiquette was to present his acquaintance with whatever part of his property the former had dreamt of on the previous night; and the friendly chiefs, by virtue of this regulation, seemed in a fair way of stripping the English officers of every portable article, from brass buttons to watches. A lucky thought at length entered the mind of the Scotch major, and he also commenced dreaming; but his midnight visions comprised such vast quantities of bison meat, honey, and hunting-ground, that the Indians, from sheer terror of further results, agreed to waive the long-established custom of their tribes, and no more dreams were repeated.

The silence regarding ladies' years, so strictly enforced by old European politeness, seems to have had its well-spring in the etiquette of Siam, according to which women,

no matter how far advanced in age, are addressed in terms of the most egregious flattery, such as 'young palm of paradise,' 'new diamond of unrivalled lustre,' 'youthful rose of supernal bloom,' and others of like gorgeous strain. In contrast to this, the dames of Negroland consider 'old grandmother' a salutation implying the highest respect. Mungo Park found considerable difficulty in pacifying a woman who had quarrelled with his servant for giving her what she regarded as the inferior title of 'old mother.' But, speaking of titles, a king of India is said to have made a remarkable alteration in his court vocabulary some centuries ago. Being preserved from assassination by the accidental braying of an ass, which awoke him in time to defeat the murderous intention, he commanded that, in commemoration of the event, and by way of royal reward to the animal, 'ass' should henceforth be employed as the chief title of honour throughout his dominions, and 'great ass' was always appropriated to foreign ambassadors and his prime ministers. The etiquette of Asia exacts singular demonstrations of respect from the inferior classes in the presence of their superiors. In Persia a servant must sit on his heels when before his master. In Japan the mode of saluting a man of rank by one of the lower orders is to take off his sandal, stoop almost to his knees, cross his hands, and literally waddle past, with a rocking motion and terrified countenance, muttering 'Augh! Augh!' (Do not hurt me!) The Siamese inferior throws himself flat on the ground while the great man is passing, and the latter, if he considers anything disagreeable in his dress or appearance, notices him with a kick, but if the contrary, sends one of his attendants, who are generally numerous, to lift him up again. Throughout the whole east it is considered most respectful to appear before superiors with the head covered and the feet bare, in direct contradiction to our western usages. From time immemorial etiquette has reigned pre-eminent in courts. It forbids the Emperor of Japan to allow the sun to shine upon him, or his foot to touch the ground. Its ban is laid on asking the number of the Turkish sultan's family, and by its decrees the Great Mogul was never to be seen by mortal eyes to either eat or drink. But perhaps the most striking for the vicinity of a throne is contained in the rules of the Empress Anne of Russia—'No lady shall get drunk, nor any gentleman box in the precincts of the palace.' This stands without a parallel, except in the law of the Bohemian gipsies—'That neither man nor boy should throw stones at the king.'

Classic etiquette differed in almost every particular from that of modern times: it prescribed that the company should lie at table on a sort of large ottoman, with their heads turned toward the festive board, and it was covered with dishes, the ingredients of which could not now be tolerated; that an elegant soiree must consist of no less than three, and no more than six guests; that the principal room should be nearest the roof; and that the middle seat was the place of honour.

Heraldry was the etiquette of the feudal ages, and its services, in at once embellishing, and in some degree controlling, the ferocity of those turbulent times, are well known to all students of history. Besides being a professional master of ceremonies, the herald acted as a general ambassador, and a decisive authority in all disputed questions of honour or precedence; hence his office was respected next to that of the priest; and the herald's ability and usefulness in cases of threatened dissension are referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of 'Marmion,' when describing Sir David Lindsay, himself a celebrated poet, but of distant times, he calls him 'a king at arms,'

> 'Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
> That feudal strife had often quell'd,
> When wildest its alarms.'

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, is said to have been the father of modern court etiquette. He was a prince possessed of such royal virtues as were deemed sufficient in his age to entitle him to the truly honourable surname we have quoted; but, like too many of those who are not princes, his pride far exceeded his possessions, and finding it impossible to rival the great sovereigns by whom he was surrounded, he intrenched his dignity with innumerable ceremonies and observances at home. These gradually spread into the superior courts as manners became more polished and thrones more secure, but nowhere did they attain to a greater amount and solemnity than around the Spanish throne, especially after the conquest of Granada. The kings of Spain and all about them in those days seem to have led a kind of automaton life, of which royal state was the only moving principle. There is a story on record of one of the monarchs of this period, who was such a tyrannical enforcer of etiquette that he refused to pardon a young student condemned to death, as the law then stood, for touching the person of the queen, though it was done in order to save her majesty's life, when she was about to be thrown from her horse over a precipice. The youth was beheaded, and the king lived to grow old and infirm; but once, when seated before a fire in the chill of his age, a spark caught the royal robes, and as debility was by this time added to etiquette, the orders had to be transmitted through five intervening attendants to the last chamberlain, who alone dared remove his majesty. The functionary could not be found in time, and the king was so severely burned before he made his appearance that his death took place some days after. The royal confessor is said to have been present, but he absolutely refused to render any assistance, the act being contrary to etiquette, saying he had long ago received a warning to that effect for the student who saved the queen was his brother. The chroniclers of those times are somewhat confused in their statements; others tell us that the king was only overheated on the occasion, but all agree that it caused his death, and the story of the student is equally authenticated.

In the reign of Louis XIV., court etiquette reached its greatest height in France. When that mighty monarch required a drink, the requisition was successively made known to seven different retainers, and the golden salver in return, came through as many hands to those of the chief lord in waiting, who presented it on his knees to the king, and as soon as the goblet touched the royal lips, all within his sight immediately knelt down. Could a man so served remember he was mortal? Yet a contemporary writer of memoirs has recorded a lesson to this effect in the remark, that two hours after the great monarch's death he found the palace utterly deserted, much of the bijouterie carried away, and no living creature to be seen but a scullion, cleaning a grate and singing to himself as if nothing had happened.

In the prosperous days of Marie Antoinette, court ceremonies were scarcely less numerous. The ladies of honour were accustomed to stand round her majesty's morning toilet, each putting on a different article of dress, to which her duties were limited; and the dame who fastened the royal corset would have considered it treason to touch the chemisette. Dignity to this extent is apt to have what the French call its disagreeabilities; and one of her biographers relates that the queen was once obliged to stand undressed nearly an hour, on a winter morning, when the lady of the linen was not forthcoming. It is strange to think that the same luckless queen, before her execution, requested some thread, to repair with her own hands her worn-out garments in the revolutionary prison. But to return to our subject. A niece of Marie Antoinette's mother, the celebrated Maria Theresa, has given us in her journal a specimen of etiquette as maintained at the court of the empress queen. When visiting her aunt, the princess's name and titles, together with those of her family, were announced by three different chamberlains on her entrance to the grand saloon, whereupon the empress sent the first lady-in-waiting to conduct her near enough to kiss the tips of her imperial fingers; and, after answering three questions, she was escorted by as many ladies to the chair assigned her, the conductors taking their stations one on either side and the third behind the princess; and the dutiful niece winds up this minute account by noting that her imperial aunt 'was very fat, and certainly no beauty.'

After such relations, one feels the force of Burns's expressive line, 'What is the lordling's pomp? a cumbrous

A judicious writer on this subject observes that countries in which etiquette among the higher orders been most rigidly enforced have rarely been free and perous, and this artificial splendour and external ho- paid to the great have in general been more anxiously ted by them in proportion as real respect was want-

The English court was never so completely swayed remony as some of its continental neighbours, but Old n Charlotte, as George the Third's queen was popu- called, patronised etiquette in her day with some t. The diary of the celebrated Madame D'Arblay in- s us that the life of one of her maids of honour, which that lady occupied for many years, was, with regard tual privation and endurance, something very much ior to that of a maid-of-all-work in a large family; been standing from five to six hours in one position, eying at every royal glance, receiving all manner of hts, and backing out of rooms of every length, not to tion, what the lady seems to consider worst of all, an action to absolute silence in the royal presence, in the ds of Beau Brummel, 'those well-dressed young people' s have been anything but comfortably situated. How- , among many other improvements in modern times, burdensome ceremonies of almost every court in Europe now considerably curtailed, and kings and queens tread round of ordinary life with as little trouble as most of r subjects. In the ranks near to royalty etiquette has its ancient power also. No such votaries of cere- y could now be found as the minister and the ambas- or, the former of whom considered himself in duty nd to conduct the latter to his carriage; but the am- ador, being equally clear on the point that he should anticipated him by smartly locking the door imme- ely on taking leave. However, his highness was not be cheated out of politeness, for he jumped out of the dow, and, though his thumb was dislocated in the at- pt, was actually in waiting at the carriage-door when astonished ambassador reached it.

Etiquette must have sunk deep into the soul of Philip Second's old servant. The man was on his deathbed, his master, on whom time, disease, and misfortune, laid heavy hands, in spite of the fact that he was king Spain and the Indies, mentioned, when visiting him, by y of consolation, that his own decease could not be far stant. 'Oh!' groaned the palace-bred, 'how it grieves to be obliged to take precedence of your majesty!' A mewhat similar idea occasioned those disputes for pre- dence in private society on which the satirists of the last e delighted to enlarge. The wittiest case of the kind is ted to have occurred between the respective liege ladies a grocer and a cheesemonger, who, happening to rise to- ther from a morning call at the house of a mutual ac- aintance, the latter dame thought proper to lead the y, when the grocer's wife, mindful of her privileges, ed her by the skirt, and, brushing past triumphantly, claimed, 'No, no, madam; you are aware that no- ing comes after cheese!' Barrington's mode of arrang- g a difference of the same nature, when he officiated as ster of ceremonies at a Sydney ball, was certainly cha- acteristic of the phase of Australian ton to which that ac- mplished convict belonged. 'Ladies,' said he, 'tell me hich of you was transported first, and by all means let m take precedence.'

The burlesques that have risen from an over regard to tiquette, in low as well as high places, lie thickly scat- red in the byways of history: and even now, when the neral diffusion of knowledge and rapidity of communica- ion have comparatively enlarged and corrected the ideas f all classes, there are few readers under whose actual bservation some instance of the kind has not fallen. In- ividuals may still be met with whose social existence is ut a succession of ceremonies, and who live in continual read of infringing either their own or other people's dig- nity. In our age, such a state of mind approaches the itiable; lively people are apt to compare its company to he neighbourhood of an iceberg or the descent of a wet blanket, according as their imaginations incline to the su- blime or the ridiculous. Yet etiquette, in its proper place, is not only useful but necessary to society. A desire for respect is inherent in all the human family; it has been observed to survive even the degradation of depravity. Most men prefer, at least, an apparent deference to the contrary, and a sense of justice and propriety teaches every individual over whom it has any influence to do in this respect to others as he would wish to be done by; this is the basis of genuine politeness, of which etiquette is the external symbol. The difference of education, modes of thinking, and even political circumstances, make its demonstrations differ among the various nations of our race. What is ceremoniously polite in one country appears grotesquely rude in another. In Europe, acquaintances generally shake hands when they meet, but the Pelew islander grasps the foot of his friend; the British gentleman takes off his glove for a respectful salutation; the Persian covers his hand with his sleeve. Politeness consists not in the description of ceremony but in the will to do what is considered respectful. The same feeling instructs mankind to exhibit special signs of reverence for superior station and authority; and, as we have seen, their methods for that purpose are, if possible, still more various. Arbitrary power and arrogant vanity have indeed done much to build up partition walls of pompous observances between the occupants of thrones and ordinary mortals; yet in ruder times such fences were doubtless needful for the preservation of public order and subordination. In this sense, the formalism of our fathers had its utility also, and company may still be encountered towards whom ceremony is the safer part of neighbourhood. But life is full of exceptions; and etiquette, though always a useful servant, should never be made the master of society.

THE IDIOT BOY'S SUNBEAM.

BY CHARLES M. M'LACHLAN.

THERE is generally little to interest a boy at school, and particularly if that school be situated in the midst of a pleasant country village, and the time a summer afternoon, when the sun is pouring his glowing beams through the open windows, and every breath of air is laden with the fragrance it has gathered from the gardens which surround the homely temple of learning. There is little, we say, to interest a boy in the dry routine of school-room duties —either in making bad imitations of round hand copies or overcoming the difficulties of the multiplication-table. Such at least appeared to be the universal feeling of my fellow-schoolmates when, on such an afternoon, we cast wistful looks at the green fields beyond, and prepared, as we had previously arranged, to present a humble petition to the master to be permitted to leave a little earlier than usual.

The schoolmaster—poor old Bray!—was a very worthy person, albeit a strict disciplinarian. He was a remarkably little man, with a very red face, and wore a very wiry-haired wig. He, moreover, never flogged a boy except in the legitimate position, by having him first hoisted on the back of another, and thus, as he used to say, presenting him a 'fair mark.' If anything, Mr Bray was a little too much given to flogging, and although this was considered by the parents of the boys his only fault, it was just such a one as no other virtues could redeem, so far at least as they were concerned.

Master Bray was a good man though, in the common acceptation of the term. He was a local preacher too, and several evenings of the week and three times of a Sunday, the school-room became a temple of worship, and he edified the people of the village with his expoundings of the dark passages of Scripture. As to the amount of light he threw upon the said passages we are not prepared to say; for at that time we were a wilful and a bad boy, and the repugnance we felt to the school-room during the six days of the week was increased to an unholy horror on the seventh; and so we were deprived of Mr Bray's scriptural light. However, we refer to him only as a schoolmaster, and as such we are free to admit that, bating the

floggings, he was a very good, kind, painstaking, patient, old gentleman.

On the afternoon in question I was deputed a committee of one to present the said petition, and, with many inward misgivings, slunk up to the side of his high stool and handed in the important document. If brevity be the soul of excellence as well as of wit, our petition must have been unqualifiedly good, for it contained only the following words:—'If you please, it is so fine we should like to leave an hour before the time: and as in duty bound we will ever pray,' &c. We probably intended to say play, and in that case, doubtless, we should have been much nearer the truth.

Mr Bray adjusted his spectacles, and having quickly digested the contents of the petition, cried out in a sharp voice, which was a damper to our hopes, 'Who desires to leave his studies before the proper time?'

There was a general silence for the space of a minute, when Bobby Tremaine rose and replied, faintly, 'The sunbeam is on her grave now; may I go?'

Mr Bray drew forth his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose violently, and, while his lip trembled with emotion, we just caught the words—'Go, my poor boy—go.'

Bobby disappeared quickly, and a loud rap on the desk gave notice that we were about to know the result of our request.

There are circumstances under which the most repulsive persons will seem if not beautiful at least good-looking, and as we looked at the schoolmaster, who, fixing his feet firmly on one of the rounds of the stool, rose to speak to us, his whole appearance seemed to have undergone a change, as though a sunbeam had shone upon his heart and given to his nature softness and beauty. The tone of his voice was tender and musical, his manner kind and paternal, and with difficulty he prevented the tears from breaking the boundaries he had fixed for them.

'My boys,' he said, 'I will give you the indulgence you desire this time, and I don't think you will take advantage of your old master's kindness, who is moved by the affliction of one of your schoolmates. The poor youth, who is by this time in his favourite place, the graveyard, is deeply to be pitied, but this you cannot understand; the day will come, my boys, when you, like him, may watch for a sunbeam; may it always come when you watch for it. There, go; be good and kind to each other.'

The simple earnestness of the old man was not lost upon us, but it did not make our shouts the less energetic as soon as we were beyond the threshold of the school-room. His words left an impression upon the hearts of some of us, and the youthful mind recurred again and again to them. They awoke an interest for Bobby Tremaine, whom we regarded therefore as something of a different mould from ourselves; and in truth he appeared to be so, with his pale, thin, sharp features and attenuated form, and large blue eyes glistening with a fitful light, as they mirrored the wild thoughts that flitted over his diseased mind. Poor Bobby! his was a strange and melancholy fate: a boy of sorrows, the season of his life had been unnaturally changed, and winter had taken the place of spring. His existence was the embodiment of a sunbeam, and when it was darkened life became a blank.

At the time to which we refer Bobby was about thirteen years old. Two years before that he was joyous and happy, and entered with as much spirit into our sports as the veriest mad-cap among the boys of the village; but all at once we missed him, and the only reply to our inquiries was a solemn shake of the head by our mothers—a mournful look and a desire to 'go and play;' a permission we generally improved, so that the mystery did not trouble us much. At length a boy of a more inquiring mind than the rest excited our curiosity by informing us that his disappearance was in some way connected with the death of little Janet Simmonds. Months passed away, however—the cold, dreary months of winter—and spring had begun to brighten the face of nature, when it was rumoured that Bobby had returned home. He did not join us as usual in our games, and we only occasionally got a glimpse of him at the window of his mother's cottage. We were told that he was ill, and cautioned not to disturb him. As the summer opened he was seen sometimes to leave the house and take his way across the fields, always alone, and carefully avoiding the most frequented paths; but as summer wore away he was seen less frequently, and ere the winter commenced he had again disappeared; and thus for two years had he come and gone like the birds that shape their course with the sun, or as those false friends who in the dark season of adversity fly the home that cherished them in brighter days.

During this time Bobby had been occasionally at school, taking little share in its routine of duties, yet apparently intent upon his book. His disappearance every winter had become so much a matter of course that it had ceased to excite any surprise; and until the afternoon when Mr Bray granted the holiday and exhibited so much emotion when referring to him, we had looked upon him but as a fellow-schoolboy, and his peculiarities, from becoming familiar to us, had ceased to be viewed as such. Now, however, a well-spring of thought had been opened, and Bobby was the subject of our boyish conversation, when, as the twilight darkened into night, we sat together in some unoccupied waggon in the quiet street of the village.

The result of these nightly cogitations was an intense desire on our part to learn the nature of this mystery, and, after much deliberation, we determined to seek the resolution from Mr Bray himself. Accordingly one day, about a week after the opening of our story, we plucked up courage and asked him if he wouldn't be so good as to relate the history of Bobby Tremaine and Janet Simmonds. The old man promised that he would do so on the following Saturday afternoon, when he took us, as he frequently did, for a walk through the fields. He was as good as his word, and, sitting down with his back against the trunk of a tree, and placing us in a semicircle before him, thus commenced:—'I need not tell you, my boys, what a beautiful girl little Janet Simmonds was, for you all remember her well; her graceful form and merry pranks, as she once sported in these fields, her bright eyes sparkling with the exhilaration of exercise, and the ringing laugh so full of joyousness, gave little indication that she would so soon be laid in the cold churchyard. When I think of her as she was, with the health-glow on her cheek, and her fair ringlets artlessly curling round her head, and as she is, lying there in her shroud, it seems as though I had awoke from a pleasant dream, and that little Janet was only a being of my imagination. She was a good child—not too good for earth, as some persons are apt to say when children die—no, my boys, there is nothing too good for the earth which God made for us—yet I think Janet was good enough for heaven, for a purer spirit never went back to its Creator. Bobby and Janet were brought up together, for she was an orphan, and became the child of the village; she was adopted by us, as it were, and the special charge of her was given to the widow Tremaine. When she could yet scarcely toddle, they were seen hand in hand visiting the houses of the neighbours, or rolling on the greensward opposite their own door. As they grew up their love of each other seemed to increase, and neither of them appeared to be so happy as when together they wandered through the fields, plucking the buttercups and daisies, with which Bobby used to form a mimic wreath for her head. Her mild, expressive, free, and full blue eye possessed for him, even then, young as she was, an unaccountable witchery. I remember he said to me one day that, when he thought of Janet, strange ideas entered his mind of heaven and of angels, who he fancied must be beings of exceeding beauty for ever singing there. And then he would ask Janet to sing, for, as she would be an angel, he felt sure hers must therefore be the melody of angels; for Bobby was a very sensible child—too much, so far, for one of his age. How often we have remarked that his head was too old for his shoulders, or his brain too large for his head. Well, Janet was the star of his destiny, and a fatal destiny it has been; he seemed to live only in her, as though her heart

overmed the throbbing of his own. But little Janet died ...filled just when her loveliness began to unfold. We saw ...hat she drooped—that her step lost its lightness—her eye ...s brightness. Death had commenced his work near some ...tal part, and ere we could discover the cause of the change, ...he was gone. I was with her when she died. Bobby ...tood by me with the little hand of Janet in his own, which ...as scarcely larger, watching the suffering child. Poor ...oy! it was his first introduction to a death-bed, and he ...ooked bewildered, as though he felt that something dread-...ful was about to happen—but he knew not what. He could ...ot realise the idea that the loved companion of his child-...hood was about to leave him for ever; and it was only when ...she gently drew him toward her and whispered, 'Bobby, ...I'm going to die,' that he seemed to suspect the truth. ...He then threw himself on the bed in a burst of sorrow, ...and when he again looked up she had ceased to suffer. ...That was a painful and solemn scene, my children, and I ...can't help weeping now when I recall it.'

The old man seemed much moved, and it was many minutes before he resumed. We all sat in breathless attention, anxious to hear the remainder of the story, and fearing to change our position lest we should break the charm it had thrown around us. After a while he continued:—'We had little difficulty in removing Bobby from the room, for he was totally helpless, and remained seemingly unconscious of everything for several weeks after the funeral. He, however, gradually recovered, and one day surprised his mother by asking her to take him to the grave of Janet. She did so, and from that time until the winter had fairly set in he visited it daily, planting flowers around and upon it, and making it the parterre it appears at present. It was remarked, however, as the days shortened, that a change came over poor Bobby—his mind was not right; and, although for several weeks we sought to console his afflicted mother with the assurance that it was not so, it became at length too evident to be concealed. From morning till night he would sit at the porch of the door as though watching for something, and as evening came on would burst into tears, and saying, 'There is no sunbeam on her grave now,' creep to a corner of the room and sigh himself to sleep. At this time, you remember, Bobby suddenly disappeared; the physician thought it best to send him to an asylum, as by proper treatment he might recover. So he went to a public establishment, where he was kindly treated; but the nature of his lunacy left little hope of a permanent recovery, for it was a melancholy madness, which is seldom cured, and no treatment could restore his reason. Throughout the dull wintry days he watched for sunbeams, and when they came not he wept; but as the spring opened and they became more frequent, he appeared less melancholy, and so continued to improve as the weather brightened. Then he desired to be at home again, and at length his wish was complied with, and he came back, better certainly, but still a poor shattered thing. Poor Bobby! his mind is like the summer flowers—it lives only in the sunshine, and droops when his rays are withdrawn. Such, my children, is the history of your little schoolmate. He is now with us once more, for this is the season of sunbeams; but his health is failing fast, and the flowers he has planted in the churchyard will soon probably bloom over his grave; then the dark shadows of his life will have passed away, and in heaven there is no winter to make poor Bobby crazy.'

The old man ceased, and we all remained silent for several minutes; his eyes were closed and his lips moved as if in prayer. When he at length arose we followed him, and all seemed instinctively to turn toward the churchyard. The grave of Janet was in one corner of it, and for the greater portion of the day lay in the deep shade of some overhanging willows; indeed it was only when the sun had reached a certain part of the heavens in his downward course that a small opening permitted his rays for a short time to brighten the simple mound. Bobby needed no dial to discover the hour when this occurred, and never failed to be there, watching for it with intense anxiety. As we drew near the spot we saw him busily employed with his flowers, trimming some and carefully transplanting others. We remarked, too, that many of them had been removed from the grave of Janet and placed by the side of it; we knew not why at the time—but it seemed as though he had a presentiment that he should soon be beneath them. We did not disturb him, but quietly passed in another direction.

It was in the afternoon of a day in the early autumn, and Bobby and I were strolling across the fields; he was leaning on me, for he had become so weak as to be unable to walk far without help. For several weeks he had been confined to the house, from no particular disease, however, but it was evident that he was gradually passing away; and as his physical strength failed, his mind became proportionably stronger. There was no indication of his relapsing into lunacy; but he grew more gentle—more ethereal; so unlike anything earthly that it seemed as though he had prematurely put on immortality.

It is painful to watch the slow approach of death to the young—the buds of hope and promise sinking into the cold embrace of the grave; but in this case regret was lessened by the melancholy circumstances attending his fate. Indeed death was far preferable to the semi-existence he had known. On this day he had asked me to take him near the churchyard—to look once more on the grave of his childhood's love. As we drew near the place a change became visible in his appearance, and, looking up at the sun, he said, 'The sunbeam will soon be on the grave, and it will very soon be on mine.'

'Why,' I said, 'are you always thinking of sunbeams? It would be better to discourage such thoughts.'

'Discourage the thought of Janet!' he said, looking at me, reproachfully; 'she is the sunbeam of my thoughts—she is the sunbeam itself—it has been all a night to me without it. They thought me mad, but I was not mad. I felt that it was one weary, weary night—and I longed for the morning to break. Are they all mad who watch and pray for the day-spring? It is coming now. I know it—I feel it. It was whispered to me when I last sat by Janet's grave—it spoke in the sunbeam that, like me, loves the spot—the last farewell beam that kisses the rose which blooms over her heart. Tell me not to think no more of sunbeams; I have lived and I shall die in a sunbeam.'

There was a melancholy tenderness in his voice that went to the heart, and mine was so full that I could not reply. So we walked on in silence until we reached the gate, when he felt exhausted, and sat down completely overcome with fatigue. The change that I had before observed in his looks became more apparent; I was too young to understand the indications, or I might have known that death was placing a mark on his victim. After a few minutes he spoke, but it was scarcely above a whisper. His desire was to reach the grave, and after much difficulty I placed him on his favourite spot, and, becoming alarmed at his increasing weakness, ran back to his mother's cottage, and, having told her where he was, hastened to the house of Mr Bray, and we went back together. His mother was already there, and was sitting on the grave with Bobby's head in her lap. Alas! how great a change had taken place in that short time.

It was proposed to convey him home, but he looked so imploringly as he asked them to let him die there, that a reluctant assent was given, and I was dispatched for the clergyman.

The sun was just descending behind the willow trees and throwing his beams through the opening opposite the grave when I returned with the minister.

The dying boy beckoned me to his side, for his mother was weeping bitterly, and, pointing to the sun and then to a particular spot near him, whispered, 'Move me there.' They did so, and the minister knelt by him and prayed. He seemed to watch him with much anxiety, and once whispered, 'It will soon be there.' At length the shadows on the grave increased, the sunbeams gradually withdrew, and as the last one lingered on the rose that grew above the heart of Janet he gave me one look and faintly smiling died, as he had predicted, 'in a sunbeam.'

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THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

Numerous and conflicting opinions and conjectures have been formed by the learned respecting the fate of the ten tribes of Israel. Not the least probable conjecture on this subject is the one which is so ingeniously supported by the author of a rare and curious work respecting the American Indians. We do not profess to give implicit credence to all the opinions of this author, but as many of the facts which he relates are curious, and some of them not generally known, we will present the most remarkable of them to our readers, and leave them to draw their own inferences.

It is distinctly and clearly foretold in many passages in the prophetic writings of the Old Testament, that the people of God, who once enjoyed special tokens of his favour, and lost them, as foretold by their great prophet and lawgiver, in consequence of disobedience, will be restored to his favour, and regain the distinction they once enjoyed. If any confirmation of this sacred truth were requisite, it may be obtained from the actual state of the Jews, the descendants of the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who are still living in a state of separation from all the nations among whom they dwell, and adhering strictly to the worship of their one and only God. They are dwelling amongst us, waiting for their redemption; and it is the firm belief of every Christian who has carefully considered the subject, that their day of salvation draweth near, and then shall they be united with us in the worship of our common Father and God. But why should this expectation be limited to the two tribes alone, and not embrace the other ten, who are all included in the general charter, and spoken of in the Scriptures in the plainest terms, and even called by their names? Are they not also to be recovered and restored, together with the just? Not the *scattered* and *dispersed* alone, but the *outcast* also shall return to the favour of the Almighty, and to their own land. For, as Paul assures us, 'All Israel shall be saved.'

These tribes must therefore have an existence somewhere far from their brethren, who are *ignorant of them*, and *now acknowledge them not*. One of their own prophets has told us the way in which they departed from the land of their captivity. In the book of Esdras, their journey can be traced into *a land where no man dwelt*. And although, during the lapse of two thousand five hundred years, they have not been inquired after, they have not on this account perished from the earth. In the direction which the prophetic historian points out, as *a way of a year and a half's journey*, there is a passage to a wide land, *wherein they might wander* undisturbed from *sea to sea*. In that land, an immense population has been discovered, whose usages and customs are unlike those of any of the tribes and nations existing in Europe or Asia. These people live in tribes, with heads of tribes; they have peculiar and striking features, and have all a family likeness, though covering thousands of leagues of land; and have a tradition prevailing universally that they came into that country at the north-west corner. They are a very religious people, and yet have entirely escaped the idolatry of the Old World. They acknowledge one God, the Great Spirit, who created all things, seen and unseen. The name by which this being is known to them is *Ale*, the old Hebrew name of God. He is also called *Yehowah*, sometimes *Yah*, and also *Abba*. For this great Being they profess a great reverence, calling him the head of their community, and themselves his favourite people. They believe that he was more favourable to them in old times than he is *now*, that their fathers were in covenant with him, that he talked with them, and gave them laws. They are distinctly heard to sing, with their religious dances, *Hallelujah*, or *Praise to Jah*. Other remarkable sounds are uttered by them, as *shiln-yo, shiln-he, Ale-yo, he-wah, Yehewah;* but they profess not to know the meaning of these words, only that they learned to use them upon sacred occasions. They acknowledge the government of a Providence overruling all things, and express a willing submission to whatever takes place; they keep annual feasts, which resemble those of the Mosaic ritual:—a feast of first fruits, which they do not permit themselves to taste until they have made an offering of them to God; also an evening festival, in which no bone of the animal that is eaten may be broken; and if one family be not large enough to consume the whole of it, a neighbouring family is called in to assist. The whole of it is to be consumed, and the relics, if there be any, are burned before the rising of the next day's sun. There is one part of the animal which they never eat—the hollow part of the thigh; they eat bitter vegetables, and observe seven fasts, for the purpose of purifying themselves from sin; they have also a feast of harvest, when their fruits are gathered in, a daily sacrifice, and a feast of love. Their forefathers practised circumcision, but, not knowing why so strange a custom was practised, they discontinued it. There is a sort of jubilee kept by some of them. They have cities of refuge, to which a guilty man, and even a murderer, may flee and be safe; for these beloved or sacred towns are never defiled by the shedding of blood. In their temples is a holy place, into which none may enter but the priest, and even he only on particular occasions. There he makes a yearly atonement for sin, dressed in a fantastic garb, which is an humble imitation of the High Priest's robes, with a breastplate, and other ornaments. He addresses the people in the *old divine speech*, and calls them the *beloved and holy people*. They have a succession of priests, who are inducted into office by purification and anointing. They had once a holy book, which, while they kept, things went well with them; they lost it, and, in consequence of the loss, fell under the displeasure of the Great Spirit; but they believe they shall, at a future period, regain it, and they are looking for and expecting some one to come and teach them the right way. Their forefathers had the power of foretelling future events, and working miracles. They have an ark or chest, in which they keep their holy things, and which they carry with them to war. A person is appointed to carry it, called the priest for the war, who is especially purified by fasting, and taking a bitter drink; he has a *sagan* or helper. No other than these two dare to touch the ark, not even an enemy. It must not be placed on the ground, through fear of defilement, but upon a heap of stones piled up, or on a wooden stool provided for the purpose. All the males appear in their temples three times a-year, at the appointed feasts, on which occasions the women and children do not form any part of the devotional body. Their temples are high places. Among the more civilised there were huge heaps of earth used as places of burial, as well as for temples, altars, and religious worship; to these they resorted when driven by an enemy, and there no quarter was either given or received. They say that God made the first man of clay, and breathed on him, and so gave him life. They have a tradition respecting a flood, in which all the inhabitants of the earth were drowned, except one family, which was saved in a large vessel, together with various animals; that a large bird and a small one were sent out from it—that the small one returned with a branch in his mouth, but the large one remained abroad. They speak of a confusion of tongues, when new languages were formed; and that men once lived till their feet were worn out with walking and their throats with eating. At one of their feasts twelve beloved men are employed to construct a booth or tent of green branches, in which they perform certain religious rites, erect an altar of twelve stones, on which no tool is allowed to be used, and on it they offer twelve sacrifices. This feast much resembles the feast of tabernacles. Some of them have *ten* men and *ten* stones. At death, their beloved ones *sleep*, and *go to their fathers;* they wash and anoint the bodies, and hire mourners to shed tears and lament over them. In affliction, they lay their hand on their mouths and their mouths in the dust. They never eat unclean animals, and avoid with the greatest care everything that is considered as unclean. Time is reckoned by them in the manner of the ancient Hebrews, and their years begin at the same season. Their language contains an abundance of words similar to Hebrew, and it is generally constructed in the manner of that language.

Their ancient works, erected at very remote periods, are of immense size and great extent, and afford convincing evidence that these people were by no means unacquainted with arts and sciences; they have a striking resemblance to the public works and vast structures of Egypt and of Palestine. The same hands might almost be supposed to have raised the pyramids of the Old and those of the New World—the same superstition to have marked their places of sepulture—and the same creed to have been the rule of their lives, both as to time and to eternity

It is not to be supposed that *all* these remarkable usages, customs, and thoughts are found alike in all the parts of the vast continent of America. Some of the fragments of an ancient system have been discovered in one place and some in another. But many of them, and especially those which most clearly show a striking resemblance between the customs and usages of the aborigines of America and those of the ancient Israelites, are found to prevail among many or all of the nations that have been best known.

BEE-HUNTING IN THE PRAIRIE.*

The tools of Ben Buzz (le Bourdon) were neither very numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small covered wooden pail, like those that artisans and labourers are accustomed to carry for the purpose of conveying their food from place to place. Uncovering this, le Bourdon had brought his implements to view, previously to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small covered cup of tin; a wooden box; a sort of plate or platter, made also of wood; and a common tumbler of a very inferior greenish glass. An oak, of more size than usual, had stood a little remote from his fellows, or more within the open ground of the glade than the rest of the 'orchard.' Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, twisting off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. Several fragments of the body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the bee-hunter. Of the stump Ben had made a sort of table, first levelling its splinters with an axe, and on it he placed the several implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession. The wooden platter was first placed on this rude table. Then le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece of honey-comb that was circular in shape and about an inch and a half in diameter. The little covered tin vessel was next brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured from its spout into the cells of the piece of comb, until each of them was about half filled. The tumbler was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined by holding it up before the eyes of the bee-hunter. Certainly there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the glass in order to see what was going on in its interior. Having made these preliminary arrangements, Buzzing Ben—for the *soubriquet* was applied to him in this form quite as often as in the other—next turned his attention to the velvet-like covering of the grassy glade. Fire had run over the whole region late that spring, and the grass was now as fresh and sweet and short as if the place were pastured. The white clover, in particular, abounded, and was then just bursting forth into the blossom. Various other flowers had also appeared, and around them were buzzing thousands of bees. These industrious little insects were hard at work, loading themselves with sweets, little foreseeing the robbery contemplated by the craft of man. As le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visiters, the eyes of the red men followed his smallest movement, as the cat watches the mouse. At length he found a bee to his mind, and watching the moment when the animal was sipping sweets from the head of a white clover, he cautiously placed his blurred and green-looking tumbler over it and made it his prisoner.

* From Oak Openings. By J. Fenimore Cooper.

The moment the bee found itself encircled with the glass, it took wing and attempted to rise. This carried it to the upper part of its prison, when Ben carefully introduced the unoccupied hand beneath the glass, and returned to the stump. Here he set the tumbler down on the platter in a way to bring the piece of honey-comb within its circle. So much done successfully, and with very little trouble, Buzzing Ben examined his captive for a moment to make sure that all was right. Then he took off his cap and placed it over tumbler, platter, honey-comb, and bee. He now waited half a minute, when, cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive came over it, had lighted on the comb and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap altogether, the head and half the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole attention being bestowed on this unlooked-for hoard of treasure. As this was just what its captor wished, he considered that part of his work accomplished. It now became apparent why a glass was used to take the bee, instead of a vessel of wood or of bark. Transparency was necessary in order to watch the movements of the captive, as darkness was necessary in order to induce it to cease its efforts to escape, and to settle on the comb. As the bee was now intently occupied in filling itself, Buzzing Ben, or le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and to make another captive, which he placed over the comb and managed as he had done with the first. In a minute the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near. 'There they are, hard at work with the honey,' he said, speaking in English, and pointing to the bees. 'Little do they think, as they undermine that comb, how near they are to the undermining of their own hive!' The bee first taken had filled itself to satiety, and at first seemed to be too heavy to rise on the wing. After a few moments of preparation, however, up it went, circling around the spot, as if uncertain what course to take. The eye of Ben never left it, and when the insect darted off, as it soon did, in an air-line, he saw it for fifty yards after the others had lost sight of it. Ben took the range, and was silent fully a minute while he did so. 'That bee may have alighted in the corner of yonder swamp,' he said, pointing, as he spoke, to a bit of low land that sustained a growth of much larger trees than those which grew in the 'opening;' 'or it has crossed the point of the wood and struck across the prairie beyond, and made for a bit of thick forest that is to be found about three miles further. In the last case, I shall have my trouble for nothing.'—'What t'other do?' demanded Elksfoot, with very obvious curiosity.—'Sure enough: the other gentleman must be nearly ready for a start, and we'll see what road *he* travels. 'Tis always an assistance to a bee-hunter to get one creature fairly off, as it helps him to line the next with greater sartainty.' Like his companion, this insect rose and encircled the stump several times, ere it darted away towards its hive in an air-line. So small was the object and so rapid its movement that no one but the bee-hunter saw the insect after it had begun its journey in earnest. To *his* disappointment, instead of flying in the same direction as the bee first taken, this little fellow went buzzing off fairly at a right angle! It was consequently clear that there were two hives, and that they lay in very different directions.

Without wasting his time in useless talk, le Bourdon now caught another bee, which was subjected to the same process as those first taken. When this creature had filled itself, it rose, circled the stump as usual, as if to note the spot for a second visit, and darted away directly in a line with the bee first taken. Ben noted its flight most accurately, and had his eye on it, until it was quite a hundred yards from the stump. This he was enabled to do, by means of a quick sight and long practice. 'We'll move our quarters, friends,' said Buzzing Ben, good humouredly, as soon as satisfied with this last observation, and gathering together his traps for a start. 'I must angle for that hive, and I fear it will turn out to be across the prairie, and

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quite beyond my reach for to-day.' The prairie alluded to was one of those small natural meadows or pastures that are to be found in Michigan, and may have contained four or five thousand acres of open land. The heavy timber of the swamp mentioned, jutted into it, and the point to be determined was, to ascertain whether the bees had flown *over* these trees, towards which they had certainly gone in an air-line, or whether they had found their hive among them. In order to settle this material question a new process was necessary. 'I must 'angle' for them chaps,' repeated le Bourdon; 'and if you will go with me, strangers, you shall soon see the nicest part of the business of bee-hunting. Many a man who can 'line' a bee can do nothing at an 'angle.'' As this was only gibberish to the listeners, no answer was made, but all prepared to follow Ben, who was soon ready to change his ground. The bee-hunter took his way across the open ground, to a point fully a hundred rods distant from his first position, where he found another stump of a fallen tree, which he converted into a stand. The same process was gone through as before, and le Bourdon was soon watching two bees that had plunged their heads down into the cells of the comb. Nothing could exceed the gravity and attention of the Indians all this time. They had fully comprehended the business of 'lining' the insects towards their hives, but they could not understand the virtue of the 'angle.' The first bore so strong an affinity to their own pursuit of game as to be very obvious to their senses, but the last included a species of information to which they were total strangers. Nor were they much the wiser after le Bourdon had taken his 'angle;' it requiring a sort of induction, to which they were not accustomed, in order to put the several parts of his proceedings together and to draw the inference. The bees were some little time in filling themselves. At length one of them came out of his cell and was evidently getting ready for his flight. Ben beckoned to the spectators to stand farther back, in order to give him a fair chance, and just as he had done so the bee rose. After humming around the stump for an instant, away the insect flew, taking a course almost at right angles to that in which le Bourdon had expected to see it fly. It required half a minute for him to recollect that this little creature had gone off in a line nearly parallel to that which had been taken by the second of the bees which he had seen quit his original position. The line led across the neighbouring prairie, and any attempt to follow these bees was hopeless. But the second creature was also soon ready, and when it darted away le Bourdon, to his manifest delight, saw that it held its flight towards the point of the swamp *into* or *over* which two of his first captives had also gone. This settled the doubtful matter. Had the hive of these bees been *beyond* that wood, the angle of intersection would not have been there, but at the hive across the prairie. The reader will understand that creatures which obey an instinct, or such a reason as bees possess, would never make a curvature in their flights without some strong motive for it. Thus, two bees taken from flowers that stood half a mile apart would be certain not to cross each other's tracks in returning home, until they met at the common hive; and wherever the intersecting angle in their respective flights might be, there would that hive be also. As this repository of sweets was the game le Bourdon had in view, it is easy to see how much he was pleased when the direction taken by the last of his bees gave him the necessary assurance that its home would certainly be found in that very point of dense wood.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE FOR ALL THINGS.

I love to view all beauteous things,
In air, in earth, or sea;
But virtue chief, where'er it blooms,
Hath peerless charms for me;—
In rich, in poor, in young or old,
'Tis worth its owner's weight in gold!

I love to see the bud put forth
Its blossoms to the sun,
And slow, yet surely, consummate
What feebly was begun.
In grace thence would I learn to grow,
Whilst on my pilgrimage below.

I love to see the summer flower
Lift up its eyes to heaven,
Begirt with lowly innocence
That needs not be forgiven:
Though tenanted beneath the skies,
It speaks to me of Paradise.

I love, when Nature's cheek grows pale,
To wander forth alone,
And list while, through the pathless woods,
The dying leaflets moan:
I love them, though they seem to say,
That I must die as well as they.

I love to view the crispy locks
Of winter waving cold,
When each fair flower that erewhile lived
Augments its mother mould.
They tell to every thoughtful mind
The final doom of all mankind.

I love to roam at evening tide,
Where waters murm'ring flow;
Or from the ivied cliffs above
Dash in the gulf below.
How sweet y, by the woodland streams,
May one rehearse his waking dreams!

I love, when in the living throng,
Each passer-by to see;
For I deem the whole of human kind
Are brothers unto me.
Oh! could we count each man our brother,
We would not fight with one another!

I love (as Heaven would have me do)
All things, both small and great:
I love my friends, I love my foes.
Save sin, I nothing hate;
And yet, would truth the secret tell,
The thing I hate I love too well!

W. D. Latta.

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS.*

THE STEPPES.

The traveller who passes the Austrian frontier to enter Hungary by land, will not find all at once any very distinct line of demarcation separating the two countries, much as they differ in ideas, manners, the races that inhabit, and the languages that are spoken in them, although governed by the same sovereign. Hungary, towards the west, has a sufficiently decided German aspect. Peasants brought from Swabia have been colonised there, to fill up voids caused by the wars with the Turks; and possibly, too, from the emperor's having it in contemplation that they might in course of time Germanise the country; but this last object has not been attained, for the prodigious energy that marks the Hungarian race has brought the German settlers more and more under its influence, instead of its being subjected to theirs.

On advancing along the course of the Danube, the country assumes a new aspect, and becomes original and wild. Houses are rarely seen, and the villages are at greater distances from each other. The highways, it is true, are no longer, as at the gates of Vienna, sandy and straight, like the alleys of a kitchen-garden; but neither are you stopped at every step by toll-men, custom-house-officers, police agents, and that whole host of functionaries that remind one in Austria that he is living under the most fatherly government in the world, and you become insensibly aware that you breathe as freely as if you had

* With the exception of a few additional notices from other sources, we are indebted for this sketch of Hungary and the Hungarians to M. de Gerando's 'Voyage en Transylvanie,' in the 'Revue Nouvelle,' tom. i.

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not that very morning left the capital of his apostolic majesty. All at once you light upon a Hungarian village. A boy with black hair, and strongly marked features, brings you fresh horses, and carries you on at a gallop, as the last representative of flaxen-headed Germany leisurely retraces his steps homeward.

To a stranger it may seem odd that all the villages in Hungary are not, properly speaking, Hungarian villages; but we must recollect that no fusion has yet taken place among the different nations that have one after another had the command of the country, and that have left settlements within its frontiers. Hungary, while it takes its name from those who last conquered it, is inhabited not only by Huns, but also by Wallachians, Sclavonians, and various tribes, none of which are numerous. A single glance at the ethnographic map of the country shows what has been the result of conquest; for, fixed on the east, on the confines of ancient Dacia, we find the Wallachians vanquished, but not displaced by the Hungarians, who, penetrating into the centre of the Sclavonians, drove them to the north and to the south, while they themselves took possession of the rich plains between.

In France and England, victors and vanquished came at length to form one new people, but this was what could not be expected to take place in Hungary, as the Hungarians did not originally settle in the country they had subdued. After making a halt in Pannonia, they pushed forward, and during the course of a century were employed in ravaging the western regions of Europe; but, driven off by the western nations, they secured themselves at last in the vast plains which had served as their head-quarters. The Sclavonians, however, who had betaken themselves to the mountains, so as to leave a passage for the nomadic hordes from the east, like the Britons of Wales and the Gaels of Scotland, remained in their fastnesses. This dispersion of the inhabitants was favoured by the large extent of the country and its depopulation; the vanquished gave place to the new comers, found an unoccupied country farther off, and there built his residence. Each distinct race has increased in numbers on its own territory, preserving at the same time in the highest degree the national sentiment; so much so, indeed, that the state of things which has subsisted for two thousand years seems to date but from yesterday.

Starting from Presburg the Danube flows between two Hungarian banks, but, even before arriving at that city, one of the two belongs to Hungary. Accordingly, no sooner does the steam-boat reach it, no sooner are the ruins of the castle of Deven descried, than the Austrian flag is hauled down and the Hungarian hoisted in its stead, so that the vessel appears at Presburg with the national colours, green, white, and red. This ceremony, which is never omitted, reminds the traveller that the kingdom of Hungary forms a distinct state in the Austrian empire. From the eleventh to the sixteenth century, in fact, it was one of the most powerful in Europe; but from the day that the Hungarians called the princes of the house of Austria to their throne, their greatness began to decline. Still, however, they clung to their nationality, and this country, which voluntarily surrendered itself to the emperors of Germany, retained its language, laws, and administration. The same prince who reigns at Vienna as absolute lord of his subjects, governs at Presburg only with the concurrence of the diet. The eagle with two heads thus forms a true emblem of this double monarchy.

Although Presburg, which lies at the very gates of Austria, has been made the capital of the kingdom by the emperors, and although the diet has held its sittings there for three centuries, the Hungarians themselves have no great liking for that city. On the river-side you see the hillock which serves for the coronation of the kings of Hungary. It is but a platform of no great height, and surmounted with a stone balustrade. On leaving the church, the prince, on horseback, and dressed in a hussar uniform, wearing the crown and mantle of St Stephen, bounds forward to the platform, and, in token that he will defend the kingdom from and against all enemies, he brandishes his sabre on all sides of him. Maria Theresa, who knew so well how to captivate the affections of her Hungarian subjects, reached the royal summit at a gallop, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the magnates who escorted her.

This was in 1741, the year after the death of her father, the Emperor Charles VI., who left her, at the age of twenty-three, heiress of all his dominions. Her age and sex which, in a less selfish age, would have commanded the sympathy of her neighbours, only excited their rapacity. Prussia, which had long coveted Silesia, now under Frederick the Great, offered its friendship, on condition of having that province surrendered to it; and France, Spain, Saxony, Bavaria, and Sardinia, reviving old feuds or old pretensions, set themselves to what they no doubt thought would be the easy task of dismembering her dominions. It was then that, remembering the loyalty of her Hungarian nobles, on being obliged to leave Vienna, she repaired to Presburg, and there, in deep mourning, and carrying her infant child in her arms, she told them that, being assailed on all sides, her sole hope lay in their loyalty, and to their protection she now committed herself and her babe, the daughter and the son of their kings. They exclaimed with one voice that they were ready to defend her till death. Liberal supplies were instantly voted at a meeting of the diet, all men capable of bearing arms flew to her defence, she was thus enabled to break the combination formed against her, and thus, too, the imperial house of Austria have been laid under obligations to the Hungarians, to which we may ascribe their being allowed to use their own language instead of Latin, which used to be employed for their public acts, or German, which Austria would fain have introduced, and also the large measure of independence which they enjoy, and of which they are so proud.

From Presburg to Gran the Danube flows over several shallow beds, between low flat banks and green half-submerged islands, one of which is about twenty, and another above forty miles in length. The Raab joins it before the three branches formed by the islands unite, and below the junction stands the strongly fortified town of Komorn, containing near twenty thousand inhabitants. It was built by the famous Matthias Corvinus, who, after a cruel imprisonment, was suddenly informed of his liberation and his election, though only eighteen, to the throne of Hungary, as the son of its great patriot Huniades, of whom, when regent of the kindgom, it has been said, that he spent four years in peace, composing quarrels among the nobility, equally administering justice to all men, ending civil controversies, and all this without any suspicion of corruption, with unwearied patience in hearing every man's cause, using such expedition that sitting, walking, standing, riding, he dispatched an immense load of business, was always affable, always courteous to poor as well as rich, so that no man was to friends more friendly or to enemies more terrible. Matthias, we are told, proved 'the thundering son of a lightning father,' and, during a long and glorious reign of thirty-eight years, became even a greater terror to the Turks than that father had ever been. No wonder that the Hungarians revere his memory and the places that are associated with his name.

The river below Presburg is enlivened with numerous water-mills, stretching across it obliquely to about the centre of the stream, and formed by a series of boats attached to each other, and with the water-wheels between them, one of the boats being occupied as the miller's dwelling-house. At intervals, too, the eye perceives a church steeple, indicating the site of a village. The Danube makes a sharp turn at Gran, and the effect that the bend has upon the landscape, by enlarging the surface, is such, that one would suppose he had reached its mouth. Gradually there come into view mountains and hills covered with wood, the last undulations of which subside into a dead flat near the river-side. Hungarian peasants, in their peculiar flaunting costume, ride up to the banks and stop to gaze at the steamer and those on board. Numerous herds of white oxen, with formidable-looking

horns, repose near the stream or swim across in search of a change of pasture. Here and there stands a little church or herdsman's hut among the rocks. The crumbling remains of feudal castles are reflected in the waters; and among others we are struck with the romantic ruins, famous in story, that bear the Sclavonian name of Vissegrad, that is, 'high castle,' once a favourite residence of the kings of Hungary, in the embellishment of which, and in forming gardens on the barren rocks that surround it, king Matthias Corvinus laid out an enormous sum, so as to make it an earthly paradise;—earthly in more respects than one, for, in 1559, the Turks took and destroyed it, since which that slower but surer spoiler, time, has reduced all its glories to a few tottering towers and walls. At last high knolls covered with those vines which produce the famous wine of Buda, indicate our approach to the capital. The steamer passes St Margaret's island, and we behold gradually opening to the view the two rival cities of Buda (or as it is also called Ofen) and Pesth, between which the Danube, which Napoleon used to call the king of European rivers, rolls majestically its billows, yellow like those of the Tiber.

Buda is the more ancient and the richer in its traditions of the two. Originally Roman, a favourite residence of the great Matthias, held sacred by the Turks who have still a mosque there and make pilgrimages to it, old Buda presents a succession of ramparts, rising like steps one above another, and now crowned with delicious gardens. In traversing these, one's thoughts are naturally absorbed with the recollections of the times when these now silent and deserted courts rang with the noise of horses and armour. Those walls of red marble erected at the crossings where several streets meet, were built by the pachas who once ruled here. Quite a different order of ideas are associated with the steep streets of Buda from what are suggested when you look at Pesth, whose superb quay extends along the opposite bank of the river. There everything shows present movement and present life. New buildings, wearing an aspect even of grandeur, prove that the population is advancing both in numbers and in wealth. Palaces and public monuments are ranged along the river-side; and, that nothing may be wanting to complete the scene, the finest iron bridge that has as yet been constructed, will soon be found uniting the two cities. All these noble buildings, too, have risen as it were by enchantment within the space of a few years, and thus give magnificent testimony to the activity of a people that is now re-awaking from its lethargy.

After Pesth the *Poustas* commence—that being the name given by the Hungarians to the steppes that lie in the centre of their country. They reach from Pesth to Debrecsin, and from Szegedin to Erlau, within a circuit of about two hundred leagues. Here, from the general fertility of the soil, the country resembles a vast sea of wheat undulating before the breeze. Yet it is in some places so sandy as to be almost bare as a desert; in others you find rich meadows with horses at pasture. Not a highway or road is to be seen; only the marks of wheels show here and there where carriages have been passing. All around on the horizon you perceive the mirage in whose waters the church spires are seen submerged upside down. At considerable distances there are wells—each a simple pit dug in the earth; a pole serves for bringing up the water, and a hollowed-out trunk is used as a trough. Here and there, too, a mound of earth indicates where some hero of a former age has found a grave. Storks fly high over head. Then, at nightfall, fires twinkle in all directions, lighted by the shepherds or by travelling merchants, reminding you of the halts made by the caravans of Egypt.

Looking out continually on a boundless plain may seem monotonous, but it is the monotony of the ocean. Far from any feeling of dulness being produced by it, one feels on the contrary a lively and deep impression, when, after leaving the steamers on the Danube, and the noisy society of French, English, or Germans, whom you may have met on the passage, you find yourself all at once thrown upon this strange and noiseless land, whisked along by four Tartar horses that gallop under the whip of a driver in a wild-looking dress; but admiration is soon mingled with wonder. In this vastness there is a silent majesty that inspires you with awe—throws you back on your own thoughts—compels you to think. This boundless plain presents a fine picture of that freedom which the Hungarians hold so dear.

Sunrise and sunset have both a magnificent effect on the poustas. At dawn the country is covered with an ocean of rose-coloured mist which brightens on the appearance of the sun's disc above the horizon: towards the close of day, half the sky is in flames, as the sun pursues his fiery course, till set. The nights of the steppes have been thought like those of Venice from their serenity and freshness, and the brilliancy of the stars; but one should see the poustas during a storm also, when from one end to the other the sky is rent with lightning; when the wind sweeps this immense plain without meeting a single obstacle to arrest its course, and when the hillocks of sand that here and there bristle on the desert rise in whirling clouds, and leave one spot to settle down on others.

If this solitude weighs heavy on your mind, stamp upon the ground and conjure up the scenes of a more heroic age. Picture to yourself a countless host of Turks and Tartars, traversing this plain tumultuously, and driving before it, as in 1526, two hundred thousand captives. Or, if you prefer it, present yourself in thought at one of those noisy diets, such as used to be held on the plain of Rakos, which reaches to the approaches to Pesth, and where the country's affairs were discussed by thousands of men on horseback. Often would that crowd be excited to a sort of madness by the shock of arms, the neighing of horses, and the scent of battle; the war fever attacked them, and wordy debates were soon followed by bloody fights. If an expedition was resolved upon, off they would start instantly, and the dust raised by the army in deliberation had hardly time to subside, ere the army itself had disappeared.

It is in the poustas that we find the genuine descendants of the companions of Arphad. They have remained unchanged for ten centuries. There they are, as their fathers were before them, with long moustache and spurred boot. You would hardly take that manly-looking fellow, with so firm a step, for a peaceable labourer. The truth is the Hungarian has remained a soldier on the soil that he has conquered. His horses pasture beside him; they are now reposing after the labours of the day, as they did of old after battle. The village tells at a glance what has been the origin of its inhabitants; it leaves no doubt that a nomadic race must have fixed their dwellings there. A long wide street formed by a double row of houses, separated by equal intervals, and presenting, in profile, a uniform elevation of roof, give it the appearance of an encampment. One would think that, on the signal being given, the tents might be struck, and the band jump into their saddles for the purpose of advancing to some fresh spot for to-morrow's camp. Amid these dwellings, and about the centre, there now rises a church, just where formerly the tent of the chief was pitched. In a few rare instances a double row of acacias blooms along the street. You may lose a deal of time in seeking for a shade. A traveller has remarked that the Hungarians seem to have brought with them from Asia the hereditary dislike of eastern nations for trees. The burying-ground lies at the entrance of the village, open, without gate or enclosure. The graves have sloping stakes placed over them, and the dead are laid with their faces looking towards the east.

The Hungarian villages of the present day are nothing but the halting-places where the divers detachments of the invading host stopped on their march. This accounts for their being so widely separated, and often containing so large a population. It was not only that the inroads of the Turks made it dangerous for the inhabitants to live scattered over the country, the peasantry retained from habit the custom of living at the spots where their forefathers had come to a halt, and so little was changed, that

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even the appearance of an encampment was preserved. Hence, also, this nation of husbandmen and soldiers have not built a single city, for, with the exception of Buda, the capital of the nobility, all these agglomerations of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand men, which you meet with on the Hungarian territory, are in point of fact nothing more than villages. They consist, just as a hamlet of the smallest importance would do, of wide sandy streets, where a hundred horses gallop at their ease; only there are many such streets. Debrecsin, with a population of sixty thousand souls, is composed in a great measure of small houses regularly whitewashed, and constructed in the form of tents; so that, notwithstanding the elegant shops of some foreign merchants, it is a genuine Hungarian village.

The Magyar peasants, to use a Hungarian expression, wear a shirt with full flaunting sleeves, reaching only to the bottom of the chest, and on rising shows the back tanned by the sun. From the waist downwards, they have wide linen trousers called *gagya*, fringed at the bottom, and below that the boot appears. The *gagya* are confined by a strap or handkerchief in such a manner as to compress the bowels and give great fulness to the chest. Over the shoulder there is thrown a sheep skin *bunda*. The head is covered with a black bonnet (suveg) shaped like a shako, or with a broad brimmed hat, such as is worn by the peasants of Auvergne in France. Wealthy farmers and gentlemen of small fortune roll the *gagya* about their legs, and wear under them embroidered cloth pantaloons, which are inserted in Hessian boots. They put on the dolman also, and wear a pelisse. From this dress we derive the elegant uniform of the hussars, the strap being changed into a rich belt, and the *bunda* transformed into the rich pelisse embroidered with gold lace.

The *bunda* or pelisse hangs down almost to the ground. It is lined with sheepskin. The outside leather has flowers embroidered on it. The oldest ornament of this dress is a lambskin placed under the collar, with the legs extended and the tail hanging down. The woolly lining does not stop at the bottom of the pelisse, but is tucked up on the leather, and forms a border above a foot in depth and fastened with buttons. When the peasant lies down on the ground, he unbuttons this border and thus covers his feet. In some districts, instead of the pelisse, thick cloaks of white cloth are worn. The sleeves, which are allowed to hang loose, are sewed at the end, and serve for pockets.

The linen coat has been brought from the east, and was adopted by the Huns as early as the fifth century. It is an excellent dress for farm-labourers, particularly during the excessive heats of Hungarian summers. The pelisse, which a peasant invariably takes with him on leaving the house, defends him against the pernicious chills of the evenings, and against the rigour of winter. In other respects, this large garment suits the taste of its wearer, for the Hungarian horseman must not be confined in his movements any more than he could dispense with plenty of space and air in the streets of his village.

If historians are to be believed, the Magyars originally wore their hair plaited and ornamented with fillets. The Sarmatian custom of shaving the head, which was introduced by the Polish kings, has ceased altogether with the sway of Austria. Then the Hungarians resumed the braiding of their hair, and let it hang in long plaits—a custom which the hussars that were called into France by Louis XIV. continued even after it had disappeared in Hungary. At the present day some have the hair cut round on the neck, others leave it floating over their shoulders. When these are asked why they allow their hair to grow so long, they say: 'God gave it—why cut it?'

The women as well as the men wear black or red boots. They wear also a short petticoat, coloured stomacher, &c., and small sheepskin pelisse. Their hair, which young women wear in a single plait falling down over the back, is gathered up on the crown of the head when they are married. Hence the saying '*A' konty parantsol* (The plait of hair rules the house),' applied to an imperious woman. It is a proverb, nevertheless, that hardly receives any application; for the Magyar peasant exercises an authority in his own family which none dare dispute. His hut and the plot of ground about it form what he proudly calls 'my property,' were it no more than a dozen feet square. He calls his wife and children 'my people;' and the wife, on her part, when speaking of her husband, calls him 'my lord,' nor does she ever talk familiarly to him.

The Magyar peasant's house is whitewashed at certain seasons of the year—a practice still retained by the Hungarian tribes of the Caucasus. According to eastern custom the outer wall has no opening in it; it rarely happens that even a small window looks out upon the street. The seats are made of wood, and always very high. Two or three children, already booted and spurred, play beside the hearth.

At the age of four years the child is placed on horseback. With his little hand, he seizes the animal's mane, and no sooner does he feel firmly seated than he scruples not to excite it with his voice. The first day that he gallops without falling, his father says to him seriously: '*Ember vagy* (Thou art a man),' on hearing which the boy feels himself a cubit taller, and so he grows up with the idea that he is a man and a Hungarian, two titles that both impose responsibility. As a man he is called to the honour of being a cavalry-man and of bearing arms; as a Hungarian he will remember that he is superior to all others, and that he must not degrade himself. That feeling of pride which glowed in his forefathers has remained to this day with all the results of conquest, and it gives him a consciousness of his worth and dignity. If you would convince yourself of this, you have only to mark his language. The word 'honour (*betsület*),' is often in his mouth. All he does is '*betsületes* (worthy of a man of honour).'

After having driven you at the gallop for a whole stage, don't suppose he will ask you for drink-money. He looses his horses, politely takes off his cap, and, in his figurative language, wishes you a good journey. You must call him back to give him the money he has earned, and, little as it may be that you give him, he will never complain, that would not be *betsületes*, and he leaves it to the Sclavonian to hold out his hand, who, in fact, discharges that duty uncommonly well. Among the ideas comprised in the Magyar peasant's notion of honour, is that of being neither greedy of money like the German, nor lazy like the Wallachian. He labours honourably as a man who has a household depending on him. He takes to the village the grain his wife is to make bread of, and the hemp out of which she is to weave his garments. In the evening, after having done all justice to the labours of the day, he smokes at his cottage-door, stroking his moustaches.

Though absolute master in his own house, not the less is he kind in his treatment of those whom he calls his people. Like all brave men, he is gentle. Never does he maltreat his wife—never does he confine her to painful labours. She knows that in him she has a stay and protector, and she receives from him the tenderest appellations, such as 'my rose, my star.' The Magyar tongue, abounding like all those of Asia in metaphors, is full of such expressions, and comprises, besides, a great many polished forms of address for neighbours, friends, and guests. If you stop at any of their villages, you will see one of the inhabitants—that one before whose house you place yourself—advance towards you, doff his hat, and make you an offer of his hospitality; on your leaving him he will by way of thanks make you a speech, in which he will call down all the blessings of heaven upon you—all this with prodigious ease, and with a dignity quite peculiar to the eastern nations.

The men of this privileged race have a natural nobleness which puts them on a level with any stranger whatever that happens to speak to them. They have a reserved mode of address which one is surprised to find in uncultivated persons: a gross jest never enters their head. Nature has endowed them with a natural eloquence which

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leads them to give a lively expression to their sentiments; and, whether they give utterance to mirth or anger, the words come with a fine deep music from their mouths. Whether they welcome a friend or curse a foe, they are never at a loss for similes and epithets, for the most polished phrases or the most energetic words. No doubt, they are wonderfully aided in this by their language, which, while poetical and melodious, is not the less capable of expressing the most masculine sentiments. Some of its terminations that mark the plural, give it, at times, a rough character, while, from its abounding in vowels, it is ordinarily remarkable for its softness. Just according to the feelings he wants to express, the Hungarian employs at will a harsh or a harmonious language.

What is remarkable, this language which resembles the Turkish, has no provincial dialects (*patois*). The country villager speaks it as purely as the magnate, nay, more purely, for he does not, like the latter, know the languages of the West, and does not alter the poetical and figurative character of the national idiom. Where a German word, answering to some new idea, has been introduced into the language, the magnate will pronounce it as it is written at Vienna, but the peasant will be careful to slip a few vowels into the foreign expression in order to soften it. The peasant ceased not to speak the Magyar, even when the nobility, led off momentarily by the fascinations of Maria Theresa, began to despise that idiom.

As for speaking Latin, that has never been adopted, except by procurators and persons connected with the church. Still, in conversation, the Hungarian nobles sometimes avail themselves of Latin expressions. For example, in saluting, a magnate is sometimes addressed *Domine illustrissime*, and a clergyman, *Domino spectabili*. At other times, a Latin word is coupled with a Hungarian, as in holding out a hand to a friend: *Servus barátom*. A noble lady, when suffering from a severe illness, happened to pronounce in the midst of her sufferings the name of God. She spoke German. 'How would you have God to understand you?' said the woman in attendance, 'since you speak in a foreign tongue!'

The Magyar peasant's kindness to his guest, even when he is a foreigner, is carried to a great length. Thus, I remember that, happening once to be in a shop at Debrecsin, I began to talk with an old woman of this class, who was making purchases. Perceiving that I was a foreigner, she asked me if my mother country was at a great distance; if my family were lamenting my absence; if I often thought with regret of my native land; then, seeing that I was in mourning, she spoke some words of comfort to me, and did not leave me without bestowing her blessing. I confess, I parted from her not without considerable emotion. For the rest, I have more than once admired the high tone of thought and feeling shown by these men under the sole inspirations of their own nature. The Hungarian peasant is sober in words and never descends to familiarity; but he is frank and true, and, if he once recognise in you a friend, he will open his heart to you with sincerity. You will then be struck with certain sentences that will escape from him, with certain thoughts which he will put into words, without for a moment doubting that he has powerfully interested you, and it will be easy for you in return to awaken lively emotions in him. And this, because the nation has noble susceptibilities which are drawn out at once by an elevated sentiment or a generous idea.

The dignity of the Magyar peasant is that of the people of the East. He has the gravity of a Turk; and nothing short of his dancing to the sound of the national music, or of his having drunk a little of his country's excellent wines, can tempt him to indulge in noisy mirth. And yet this gravity of temperament hardly can be said to belong to him till after marriage, when he has become the head of a house. When young and unmarried, he is full of vivacity and fun. I happened one day to have for postilion a lad of fifteen, whose sallies of mirth were delightful. He sang national songs all the way. At the next stage, he was succeeded by a peasant, whose long moustaches bespoke a full-grown man. Thinking of the songs I had just been hearing, I begged he would let me have any that he knew. In answer to my request, he merely turned on the saddle without discontinuing the gallop, and, without saying a word, gave me a look. I ought to have understood what this meant; that look was as much as to say, that a man who had any self-respect would not make an exhibition of himself before a stranger, as if he were a wandering Bohemian. But my French silliness and my curiosity made me forget myself. I risked making the request a second time, upon which he turned a second time, gave me a steady look for a few instants, and then muttered, 'Am I drunk?'

This dignity in the Hungarians perfectly harmonises with their physiognomy, which bespeaks their Asiatic origin. Large and brawny, they have the purely oriental type, aquiline nose, black moustaches, full face, and a clear brow. Their step is at once calm and firm, and their gestures, owing to this very gravity, are never wanting in dignity. One must see the Hungarian when on his way to the next market with his produce to dispose of. Mounted on his favourite horse, or seated in front of a little low waggon, with four wheels all of one size, he drives four horses that run like the wind, calling to each of them by their names. He has a provender-basket attached to the side of the waggon, and at half distance gives them out their pittance. Should a mare happen to be one of the four, the foal is led out and trots at large at its mother's side, with a small bell at its neck. The driver gives everybody he meets the usual greeting, with a look at once kind, intelligent, and dignified.

It is to make an improper use of words to speak of a Magyar 'peasant,' as I have called villages what the geographies call towns and cities. Here I give the name of peasants to men who live the lives of common husbandmen, yet who are designed by the government administration as gentlemen, which is very different. This calls for some explanation. In taking possession of the soil, the Hungarians made the former inhabitants their slaves. These, at the present day, are emancipated and free, but they especially form the class of peasants—that of the nobility being composed in great measure of Hungarians. In fact, each soldier of the conquering army was noble, as a consequence of the conquest itself. The men of certain tribes subjected themselves particularly to the king, and received lands from him as free tenants. A certain number of warriors lost their nobility in consequence of having incurred penalties that degraded them; but many others remained independent and noble, and yet cultivated their fields themselves. This rustic nobility has been faithfully transmitted from father to son, and one meets with thousands of villagers in the country that are equally privileged as the king. It is they that repair by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, to the elections, at the time of the convocation of the diet, and that discuss, in their rustic costumes, the votes they are to prescribe to their representatives.

One day, one of these gentlemen happened to have a complaint to make to a magnate in his neighbourhood, and so taking his hat off, he held it in his hand while stating his case. The nobleman begged him to put it on, it being a piercing cold day. 'Not at all,' said the other; 'I know the respect I owe you.' 'How, now,' rejoined the magnate, with a smile, and he was a man of some wit; 'are we two not equal, both of us noble?' 'No doubt; but I am a plain gentleman, and you are a great lord.' 'I can't be greater than you, for our privileges are the same. I am only rich.' 'All true.' 'So that you bow to my purse?' 'Indeed, you are in the right; you are rich and I am not so; there is no other difference,' and so he replaced his hat on his head with an air of pride.

Among the Hungarians, it is the Germans and the Jews who go from place to place, that are the merchants, innkeepers, and mechanics. As these don't quit their native seats without excellent reasons, and mean to leave the country as soon as they have made enough of money, they don't make probity an imperative rule of life. Hence

the reputation they have. Once I found that I had left at an inn a ring that I particularly valued. The post-boy took off one of the horses, galloped off, and soon returned with the lost ring. I asked him how he had gone about the finding of it. 'There was nobody but peasants in the inn,' he replied, 'so, as I saw it was not on the table where you had left it, I said to the landlord, who pretended to wonder where it could be, 'You are the only German here, it is you, then, who have taken the ring.''

The greed and cunning of the foreigners who inundate the country, are excessively disgusting to the Magyar, and he would think himself dishonoured by being anything but a husbandman, a shepherd, or a soldier. He has a deep respect for the ground, and tills it with a feeling of pride. As a shepherd, he will spend whole months away from home: there you see him, wrapt up in his huge white cloak, and seated in Tartar fashion by the wayside, his eye gazing on the immensity of the steppes, passing what may be called emphatically the contemplative life. Little as he likes the Austrian government—for he calls his sovereign 'the German emperor,' as if he spoke of a foreigner—the Magyar willingly becomes a soldier, for in that he obeys his warlike instincts.

Sometimes the sound of military music suddenly bursts out in a village. Hussars, dressed in their elegant uniform, are seen going through a dance, the zest of which is enhanced by their striking their spurs together. The peasant runs to see this gay affair. His eyes follow the dancers, he watches every position, every gesture; the music and the clashing of the sabres excite his feelings intensely. He becomes fascinated and almost beside himself, quits the circle of those that are looking on, strikes his spurs, and mingles with the hussars. He is supplied with a sabre: he takes a shako set off with a waving plume; and in the intoxication of the moment, he has put the mark of a cross, or subscribed his name to some mischievous piece of writing that has been presented to him for that purpose. And now, wont he have in his turn fine arms and a good horse? and wont he, too, be able to come one day in a brilliant uniform to dance before the girls of his native village? Alas, the delusion does not last long. Once a soldier of the German emperor, he is subjected to a discipline which he never dreamt of. But has he not, at least, the fine horse his imagination had pictured to him? Why, for the most part of his time, he is enrolled in the infantry, and his only consolation is, that he wears the boots and tight embroidered pantaloons which distinguish the Hungarian regiments from the German. He is sent off to Lombardy or Bohemia, under the command of an Austrian officer, and in his distant separation from home, as he muses on the pleasant life he has abandoned, and which still rises up before him in all the poetry of his recollections, he looks back with regret on *aldott Magyarorsag* (blessed Hungary). On his return, when, after long years of exile, he treads for the first time again his beloved land, he throws himself on the ground and kisses it.

The Hungarian soldier is fearless under fire. Like the Frenchman, he is better for attack than defence; it is on horseback that he likes best to fight. With what enthusiasm he did take up arms and march against the Turks under the shadow of the national banners! All Christendom lies under everlasting obligations to this heroic people, which was once its firmest rampart. As the advanced guard of the West, it drove back the tide of Mussulman invasion, which would otherwise have overwhelmed the civilisation of which we are now so proud. It was in vain that the Osmanlis, reminding the Hungarians of their common descent, invited them to share the partition of the world—these Christian Turks never proved wanting to the task they had imposed on themselves, and they went so far even as to carry their defiance of Islamism into the plains of Varna. Notwithstanding that Europe, in whose cause they spent their energies, has too often abandoned them, this noble people has not the less retained those ideas of generous self-devotion which animated them in many a desperate battle, and the day perhaps is not far off when, seizing again the sword of John Huniades, they will fight in our van against a new barbarism. Now that the Russian empire, like some huge colossus, rears itself over against a great part of our continent, those would need have courage who lie under the shadow it projects in looking it boldly in the face; and it is not without profound emotion that we recall the words which we have heard in Hungary. An author belonging to that country, Barthelemy of Szemere, lately exclaimed, 'The Magyars who defended Christendom against the Osmanlis who were their own brothers, are ready to defend the liberty of Europe against Muscovite tyranny. The Hungarian people will, then, have twice served the cause of humanity: if not in saving it as a hero, at least in suffering for it as its saviour. . . . Possibly,' he adds, 'fate has already marked in the chain of the Carpathian mountains the Thermopylæ where our little nation, whether victorious or the victims of the giant, will swell into importance in history, by victory or by death.'

Since the domination of Austria, the Hungarian soldier serves the cause of interests that are foreign to him; still, in face of an enemy, he makes it a point of honour to fight with courage. Thus, in the wars that marked the commencement of this century, the Hungarians distinguished themselves by achievements which were inspired by a magnificent burst of courage. Among a thousand that might be mentioned, there are two that now occur to me. Prince Lichtenstein has raised a mausoleum in the park he has near Vienna, to five hussars who once saved his life. He was on the point of being taken prisoner, when these horsemen, wheeling right about, placed themselves in the direct path of the enemy's light horse, and were killed. After a hot day's fighting on the borders of Switzerland, the Imperialists were giving away before the troops of the French republic. General Kienmayer, followed by an escort of Hungarian hussars, was at the point of falling into the hands of the French grenadiers. Finding himself surrounded on all sides, he galloped off to a deep river, and, setting the example to those who followed him, he precipitated himself from a height of sixty feet. All the Hungarians followed him. This was so dashing an exploit, that a burst of admiration broke from the French column: 'Don't fire at these brave fellows!' and the muskets were no sooner levelled than raised again.

The proverb runs: '*Lora termett a' Magyar*' ('the Hungarian is born a horseman,'—literally, 'on horseback'); and never was proverb more true. The people of that nation may be said to pass their lives on horseback, and they don't look on a man as a man at all, if he is not a horseman. The horses of the country, of the Tartar race, are small and lean; they seem to have nothing but breath in them, and are incredibly fleet. Without being shod, without a bit, with no better harness than a cord which goes round the breast, they strike the ground impatiently with their hoofs. No sooner do they hear the *né* with which every Hungarian horseman begins to talk to his horses, than off they set, tossing up their heads and shaking their ears every time their master speaks to them. He rarely strikes them, but contents himself with describing a continual circle with his whip, which he makes turn slowly round above him.

The herds of horses that people the steppes, live at all times in the open air. They are under the care of the *tsikós*, that is, of the boldest riders that exist. The animal remains for several years in a half wild state, until the day arrives for its being broken. One morning, the *tsikós*, who knows his stud as well as other men know their families, says to himself that he will break such a horse which he sees. He goes up to him, talking to him, and making a motion with his hand as if about to caress him. The animal looks askance at the man. Its long mane is bristled with briars that it has picked up in the meadows. Its nostrils are distended the moment it feels a hand upon his neck. It is restless as if conscious of danger, and is about to start off. But the *tsikós* has pushed down his bonnet; he has clenched his teeth by

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protruding the under jaw in such a manner as to push up his pipe, and he finds himself all at once on the horse just as it is about to dart off. Then begins a terrible struggle betwixt the beast and its rider. Terrified and confounded, the horse makes desperate efforts to rid itself of its load. It rears, and plunges, and makes springs like those of a tiger. The *tsikós* from time to time discharges magnificent puffs of tobacco smoke, while waiting till the animal he bestrides is to have done. It throws itself on the ground, but the moment it reaches the earth, the rider withdraws his legs, stands bolt upright, and the horse in rising bears him still. At last, off it sets like the wind, resolved to escape from this troublesome burden, and expends its remaining strength in running. This was just what the man was waiting for. He looks at the sun, marks the course that the horse takes across the naked steppe, and allows himself to be carried off. When the horse yields it falls; the rider puts a bit into its mouth which he had brought with him, lets it regain some strength, and then leads it back subdued.

The *tsikós* is a young laughing fellow, robust, active, and vigorous. He knows by heart the legends, traditions, and stories about banditti. He is the man to explain to you the mirage. 'You think you see a river there?' says he, 'don't deceive yourself; it is the fairy of the south *a' Delibuba*, that wants to laugh at people's expense. Nevertheless,' he adds, 'this she can't do without God's leave, and how does God give her leave?' And so he discusses the case theologically. He never dreams of any better kind of life than his own. His horses neigh about him; the steppe stretches out infinitely to his eyes; he asks for nothing more in the world. When the storm growls, he turns his pelisse on the side the rain comes from. On coming to a spring he drinks, using his cap for a glass. A gourd, replenished with generous wine, and called a *kulats*, is attached to the back of his saddle. Plastered over with wax in Tartar fashion, and covered with foal-skin, the *kulats* is something national, and has inspired the Hungarian poet Csokonai with verses worthy of Anacreon. The spurs of the *tsikós* are always bright and sonorous. To his whip, the handle of which is very short, while the thong is of a length beyond all measure, he attaches leather rosettes of all colours, and flowers are embroidered with silk on the leather purse in which he keeps his tobacco.

I happened one evening, in an out-of-the-way village, to fall in with some *tsikós* who were drinking together. They were seated on their heels around a candlestick placed on the ground. The landlord, an old fox-looking Jew, came in only when he had to take away the empty bottles and replace them with others. Conversation became more and more animated among the drinkers. From time to time they sang popular airs, such as one hears on the banks of the Theiss; at times, too, the singing was interrupted by an interchange of sallies of wit, which was kept up with great spirit. One of them had once gone as far as within a short distance of Buda and had seen mountains. He tried to make the rest understand the impression that had been made upon him by these gigantic walls. They had weighed upon his chest, and he had fled from them as one would flee from a prison. '*Teremtette!* God preserve me from going there! I should be smothered,' said the rest.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

THE county of Durham has been termed *per eminentiam*, as the grammarians say, *the bishoprick*, i.e. the bishop's kingdom, to indicate the extraordinary powers and privileges formerly exercised and enjoyed by the *bishop* of the diocese. The names of some localities still bear testimony to the fact, such as *Bishop's* Auckland, *Bishop*-Wearmouth. The former, situate ten miles above Durham, on a high winding bank of the Wear, is so denominated because it is the site of the *episcopal* summer palace, which, in style and magnificence of architecture, is truly a *royal* structure. The latter part of this compound *Auckland*, i.e. *the territory of oaks*, bears reference to the noble *park*, in which, in conformity with the notion of *regal* state, the palace is embosomed. Though the bishop's power has in modern times been much curtailed, he is still *ex-officio* lord-lieutenant of the county, and he retains the appointment of the high-sheriff. Durham county had another name *per eminentiam*, also derived from the circumstance of its bishop of old exercising in his *palace* and court all the power, pomp, and ceremony of a sovereign prince, viz., the *Palatinate*. This term has its origin in the *Palatine* Mount, one of the seven hills of Rome, on which was proudly reared the imperial *palace* of the Cæsars, which is also the source of the word *palace* itself. The *county* has its name from the *Town Durham;* and here it is worthy of particular notice and remembrance, that when the *county* and the *county-town* are cognominal, the *town* uniformly imparts its name to the *county*, and never, *vice versa*, does the *county* do so to the *town*. The *county* stands always to the *town* in the relation of a patronymic noun to its primitive or parent. A critical scrutiny of the shires of Great Britain and Ireland will fully establish this remark to be founded on a fact, not more curious in itself than important, as throwing some new light on the radical constitution of the territorial divisions of these kingdoms—a subject which has been obscured, and disfigured, and thereby disparaged by ignorant conjecture and rash hypothesis, as will be shown in proper time and place.* Meanwhile, we proceed to remark that *Durham* is compounded from British *dour*, water, and *ham*, the Danish form of the Eng. *home*, Scot. *hame*, Ger. *heim;* and consequently it signifies the *home*, or *habitation*, or *house* on the *water*, i.e., the river *Wear*, the appellative being used here, and not the proper noun, which is more commonly the case. Often so humble and *homely* is the original of many proud and splendid cities! *Dour* or *dur* may be taken as a Celtic-Scythic root, because it is found largely incorporated in the geographical vocabulary of those races who have descended from the Celto-Scythic colonies. For example, Cæsar, lib. iii. cap. 2, describing the situation of Octodurus, an Alpine hamlet, says—'Quam hic in duas partes *flumine* divideretur,' *i.e.*, this village was bisected by a river or *dour*. Again, there are two rivers *Doro* in Italy tributaries of the Po; in France there are the *Adour*, the *Dordogne*, i.e., the *deep* water, equivalent to *Devon*, *Eden*, *Dunrobe*, *Don*, *Doon*, *Tyne*, *Dwina*, &c.; and the *Durance*, equivalent to our *Derwent*, i.e., the *wan* water; finally, there is in Spain and Portugal the majestic *Douro*, with its tributary the *Duraton*; all, be it observed, situate in districts invaded, and colonised densely by these martial migratory hordes,

> 'Which the populous *North*
> Pour'd ever from her frozen loins, to pass
> *Rhine*, or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous sons
> Came, like a deluge, on the *South*, and spread
> Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.'

Durham is always latinised *Dunelmum*, and the county or bishoprick *Dunelmensis ager*, which is a correct edition of a name which it once rejoiced in, viz., *Dunelm*, or *Dunholme*, i.e., the *hill*, earth, or on or surrounded by the *holme*, i.e., fenny ground along a river, viz., of the *Wear*. In fact, the town is almost environed by the Wear, whose bank here, softly embosomed in trees, or bristling with crags, makes a beautiful circular sweep, so regular that nature seems to have taken a lesson from her handmaid art. When we first gazed admiringly on this curved promontory, crowned with its vast and august edifice—monument of ancient devotion and munificence—we were forcibly struck with the applicability of Cæsar's description to it of the peninsular town of *Vesontio*, now *Besançon*—'Fu-

* See, for instance, the inadequate, erroneous, and absurd theories, hardily advanced, as the reasons and causes of this constitution, in 'Cousin's Report on Public *Instruction* in Prussia,' as translated by Sarah Austin. Explanatory notes, page 26. It is one of the crude excrescences, growing out of, yet happily only symptomatic of, the educational spirit and bent of the age, that many a cobbler has deserted the stool and last, and invaded the desk and ferula.

men Dubis, *ut circino circumductum*, pene totum oppidum cingit (*the river Doube, just as if it had been conducted round by a pair of compasses, girdles nearly the whole town*).'—Gallic War, book i. chap. 38.

Durham county had of old yet another name of an ecclesiastical character. As the states of the Church in Italy, by virtue of the pope's being the reputed *son* of the fisherman of Galilee, are styled the pope's *patrimony*, so this county was anciently denominated *St Cuthbert's patrimony*, from St Cuthbert, a canonised saint, who was a *native* of it. Accordingly, when the cathedral was erected by Malcolm, surnamed Canmore,* i. e., *Big-head*, king of Scots, in accordance with the notions of piety entertained by the men of those times, the monarch dedicated it to the tutelary saint of the country. We shall close this paper with a quotation from Paul Jovius's description of Britain, which, from its complimentary tone, cannot but be acceptable to our readers in the *bishoprick*: 'Beyond York, towards Scotland, on the Eastern Ocean, and bordering on Northumberland, is the city of Durham, strong in its rich and valiant prelate, and celebrated for the sacred banner of St Cuthbert. Upon occasion of any hostile irruption of the Scots, this banner, as the auspicious prelude of certain victory, is solemnly displayed, and never yet has the event of the fight falsified the hopes and pious faith of the English. Immediately on beholding the sacred figure of the saint, the enemy take to their heels.' Paul Jovius, as a restorer of polite letters, ranks second only to Buchanan and Erasmus. He was styled, and not unjustly, the glory of the Latin tongue; and whatever may be thought of the matter of the above passage, its language to the very letter is a most felicitous copy of the Roman historians, as they graphically pourtray the tumultuary invasions of the Gauls, pouring like a cataract over the Alps, and inundating Italy, when the red and green flags, as the signals of sudden and extraordinary danger, were solemnly displayed from the capitol, and Rome summoned all her sons to the defence of fatherland.

THE CALABRIAN'S HUT.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

'Push on, Moncontour; the grey mist is gathering round yon jagged pinnacles of rock, and their shadows are growing longer; while the wind whistles through these pine and larch trees, with a sound that does not bode comfort to a night traveller. Push on, *mon ami*, we have no time to lose.'

'My old Bevis is weary, Courier,' replied the young man thus addressed; 'for I can tell you, the roads of Calabria are neither so smooth nor pleasant as those of *La belle France;* but I feel the influences of that north-easter, too, as well as you, and I see the old hills putting on their night-caps; so come along, and keep a sharp look out for an auberge, while I urge Bevis to his speed.'

Moncontour and Courier were young Frenchmen, who had just attained their majority, and who, on their advent to manhood, had set out alone to see the world. They had passed through the *monde des les salons*, and were familiar with all the phases of nature and high art as exhibited in a city; but this could not satisfy the romantic ardour of their curiosity, and so they had gone forth with scrip and staff to explore the wilds of nature, and behold them as creation had left them. They had roamed through the valleys of Switzerland, and had climbed the bold heights of the Tyrolean Alps; they had shared the hospitality of the mountain shepherds, and had bivouacked in the hut of the chamois hunter; they had joined in the gambols of the peasants, and played to them as they danced before the quaint old auberges that stood beyond the Swiss villages; and now they were travelling, at nightfall, upon one of the mountain tracts of Calabria—that country of revengeful and implacable brigands and determined bandits.

'I wish that we were still amongst the mountains of Uri or Unterwalden,' said Moncontour, in a half querulous tone, as he walked his wearied horse up a narrow broken pathway leading to the broad shoulder of a hill that sloped down upon a valley, where the black specks of trees were already becoming indistinct in the failing light.

'Bah! the mountaineers of Italy are as noble as their Helvetian neighbours,' said the older and bolder Courier. 'We have hitherto met nothing but kindness and hospitality, and, believe me, we are riding towards comfort and a hearty welcome, even now.'

'Ah, yes, my friend,' replied Moncontour, in a quiet tone, 'I know that you despise danger and laugh at fear. I know, also, your maxim—"It is well to think the best of human kind," but you know that there are national loves and prejudices, and that the Calabrians have no *penchant* for the French.'

'And my friend Moncontour does not seem to have an extraordinary good opinion of the Calabrians,' replied the liberal Courier, in a cheerful voice. 'But *n'importe*,' he continued, as he caught his friend by the arm, and pointed to a light that began to twinkle through the deepening, thickcoming shadows of evening. 'See yonder good taper, how it casts its inviting joyous beams far out into the chambers of the night; it tells us that there is a chamber waiting for Moncontour and me, and a stall and fodder for our jaded horses. So *allons*, my boy, let us steer for yon mountain haven, and you will be taught to think better of the Calabrians.'

Invigorated with hope, and divested of the uncertainty of remaining in the mountains all night, Courier's steed pricked up its ears, and led the way boldly towards the light, and Moncontour, muttering imprecations upon the stones that impeded his path, followed as well as his charger could.

'Peace be with you, friends!' said the bold and frank Courier, as he opened the door of a large hut, and stepped into the centre of the apartment, followed by his companion.

'Welcome, strangers!' exclaimed the family, as they rose simultaneously from the supper table, at which they were seated, and made room for their unexpected guests.

'You have been belated on these hills, friends,' said the oldest man of the group, in a harsh deep tone, 'and it is lucky that our light-house caught your eyes. It is no joke to have nothing but a rock for your pillow, and the mountain mist for a coverlet; but welcome; here is food, eat; and here is plenty of warmth on our hearth, share it freely.'

The old man stood nearly six feet high, and his frame was of most extraordinary breadth, and muscular proportions. A jacket of black velvet, plentifully covered with bell-like buttons, and small clothes, with coarse brown shoes and leggins, completed his costume, if we except a red shirt, which hung loosely over the band of his nether garments, and covered his manly chest. His complexion, naturally dark, seemed to have been smoked in the course of his trade of charcoal burning, until his eyes, beard, and skin, formed only three gradations of hue. His eye was bright, intelligent, and full of firmness; and his small compressed mouth, and bold open nostrils, showed that he was as prompt as brave. Three young men in nearly the same costume, and bearing a strong family likeness to each other, and to old Jacopo, had risen at the entrance of the strangers, and two beautiful young girls, and a bustling elderly matron, made up the interesting family group.

Courier was at home at once amongst this family of charcoal-burners; and, before ten minutes had elapsed, he had opened his portmanteau to present some trinkets to the mother and maidens, and to let Jacopo, Carlo, and Marco Fippi compare the workmanship of a French silver-mounted set of travelling utensils with the coarser and clumsier articles of the hills. The more saturnine Moncontour sat gloomy and cold, and did not seem to sympathise at all with the unreserved and frank deportment of his friend.

* Some years ago, a charter of this monarch was pretended to have been discovered, making over certain lands to his queen. But the blundering forger spoilt the whole matter by inserting in the document the derisive term *Canmore*, which by no possibility could have been used by the monarch himself. The example affords a good proof of the importance of a knowledge of etymology.

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He saw that old Jacopo and his sons stole sidelong glances at him, and that the maidens smiled with meaning smiles, as they looked at him, and then whispered to each other. The house was of rude construction, and was scantily supplied with coarse and ponderous articles of furniture. The great beams of rough pine, which formed the supports to the walls, were unlathed and unplastered, and the huge rafters, from which hung long lines of spider's webs, loomed in the fire-light like great black serpents. Moncontour saw large brown hams hanging, suspended from the roof and walls, but what struck him with more apprehension, was the profusion of muskets, pistols, and sabres, which lay and hung about. The place seemed to resemble an arsenal more than the home of a peaceful peasant; and Moncontour became convinced that he had fallen upon the rendezvous of brigands, instead of a hospitable dwelling. He drew his portmanteau towards him with an uneasy, nervous motion, and, refusing to eat, upon the plea of going to look after his horse, rose from his seat, after throwing a hasty and expressive glance towards his friend Courier.

'Your horse is foddered and well tended, my friend,' said Jacopo, rising and looking out upon the night. 'Ah, well,' he continued, musing, 'the winds are out, and we shall have a night of it. You had better lay down your valise and eat,' continued the old man, turning and bolting the door of the hut.

Moncontour turned in silence and resumed his seat; he was uneasy, and at last his uneasiness attracted the observation of his friend.

Moncontour and Courier were both strong and active young men, and both were possessed of courage; the nature of the latter, however, was more trusting than that of his companion, and he had far less dread of danger, and a more adaptive disposition. Moncontour was full of fancy, Courier was of a lively imagination; so that, while the former was conceiving all manner of romantic adventures in the future, the latter was enjoying himself with present circumstances, and making the most of them that a lively temperament would allow.

Courier chatted and laughed with the charcoal-burners, and found pleasure in listening to their observations on things. Moncontour looked upon them with sullen suspicion; and when the old dame pointed the way to bed, he climbed up with cautious and wary steps to the dark dismal loft.

'Well, *mon ami*, what do you think of our Calabrians?' said Courier, as he rolled himself in his cloak and lay down upon the mattress which had been provided for his repose.

'We are entrapped,' whispered Moncontour, in a hollow tone; 'we must escape from here.'

'Yes, when day breaks, and our horses are rested,' replied Courier, yawning; 'good evening;' and in a few minutes the fatigues of the day had bound him in the slumbers of night.

Moncontour retired to his couch, which was close beside that of his friend, but not to sleep. He listened to the moaning whistle of the wind, to the fierce barking of the large wolf-dogs without, to the low muttered conversation of the family below, and to their slow and cautious movements as they moved about; and he felt his head swim, and his blood ran cold within his veins at the thought of his fate and that of his friend. There was no avenue of escape from this horrid den, for dogs and men seemed to be ever on the alert to prevent one secret motion. Moncontour bitterly blamed the careless confidence of Courier, and then, as all that loved him at home, and all that he loved, flashed upon his mental vision, he blamed the wayward curiosity and romantic precipitancy that had impelled him to undertake his present travels. Tossed upon a sea of mental troubles, the young Frenchman lay upon his sleepless couch, until he heard the first scream of chanticleer, and the responsive bay of a wolf-hound.

Now, thought he, the attack will be made, and yet, Courier seems satisfied to slumber on.

'Courier,' he whispered, but the sounds almost died upon his lips, for a muttered response seemed to come from the apartment below.

The low deep tones of Jacopo Fippi's voice, mingled with the shriller accents of his wife, rose on the listener's quickened sense. Moncontour crawled cautiously to an opening in the loft, and, bending his ear, heard Jacopo distinctly say, 'No, no, Nina, it is unnecessary.'

'It is not unnecessary, Jacopo,' replied his wife; 'for although one looks pale and sickly a little, the other is strong and hearty, and will match you at knife and trencher any day. *You must kill them both, I tell you;* so be quick about it.'

'It is not that I grudge to do it,' said Jacopo, cautiously pulling on his garments; 'but I think that if I kill the white one, it is enough.'

'Kill them both, Jacopo, I tell you!' repeated the callous, relentless wife. 'It will not cost you much more trouble.'

The perspiration streamed over the brow, and bathed the breast of the listening Frenchman. His heart struck audibly against his sides, and his parched tongue clave to his palate, as he heard Jacopo rub the edge of his large wood-knife upon a sandstone, and then cautiously begin to ascend the ladder leading to his dormitory, followed by his wife. Moncontour had just time to conceal himself, when the rays of a lamp streamed through the chink of the door; and then it cautiously opened, revealing Jacopo and his spouse; the former armed with a huge knife, the latter bearing the lamp. 'Hush!' said the wife in a low whisper; 'move gently;' and the brigands slowly approached the couch where Courier slept.

Trembling and unable to utter a cry, Moncontour at last heard a gash, as if the knife had severed some tough ligature, and then he heard the lamp fall, some muttered sentences of disappointment, the retreating footsteps of the charcoal-burners, and then all was still once more.

Ah! who can paint the horrors of the succeeding hour to that poor youth. As the day broke, and the bustle of life became more audible, the silence and loneliness of his position grew so unsupportable, that in his agony he uttered a shout of pain.

'Hillo! I am glad you are awake,' cried old Jacopo, suddenly, from the kitchen. 'I was afraid I had disturbed you when I came up for the ham.'

'Well, what cheer, Moncontour?' cried Courier, as he rose and shook himself. 'I have had pleasant dreams at any rate, my boy. I wish we may have as pleasant a breakfast.'

Moncontour was bewildered and chagrined, but he did not speak.

'Come away,' cried Nina Fippi, with a matronly smile, as her guests appeared amongst the family. 'I caused Jacopo to kill these two capons for your breakfast; so that you shall not go out to the hills without a good foundation on your stomachs.'

'I was afraid that I had spilt the oil from our lamp upon you with my awkwardness,' said Jacopo to Courier, laughing; 'but you have escaped without stain, I see, and all right.'

The Calabrians feasted their guests with the best their means afforded, and modestly but firmly refused any reward. They led them to the borders of their mountains, and pointed out their future route; and then they shook hands with them with regretful smiles.

'Generous peasants,' said Courier, as he waved his hand to them.

'And ungenerous guest was I,' muttered Moncontour, as he kissed his hand to them, and bowed farewell.

The two friends pursued their course, and finished the tour they had prescribed for themselves; but Moncontour never afterwards forgot to declare that the noblest lesson he had learned was to know that national prejudices are often national errors; that kindness is not confined to localities, nor generosity to nations; and that it is easier to sleep, believing the best of human kind, than when the brain is full of suspicions, and the breast procreant with fears.

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THE NEW ORTHOGRAPHY.

To an Englishman visiting the Continent for the first time, nothing is more flattering than the frequency of his encounters with men, and still more with ladies, who speak and adequately appreciate his language, and this notwithstanding the acknowledged difficulty of acquiring the pronunciation. The case, however, is not always so favourable. On the contrary, he sometimes meets with persons who assail him with objections to the English orthography; and when such are made, they are commonly accompanied with a tone and description of remark which convey censure, coloured with contempt. Remonstrance, raillery, argument, nevertheless, are so blended with a species of querulousness, that one has no difficulty in tracing the turn of the conversation to the chagrin of disappointment. Profitless labour has been expended on the acquirement of the pronunciation; for, if self-taught, and many are so, they can read English, as they say, well, but find themselves utterly puzzled and discomfited when an Englishman begins to speak. All languages which have a literature, it is scarcely needful to remark, are guilty of departing more or less from the obvious pronunciation; but everybody seems agreed that the English is more froward than other languages—that its orthography is frivolous and coquetish to a degree that might almost justify the continental world in a scheme to abandon it. Many Englishmen themselves are ashamed of their language for its orthographical demerits, and one American newspaper has adopted a mode of printing which is more intelligible to foreigners than to natives. It may be worth while to turn this whole matter over in one's mind, and see what can be said for the old orthography. Foreigners, if they honour us by learning our language, are entitled to have all the concessions in our power made to them; even though it cannot be concealed that they could scarcely be more worthily occupied; while those to whom the English is a mother-tongue will not be the worse for being fortified against the sallies of their continental neighbours, if any fair and successful explanation can be given of the wayward course which its orthography has thought fit to take.

Languages, like men, have a way of their own, which no legislation can reach; they change with the centuries, but cannot have their symbols shifted as an army its costume. For this reason, orthography will endure no violent thwarting of its tendencies; nor can any attempt to constitute a new English orthography, such as that alluded to, be finally successful. From whom is derived the orthography of a language? Of course, from its writers; and those especially who write in earnest, who are, indeed, its only writers. Will these consent to publish their thoughts in a strange, grotesque garb, to receive a welcome something like that of hooded Hottentots from the south of Africa? The relation between the soul and the eye; the thinking being within, which conceives, forms, and gives expression to thought, and the instrument which peculiarly connects it with the outer world, and reacts on it in many mysterious ways, forbids the hope as foolish and presumptuous. The labours of the poet, how often are they expended in purging his lines of words which, in some subtle manner, offend the eye, and through it the poetic sensibility. Association is ever at work to identify thought and its symbol; so that a change in the latter would instantly communicate itself to the former; and what of familiarity would be wanting in that, would be vividly felt as deficient in this. Poetry, philosophy, romance—every form of thought, indeed, which aims at a universal influence, rises on general experience, and ascends higher than it, only by building upon it. Shakspeare's power over all English minds at this day depends chiefly on those passages which meet most completely the triple want of all minds—the spiritual, the aural, and the ocular necessity; and everybody must have felt, in reading the plays of our poet, that their sympathy is often interrupted by a strange verbal usage, until frequent study has formed for the poems a class of associations proper to themselves.

But, setting aside the proposal of a new orthography as violent and unnatural, are we to be satisfied with the old, as something better than a new one, or simply as the gift of fate with which, now that we have it without remedy, we must content ourselves as well as we can, notwithstanding its uncouth form and its supposed deviation from rule and reason? Is it a slough into which, somehow or other, we have fallen, or has the spirit of our fathers been guided by a divine instinct in bequeathing to us this inheritance? No historian can fix an epoch in English orthography, when, by an act of will and foolish intention, it was turned out of its natural course, and forced to run in new and artificial channels. Nature, who ever works wisely, has been the only legislator in the affair; and, as one loves all her wise ways, one well read in our literature will cherish each of those mystic characters, which, appropriately inscribed, can make the heart to tremble under the sweet shocks of poesy, and the spirit to feel immortal when philosophy records her dreams and visions.

The tendency of every symbol, as language, is to become refined, and that in proportion to the force of the principle of civilization out of which it has arisen, and with whose history its own is allied. But this tendency manifests itself indefinitely more in regard to sounds than written signs; consequently the relation between the written and spoken forms of words, may indirectly serve as a criterion of the refinement of a language. The social life of a people, which fixes the tones of a language, is incomparably more active for change than the literary life which regulates its silent signs. A written symbol is never in the way of its employer; its meaning and its sound may be ever changing, but itself remains possibly unaltered. Spoken language, however, is exposed to a thousand casualties. Hurry, the desire of inspiring a soft emotion, tumultuous passion, craft, with the endless modifications of feeling and necessity which find expression in society, all tend to affect the tones of words. A literature, of course, which rises out of the life of a people, will undergo corresponding changes with its social condition; and these will include changes in everything connected with the written symbol, which may be required by novelty of thought or the final purpose of a writer. Typographical varieties, too, as coming within the region of taste, and having something of the character of luxury, and so more closely allied to the social than to the literary life of a people, will advance with other things But little reflection will satisfy one, that orthography, from its special relations to the mind, lies beyond the boisterous influences which execute a change on language in so many other respects. It also changes, for, indeed, nothing terrestrial is exempted from variability; but the mutation is slow and silent, like a distant object in a prospect when in paralactic motion.

So far from implying defect, or any inherent irregularity in English pronunciation, its complexity is proof of its refinement; the very difficulty of reaching it should apprise the stranger of its value; its coy and shadowy course ought to be regarded as evidence of the delicate and numerous influences to which it is, and has been subjected. Its complexity, in short, exists only to the spectator looking on from without, and not to the well educated native who has mingled in scenes which have had a share in moulding the speech into its extant form. With the exception of a few words, which, like the anomalies of nature, cannot easily find a determinate place in his mind, the sounds of his language are each justified by his instincts. He wishes not one less; he could not tolerate the reduction of the extended diapason to a note fewer than time and the national life have brought to him. Grammars, indeed, might become more easily made and learned, and pronouncing-dictionaries less bulky and portentous, if several sounds distinguishable to his ear were reduced to one, and a prim regularity enforced among words which have a family likeness; but he argues wisely that languages are not made for grammars, and that they are destined to follow the wants of those who use them, not the convenience of scholars in his own land or in other countries.

The condition, then, of our language is the work of nature—the effect of those multitudinous forces which have

been active in the heart of a great and progressive people. In proportion as society has advanced, its speech has become more complicated. The orthography of a language is subject to a different class of laws from those which regulate it as spoken; and hence the disparity.

But, supposing that a change as extensive as could be wished were effected on the English orthography, would nothing of importance be lost thereby? In gaining a few advantages, granting the results not purely evil, should we forfeit no benefits? The orthography of a language is a monument of its history, and has the inevitable effect of throwing the mind into the past. It serves to connect together the successive epochs of a nation's life; to give to every generation a feeling that it speaks essentially the same language as that used by those which went before it. One might, indeed, with as much reason, sweep from the earth the ruins which lie scattered over its surface, as violently renew the symbol of a language. Both speak to the same sentiment, however differently; both silently link us to worlds that preceded us. If the architectural remains of the past are perpetually mouldering away, yielding to the power of time, and occasionally also to the conveniences of the new people which are born to the soil which their ancestors trod, we say, it matters not; the process is natural and necessary, and cannot, on the whole, produce harm. There is always enough of the past remaining; and everything is ever growing older, so as to keep the world in store of whatever is valuable in the feeling connected with it. But any general renovation of the world's furniture would be bad and incommodious; not less so a summary change of a people's language, in any such respect as would disrupt the connection between its present life and its past. One of such respects is the orthography of a language; for, however insensible its influence, or how difficult soever it may be to render account of its power so as to satisfy a fastidious mind, there can be no doubt, we think, of the fact itself. It is from this consideration that we should object to the set and purposed removal, by any general measure, of the silent letters in many classes of words. Once they were not silent, and that they are so now reminds us of a time prior to our own, and of a life that formerly stood in the room of ours. Let them drop away one by one, if so it be the will of nature working by the will of man. If it be said they are stumbling-blocks, we ask, to whom? Not to educated natives; not in any sense whatever. If it be confessed that the plea is in behalf of strangers, we repeat that, while all proper assistance should be given to foreign students, a language should be allowed to grow freely and fully without the slightest reference to any but those to whom it belongs. Any person seriously wishing to add a new symbol to his own, will accept it as it springs from the history of a people.

The more also one remarks the history of pronunciation, in its perpetual fluctuation, and the nature of those tendencies which induce this change, the more will he be satisfied of the injury which would follow any general and radical alteration of the orthography. Pronunciation, like other things, is a little subject to fashion, and oscillates between extremes; from which fact, a change in the direction of the old pronunciation, when the sounds degenerate into effeminacy, is not at all unlikely; indeed, it is exceedingly probable. The orthography conserves the obsolete, but strong, natural forms of our language, and makes a return towards them (though not *to* them) for force and energy, should these through excessive civilisation be lost, always a possible thing. Poetry and written prose have often had to do this, when soft and pretty nothings were wearying the heart with their monotony. Vigour has been drawn from the old writers, with which to renew the life of poesy. So may it be, and partly is, with pronunciation. Ever the heroic symbol is before our eyes, a little polished and changed, but still venerable and full of suggestion. Should the sounds of our language become too refined (and some have quite enough melted away in conversation), nothing would make a restoration easier, than the fact of the old forms being yet extant and universally familiar. Indeed, were there no other reason than this, we should object to any general change in the English orthography. The proverb, 'Keep a thing a hundred years, and you will find a use for it,' is as applicable here as to anything else.

With strangers, among the class of objectors, there are a vast number of words which are ever being made the butt of their humour, arising either from ignorance, or from imperfect acquaintance with the language. These words, of which *might*, *could*, *would*, *course*, *knot*, *knight*, *sight*, are specimens, have all the reason in the world for preserving their orthography. *Might* cannot be changed into *mite*, without confusion, nor *would* into *wood*, although, by such a change, they would be conformed more to rule, in the vulgar sense of that word. As little could *knight* drop the *k* without running into *night*, or *knot* into *not*. *Sight* might be turned into *site*, according to rule, but would thereby lose its meaning. Let one open a book, and note each word as he goes along, commenting with himself on those which must appear anomalous to a stranger, and he will find how vast are the number which need their present orthography, in order to distinguish them from words pronounced almost or altogether in the same manner. Such words present difficulties to the learner, we admit, but we are only anxious to show that they have a reason. Another set of words are said to have entirely the same pronunciation, with a quite different orthography, when, if the purest pronunciation be referred to, there will be found to be a real and effective variety, however delicate it may be. The orthography points back to a time when the difference in the utterance was greater, and forwards when it may be necessary to restore the ancient and obsolete pronunciation.

Such are the views which a consideration of this subject has led us to form, stated in brief, but adequately enough, we hope, to assist in the formation of an opinion on it. We confess to have been considerably annoyed by the perpetual talk of the absurdity of English orthography, nor can one mix comfortably with men on the continent, without having something to say in defence of his mother-tongue. Nothing, however, which we have said, is meant to imply that there is no room for improvement, or that nothing can be done for regulating the orthography of our language. Although the highest reason of the difficulty of English pronunciation consists in the great refinement at which it has arrived, it is yet possible so to watch the tendencies at work in society as to assist it in its direction. Instinctively, indeed, this is always more or less done; and everybody is aware that there are some words which are changing their orthography, though slowly, and that many others, in the course of ages, have lost their original form. Certain typographical practices, such as marking the principal words by an initial capital letter, are also changed, and that with great advantage. No writer in modern times has innovated with greater boldness, and yet with less result in this respect, than Isaac Taylor. We allude to his use of small instead of capital letters for beginning adjectives formed from the proper names of countries and the quarters of the globe. All his genius has not procured him a single follower, so far as we know, in this practice.

To an Englishman acquainted with German, nothing of the kind is more interesting than the resemblance between the radical words of that and of his own language, notwithstanding the difference which, at first sight, appeared to separate them. What assists the pleasure is the likeness in the written form of the words, which is often much greater than in the spoken. The change which time and circumstances have effected over words sprung from the same root, so far from destroying the feeling of relationship, only adds to its intensity. The family face is there, however altered; and what we do not find in the individual features scrupulously compared, we discover in the impression of the whole. Remove, however, the old orthography; cut up the words, prune and sort them according to the prettiest fashion, and what becomes of this feeling of affinity! No man need regard this sentiment as unimportant. It is, indeed, quite the reverse. It serves to mitigate all the stupid prejudices which rise out of a false

patriotism, and to augment indefinitely the pleasure with which the stores of another literature are made one's own by study.

Change in the orthography must come gradually, as in nature, the model of everything true, good, and beautiful. Ever with the necessity comes the change; but so long as that necessity is feeble, or, as in the present case, has reference to others, and not to those who give law to the language, nothing worthy can follow alteration. No Englishman feels the slightest embarrassment with the thousands of words which require painful labour on the part of the foreigner to learn. The sign has been associated from infancy with its sound, nor could any compensation be to him sufficient for the disgust and mortification with which he would view any violent attempt to alter the symbol linked to all the poetry of his childhood, and to all the venerable truth which his manhood has gleaned from the harvests of thought that his ancestors have sown in their immortal language.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. XII.

WHAT BEFELL US ON THE WAY TO SINGAPORE—A SAGO WORK—PARTICULARS ABOUT PENANG—PASSAGE TO CALCUTTA.

We got under weigh on the afternoon of the 19th November, and proceeded round the east side of the island of Hong-Kong, by a narrow rocky channel called, by the pilot, Fa-ta-mun. Night coming on we anchored among the islands, and next morning held our way down the China Sea. When fairly clear of the coasts we had the north-east monsoon blowing very strong, with rainy and cloudy weather. The sea was also running high, and as we were going right before the wind, and consequently getting no steadying from it, the rolling of the ship was violent and incessant. During the day this was all very well; our vain efforts to walk the deck while the ship was almost dipping her yard-arms in the water, or to enjoy a meal below without loss and personal damage, afforded only amusement; but at night the case was different. In vain did I wedge and pad myself all round, and even *tie* myself to my couch,—the ceaseless roll soon worked me loose, and I had it all to do over again. I tried also to fix myself in a chair in a corner of the cabin, but it wouldn't do,—Morpheus would not visit such a rolling, creaking ark on any terms. Another night passed in similar unavailing efforts; we seemed possessed with a perpetual motion, and sleep fled; but towards morning I got up on deck, jaded and chafed, arranged the lee forebrace in an oblong coil close to the main-mast, laid myself flat in the hollow formed thus by the rope, made it tight all round, and—actually fell asleep. My repose, however, was of short duration, for at sunrise the watch began to wash decks, and I was dislodged. A swinging cot, I daresay, would have remedied all this evil, but the remedy could not be applied, for I hadn't one; and, under all circumstances, I believe there is no movement in a sailing vessel so hard to bear as this rolling. All this time, however, we were making noble progress; the old ship tore through it famously, and soon brought us to calmer seas and milder weather. One day we sailed about 300 English miles; and the whole run from China to the strait of Singapore took only seven days and a half. This, however, was only to the entrance of the strait, and before we got fairly into it some curious incidents befell, which I must now relate.

The east end of Singapore Strait is bounded on the north by Romania Point of the Malay peninsula, and on the south by the island of Bintang—the space between the two being about ten miles wide, but much narrowed by islands, rocks, and sunken reefs. As a sentinel in the very middle of the channel, stands a bare whitened rock called Pedro Branco, and between this and the Romania reefs is a clear space about two or three miles wide, through which ships generally pass, the rock serving as a good mark. Now, at noon one day, we found by the observations that we were within thirty miles of this rock, and, as we were advancing with a light breeze about four knots an hour, we expected to see it and enter the straits before dark. With this expectation the course was fixed directly for the rock, I at the same time remarking to the captain that I thought it would be safer to make land first towards Romania Point, as, if we should miss the rock—and it is quite a small affair—we should not be certain of our position. The captain, however, thought there was no such risk, and accordingly shaped the course I have mentioned. By and by the evening became hazy, and we could not catch a sight of the mainland, as we had expected, from the mast-head. Nothing was thought of it, however, till eight o'clock came, and neither land nor rock visible. The night closed in cloudy and moonless, but sufficient starlight remained to enable us to see objects at some distance. A look-out was kept forward and at the mast-head,—indeed we were all looking out,—and we still steered southward, thinking that, as the wind was getting lighter, the rock, on account of our slow progress, must be still a-head. Nine o'clock came, and no rock; but we began to see the loom of land in positions we did not expect, and, after altering the course in various ways, and getting only more and more puzzled, the ship was hove-to to await daylight. About eleven o'clock, as the captain and I were pacing the quarter-deck, and starting all manner of conjectures respecting our difficulties, one of the men came aft and told us there was a rock under the bows. Running forward we saw the sea breaking upon a black jagged mass, on which we were fast drifting. The helm was instantly put hard-a-port and the after-yards filled, and, thinking that this was surely Pedro Branco at last, we stood westward, with lightened minds and renewed confidence. We had only a few minutes to congratulate ourselves on our luck when the second mate came to report that he saw land stretching along right a-head. We were plainly on the wrong scent: the rock could not have been Pedro Branco, and the ship was again put about. But, in whatever direction we sailed, we were not long without obstructions; and so the night passed in wearing and tacking ship to avoid rocks and islands, that seemed to spring up on every side, and of which we knew nothing. I turned in at midnight, and on going upon deck again at daybreak, I found them still at the same work, and utterly ignorant of their whereabouts. At first we imagined we had got down into Rhio Strait, but as we altered our bearings we found appearances that would not agree with that supposition, and, after spending the whole forenoon in vain conjectures, the meridian altitude of the sun, together with the previous observations for the longitude, showed that we were down to the eastward of Bintang, in a narrow rocky strait between that island and Pulo Panjang. It then became evident that whenever we had opened Singapore Strait the previous night, a current had swept us to the eastward, while we still continued to sail southward. The difficulty now was to get back again against a freshening north wind and an adverse current; the track being also beset by sunken shoals, in addition to the rocks above water. About noon we passed the wreck of a ship. The tops of her three masts, with the rigging attached, were standing out of the water, and, from the freshness of their appearance, we judged she must have been lost recently. She had struck on some of the hidden dangers, and then sunk in about twelve fathoms water,—not a very encouraging spectacle for us; and indeed it was a wonder we did not meet the same fate during the night. All day we continued beating to the northwards against a high wind and sea, the squalls coming so strong occasionally that we expected to see some of the masts go overboard; but we were obliged to carry on, to prevent us going among the rocks to leeward. About eight o'clock at night—dark and squally—we got close to the north-east corner of Bintang, which we expected to weather, and then have a fair wind and open sea. All hands were kept on deck, and all were eagerly watching the line of white breakers which we were evidently approaching. A man being placed in the main-chains to try for soundings, the first heave gave fifteen fathoms: 'We'll do it!' was the general exclamation; but the wind shifted a little, and the sails began to shake.

'Keep her full,' said our skipper, 'and take another pull at the lee main-brace.' As the lead was kept going, the water shoaled gradually to twelve and ten fathoms; but the headland was now looming broad on the lee bow, and we thought we were just on the eve of weathering it, when all at once a bright star—Jupiter, I think it was—shone out from the clouds near the horizon, and showed us the sea breaking furiously over a reef that stretched out right a-head of us. The helm was instantly put hard over, but the heavy swell caused the ship to miss stays, and she drifted rapidly towards the rocks. I thought our cruise was up, and I just cast a rapid glance over the deck to see what I might lay hold of to give me support in the water. Two minutes more and the old ship's timbers would have parted company, when the captain sung out to put the helm hard-a-weather and square the after-yards. This made the ship go round in a circle, with her head towards the shore, and, though a dangerous operation, was our only chance. Had the ship been loaded it could hardly have been successful, but being light in ballast her movements were quick, and she gathered way and rounded to on the other tack just in time to elude the thundering breakers under our lee. Not wishing to try such another experiment, we stood off to the eastward under reduced sail till daylight, then put about, rounded the point easily, and got into the strait. In passing along the north shore of Bintang, we saw another wreck with her three lower masts and the bowsprit end sticking out among the rocks. About seven o'clock at night we dropped anchor in Singapore Roads. We learned on shore that the wreck off Pulo Panjang was that of the Mars, a ship bound to London with a Singapore cargo. She struck on a sunken rock one morning while the officers were at breakfast, and just gave them time to get out the boats before she went down. The other wreck was the Parsee, a Greenock ship bound to Shanghai, lost a few days previously, and the crew and part of the cargo saved.

We staid twelve days at Singapore, taking in a cargo of Japan wood, Manilla hemp, cowries, &c., for Calcutta. The weather being very rainy, I was confined a good deal to the ship, and almost the only new thing I saw on this visit was an establishment for the preparation of sago. This article of food is obtained from the pith of a palm that grows abundantly in various islands of the Archipelago. The Malays separate the farinaceous matter from the pith by maceration in water, and after being dried it is rolled up in leaves so as to form parcels about the size and shape of sugar-loaves. In this state it is brought in native vessels to Singapore, where it is prepared for the European market chiefly by the Chinese, the process adopted being as follows: The crude sago is first mixed with water and strained into large tubs, where it is purified by repeated washings with water, and, from the smell and appearance of the mixture, it is evident that a degree of fermentation is allowed to take place. Being sufficiently cleaned, it is run into long and narrow wooden troughs, where the water drains off and leaves the sago like wet pipe-clay. From these troughs it is dug in square lumps, and laid out to dry on wooden tables; when dried and broken down it constitutes sago-flour, which is brought to this country in large quantities for the purpose of starching cloth. If it is to be made into pearl sago, the lumps are not dried, but put immediately into sieves made of split rattans, and sifted through, and the moist grains, being made to fall into shallow iron pans heated over furnaces, are instantly dried and hardened.

Leaving Singapore and getting into Malacca Strait, we were carried along by a fair wind in four days to Penang, where we stopped a week and filled up the ship with betel-nut, pepper, nutmegs, &c., for Calcutta. On the morning of our arrival I had a drive through the town with the captain, and in the cool of the evening I walked to the foot of the mountains, four miles out. The town is inhabited chiefly by Malays, Chinese, and natives of India, together with a few Europeans. The level country about the town is occupied by plantations of betel-nut, nutmegs, cloves, sugar-cane, &c., and is intersected by excellent roads. The luxuriant tropical vegetation and the balmy, delicious air reminded me strongly of Batavia; and at both places one could feel that mere animal existence was a positive enjoyment. Most tropical fruits are grown here, but we had not fallen on the best season for them, and mangosteens (the finest fruit of the Straits) were, to our great regret, quite out.

Landing from the ship one morning at sunrise, I drove in a palanquin carriage to the foot of the Signal-hill, and then walked to the top by a winding path three and a half miles long—the whole distance from the town to the flag-staff being eight miles, and the height of the mountain being about 2400 feet. It was dreadfully scorching work toiling up (the thermometer at the ship standing at 90 deg. in the shade), but the cool breeze and magnificent view on the top fully recompensed me. I had also, in the course of the ascent, to traverse some rocky defiles that were very cool and refreshing. On the top of the hill there are several bungalows, where the European residents, or invalids from India, reside occasionally to enjoy the bracing air. The largest of these houses belongs to the governor. A quantity of coffee is grown on the hill-top, but the sides are covered by the native forests except near the base, where there are a few clearings for nutmeg plantations. A telegraph is maintained on the summit for the purpose of signalling ships to the town, and communicating messages from the governor when he happens to be residing in this 'highland home.' I found the telegraph-keeper very attentive and obliging, showing me over all the houses and gardens, and making me take breakfast with him, without expecting any pecuniary return. The view from the station embraces nearly the whole of the island, with a great part of the opposite coast of Kiddah and the islands adjacent.

Pulo Penang (which means 'Betel-nut Island'), called also Prince of Wales' Island, was presented to a Captain Light, about sixty years ago, by the king of Kiddah, as a marriage-portion with his daughter. Captain Light made it over to the East India Company, and it is now under one government with Singapore and Malacca. The Company acquired also a tract of land on the Kiddah side, about thirty miles long and three or four wide, separated from Penang by a narrow strait. It is called Province Wellesley, and is chiefly valuable for the growth of rice and sugar.

The climate of Penang is considered healthy, notwithstanding that the average temperature is high, and the low lands rather marshy. During our stay, the thermometer at noon sometimes stood above 90 deg., and the direct rays of the sun were most intolerable, although the island is in 5 deg. north latitude, and the sun had then attained its furthest southing. The temperature on the hill, however, is much lower, and of the healthfulness and invigorating effects of a residence on it there can be no question; indeed, I should imagine there are few places where one could spend a season with more enjoyment. The rainy season of Penang lasts from September to about the end of December, but rain falls occasionally all the year round, and at the worst season it is seldom inconvenient, as it comes chiefly in heavy showers in the afternoon and night. The average annual quantity of rain on the hills is said to be 113 inches, and on the plains 65.

On the 23d December we left Penang and continued our voyage to Calcutta. Being the season of the north-east monsoon, we had light foul winds all up the Bay of Bengal, but the sea was smooth and the weather exceedingly beautiful. In our course we first kept pretty close to the Malay Peninsula, passing in sight of many islands near the mainland; then we stretched over to the Andamans, and had to work to windward for a few days before we could weather them. Barren Island, one of the outlying members of this group, is an active volcano, and, as we passed pretty close, clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the crater. On new-year's night we were close up to Great Coco Island, at the north end of the Andamans. That night was remarkably clear, even for the tropics; and I have it noted that the planets Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were all visible at once, together with the moon

three days old—an assemblage more brilliant than can well be imagined by one who has seen them only in these foggy climes of ours. In tropical skies the larger planets yield a pretty strong light, and I have frequently seen the masts and even ropes clearly shadowed on the deck by the silvery rays of Venus or Jupiter; and on one occasion, which I have mentioned, the light of the latter did us right good service.

In passing next day between the Great and Little Coco Islands, we crossed a remarkable line of agitated water, where waves were foaming and breaking as if upon a reef, while the sea at each side was nearly quite smooth. This must have been produced by the meeting of currents, as there were no shoals to give rise to the phenomenon; and, indeed, among straits and islands, a similar appearance was by no means uncommon, although we had never seen it so well marked as at this place.

Seventeen days after leaving Penang we came up to the outer floating light at the mouth of the Hoogly, and a few hours afterwards we received a pilot and leadsman from the pilot-brig Tavoy. The light-vessel was anchored in eight fathoms water, about thirty-five miles from land, the sand reefs that stretch out from the mouths of the Ganges going a few miles further. In the course of the evening we passed the upper floating light, twelve miles from land, and at night we anchored in the mouth of the Hoogly, off Saugor Island.

Flat sandy tracts, so low as to be visible only a few miles off, covered with scanty dingy vegetation, relieved here and there by a few gaunt unhappy-looking palms, their leafy crowns, worn and dusty, waving over some miserable human habitations that made the dreary waste only a little less forlorn; such was the scene that surrounded us—the shores of India, which, seen through the medium of early associations and hopeful prospects, have been gilded with so many imaginary beauties, and on which, kindled by a few novel sights and much ardent anticipation, such glowing enthusiasm has been expended.

A SUMMER-DAY BY A LOCH-SIDE.

Gentle reader (for it was a most courteous fancy of old penmen to honour thee with such pleasant adjective), we will conceive of thee as one living amid the strife and hum of busy city, treading the oven of parching streets, or choked by ungrateful dust, or plying most clerkly pen at a dim window glimmering out on some back court, where the smut comes sulking down from congregated vents, as if to smother with smutty showers the forlorn mignionette or other herb, that faintly tells that from the free bowers and green fields of a more open world city-building man first came. We shall blindfold thee among thy multitudes, and convey thee far off to an out-world spot, and there undo thy darkling eyelids, and give thee heart's ease in the pleasance of a summer-day by a loch-side. It is a loch gentle as thyself, shimmering and rippling with smiles, and watched by green encircling hills. Fame has spoken few praises for it, and guide-books have led the tourist far out of its way, save when some chance wayfarer comes to cool his pilgrim feet among the wavelets that startle the sedgy margin. Traditions have haunted its shore, but they have not travelled much farther. Poets have not fancied it, yet it has gleamed and wormed on its bed through the grey centuries of time, content among its mountain solitudes, and finding good cheer in the bleat of browsing sheep, the shy companionship of clanging moorfowl, or the swatter and plunge of its own web-footed wild ones. We will have a long summer-day of it, so we will be afoot betimes. Over the green hills that watch this mountain-tarn the sun comes with streaky dawn. He has come ever since it was a world, and he comes again to renew his diurnal friendship. There is the sort of grey interval that comes between twilight and the full flush of his unshorn beams. No sensations can be finer than those experienced in seeing the eastern clouds relent and glow with the glimmer of coming day. The grey sleepy twilight lies in the valleys as if it would resist the coming light. Sounds come on the ear with quick minuteness; the moody, whispering ripple of the lake, the poppling flow of some moorland brooklet seeking its way from the high grounds, the solitary bleat of a sheep, the uneasy motion of the sedgy wildlings, the eerie, whiffering noise of a grass-fly, or gobbling crow of moorcock. These make the silence the more felt, although so many interruptions of it. No poet was ever more at home with his subject than the great dramatist in his allusions to the dawn of morning. There is a charm in their very mention, and they are scattered over his ever-famous page in endless variety of beauty. In his magnificent mind the conception of an object which met the common gaze with the same appearances, found expression as his sovereign fancy willed. Who that has seen the dawn of morning but must have recalled 'the lacing of yon severing clouds?' or the flush of day but must have had that line coming over him like a sunburst, in which 'jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops?' Then, too, there is the exquisite quiet beauty of those other lines—

> 'But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.'

But we are lingering on the lake-side. The silver lace that fringes the glimmering grey looks like light in ecstacy. Contrasted with the sombre mass below, it looks as if it would remain unchanged; but it expands into looser outline, the grey lingering twilight trembles away, and the startling light leaps along to some western hill-side, as if to warn away the darkness that would sleep in the valleys; and in a little the doubt of coming dawn has lost itself amid the positive reality of assured day.

Sunrise has ever been a simile for the ascendancy of moral truth in the world, and no more befitting symbol can be found in wide nature. The parallel is so strong that men have delighted to use it, as if they felt something more than a mere encouragement of analogy from it. Error would present its base-born obstacle as if it would stay the rise of the moral luminary, but onward and onward comes the golden dawn, until all opposing influences are in vain, and the blessed light, to irradiate and gladden a world, leaps into full effulgence.

Day has begun on the lake-side, and the soft uplands are trim and fresh in the glitter of morning. There is a slight commotion as some wild ducks come with tumbling, rugged flight, and alight with a splash in the sedgy water. Then the loud quack, and stir, and plunge for a moment, when, as if uneasy in the full light, they shake themselves up with banging wing, and betake themselves off, in their wild freedom, to some other haunt among the neighbouring wilds. There is no sound of busy men, or smoky hum of city. The echoes of human life have fallen far short of this sequestered spot, which dreams and rejoices in the completeness of pastoral solitude. No object but what is in keeping with it meets the eye. The swallow is aloft—the brave and blithesome rover of the sky—wandering 'at his own wild will'—sometimes coasting up the spongy shore of the lake, and uttering his cheerful, twittering click as he spirits himself away into farther flight, heedless of forming friendship with the sluggish tenants of the sedge. A dainty little bird is the swallow—the darling of the sky—the friend of man, yet a friend whose acquaintanceship is scarcely ever more than that of mere sight. One is half-inclined to believe that the race never die, and that the annual visiters are the identical individuals who have come since the world began. The lark, too, is far overhead—the minstrel king of these pastoral wilds—rising elate in morning pride, and soaring and singing on until the meadow, and the lake, and the flashing sunshine are resonant with his lay. One would almost think, as he carries himself on and on, that he would finish only in the higher skies, and stretch beyond the limits of 'this dim spot which men call earth.' The insect tribe are on wing, too, and the wild bee comes cruising past, lingering for a moment with burley hum round some odd scratch in the soft soil, or quiet wild flower that does not grudge to be beautiful though hidden amid the wilds. The whaup wheels and sails with plaintive cry, as if it would create terrors in its

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breast only for its maternal solicitude to be put forth the more for the young care that presses the secret spot 'low down i' the broom.'

The day wears on, until noonday, in summerly beauty, is over hill and dale. The sky is bright in the sunny purity of the ripening season, looking as if it had foresworn the drizzly fogs of duller months. The scene does not possess the sights and sounds of woodland regions, but a calm repressed feeling rests over all. The centre object of the landscape—the beautiful loch—lies, a sheet of purity, dreaming and wreathing itself in gentle ripples. And so hour after hour by the loch-side passes by, and the flush of day looks as if it knows no decline. The sheep, in wide dispersion, are browsing away from the hollows, and dotting the green uplands. The eye and ear are arrested by the manœuvring tact of a shepherd's dog, which, with sagacious bark, executes its master's will in turning some fleecy wanderers to their track. With what strange effect the short, hard bark of the dog comes across the soft downs! and the shepherd himself, in the far glare, how he wends his way—the sullen hint of that authority that in the busy world sways the operations of man. But another sound dins on the ear; it is the knocking of a cart-wheel as it winds its way along the white road, laden with the motley merchandise of some adventurous cadger, who sits bundling on his heaped cart. A man of keen vision and worldly temper is this same man of skins, profound in tobacco, and doling out of gills of oil, and handling of floury loaves. He will stop at some peat-reeking cottage-door a mile or two farther on, where sunfreckled children will come about him, while their maternal help bargains for the week's supply.

The long summer afternoon has been brightening over this peaceful scene, and the more golden tint in the clouds and the richer glow of the sunshine tell that time has been speeding on. Yet the day seems loth to grow old, but would keep shining on with a freshness that cannot fade, as if all that was pure and pleasant was to be found here. The whole scene seems so self-contained and serenely beautiful that one can scarcely imagine a world lying beyond the ridges that shut in the view. Couldst thou believe, most gentle reader, that far beyond this peaceful spot the giant life of bustling multitudes and din and clamour of life is going on? Yes; on this same blessed summer-day, when the sky breathes peace on earth and good-will among men, it may be that, in some far-off city, the clash of revolution may be bursting out, and the mighty uproar of internal strife howling on the terrified air. Barricades may be blocking up streets, and shot and shell smashing down these rugged structures, and dying men cursing their fellows in horrible deaths. But for knowing what dissimilar elements this world consists of, one would almost doubt the possibility of such a thing, for one sees no heel-mark of a guilty Cain among these quiet regions.

The mellow splendour of the summer night is, however, on the scene, looking as if it increased in its beauty as the day waned to its close. There lies the lake, without a wrinkle on its breast, the joy and pride of the guardian hills that crowd around it. A long summer-day has been over it, and tints of still more golden hue are in store for it, for the west is flushing with glories that rude speech cannot tell. The hot, glaring blaze has lost itself, and endless freaks and hues brighten and smile overhead. Oh, it is a privilege to be abroad on such an evening by the loch-side! A serener state of mind becomes our own as we saunter along the springy foggage that dispreads itself between the water and the more solid land. The mind would swim in the reverie of thought without a care, and bask in a freedom in keeping with the genius of the hallowed night. But symptoms of a stir are still distinguishable, for these strange birds keep muttering to themselves. There is a perpetual clatter among the water-lilies, and dark shootings to and fro, and jerking of heads, and now and then a plunge, which disturbs the lake for far around. One bird rises at last, and with a fancy of its own stretches across the lake; but look how it goes! Its dangling, dark web-feet keep touch, touching the quiet water at every stroke of its wings; and as it skims away into the bosom of the lake, it leaves a long track of dainty dimples to mark its motion. The coy bird does this with such regularity that one would half think it enjoyed the conceit of the thing; just as we have seen a clever schoolboy make the nicely-picked stone scud along the bosom of a deep pool, and watch with laughing pleasure as it danced along. The wild ducks betray an uneasy restlessness, and come and go in uncertain flight. One comes, with sulky, suspicious, outstretched neck, nearing on to where we stand; then wheeling off and soaring with his knob-head up against the mellow glories of the sinking day.

But the sky becomes thinner, and the sheep high up on the green slopes look as if the colder dews hung around them, for the grey sedateness of evening comes sidling in. Yet grander than ever glow the western skies, until the clouds are transfused with a glory that earth is too gross to match. The intense effulgence looks as if it were no impalpable exhalation, but the farewell splendour of the God of day departing never more to return. By degrees the glory blanches here and there into paleness, and 'the sober livery' is again resumed. The bum-cock emits his hum, and hurries past as if eager to gain his night's rest. The cattle, with noses over some dyke-top, blow their farewell trumpets to the grey evening. The geese, with all the excitableness of sunset, as they troop along the onstead meadow with snowy pride, give forth their clangorous shriek until the night air quivers with the sound. The bat tumbles in his sooty flight beneath the tutelary boughs of the ancient elm-tree, that keeps company to the little farm-house. Quiet twilight has stolen over the scene, telling that the summer-day by Alemoor Loch has drawn to a close.

JOUSEF BEN HADJI

AN EASTERN TALE.

'I FEEL that I am going away to the beautiful gardens of Gul,' said old Ben Hadji to his only son Jousef. 'I must leave my olive-trees, that wave with their graceful stems, and light green leaves, and bright yellow flowers, on the hills of Beyrout. I shall no longer smoke my chaboque in my kiosk on the summer evenings; and the leaves and blossoms of the tamarind shall no more tremble over my head when the west wind shakes them. I only wait for Azriel, Jousef, to take me hence.'

'Good is the will of Allah,' said the young man, at the same time bending low, and kissing the pale forehead of his father, with a filial grateful ardour, that seemed to soften the earnestness of his pious ejaculation. 'Good is the will of Allah, and in conformity with that will has been the life of Ben Hadji. Thou shalt smoke thy chaboque in the gardens of paradise; and the roses of Gul, and the song of the bulbul, and waters purer than those of Amberabad, and a bower of vines, and olives, and tamarinds, and dates, and doum-trees, lovelier far than ever grew in Beyrout shall be thine,' continued Jousef, as he bent over his aged parent, and pressed him to his bosom.

'Yes, good is the will of Allah,' said the old man, clasping the hand of his son, and looking in his face with the fond yearning gaze of paternal love. 'It is good, Jousef; and I am ready to obey it. But I am troubled, nevertheless, my son; I am troubled on thy account, my Jousef.'

'As the paradise grass bends to the breeze of morning, or the bright flower iris follows the beams of the sun, so shall I bend to thy will, my father,' said Jousef, meekly, 'so that thou needest not be troubled on my account.'

'Thou hast ever been good, my son,' said the aged Hadji; 'thou hast ever been to me as grateful as dew to a thirsty fig-tree; and as obedient as the echoes of evening to the voice of the Imaum Aben, who calls to the faithful from the tallest minaret of the mosque of Muley Eldin. Still, my son, thou must listen to me now, and keep my counsel after I am gone.'

'I will, my father,' said Jousef, touching his forehead with the hem of his father's robe, and grasping his beard in his right hand, as he turned his eyes towards Mecca.

'You know,' said Hadji, in a low voice, for his strength

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was waning away—'you know that you shall have my bazaar, well-stored with necklaces of coral, silver-mounted housings for horses, amber-tipped chaboques, and cloths of Stamboul; you shall have my kiosk with all its beauties, my garden with all its glories, and my house with all its appurtenances.'

'The will of Allah is good,' again replied Jousef; 'and my father has been prudent.'

'And it is to teach thee prudence that I leave thee more than all my worldly substance, and that is my dying injunction,' said Hadji, faintly; for Azriel was now flapping his dark wings in his eyes, and whispering his name in his ear.

'I shall obey thy command as if it were a voice from Al Koran,' continued the dutiful and amiable Jousef.

'Then, thou shalt not marry a wife who is not possessed of perfect beauty,' said Hadji, rising up with the effort to give force to his conjuration, and falling back immediately after, in the arms of Jousef, while Azriel sped away through the bright blue chambers of the morning with his spirit.

It is an adage in the East, that the most unacceptable thing that one man can give another is his advice; and dervishes have been heard to declare that the maxim holds good in the West also. Perhaps the sort of advice at most discount is that called parental advice, because many wise young men among the Franks and the Faithful seem to have an idea that their parents are not their best friends. They would circumscribe the erratic orbit of their pleasures, and reduce too much to the dominion of abstinence the ardour of youthful tastes; so that they listen to their sires and mothers reluctantly, and make it a point never to obey them.

Jousef Ben Hadji was a dutiful son, however. He had always listened to old Hadji as if he had been listening to a mollah; and had obeyed him as strictly as the mountain had obeyed Mahomet, or as Mahomet had obeyed the mountain; nevertheless, it must be confessed, that of all possessions which his father had left him, that which he would have most willingly parted with to anybody was his advice.

'A wife of perfect beauty!' said Jousef, after his father had been buried according to the laws of the Sunnah, and the loneliness of his dwelling-place reminded him of Hadji's last words. 'Alas, my father, you do not know what you have imposed upon me!'

Jousef sat and pondered for some time, and then he sighed, and then he rose mechanically, and sauntered into the streets of Beyrout. Jousef was a handsome youth, and looked beautiful and gallant, with his bright yellow slippers, his tunic of red velvet, his blue turban, his white cloak, and his orange-coloured shawl. His small black moustaches were curled tastefully on his upper lip; and his beard was as short and crisp as ever was Ali or Omer's. His form was not tall, nor commanding, like those of the viziers or captains of the Janissaries; but it was active, and strong, and firmly knit; and his eye shone like a jewel on the cheek of an Abyssinian slave. He seemed burdened and borne down now, however, and could scarcely drag himself along under the weight of his father's advice. At last he stood beside the beautiful trellis-work that surrounded the little garden of Mustapha the shoemaker, and, leaning on it in an abstracted mood, he gazed vacantly at the lovely flowers.

It must not be supposed that Mustapha was a horticulturist, or had any great taste for floral phenomena. He was more addicted to the taming of birds, the educating of kittens, and the developing of canine genius, than to the practice of botany. He might not, like the western knights of the awl, confine bird, or beast, or creeping thing in a prison cage, for the Koran forbade him to do so; but he could attach them to himself by the strong links of kindness, and he had neglected few opportunities of doing so, according to the custom of his craftsmen generally. Mustapha did not cultivate his little garden, but he chanted as lightly and sweetly almost as did the birds that sat in his althea-bushes, or perched themselves on his olive-trees; and he beat out his merry rap-tap in chorus to the song of the bulbul. Although Mustapha did not cultivate flowers, he possessed a little garden that was the glory of all the little gardens in Beyrout. An aroma floated over it more rich than that which streamed from the shop of Mahhi Eldin the scent-dealer; and the honey that the bees found in it must have been the sweetest in Syria, for all the bees of Syria seemed to come and banquet on its flowers. They hummed round the graceful stems of the fragile bending plants, and dipt their heads into their bright chalices, and loaded their little feet with their finest pollen. And the bright winged birds with their glancing plumage and their delicate limbs, came and perched upon its boughs to shade themselves in the green olives and althea-bushes, and to listen to the whistle and song of Mustapha.

In all Beyrout there was none that so loved the beautiful garden of the shoemaker as Jousef Ben Hadji. He loved it with a boyish reverence, for he had come again and again since boyhood, to gaze through and lean over that trellis; and to worship, with all his sense of the beautiful, those bright, blooming, blushing blossoms. It was the oasis of his dreams, the sun-spot of his life, the earthly beau-ideal which he had formed of his own everlasting bower in paradise.

Perhaps it was not the flowers, nor the hum of the bees, nor the plumes of the birds, nor the waving of the trees, nor the songs of Mustapha, that had brought young Jousef so often to look into that garden, and smile, and nod, and say pretty things. Perhaps his love was more human, more particular, more bewitching, more charming, more exalted, after all; and perhaps it was to gaze upon Lella Selma that he so often came. Lella Selma, however, was not a perfect beauty. The line of her face was broken by a disproportion of the brow, which was broad and lofty, and her form was neither tall nor imposing. Her hands were not smooth, and fair, and round, for Lella used garden hoes and rakes, and she dusted the divan, and carried water and firewood, as well as cooked victuals, so that Lella's hands were not allowed to hang up or lie useless, until they took the do-nothing's polish upon them. They were busy active hands—a little hard from wearing, and a little out of joint from planting artichokes. Her feet were not as small and light as the gazelle's, but as large as women's are in general; nevertheless she tripped along with an elastic joyous step, and she became her red slippers right well. Lella Selma was working in her father's garden as Jousef leant over the trellis, for she was the presiding peri who made its flowers to bloom fresher, and its dew shine brighter. It was she who trained the vines upon the walls of Mustapha's dwelling, and scattered the flower-seeds upon his garden-borders. The little fancy kiosk that stood in the centre of the little spot of ground was covered by a green screen of rapient plants, which she had trained to cling round it; and when she sat in the evenings and plied her needle, or hummed a vesper song, the scarlet-runners, and cresses, and vines, and sweet peas, would peep in at her from the little open windows, and they would fling upon her cheeks the shadow of their hues, and they would shed around her bosom the richness of their perfume. Lella Selma, however, was not perfectly beautiful. Jousef Ben Hadji, at one time, had thought that she was not beautiful at all. When he came first to gaze upon this garden, his heart was smitten with a sweet and overpowering sympathy, that dissolved it in a suffusion of love and gladness. 'How beautiful must she be who presides here,' sighed Jousef; 'how lovely must be the maiden who will comport with this lovely little home of flowers!' How much disappointed Jousef was when Lella Selma passed before him with her basket in her hand to gather bouquets for Mustapha's divan. 'She is not beautiful at all,' said he, in a disappointed tone; and he would have passed on without gazing any more—but the voice of Lella Selma, sweeter than that of the bulbul, and clearer than the tones of a silver bell, fell upon his ear, and chained him to the spot. 'How beautiful,' he cried with enthusiasm, 'is the voice of the maiden; how soft

and thrilling are its tones!' Then, when he came to hear Lella Selma talk, and when he looked into her eyes, her deep, black, speaking, dove-like eyes, he wondered how he had ever thought her anything but beautiful, and he loved her as fondly as ever Hafiz had loved Zuleika. Still Jousef could not divest himself of the sense that Lella was not perfectly beautiful, and yet he sometimes thought she was, as he fondly gazed on her face.

'May my cinnamon and aloe trees scatter incense on the sad heart of Jousef Ben Hadji,' said Lella, approaching the young man with a smile upon her face full of the glories of the rising sun. 'He is alone now, and his heart will be cold.'

'Cold as the waters of the Levant,' said Jousef, sighing, 'when the winter moon dips her silver hair, at midnight, in its font. My father has left me an injunction that shall preserve it in its coldness: I must not marry her who does not possess perfect beauty.'

Lella bent her sweet eyes to the ground, and beat with her foot for a few seconds in silence. 'Men always judge from what they see,' she thought into herself, 'and they never consider for a moment that the imperfection of their own senses may lead them astray in their judgment. Jousef Ben Hadji cannot see *me*; he only sees the outward form of me, and yet he is satisfied that I am not beautiful.' Raising her eyes, Lella Selma said, in a sweet tone, 'Then go, Jousef, and look for one according to the commands of thy father. Dear unto the heart of Allah are those who obey the voice of their parents in what is right. Go,' she said, with a soft balmy sigh, 'and may you prosper.'

Jousef turned away, but still he could not forbear stopping, and casting many long lingering looks behind him towards Lella Selma. The winds seemed to whisper in his ear, 'Most beautiful is Lella Selma;' and the flowers seemed to smile a response to the fragrant zephyr. The birds seemed to chant, 'Most beautiful is Lella Selma,' and his heart beat back the echo of their song, although his step was towards the house of Hamil the coffee-vender, where all the wise men of the world of Beyrout came and smoked and communed.

Jousef entered the divan of Hamil with a beating heart, and well he might; for there sat twelve sages, with chaboques of most magnificent form, and beards like the snowy summits of Mount Atlas. Each sat upon his carpet crosslegged, and sucked the amber tip of his pipe, as if he had been inspiring wisdom from the fountains of translucent knowledge. Each was as grave as the goat of the prophet, and as wise as Haroun Al Raschid.

'Peace be to you, sage fathers,' said Jousef, as he bowed respectfully to the conclave of smokers.

'It is here, my son,' said Ran Tora, from the fair city of Teheran, waving his hand amongst the smoke that floated around them, 'it is here.'

'I wish it were here also,' replied Jousef, laying his hand on his heart.

'What troubleth thee, my son?' asked Hassan Keira.

'I must find, according to the dying injunction of my father, a wife perfectly beautiful; it is this which troubleth me,' replied Jousef; 'and I am come to ask you, wise fathers, where I shall find one such?'

'Go to Stamboul,' said Selim, the aged Turk, 'who dealt in carpets, and was esteemed the wisest of his nation in Beyrout; 'it is only there that perfect beauty can be found.'

'Pardon me!' cried Ran Tora; 'but the maidens of Teheran and Samarcand are the fairest of the fair. Go to the East if you would find what you seek.'

'The brown maidens of Abyssinia alone possess perfect beauty!' cried Ben Taoni, the trader in ostrich-feathers. 'Their complexions have neither the ice of the north, the sickly hue of the east, nor the gloom of the dark south-west, and their soft rounded arms are of Allah's most charming and exquisite workmanship.'

'Hush! hush!' said Indar Oku, with a smile of authority and satisfaction. 'Who will compare the sunburned daughters of Ethiop, or the plumpy maidens of Stamboul, or the tiny damsels of Persia, to the loveliest girls of the Adighe and Georgia? The pachas of the east, west, north, and south, can only be satisfied that beauty is perfect, when they have seen the tall supple forms and the fair and warmly tinted cheeks of the daughters of Circassia. Go, my son, to the green mountains, and the incomparable valleys of the Caucasus, if you would be at peace.'

'Ah, there is snow on the cheeks of the Mengrelians, and ice on the lips of the Circassians, which would chill the youth's heart with a sense of imperfection,' cried Mahmet Lel. 'The young women of Arabistan are the loveliest in the world, as the prophet, whom one of his matrons nursed, was the greatest. Away, then, Jousef, on thy pilgrimage of duty, and love, and beauty, to the city of the prophet; for there alone will you find perfect beauty.'

Jousef stood bewildered in the midst of the sage fathers, who, beginning to dispute amongst themselves concerning the merits of their several nations, raised a storm as loud and dissonant as that which had arisen at Babel. The gravity of their deportment vanished in the excitement of debate; and, in a short time, the merits of Ben Hadji's dying injunction had nearly produced a most unseemly brawl amongst the wise men of the East.

'Hush!' said Hassan Keira at last, rising, and stretching out his hand. 'Hush! my brethren, and do not let us debase the name of wisdom and dishonour the mantle of age by unseemly declamation. You cannot agree on what constitutes the attributes of beauty, and why? simply because you have each and all reckoned it an exterior attribute. You have looked for it on the surface, and your imperfect senses and national prejudices have directed you to the choice and maintenance of separate ideas. But the beauty of beauties lives in the soul. It cannot be seen; but it fashions everything around it in the plastic mould of its latent but vital loveliness. The home in which it dwells takes its form from it. The world in which it resides becomes full of its sweet infection. It spreads the path of life with the loveliest, brightest flowers. It illumines the loneliest soul with the softest, warmest beams. The beauty of beauties is identical in all nations. In the north amongst the Caucasians; in the south at Abyssinia or Arabistan; in the East amongst the valleys of Samarcand; and in the west, even among the Franks, it is the same perfect and powerful form of beauty. Jousef Ben Hadji,' said Hassan Keira, turning to the young man, and speaking to him in a solemn voice, 'virtue alone is perfect beauty.'

'Yes, yes, virtue alone is perfect beauty,' cried the other wise men, simultaneously, and they bent their heads in the dust before the wise Hassan Keira.

'Jousef Ben Hadji,' continued Hassan, calmly, 'seek ye the home of Mustapha, and in his daughter, Lella Selma, you will find all that your father desired.'

Jousef's face relaxed into a smile bright as the sun's at noontide, as he clasped the hand of Hassan and kissed it; and before two moons were over, Lella Selma had transformed his house, and garden, and kiosk, into the most beautiful in Beyrout. If Jousef was weary, Lella had always a smile to make him well again, and a merry song or tale to beguile him of his langour; if he was sad, she soothed him; if he was unfortunate, she bore him up upon her heart. For every cross or care that the world without inflicted on him, there was a balm and joy in his world of home. Day by day, the beauty of Lella's soul burst upon him in new and fresh streams of radiance, until, in the fulness of his heart, he blessed Allah that he had indeed been married to perfect beauty.

THE SWAN AND THE EAGLE.

A Paraphrase from Schlegel's 'Melodies of Life,' by H. G. Adams.

THE SWAN.

Among the blue pellucid waves my peaceful life is spent;
Its traces are the furrows light adown the current sent;
The undulations, scarcely moved as on the waters flow,
Repeat and multiply my form, without a change, below.

THE EAGLE.

I dwell amid the craggy rocks; I wander through the air,
When lurid lightnings fly around, and thunders mutter there.

And in the rapid wheeling chase, and in the deadly fight,
I trust to my adventurous wing, and upward urge my flight.

THE SWAN.

The azure of the cloudless sky rejoicingly I see;
The perfume of the water plants is pleasant unto me;
And by the verdant brink I pause, with snowy wings outspread,
When sunset tinges all the waves with purple and with red

THE EAGLE.

I glory in the tempest, when the forest-oak it rends,
And o'er the beetling precipice the shatter'd turret sends;
And, screaming as I circle round the cliff's aerial heights,
I ask the rolling thunder if in ruin it delights.

THE SWAN.

Invited by the kind regards of blest Apollo, I
Dare to embathe myself in waves of living harmony;
And, at his feet reposing, then I hear upon the gale
The songs melodious resound through Tempe's flowing vale.

THE EAGLE.

I perch, devoid of fear, upon great Jove's celestial throne,
And, at a sign, the thunders seek his orders to make known;
In slumber, when mine eyes are closed, the plumage of my wing
O'ershadoweth the sceptre of the universal king.

THE SWAN.

My view prophetic frequently, in contemplation deep,
Is turn'd upon the waters, where the stars, reflected, sleep.
Regret for things departed then, and sorrow for the past,
Calleth my spirit to a home where joy shall ever last.

THE EAGLE.

From earliest years I ever found a pleasure in my flight,
And, soaring up on pinions strong, rejoicing in my might,
Have gazed on the immortal sun: I cannot stoop to earth,
But find myself companion fit for those of heavenly birth.

THE SWAN.

Who live a life of quietness yield easily their breath;
And when my bonds are loosened by the gentle hand of death,
My voice shall gain a melody, a sweetness, and a power,—
And I with song shall celebrate that last most solemn hour.

THE EAGLE.

A glowing phœnix is the soul; it rises from the pile,
In free unveiled majesty, rejoicing all the while;
It hails its lofty destiny—its high immortal state;
The flame of earth destroys it not, but doth new strength create.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

II.—ITS MORE PROMINENT AND PREVAILING FORMS.

THE first form of juvenile depravity which we shall bring under notice is *mendicancy* or *begging*. Our market-places, our streets, our lanes, our highways, are all infested with young mendicants. Whichever way we turn, or wherever we go, we meet with them, and are assailed by their whining petitions. Judging from their number, one can scarcely help thinking that it must be a profitable trade. Many of them are very young, but they wear old faces—faces far beyond their years. They are distinguished by a cunning and sagacity, in selecting and imposing on their victims, which is almost incredible. They oft-times prove themselves more correct readers of human nature than the most experienced physiognomists and phrenologists in the land.

The shifts to which they have recourse in order to gain their objects are numerous and varied. They have a large number of affecting and piteous stories always on hand, which they retail with a long face, and wet eyes, and mournful accents, and which they vary according to the appearance or supposed character of the party to whom they are addressing themselves. At one time it is a tale of orphanage and friendlessness, and they profess to be all alone and utterly destitute in the wide world. At another time, it is a tale of misfortune and wo, and their father has long been confined to a sick-bed, or has lost a leg or arm through some accident, and is therefore unable to work. At another, it is a tale of cruelty, and they have been ejected from the parental roof, and driven forth to the streets that they may provide for themselves. Again, it is a tale of absolute destitution and starvation, and a helpless and aged mother is lying at the point of death, without a morsel of bread to eat, while they, too, themselves have not tasted food since the preceding day. These are only a few of the pleas put forth by the juvenile mendicants, and which are to be met with every day. We do not mean to say that in every case their story is an entire fabrication; we fear, alas! that it is sometimes too true; but we cannot help asserting, that it will be found, in the great majority of cases, that the tale is either 'a got-up case,' a fiction from beginning to end, or such an exaggeration that scarce a particle of the truth pertains to it. From this remark, too, it follows that unblushing mendacity is considered an essential element in successful mendicancy. The beggar, at the same time, must be the ingenious liar. And when the youthful mind loses all respect for the truth, what is the moral principle that can exercise over it a restraining power? Every virtuous barrier that surrounded it is thereby broken down, and the path to every species of immorality is laid wide open. A love of, and adherence to, the truth, is one of the strongest safeguards of the soul; and when this is once destroyed, the work of desolation and ruin goes on with ever-accelerating rapidity, until every principle that regulated the inner man becomes a perfect wreck. Lying and begging, which, as we shall see in another chapter, are generally associated with drinking, are often the first steps in a career of crime, which is finally expiated on the gibbet, or in some penal colony.

We may give a specimen (and it is only one out of hundreds that might easily be adduced) of the readiness with which young beggars will retail a tissue of the basest falsehoods, in order to impose upon those whom they assail for charity, which specimen came under our own notice. Passing along one of the streets of Edinburgh one evening, we were accosted by a youth, who implored us for a few pence. It was just getting dark, and was a raw, cold, misty evening. The boy was ill-clad, and we could discern by the light of the lamp a wanness in his eye and a bloodlessness about his cheek which seemed to betoken the first stage of a wasting consumption. We felt arrested by his appearance, more than we do in ordinary cases, and we stood still and put to him a few inquiries. He said he was very hungry and had tasted nothing that day; and truly there was nothing in his appearance to belie his statement. He said his parents were very ill at home, and that they were starving from want of food. He had also one or two (we forget which) little brothers or sisters, who were in the same sad and painful condition. The way in which the whole case was stated was such that we felt more than half inclined to believe it, and could not help putting a trifle into his hands. He had no sooner left us than the thought struck us that the story after all might be a fiction, and we were instantly seized with the curiosity to follow him for a few paces, and see whither he went, or how he disposed of himself. We accordingly kept our eye upon him; but what was our mortification to see him walk into the very first spirit establishment that came in his way!

Some juveniles betake themselves to begging of their own accord, or are enticed into it by wicked companions, under the impression that they will thereby obtain abundance of pocket-money, wherewith to purchase tobacco, or find admission to the music-saloon or the theatre. We lately read somewhere of one whose parents were highly respectable, and who could not be prevailed upon to live under the parental roof, simply because he could make ten shillings a-week by begging, and thus gratify a vitiated desire for nightly attendance at the theatre. His parents were kind and indulgent, and he was repeatedly seized and taken home, but he invariably embraced the first opportunity of again running away. The great mass, however, of juvenile beggars are either deserted and outcast children, or are the offspring of idle, depraved, and dissolute parents, who instruct them in the tales of wo which they are to tell, and send them out to the streets, under the threat that if they do not bring in a certain sum by the evening they will receive a sound beating.

Another form of juvenile depravity, extensively preva-

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lent in the present day, is *theft* or *stealing*. This prevails to a greater or lesser extent in every community. Some begin to practise it at such an early age, and with such wonderful adeptness, that we cannot resist the conviction that the first education which they received was in the art of stealing. One could almost fancy that there is some natural affinity between their fingers and every portable and pilferable article which comes within their reach—some secret, invisible, and ever-acting power, by which they are compelled invariably to gravitate towards everything of any value that is not their own.

This species of juvenile depravity assumes a variety of forms. It frequently commences in the infant culprits going the round of the different stalls in the market-place, and picking up and carrying off onions, turnips, and other kinds of vegetables there laid out for sale. Having practised this for some time, and become somewhat adept in it, they then try their hands at shoplifting, which is a somewhat more perilous crime. When engaged in this, they may be seen loitering about the streets, exercising a vigilant eye upon some particular shop or warehouse, and waiting with untiring perseverance and steady aim the opportunity of snatching up and running off with a cheese, a chicken, a piece of cotton or linen cloth, or some other article of a portable and valuable kind. Though thousands of this class of juvenile pilferers have scarcely emerged from infancy, yet, by the time they can venture on such deeds they have acquired a quickness of glance, a steadiness of purpose, a rapidity of movement, and a dexterity in furtive deeds that is perfectly astounding, and which clearly shows that had they been brought up under better influences, and received a proper training, they might have been not only useful in their day and generation, but, in many instances, amongst the brightest ornaments of society.

While practising this form of stealing, they resort to a great variety of methods in order to accomplish their unhallowed designs. They make themselves extensively acquainted with those shops and warehouses which are most open to attack, either from the manner in which the goods are exposed, or from some peculiarity in the entrance or furnishings which affords an easy ingress or a safe cover, or from the extreme incaution manifested on the part of the persons who attend within. In numerous instances, they keep a list of all such places, which they call 'good,' or attackable, that is, capable of being robbed without probability of interruption or detection. Having noted such places, they also note, through perseverance in watching, the place where the largest sums of money are deposited in the shop, and the time which is occupied at meal-hours by the family, and when fewest hands are at work; and having correctly ascertained this, they are prepared for an attack. Every reader of the newspapers, and every one conversant with our criminal courts, must be aware of the extensive depredations which are committed in this way. In other cases, an old thief and a young one will join hands in this department of nefarious pursuit. The old one enters a shop, and professes to be about to purchase very largely. It is generally some small article, such as pocket-handkerchiefs, neckcloths, gown-pieces, remnants of cloth, and such like. A large quantity are turned out upon the counter, and while this is going on, a well-dressed little boy enters the shop, carrying a bag or a basket, and asks the shopman for some article of trifling value. The gentleman then puts forth all his ingenuity to engage as fully as possible the attention of the shopman, talks loudly of making large purchases, spreads out the goods in such a manner as to cause them to have a confused appearance, and uses various other means for the purpose of diverting the attention of the shopman; and all this time the boy is busy picking up what he can, and stowing them away in his bag or basket, until, having secured as many as he can carry off without detection, he pretends he can wait no longer, and hurriedly quits the shop. By these means large quantities of goods are frequently carried away.

From this the young pilferer gradually and easily advances to pocket-picking. This is a more perilous department of the despicable trade, and dexterity in it is only to be acquired after diligent and persevering education. Old pickpockets seize hold of little boys who give signs of cleverness, and put them under training to the diabolical work. It has been frequently brought out in juvenile trials for theft that the following kind of training is practised. A figure resembling the human is dressed up and profusely hung with little brass bells, and in whose folds a number of pockets are concealed, and the embryo street pickpocket is set to work on this figure, and so soon as he can empty all the pockets without causing any of the bells to tinkle, he is considered qualified for his work. They seldom go singly to the street, but generally in pairs. The one, who is generally the younger of the two, picks the pocket, and the other stands ready to receive from him whatever he may be successful in extracting, and immediately decamps with the plunder. When a public procession is to take place, or any great crowd of people is expected to assemble, they frequently unite in parties, under some definite agreement, so that they may work to each other's hands, and otherwise mutually assist each other; and they meet at the close of the day to count and divide their gains, and spend the evening in feasting, drunkenness, and debauchery. They are most active in thick, murky, foggy weather, and the occasion of a fair, a procession, or some season of national rejoicing, is always a harvest to them. The only instrument they carry about with them is a pair of small scissors, which they make use of in cutting away an entire pocket, or even a coat-tail, when they cannot succeed in extracting the contents. It is no very difficult thing to detect such upon the street. They are boys whose very countenances wear an aspect of cool calculation and resolute purpose; they walk straight on in the street, as if earnestly intent on the accomplishment of some important business; they occasionally step into a stair that they may confer for a moment about a passer-by, fix upon him as their prey, and lay their plans accordingly; and their step is light, but firm and steady, and their shoes thin, so that they may make as little noise as possible.

Very young boys are sometimes also engaged in what they call 'starring,' that is, loosening and removing a window-pane, in order that they may get in their hand, and take out whatever valuable articles may be within reach of their arm; or in house-breaking, in which case they are frequently put in at windows, in order that they may unlock and unbar the door, and let in a party of grown-up robbers who are in waiting to plunder the house.

Many of the children who are engaged in these nefarious practices are scarcely entitled to any other appellation save that of mere infants. It was but recently that an instance was given in the public journals of a poor boy, who was only seven years old, and who measured two feet ten inches in height, being brought up to the bar on a charge of pocket-picking and found guilty. The scene must have been a deeply affecting one to every humane and reflective mind. Crime is a dark and dreadful thing, and revolting to every upright nature, in whomsoever or wheresoever it is found; but to see it in one of such a tender age, who hardly knew the right hand from the left, and who could scarcely be deemed a subject of moral responsibility—one who should have been reposing on a mother's lap, rather than struggling in the sore and cruel battle of life, or treading the gloomy and fearful paths of delinquency, was surely a sight which might have drawn pity from a heart of stone, and over which angels might have wept, could tears fall in a sinless clime. And, oh! how black the criminality of that man or woman (demon or fiend were a more appropriate appellation) who stamped the thieving propensity on that tender mind, taught the little fingers the diabolical work, and turned the infant adrift upon the streets to ply the theftuous trade. They, and not the infant, are the proper subjects of penal infliction. They may indeed escape the vigilance of those who guard the public weal—they may be protected from the fangs of law now; but would that they knew, or, knowing, that they did but remember that the sleepless eye of the Almighty is

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upon them—that all their unnatural and wicked ingenuity, in thus perverting and destroying the infant mind, is registered in the book of God's remembrance, and shall yet be brought to light before an assembled universe, and that, amid unutterable confusion, remorse, and shame, they shall then receive, as the due reward of it all, a portion of double damnation through eternity. Nor are such cases at all singular. A few weeks ago, a little girl, only eight years of age, was observed by the superintendent of the Edinburgh police in the act of attempting to pick pockets. He stepped into a cab, told the driver to drive slowly along, keeping his eye upon the girl, while he had an opportunity of watching her narrowly through the window of the coach. In the course of a few minutes she made several unsuccessful attempts at pocket-picking. Ere long, however, she succeeded in extracting a purse from the pocket of a lady, and just when she was beginning to examine its contents, the superintendent of police alighted from the cab and secured her. She screamed loudly and piteously; a mob soon gathered round them, and the people, not being able to credit how one so young could be guilty of the crime, with which the superintendent charged her, would in all probability have attempted to rescue her from his hands, had not two gentlemen fortunately come forward who were acquainted with the officer. She was accordingly secured, and yet we must say, that, like the former child whose case we adduced, not she, but her teachers in the villanous practice, were worthy of punishment.

The boys who are engaged in the practices which we have been describing are trained by others, and they are trained to it when very young. Sometimes parents, who are monsters in human form, are guilty of doing this; at other times it is done by experienced old thieves, who pick up neglected or outcast children, so that they may instruct them in the dark art of depredation, while they themselves reap the profit, and are screened from the consequences of its detection. Some of the children are orphans, a few of them are of Irish extraction, but most of them are children of dissipated parents, as we shall see in a future chapter. And we shall further see that the forms of juvenile depravity which we have now been considering, rarely if ever exist alone, but that, on the contrary, they are generally allied to debauchery and drunkenness.

Sabbath profanation is another form of juvenile depravity. The Sabbath is regarded by many of the young, and especially those belonging to the dissipated classes, as a day for worldly recreation and worldly pleasure. Instead of being to them what it is intended to be, a day of holy services and sacred rest, it is generally the most wickedly-spent of all the seven. They seem on that day even to cast off restraints, by which on other days they are withheld from the commission of acts of gross iniquity. They are either utterly ignorant of the nature and invaluable privileges of that day; or if they have ever been instructed in these, they set at daring defiance all the solemn and awful sanctions by which its inviolability is protected. And what can be more painful or humiliating than to see the puny and feeble arm of youth outstretched to defy Omnipotence? A fragile creature—fragile as the rose in the grasp of the whirlwind, or the moth in a wreath of devouring flame—thus fighting against *Him*, who, by a glance of his wrath, could whelm the wide universe in destruction—what can be more unspeakably perilous and awful? Oh, that the Sabbath-profaning, Heaven-defying youths of our land would but listen to the voice of warning and the invitations of mercy, ere the floods of Jehovah's wrath be poured out, and they be swept away into the lowest hell!

When a youth entertains low and erroneous views of the Sabbath, he lays himself open to a thousand ensnaring influences. Having such views, he hesitates not to profane that holy day, and when he has taken this step in the way of sin, there is, generally speaking, no iniquity into which he will not plunge, no moral restraint which he will not break through. Sabbath-breaking and drinking always go hand-in-hand, and the youth who unblushingly practises them will in all probability at length steep his hands in crime of the deepest dye. The Rev. Dr Ruell, chaplain to the House of Correction, Coldbathfields, London, through whose hands 100,000 criminals have passed, says, 'I do not recollect a single case of capital offence where the party has not been a Sabbath-breaker.' The celebrated Lord Chief-Justice Hale remarked, 'Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found a few only who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day.' Blackstone, the great commentator on the laws of England, remarks, that 'a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath.'

That Sabbath-profanation is a manifestation of depravity and iniquity cannot and will not be disputed by any believer in the Word of God. The Sabbath is declared to be a holy day—a day on which we are to rest from the cares, and toils, and business of the world—a day on which we are not to indulge even in 'our own thoughts,' far less follow our own pleasures—a day which was made for the spiritual refreshment of man, and which is to be entirely spent in the pursuit of spiritual good, and in the worship of God; and he who violates that day commits a high crime against the laws of the Governor of the universe. That Sabbath-profanation paves the way for the commission of other kinds of iniquity, is equally apparent from the testimonies which we have already quoted, as well as from numerous facts, which might be easily adduced; and it is quite natural to suppose that this should be the case. When a youth sets at defiance the laws of heaven, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he should pay no regard whatever to the laws of man. Hence it is that the youthful Sabbath-breaker speedily becomes immoral, profligate, and vicious, and not unfrequently at length becomes a giant in crime, and expiates his guilt in the hulks or on the scaffold. And who needs to be told, that this form of juvenile delinquency exhibits itself, in thousands of instances, every Sabbath day, in every corner of the land? In the fields and the woods—by the highways, and hedges, and river sides—in cars, and steamboats, and railway trains—they may be seen in pairs, or in groups, or in clubs, laughing, swearing, joking, and drinking, as if there were no God above them, and no hell beneath them, and no judgment-day before them.

The loose opinions about the Sabbath which are advocated in the majority of the cheap periodicals of the day, and which are greedily drunk in by multitudes of our rising youth, tend greatly to perpetuate and propagate the evil. In the periodicals referred to, it is spoken of, not as the 'Lord's day,' but as man's chief pleasure-day—a day for recreation, for rambles in the green meadows, or on the heathy hills, to the hard-wrought youth, and all the sons of toil—a day of rioting and revelling, which may be spent in the companionship of the ungodly, in following the multitude to do evil, and in eagerly pursuing the gratification of the lusts of the flesh. Thousands of the young read these trashy and corrupting periodicals, and greedily drink in their pernicious principles, and multitudes more who read them not yet eagerly follow in the footsteps of those who indulge in the practices commended. Knowing such things, who need be astonished at the increase of this evil?

THE DISSATISFIED SPIRIT.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

God 'bowed the heavens and came down,' and breathed upon the earth; and a 'living soul' was born. It was not an angel to watch over the destinies of man, and interpose its white wing between him and evil; but it was a thing as lovely; and so it looked about to find itself a fit dwelling-place. While it paused in doubt, there came fluttering by a gay, beautiful creature, its bright wings woven in the loom from which the Iris sprung, all glittering in gold and crimson, now bathing in the dew and now in the sun-light, brilliant and blithesome, and light as the air on which it balanced. The spirit grew glad at the pretty sight, and as the tiny wonder again swept past, it thought within itself,

'What a delightful thing to be a butterfly!' Instantly, a pair of gorgeous wings sprouted from the thought; and the embodied spirit flew exultingly up and down the earth, careering in the light, and glorying in its new-found beauties. Sometimes it paused to peep into the hearts of the young flowers, and sipped daintily the sweets which dwelt on their fresh lips, and fanned them when they drooped, and bathed in their perfume; and at night it folded up its wings and made its couch where the moon-beam lay most lovingly. But it could not sleep. That was a breath from heaven stirring those gorgeous wings, the 'living soul' within, swelling and struggling, conscious that it was not performing its mission. There could not be a brighter nor gayer life, and surely the innocent little butterfly was not guilty of doing harm; but there was a chiding voice came up from within, and the dissatisfied spirit could not sleep. Finally, it grew sorrowful, even in the midst of its light companions, as they poised and reeled in the sunlight, intoxicated by the mere bliss of living. And every day it grew more and more sorrowful, and its wings heavier, till at last it cried out in sharp anguish. Beautiful and innocent was the life of the gay insect; but the God-born spirit was not created to waste itself on a sunbeam or a flower; and those magnificent wings were leaden fetters to it. A bird was carolling on the tree above, and, as the saddened spirit looked up, it thought of the happy hearts which the little songster made, and how it praised God in its light joyousness, and then exclaimed, pantingly, 'What a sweet thing to be a bird!'

A little child found a dead butterfly at the foot of the red maple tree that morning; and as she stooped to pick it up, there came such a gush of melody from the green above, that she started back in pleased astonishment; and then, clapping her soft hands together, she raised her infantile voice in clear, ringing tones, fraught with the music of a mirthful heart. On the instant, there came a rushing sound from the massive foliage; a pair of beautiful wings broke thence, and balanced for a moment above; then descended, hovering about the head of the child, as though bestowing some wordless blessing; and, finally, spread themselves for flight. The bird paused where the labourer rested at noon-tide; and the eye of the strong man brightened as he wiped the sweat away, and leaned against the rugged bark of the meadow-tree, yielding himself up to the delicious influence of its music. Then it flew to the casement of the invalid, and thence to the roof-tree of the cottar; and thence it still pursued its way kindly and lovingly, pausing to warble a moment even by the barred window of the criminal. For many a day, the bird-embodied spirit was happy and contented, and believed itself sent upon earth but for the purpose of winning men, by such small, sweet efforts, from sorrow. But, as it nestled one night in the foliage of the forest tree, there came a sad misgiving to trouble it. It had heard of a nobler mission than it had yet dared to contemplate; it had looked into a path toilsome and difficult to walk in, strewn with thorns and beset with dangers, but yet glorious in that it had been trodden by a Holy One, who had linked it to heaven. The timid spirit trembled as it thought, and folded its soft pinions over its breast, and strove to recollect all the good it had done that day—how it had softened the nature of the sinful, and dropped balm into the bosom of the sorrowing; but it could not shut down the high aspirations which were swelling within it. It knew well that the spirit of the little bird was not, like itself, an emanation from the Deity. When the song was hushed, and the plumage drooped, it would 'go downward to the earth;' but the living soul, born of the breath of the Almighty, could not so perish. Should it fling aside its loftier gifts, and take upon itself the mission (sweet and beautiful though that mission might be) of the soulless bird? 'Ah, no!' thought the pretty warbler, while its wings seemed swelling to eagle's pinions; 'the air is full of birds—the world is ringing with melody—it is delightful to swell the care-free chorus; but there is a higher, nobler mission still.' As its breast heaved with these new emotions, a soft sound, as of a lute, stole up from a neighbouring grove, and an exquisitely modulated voice, with deep earnestness, clothed its secret thoughts in words:

'I waste no more in idle dreams, my life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self—I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain I've lavished all too long;
Henceforth, to holier purposes I pledge myself, my song
Oh, still within the inner veil, upon the spirit's shrine,
Still, unprofaned by evil, burns the one pure spark divine,
Which God has kindled in us all, and be it mine to tend
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care, the light that lamp may lend.

I shut mine eyes, in grief and shame, upon the dreary past,
My heart, my soul, poured recklessly on dreams that could not last.
My bark has drifted down the stream, at will of wind or wave,
An idle, light, and fragile thing, that few had cared to save.
Henceforth, the tiller Truth shall hold and steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of fate, though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high, if once I give it sway;
I feel a glorious power within, though light I seem, and gay.
O, laggard soul! unclose thine eyes. No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself! Awake and soar a'oft!
Unfurl, this hour, those falcon wings which thou dost fold too long:
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze, and sing the loftiest song.'

The song ceased, and the struggling, God-born spirit looked down on the cold earth; and, not forgetting toil and suffering, and weariness—not forgetting the degradation of sin, and the constant wrestling of the higher with the baser nature—exclaimed, with deep enthusiasm, 'What a sublime thing to be a man!'

A songster was missed from the woodland; and that same day knelt one in prayer; and then, humble but strong, and happier far than butterfly or bird, went cheerfully forth on man's great mission—TO DO GOOD.

COLD WATER.

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
O, no, my friends, for is it not
Pour'd out by hands divine?
Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,
Pour'd out by hands divine;
From springs and wells it gushes forth,
Pour'd out by hands divine.

To beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,
'Tis no more strange than true,
Cold water, though itself so pale,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Yes, beauty, in a water-pail,
Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, (though wonderful,
'Tis not less true, again,)
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take the weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men

I've seen the bells of tulips turn
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds; then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle.
What sweetens more than water pure
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak gets high.
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high:
By having water in its cups,—
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

J. P.

* Mrs Osgood.

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M. ARAGO.

It did not require the recent events in France to render some of the prominent actors in them illustrious. Men hitherto unknown to fame, men almost unknown in name beyond their own circles, have been suddenly evolved from the common elements of society, it is true, and brought into prominent positions before the eyes of nations. Litterateurs whose qualifications to govern were accepted, because of their ability to construct pen and ink systems of political or social economy; editors whose political experience consisted in the writing of political articles; and statesmen, who had only figured upon the opposition benches of the chambers, were suddenly called from the closets in which they theorised, and from the obscurity of private life, to have their brows enhaloed with the wild-fire of revolution, and to work and struggle in the Colosseum of practical politics, while the surrounding nations looked down upon them to hiss or to applaud. It will be asked by posterity, in what schools the individual minds which constituted the 'gouvernement provisoire' were disciplined and instructed, before they were called to act upon the stage of legislation, and it will be difficult to penetrate the obscurity which envelopes some of them previous to February 1848. The workshop of the *ouvrier* of Lyons, the groves and meads of Milly, the garrets of some quiet, obscure, *rues* in Paris, the counting-houses of attorneys, the offices of editors, and the laboratory of the savant, have all furnished their men to the bureaux and portfolios of the state machine; identity of training and special development there was none. Men suddenly appeared upon the stage of legislation, or rather of dictation, who had scarcely ever been on any other stage before, save the stage of common life, and who owe their world-wide reputations to that position alone. It was not so with Lamartine or Arago, however; these had each obtained a sovereignty long prior to the events which have rendered the names of their colleagues historical. The poet had won his laurel bays; the savant had long ago enwreathed his brow with philosophic glories.

Dominique François Arago was born on the 26th day of February, 1786, in the little town of Estagel, situated in the vicinity of Perpignan. His father, who was employed as steward in the *Hotel des Monnaies* at Perpignan, had a very numerous family, of whom François was the eldest. It is subject of grave wonder and admiration to mark the precision with which biographical accurists ferret out and note down all the little circumstances of a great man's life. Of course, a man's history is not worth the paper requisite for a transcript of it until he has toiled himself into fame; but then, every minute event becomes like a particle of gold in a river of sand, and is as eagerly hunted after as live food by a jackal. In conformity with the formula of biographical wonder-makers, as much has been made of M. Arago's early history as intensitive facts or even probable suppositions would allow of. One biographer, or rather biotapher, asserts that he could neither read nor write when he had attained the age of fourteen years, and several others, *a la mouton de Panurge*, repeat the tale. If this had been true, it certainly would have formed a wonderful circumstance in the life of the philosopher, who, in a very few years afterwards, attached his name to one of the most splendid scientific works which has adorned the age; but, unfortunately for those who delight in well authenticated wonders, it is a mistake. M. Arago's father, who had himself received an excellent education, was most particular in his attention to the instruction of his son, who could not only read and write at the age mentioned, but had made some advancement in mathematics.

M. Arago left the college of Perpignan at a very early age, and proceeded to that of Montpellier, preparatory to his introduction to the Polytechnic School, whose doors he entered during the chaotic era of the first revolution. M. Arago was only about eighteen years of age when he was admitted to the metropolitan seminary, and his probation here was as rapid and brilliant as his curriculum at Montpellier had given promise of; and so modestly and efficiently did he discharge the functions of tutor in this institution, which he soon exercised, that his fellow-students forgot to look upon him in the light of an educational rival. They conceded to his suavity and modesty that superiority which they might have been inclined to dispute with mere intellect. Shortly after his demission from the school, M. Arago was appointed secretary to the Bureau of Longitudes, a scientific office which finds no parallel in Great Britain, whose government leaves science and art to be cherished and advanced by private societies, and confines itself entirely to the business of practical legislation. Shortly after his appointment to this situation, Arago was commanded by the Emperor Napoleon to take part in a scientific expedition to Spain, under the direction of M. Biot, which was undertaken in order to determine the arc of the terrestrial meridian by a newly proposed system of measurement. M. Arago took an active and prominent part in the practical business of this commission, and acquitted himself in perfect accordance with the prepossessions he had inspired. The first attempt to obtain the correct diameter of the terrestrial globe was made in the year 1670 by the French philosopher Picard: and numerous subsequent attempts had been made to determine this point with exactitude, upon the same basis of measurement, under the vertical rays of the equatorial sun, amongst the glacierial mountains of the polar regions, and on the plains of the Australian hemisphere.

At last, the invention, by Borda, of the instrument known in France under the name of the *Cercle repetiteur*, together with the progress of physical science, encouraged MM. Delambre and Mechain to undertake a measurement of the globe, upon the basis of observations of the terrestrial arc, taken between Dunkirk and Barcelona; and it was to extend this measurement from Barcelona to the Balearic isles that MM. Biot and Arago were sent into Spain. The Spanish government took part in the expenses of the expedition, and commissioned Signors Chaix and Rodriguez to join the French experimentalists, placing at the same time a vessel at their disposal, to which the British government gave a safe conduct. It is not necessary to describe here the principle and methods adopted by these philosophers to determine the important geographical measure required. Practical philosophical researches are not conducted with the same physical passivity as our closet studies. Before the philosopher can compare and deduce, he must observe, and observation can only take place amongst the palpable realities of nature. The man who would gather practical experiences must voluntarily subject himself to all the severities and changes of seasons and of climates—enduring toils and braving dangers, that he may win knowledge from the unaccommodating but open storehouse of nature. Upon the rugged summits of the loftiest mountains of Catalonia, and amongst the bleak rocky solitudes of Campuey, in the isle of Iviça, these enterprising philosophers passed several months, labouring with untiring zeal, and enduring without a murmur all the intemperate changes incidental to their lofty position and the character of the seasons. 'Often,' says M. Biot, 'would the wild tempest hurl down and sweep away our tents, and destroy our stations of observation; but, with a constancy which was as admirable as indefatigable, M. Arago immediately set himself to repair the damage, giving himself neither ease by day nor rest at night.' The principal observations having been finished in April 1807, M. Biot returned to Paris to communicate the results, leaving his young companion to prosecute the work. M. Arago, in company with Signor Rodriguez, passed immediately to the island of Majorca, establishing themselves upon the summit of Mount Galatzo, in order to communicate with Iviça, and ascertain the arc of the parallel between these two stations.

Whilst M. Arago was tranquilly making his observations on the mountains, far removed from the quarrels and concerns of the busy crowd, war was suddenly declared between France and Spain; and then it began to be noised amongst the natives of the isles, that the fires and other

signals which the young Frenchman made were to apprise his countrymen of the state of the islands. The civic authorities armed, and accompanied by a vengeful mob, incited by their suppositions, and uttering loud shouts of mortal enmity, proceeded at last toward Mount Galatzo in order to destroy the philosopher. M. Arago was apprised of their intentions just in time for him to conceal his papers and disguise himself as a peasant, when, thanks to the purity of his Catalonian dialect, he passed unknown through the excited mob, and escaped to Palma, where he took refuge in the Spanish ship that had borne him to the island. His personal danger had but moderately disturbed his equanimity; his fears for the safety of his instruments, however, were of a very exciting nature. He employed messengers to proceed for them to Galatzo, and prevailed upon the captain of the ship to send a guard with them. The peasants employed in this service did their duty faithfully; but M. Arago's safety was, nevertheless, not secured. The infuriated crowd, disappointed at Galatzo, now proceeded towards Palma; and the captain, perceiving that he would be unable openly to preserve the young philosopher, had him conveyed to and shut up in the citadel of Belver, where he passed several months absorbed in his calculations, but not exempt from the hatred and fury of his pursuers, who endeavoured by every means to corrupt the soldiers who guarded him to deliver him up to their vengeance. After many earnest appeals to the junta, M. Rodriguez, the companion of M. Arago, obtained his friend's liberty, and he was permitted to proceed with his astronomical instruments to Algiers, his only mode of conveyance being a fisherman's boat, conducted by a single seaman.

M. Arago was here received by the French consul, and placed on board of an Algerine frigate bound to Marseilles. The coast of France had just risen on the anxious philosopher's view, and he was indulging in bright dreams of home, when the frigate in which he sailed was pursued, and taken by a Spanish cruiser, and M. Arago found himself once more a prisoner. He was first conveyed to the fortress of Rosas; then subjected to labour in the ferry-boats of Palamos, under the most cruel treatment, his life being rendered a prey to all the miseries of a toilsome captivity, and all the brutalities of a coarse and savage domination. In the meantime, the Algerine monarch having heard of the insult offered to his flag, demanded and obtained both the restoration of the vessel and the liberation of the captives. Freedom imparted to the soul of the young savant its wonted elasticity. Forgetting his misfortunes in the prospect of being soon restored to friends and relatives, M. Arago stepped once more on board of the Algerine ship, and she bore away again towards Marseilles. His misfortunes he began to look upon as sources of pleasure; they were the most interesting incidents in his life; and the happiness of recounting them to his friends, and of felicitating himself upon his escape from cruelty and danger, was almost being already realised, when a furious tempest from the north-west drove his ship upon the coast of Sardinia. When the angry wind had expended its fury, and the immediate danger of shipwreck had swept past with the storm, the prospects of capture and captivity were again before him. The Algerines and Sardinians were at war with each other, and as misfortune never mitigates the cruelty or awakens the pity of rival nations in active warfare, it was determined not to resume the voyage to France, but to steer across the Mediterranean Sea, in order to find in Barbary security from the tender mercies of the Christian Sardinians.

The tempest-tossed bark at last found refuge in the little port of Bougie, about three days' journey from Algiers; but the young philosopher seemed to be as much as ever the sport of fortune. The Arabs who boarded his vessel, seeing the cases which contained his instruments, and believing them to be made of gold, seized upon them as spoils, and laughed to scorn the vain reclamations of their owner. To add to the hopelessness of his position, he was informed that the former energetic dey of Algiers had been slain in a rebellion by his soldiers; so that, being cognisant of neither the will nor ability of the new potent to assist him in obtaining restoration of his instrumen he felt himself in an awkward predicament. His bold energetic nature did not allow him, however, to usele deplore his misfortunes; habiting himself in the A costume, and securing the safe conduct of a marabout, chief of a native village, he crossed Mount Atlas on fo and appeared in Algiers to demand from the dey restoration of his property. The Mussulman's answer his appeal was the inscription of his name upon the of his slaves, and his subjection to piratical tutorage, order that he might learn to become an interpreter. T indefatigable and oft-renewed appeals of the French co sul, procured, at last, the restoration of the apparatus a the release of M. Arago, who, for the third time, direct his course towards his native land.

The obstacles to his return to France were not yet moved, however, after all the toils and dangers he h passed. A British war-ship kept watch and ward upon ocean-path, and forced him to seek safety at Minor Happily, the Algerine captain, stimulated by M. Ara who dreaded the prospect of a fourth captivity, determin to hazard the chances of being taken, and, profiting by favourable wind, he luckily made good his passage Marseilles, and fortunately restored to his native land t young experimentalist. To mark its high sense of t services which M. Arago had rendered to science, and a partial recompense for his labours and sufferings, t Academy of Sciences, despite of its statute laws, receiv the intrepid savant as a member, at the early age twenty-three; and the Emperor Napoleon named hi one of the professors of the Polytechnic School. Napole ever manifested a peculiar attachment for M. Arago, de pite of the unconventional freedom of speech which ch racterises the latter; and when the sun of the emperor military glory set in blood upon the field of Waterloo, a he turned his eyes to the United States, with the hope devoting his latter years to science, he sought to mak M. Arago the companion of his labours. If such was h intention, he reckoned without his host; for British fait and St Helena set the seal on all these projects.

When the youthful philosopher was admitted a membe of the Academy of Sciences, that institution was at th zenith of its fame and glory, and its benches were adorne with the most celebrated men of the age. Lagrange, La place, Monge, Berthollet, and all those younger aspiran of genius, whom it had been the delight of Bonaparte t glorify, in order that their fame might conduce to th eclat of his reign, constituted the phalanx with whom th youthful Arago had to contend for the Archimedia crown. Loving the sciences with an ardour equal to the which characterised his aversion to metaphysics and li terature, M. Arago soon rose, by devoted application t his favourite studies, to the height of his position. Hi masculine mind, which delighted to grapple with pri mary facts, and to exercise itself in the personal obser vation of nature, as well as in reflections and deduction arising from a comparison of other men's accredited dis coveries, had no great respect for mere speculation o philosophy, properly so called. His ambition aimed a the examination of the real; and the danger and fatigu necessary to be endured in the prosecution of this ambi tion, gave to practical study in the physical sciences, in hi estimation, a dignity and virility which threw mere *idéologues* contemptuously into the shade. Literature, again he viewed as an amusement unworthy of the first orde of minds; and as these sentiments, however unjust an erroneous, had the effect of concentrating the active ener gies of M. Arago upon his favourite pursuits, they pre served him from the irregularities of a distracting an promiscuous procedure in the pursuit of knowledge, an conduced to his rapid elevation in the ranks of science.

In 1829, the Royal Society of London awarded to M Arago the Copley medal, for his discovery of magnetic ro tation—a distinction which had never before been decreed by the London Society to a native of France. Several ingenious methods to determine with the greatest possible

recision the diameters of the planets, and to obviate the rrors arising from irradiation, or the confusion of the ays which cross these luminous bodies, were proposed by f. Arago. He published the results of several most mi- ute investigations upon the comparative refractive powers f humid and dry air; and he sought to explain the cause f the scintillations of the stars, as well as to calculate he velocity of their rays. The science which seems more articularly to have engrossed the penetrative spirit of f. Arago, however, is that of optics. The phenomenon f vision has been a subject of intense interest to philoso- hers of all ages. Since Newton, the system of *emission* as been generally received as the true theory of vision; he sensation of sight was deemed by that philosopher and is partisans to be produced by the direct action of rays manating from luminous bodies. Malas, in observing he various modifications which light underwent in its assage through a crystallated medium, discovered the henomenon of *polarisation*, upon which many philoso- hers who had previously based their belief upon the emi- ive theory, abandoned it as untenable; while those who eld, with Descartes and Euler, the theory of undulation, rere confirmed and fortified in their views. The theory f undulation attributes the phenomenon of vision not to he emission of direct rays of light from luminous bodies, ut to the motion of a subtle fluid called *ether*, which sur- ounds every body, and receives from it those successive ibrations which it transmits to the organ of vision, in ike manner as air conveys sound to the organs of hearing.

M. Arago was one of those who adopted Euler's theory, nd he did so with the greatest of ardour; he experi- entalised and published, in order to support and corro- orate his views; but, although his researches were full f interest, and characterised by great ingeniousness, the heory of emission remains mistress of the field, until ome more likely theory shall be evoked.

It was while engaged in his optical labours that f. Arago was led to observe the singular properties of he substance named *tourmaline*. M. Arago perceived hat when the light passing through tourmaline emanated rom an opaque body, it was identical with the double ra- liation produced by tourmaline itself; if, on the contrary, he light was emitted by a gaseous body, it reflected two lifferent colours in passing through the tourmaline. In ubmitting, therefore, the rays emanating from the hea- enly bodies to the action of tourmaline, M. Arago has een led by induction to conclude, that the sun is none ther than a mighty mass of gaseous fluid fixed in space —a bold and magnificent conception, which, if capable of onfirmation, might lead to most wonderful results in the istory of science. There is not a department of science o which this intrepid savant has not turned his eyes. The laws of life as affected by electricity and magnetism, ave been subjected to his scrutiny and revision; and, with courage superior to the imminent danger of the trial, he as tested to a daring extent the elastic properties of team. In the capacity of professor of the Polytechnic chool, M. Arago delivered his splendid prelections upon eodesie. His pen has enriched the columns of the 'An- als of Physics and Chemistry,' and the records of the Bureau of Longitudes; and, as perpetual secretary to the Academy of Sciences, he has spoken to the memory of is scientific contemporaries and friends, some of the most oble and brilliant eulogiums that a generous and exalted ature could pronounce over the bier of laborious and ap- preciated genius. In the discussion of all those questions which have from time to time agitated the scientific orld, he has taken a bold and prominent part; now dis- puting the claims of world-esteemed mechanicians to ori- ginality; now illuminating the mysterious character of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or following the comets with al- gebraic exactitude round their eccentric orbits. The na- ture of his favourite studies, so conducive to habits of so- litude and abstraction, might have been supposed to have produced in this philosopher a being impassible as des- tiny, majestic as science, and cold as ice. Fortunately, however, such is not the fact. M. Arago's nature has retained its superiority over that of his pursuits; he has embellished and illuminated science with the light of his knowledge, while science has never been able to distract him from or render his heart cold to human sympathies. As a member of the universal human family, he has looked with a generous eye upon the great problem of social eco- nomy, and he has sought its solution, not in a system of cold material laws, but in the almost obsolete principle of love. He is a man, and, as Seneca has said, 'Nothing that relates to humanity could be uninteresting to him.' If he loved to tread through the deep subterranean caverns, lighted on his way by the torch of knowledge, and to sweep with the comets to their far aphelions on the wings of his daring intellect, he loved, too, to feel the motion of that celestial kinship, which, like the subtle ether, per- vades humanity; he loved to feel that he was a man, and so he was impelled to step from the laboratory to the tri- bune. M. Arago was sent to the Chamber of Deputies in 1831, as representative of the electoral college of Per- pignan, and took his place upon the left beside Thiers and Odillon Barrot. Upon the disruption of the party of the left, however, when Thiers was forsaken by his more pro- gressive and earnest friends, Arago ranged himself under the banner of radicalism beside Dupont de l'Eure and La- fitte. M. Arago has ever maintained a species of jealousy towards British savants regarding their claims to disco- veries in the sciences; and he has been involved in stern disputations with even the fiery and talented Brougham. He made a tour through England and Scotland, neverthe- less, in company with his lordship, during the triumphal era immediately succeeding the passing of the Reform Bill, and had conferred upon him, during his ovation, the freedom of the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

In February 1848, the *rappel* of revolution called him to the bureau of the ministry of the interior, as a member of the provisional government of the French republic, and he was elected one of the five members of the committee of government by the National Assembly, upon the meet- ing of that body in May following. A species of philoso- phical sovereignty has been awarded to M. Arago by the general voice of the scientific world, and, of course, like all other monarchs, he has been looked upon by different men through different media. He has had his flatterers and detractors, his systematic opponents and his pliable ministerial adjuncts, his severe and finical critics, and his feeble and lofty encomiasts. In his various relations as a teacher, friend, politician, and governor, he has never ex- emplified anything like sovereign *hauteur*. His prelec- tions upon the most abstruse and profound sciences have always been characterised by a lucid simplicity, which has found for them a reception in, and given them an interest to, even the most uneducated capacities. If M. Arago is the scientific sovereign of France, he is at the same time the man who has done more than any other philosopher of his age to popularise science—to lead her down from the throne of her dignity and glory in the observatory to the humbler walks and privacies of studious life. If the method of the savant is lucid in his professorial desk, his manner in the political tribune is at once powerful and brilliant; his argumentation is clear and forcible, and his views bold and enlarged. In addition to several of the essential attributes of oratory, M. Arago possesses in a very high degree the ostensible characteristics of an ora- tor. His person is noble in its proportions, and his countenance, ever beaming with intelligence, is animated and expressive. In his gestures, he combines the grace and vivacity which are more particularly characteristic of Frenchmen of the south; his voice is full and flexible, and his intonation beautifully varied. His speeches in the chamber were all remarkable for that vigour of conception and fulness of information likely to characterise the efforts of one possessed of M. Arago's temperament and habits of thought, yet they were tinged with a certain degree of aggressive acerbity which gave to them some colour of in- temperate irritation. M. Arago's predilection for sarcasm sometimes led him beyond the limits of graceful oratory, and gave to his declamation a scorching vehemence, which,

while it could not fail to strike, assuredly did not fail to pain. Perhaps the most terrible and fierce of his invectives were launched against the ministry who proposed the fortifications of Paris; he boldly defied the whole array of ministerial partisans in the chambers upon this question, and attacked them with a courage and ability which they did not fail to appreciate. The faults of M. Arago's manner have, however, a tendency to detract from his material influence. Truth is the most powerful element of oratory, and without it the most brilliant manner would fail to convince; yet truth, unless garmented in the robes of conventionality, is received with a beggarly suspicion, and meets but a poor reception in society. Manner or fashion is the all-pervading idea of life, let men disguise it as they will; the man is rejected, and the garments are received, even within that tabernacle where, in theory, nothing but the human is known of man. Righteous judgment—a true appreciation of the real—has but a feeble residence in the general reason. M. Arago, feeling keenly, and speaking as he feels, wins for himself the character of assumptive despotism, not from what he says, but on account of how he says it. His earnestness is termed dictatorial arrogance, and his zeal is designated intemperate rashness. Men have ever been judged in this manner, and ever will be until judgment is less coloured by prejudice, and is based upon a clearer perception of the true. Of M. Arago, therefore, it may be said, that, if he had been less ardent, he might have been more immediately convincing; while, on the other hand, if his feelings and reasons had been less interested, he would undoubtedly have shown more moderation in the expression of his views. In the shades of private life, however, the lights and shadows of M. Arago's character exhibit softer and lower tones than in the prominent elevation of the tribune. The reprehension of selfish ambition, and the denunciation of unscrupulous tyranny, the assertion of human rights, and the defence of morality and virtue, constitute the activities of political life, so that there is a certain irritation produced by the constant attrition of the positive and negative principles operating in politics—by the perpetual collision between the aggressive and defensive ideas—which never exhibits itself in the calmer latitudes of the domestic circle. In the salons of Paris, M. Arago is as urbane as he is frank; and those who were ever ready to attack him in the chamber, bow with respect to the dignity of his private worth. All the qualities which exalt the moral nature and adorn the heart of man, belong to this illustrious savant. To his kindred he has ever manifested the most devoted attachment; and the widow and children of his illustrious friend Dulong have found in him a protector and second father. The life of M. Arago has been one of labour, and the constitution of his mind and body has admirably fitted him for the requirements of such a life. Previous to the revolution of 1848, he was perpetual secretary to the Academy of Sciences; member of the Chamber of Deputies; Director of the Observatory, and of the Bureau of Longitudes; member of the Superior Council of the Polytechnic School; member of the General Council of the Seine, and of the Committee of Health; and colonel of the National Guard. Nevertheless, the single person on whom the multifarious duties of these diverse offices devolved has sometimes been accused of natural indolence—of an aversion to systematic, patient, and protracted labour. It is true that he has not discovered the laws of Kepler, nor written the 'Principles of Natural Philosophy;' he has not affixed his name to the mechanism of the heavens; nor raised to his fame, like Herschel, a monument immortal as the planets; and therefore he must be written down mobile and indolent. 'Do you wish to know in what the indolence of the savant consists?' says a French biographer; 'then, go and ask the young astronomers attached to the observatory, and they will tell you, with something like dismay, that a human head has seldom been long able to sustain, with equal ability, such an enormous burden of labour. They will tell you that M. Arago's duties always impose upon him fourteen hours of daily application, and that such days are days of comparative repose.' In the legislative hall and in the laboratory he is equally active and zealous; chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, philosophy, and literature, have all some claims upon his time and his attention; he maintains a correspondence with the most illustrious philosophers of Europe; his cabinet is daily encumbered with plans to examine, memorials to analyse, and petitions to sustain; the government, the municipalities, and establishments of public utility as well as of private industry, ever find in him an active and disinterested counsellor and guide; he finds time to do everything, and does everything at the right time—now marking the zenith of one star and another's horizontal parallax; and, in the midst of all those occupations, he yet finds leisure to appear as one of the most amiable and airy conversationalists in the salons of Paris. Since his elevation to so bold and prominent a position in the affairs of France, M. Arago has not made himself personally conspicuous. His labours have been untrumpeted and his tongue mute; yet his high character for probity, his earnestness and his ability, together with the height and extent of his fame, conduced to render the provisional government respectable in the eyes of Europe, and full of hope and promise in the eyes of France. Shall France and Europe be disappointed in their prepossessions? shall the labours of Lamartine and Arago pass away like the baseless fabric of an unstable reality, and leave nought but wreck behind? *Nous verrons.*

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.

In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is rarely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallised fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintry scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun, will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lakes. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white colour, or are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley, between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark blue and red colours, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallised crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a flesh colour, or of a deep dark red. The fellahs employed upon this labour stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of his produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre, and this has probably been the case for ages: for Sicard mentions it at the commencement of the century, and then 36,000 cwts. of nitre were broken annually for the Grand Signor, to whom it yielded thirty-six purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of last week's labour. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of one of the villages: the sheikh of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whips of elephant's skin. The sheikh sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the lake, and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards these fellahs. The plates of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Teraneah. —*Tischendorf's Travels.*

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GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

No. V.—THE LATE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B.

THIS late distinguished divine has left two separate claims to reputation—first, as a speculator on the beautiful, and, secondly, as a writer of sermons. In the former field, that he is entirely original no one can believe who remembers Akenside's exclamation—'Tis mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven;' an exclamation containing in it the essence of his theory, that beauty, namely, consists in trains of thought and feeling suggested more or less directly and vividly by external objects. It seems now, too, to be generally admitted, that from the kindling love of his own views he has carried them too far, and left too little room for those quick instinctive perceptions of the beautiful which arise so early, and break forth so suddenly, as hardly to come within the strict limits of his theory. Let us grant, too, that Lord Jeffrey, if not so minute and copious, has been more eloquent, and more distinct, guarded, succinct, and memorable in his exposition of the view. But to Alison be the praise of first announcing, in a popular form, the astonishing conceptions, which had passed before for the reveries of half-insane poets and philosophers, that the universe is a great mirror to the mind of man—that the star must, stooping, increase its lustre at the soul—that the sun is but half-lit till the human eye mirror it, and the human spirit breathe on it—and that, in contemplating the fairest scenes, we are ourselves half-creating their loveliness.

To the first broaching of such views of the beautiful we owe not merely the illustrations they have received from the pens of the prose philosophers, who have explained, modified, or defended them—the Dugald Stewarts, Browns, and Jeffreys—but also the account to which they have been turned by the poets. Who has forgotten the fine letter addressed by Burns to Alison? Coleridge has wrought the leading thought of the system into the well-known lines—

> 'Oh lady, we receive but what we give!
>
> *Ours* is the wedding-garment—*ours* the shroud.'

As to Wordsworth, association is the grand key to much of his poetry, which without this were a spring shut up and a fountain sealed. Many of the objects which he presents to view are such as are generally called beautiful; but how much, through this fine principle, has he added to their effect! He has poured out the riches of his mind upon the scenery of the 'Lakes,' till Windermere has kindled into new lustre under the poet's steadfast look, like a red western heaven glorifying its waters, till Helvellyn has echoed his solemn voice, and Skiddaw stood more sublimely in the majesty of his mind, and the Brathay murmured more musically in his verse, and Grassmere grown more romantic under the still pressure of his brooding eye, and the Duddon in all its windings felt the witchery of a poet's presence, and the consecrating influence of a poet's song; and the tarns of a hundred wildernesses been surrounded with golden circles of glory, which can never fade or die away! To the waste and seemingly meaningless parts of creation he has given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty. Crabbe has written much on the same principle, with this difference, that the objects selected by Wordsworth are those of nature, while the others are generally of art, or of the humbler and coarser of creation's works. In some measure has he thus, even more than the great Laker, substantiated the power of association, and illustrated the doctrines of Alison. Byron, too, knew this secret well; and 'Childe Harold,' in some points his noblest work, is glorified, not so much by its brief and burning pictures of natural scenery, nor by its sweet and mighty eloquence, nor by its bursts of lawless passion, nor by the mournful solemnity which shadows all its confessional pages, nor by the abruptness of its transitions from poetical to personal lamentations, but by the art with which the poet has spread out all the gloom and all the glory thereof in the light of ancient and modern associations, of Grecian, Roman, or Italian story. Ebenezer Elliott is another example of what we mean. Never till he snatched his red-hot poker pen, had we any idea that the blue lights and smoky visages, the din and soot of foundries, could have inspired and immortalised a world poet; for, in spite of our sage critic in 'Chambers,' we do opine that all genuine poetry is at least coloured by the special atmosphere through which it first begins to burn, and that Elliott had been no poet at all if he had not felt the action of a furnace on his mind, as well as that of his mind on a furnace. *Our* view of association does not go quite to the extent of supposing that all things are *made*, though it does go to the extent of supposing that all things are *modified* by its influence.

Whatever may be thought of Alison's 'Essay on Taste,' as a speculation, there is one view in which it is incomparable—we mean, as a fine and delicate selection of beautiful objects—of objects of which all men are pleased to be reminded. There is scarcely anything in art, or nature, or thought, that is sublime, beautiful, or attractive, but we find inserted in some part or other of its pages. It is a great nosegay of flowers. It is pleasant, in this world of care and wo, to light upon such 'certain places,' where all things for a season, by their richness, variety, harmony, and the soft evening light of genius in which they are shown, seem to stand up on a hedge of roses, excluding us from, and from us the harsh realities of the present, the recorded mistakes and miseries of the past, and the tremendous uncertainties of the future—where the 'beautiful is not vanished,' and where we can at times imagine that 'it is a happy world, after all.' Nay, in reading Alison's book on 'Taste,' we are standing by the side of an altar, whereon all the fruits and fatness, all the beauty and elegance of earth, are being offered up, as in Cain's bloodless sacrifice, to heaven. But the spirit of the offering is not that of the first murderer; over all the gifts and all the glories thereof there are sprinkled the rich drops of pious feeling; and rude and ruthless were the hand which should indignantly or contemptuously throw down the altar, and scatter the lovely fruits to the winds of the wilderness. Assuredly, in an age like ours, no bad man would willingly collect, even to support a favourite theory, so many agreeable, lovely, and noble things; the Cain-spirit would now gather all abortive undertakings, unhappy thoughts, guilty and monstrous deeds, bruised and broken wings of imagination, frightful shapes of nature, which, not to call 'ugly,' is a high effort of faith—shapes of thought more terrific still—dreary and ominous sounds—scents going up from fields and lands of pestilence—the seeds of murder, and the gore of suicides—the breath of blasphemers, and the hearts of traitors—and present such an offering, himself shuddering, to an incensed Heaven. To collect such an infernal broth into a Canidia cup has not yet been effected by the darkest spirit, although some writers have failed in the attempt less from inclination than from power. Far better for men to be accounting for and accumulating images of the beautiful, than to be (as in France) artistically handling and reproducing the horrible and the bad.

It is, therefore, more the healthy, mild, genial, and Christian tone of Alison's work, than its depth or power, that we admire. His book, unconsciously, is the best treatise on the goodness of God that we remember. The being *must* be good who has scattered beauty through his world in such universal profusion, that, go down into whatever dark mine, you find beauty sparkling before you in the silver or the golden ore—that, penetrate into whatever ocean depth, you find it growing in the coral, or reposing in the shell—that, in the heart of the forest, it is there, forming the pine cone, or so intermeddling with every motion of the fallen leaf, as to make it, amid all its wild whirlings, a thing of beauty—that, when you have climbed the loftiest eminence, beauty has climbed it before you, and waits for your coming, in the sparkling silence of the snows, or in the aspect of the sun, shorn of all but light and beauty—nay, that its gleam is the true ghost of the grave—the joint tenant of the shroud, and that destruction and

death may well say, 'We have heard the fame of it with our ears.'

But to return. Alison, as a writer of sermons, has a fame, if not so dazzling, at least as enviable, as from his philosophical speculations. A theory, however ingenious or brilliant, may be impugned and shattered, if not overturned. But sermons which have once become classical in their reputation, may indeed be depreciated, but seldom cease to be read. Opinions vary as to Logan's sermons, but most people know them; whereas, if the truth of a philosophical treatise be overthrown, it requires all charms of style to save it from neglect; and perhaps we are justified in predicting, that a century hence not more than three books of a philosophical kind will continue to be read *for their mere literature*, and these are 'Brown's Lectures,' 'Sir W. Drummond's Academical Questions,' and 'Fichte's Destination of Man.' Whatever may or has become of the special opinions advocated in those works, we are persuaded that the richness of language, fertility of illustration, minuteness of analysis, and fine philosophic and poetic enthusiasm of the first, the energy, terseness, boldness, and eloquence of the second, and the power (as of a *painter of spirits*) of depicting thinnest abstractions, the fervour of feeling, and the grandeur of sentiment of the third, will secure them readers, after the metaphysical writings of Spinoza, Hobbes, Locke, Stewart, Reid, Ballantine, and many others, are no more regarded (save for their substance, which has gone into other and more convenient forms) than the autumn shells whence the kernels have been extracted.

Alison's sermons appear to us to be fine expressions of a certain form and feeling of Christianity, and in this light possess considerable chance for continued life. As compositions, expressing refined sense to refined people, coloured in their diction, and often poetical in their spirit, they retain, and may long, a certain place. He is not a clear or strong reasoner, nor an overbearing declaimer, nor a searchingly practical preacher. His sermons are undoubtedly superior to Blair's and Logan's, but not by any means equal to Taylor's, Barrow's, or Hall's. They are the result of a judgment sound not subtle—of an intellect calm, clear, and equable—of a fine and sensitive taste—of imagination rather cultivated than copious—of acquirements select rather than extensive—of full command of beautiful diction—of a genuine and glowing love for the works of nature—and of an enlightened and cheerful piety. But we miss altogether the short and striking things, the charm of unexpectedness, the evangelical richness, and the practical savour, which meet us in the first class of Christian authors. We read his elegant pages with delight, but few burning embers cling to our memories or our hearts.

Alison's best discourses are those on the seasons of the year—fine, fresh, joy-breathing descants on the works of God, full of a bright and balmy devotion, and an exhilarating and sunny spirit, which reminds you of the 'glad prose' of Jeremy Taylor. He gives admirably the gay leap of spring from the 'detested trance' of winter—the broad brightness of the golden summer—the mellow and sombre interest of autumn; and if he fails at all it is in representing the sterner features and barren magnificence of winter, that skeleton among the seasons. We much prefer Foster's sermons on the same topic. He discovers a profounder sense of the beauty and meaning of nature—a more passionate love for it—hangs a weight of personal interest on all his cogitations—and when he approaches autumn and winter those dark seasons appear to stand up, to give him a gloomy welcome, as an energy kindred to themselves, and their pale cheeks flush with a strange joy, like the red of a fallen leaf. He absolutely revels in the images of death and desolation which are suggested by the aspects of the closing year.

In Alison's sermon on the 'Threatened Invasion,' he brings himself into competition with Robert Hall. Both were upon their mettle, and have reached and sustained a high flight of patriotic and Christian eloquence. Both are hurried out of their wonted equability of manner by the excitement of the crisis, and their polished and rounded periods become instinct with a somewhat sterner and more Tyrtæan energy. Of the two, Alison's discourse is the more solemn and sustained, Hall's the more intellectual and brilliant. But we confess that neither comes up to our idea of a war-sermon—a trumpet-call, summoning the sons of men, by their hearths and by their altars, by their country and by their God, to do battle for all that was dear to them in their laws, and all that was sacred to them in their religion. We should have liked something rougher, sterner, more spirit-stirring still. We prefer Macbriar's sermon in 'Old Mortality,' by many degrees, to both Hall and Alison. Had Scott been a preacher, how much would he have made of it! What a strong, earth-shaking blast would he have blown against the foe! There had been a cry at the close, 'Lead us to battle!' Or had Edward Irving been then in the zenith of his power, what an impression must he have produced by the enthusiasm of his manner, the stateliness of his chivalric form, the wild fire of his vision, the floating terror of his locks, the picturesque dye of his diction, the metaphors about war and battle which he would have culled from Scripture or gathered out of his own imagination, and the old Border spirit which was in him, and which would, in such a moment, have come up, flushing in blood through his pale cheek! The effect had been Demosthenic! Men would have seen in him a resuscitation of the Puritan leader, wielding a sword in one hand and carrying a Bible in the other; or of David's heroes, 'who could handle spear and buckler, whose faces were as the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains,' and would have sought no other leader to carry them into the middle of the fight! But Alison and Hall, two secluded scholars, are hardly in their element when talking of carnage. They seldom catch the right martial spirit. Hall, in the closing passage, alone copes with the sublimity of the occasion; and neither could be said, in the noble language of Job, 'to smell the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.'

Alison is now a name, but a name beloved and revered, as long as soft sublimity of thought, and elegant richness of diction, vivacity of mild fancy, and felicity of cultivated taste, are qualities reputed and admired. His fame does not rest upon the prominence of one faculty, but upon the exquisite balance of many.

It has been objected by a critic in the 'North American Review,' that we are in the habit of searching the country for heroes, even as hunters sound the moors for *hares*. Unfortunately this author *lies* under a mistake, inasmuch as all the heroes we ever met have either accidentally crossed our path, or else have met us at their own request. Although *he* happens to be as ignorant of us as though we were a *Hottentot* or a *Turk*, we shall, on the contrary, tell him that we know him thoroughly, having met him last in London, carrying Professor Longfellow's bag, and in a state of 'Excelsior' enthusiasm!

Although we have never hunted after heroes, we have sometimes stumbled on a few. For instance, in the year 1828, we found ourselves stepping northward, toward the town of Crieff, at the close of an autumn evening, in the company of Archibald Alison, LL.B., the subject of the present sketch. He was exalted to the sublimity of a gig, we were plodding along in the simplicity of a pedestrian; he was advanced in life, we were a mere boy, to him utterly unknown; and yet, fronting, as he did, a glorious western sky, stooping over the woods and turrets of Drummond Castle, and remembering, as we did, his achievements as a theorist on 'Taste,' we cannot say that our admiration of him at all then amounted to enthusiasm, or that we gazed with exalted interest on his profile cut out in the red heaven beyond.

OLD TOWN COUNCILS.

Town Councils sprung up with town troubles, and town walls, and town invasions, in the olden times. The old parliaments, or convocations of barons, were associations of warriors, met for mutual council regarding the work of

spoliation and aggression. The town councils were trades corporations, that seemed to be originally banded together for purposes of mutual protection. It is curious to view the identity of principles operating in the formation of cities and civic associations, and in the combination of that grand commercial copartnery of the seventeenth century, the Hanseatic League. The poor workmen of feudal nations were constrained to build themselves up within high embattled walls, and to practice axe, spear, and halbert exercise, in order to protect themselves and their goods from the fighting barons and their followers, who dwelt in those great rendezvous of thieves called keeps and towers; and the merchants of Lubeck, Bruges, Manheim, and Antwerp combined in a semi-warlike league, to constrain the lordlings of the soil to respect their property. Cities are improvements upon and were evolved from the half-pastoral half warlike character of a system of feudalities. They were a step beyond and above the crowded clachans, where dwelt automaton serfs and villains. They were detached from the feudal lord's domain, and were inhabited by *freemen*. These freemen devoted themselves to handicrafts, and gradually discovering that they had an interest in leaguing against the haughty and unscrupulous assumptions of their baronial customers, they took to wearing leathern jerkins and steel caps, and to handling 'Jeddart staffs,' which, being interpreted, meaneth battle-axes.

Town councils were originally very bellicose assemblies. They were composed of stout and stern men, who, being deacons of crafts and leaders of wards, stood stoutly up for their dignities, and were jealous of their privileges. Knights of noble families and high repute as warriors thought it no derogation to be their provosts, because, in the first place, the civic legislators had often extensive lands, which they were often too generous in conferring upon any gentleman who was connected to them by magisterial ties; and secondly, a knight, weak in his personal forces, found some hundreds or thousands of determined young craftsmen no mean following in a question of personal quarrel. Many families, at present in possession of thousand of acres of lands, owe their estates to the liberality of some old town councils, and to the provostship of some wary self-seeking ancestor. Town councils gradually ceased to be warlike corporations, and by and by settled down into dosing, swilling, prosing, guzzling bodies, that laid aside their halberts and iron caps to talk about them; and who, instead of spilling each other's blood, until it ran in copious streams from their sides, enriched their magisterial blood with wine and turtle, so that it ran to their cheeks and noses, and produced those rubicund, rufule features now so common to councilmen and aldermen. They transferred the fighting and watching within wards from the craftsmen to the city guards; and, instead of watching for lordly thieves *extra muros*, set about making laws for the punishment and suppression of thieves amongst themselves. It is but one step from the warlike to the pacific, and it is but one, in the history of a town council, from 'bows and blades, brave citizens,' to 'beer and beef, brave boys.' The town councils of Britain made both of these steps at once. They eschewed the sword and shield, and took to the knife and platter. They ceased to pace the city walls with solemn steps at night, and commenced to paste the city walls with solemn laws by day. It is curious to review the enactments of those old erudite deacons and bailies; and it is interesting, as well as curious, as it presents to us a vivid glimpse of the general mind of a bygone period. We have beside us an old file of laws, manufactured in the town council of Edinburgh, from the end of the seventeenth to considerably on in the eighteenth century; and, as some of the ideas involved in them are extremely unique, and finely illustrative of the spirit of our boastedly wise ancestors, we shall notice some at random.

The most prominent and active element in the ideas of this dignified body was a sense of its own superlative dignity. Upon one of the most despotic and insolent assumptions of man they based their privileges and monopolies, and determinedly prohibited the least infraction of their rights of vendage. The progress from feudalism to our present condition of freedom has been a slowly graduative one, and one that has been the consequence of ideas, and not of arbitrary revolutions of things. The burgess was not a single iota superior to the knight, who called him 'base churl,' in his ideas of liberty. He was a selfish, egotistical, tyrannical man, who plumed himself upon his franchise, and maintained it as a privilege of the highest moment. We extract the following rich piece of ancestral wisdom, gallantry, philosophy, and charity, from a law passed in the town council of Edinburgh in 1737, designed to protect the rights of freemen from the invasion of a formidable host of competitors: 'The lord provost, magistrates, and council, with the deacons of crafts, ordinary and extraordinary, in council assembled,' were called upon to consider a serious evil, namely, that 'several women, other than daughters to burgesses and guildbrethren, are now carrying on trade, and are not capable to be made free, many whereof, from a principle of laziness and avarice, have withdrawn themselves from service, which is the station of life in which they could be most useful to themselves and to the community, and have crept into little shops, whereby the rights and privileges belonging to freemen, their widows, and daughters, are vilely encroached on, and is also attended with other consequences extremely hurtful to the community, which have been set forth by a petition from a great body of freemen.' We will not pause to consider the ludicrously absurd and contradictory propositions involved in the foregoing sentences, but shall proceed immediately to this terrific cause of evil to the community, and freemen, and their daughters and widows. It was the retailing of 'ale, beer, milk, herbs, roots, fruits, horse-hiring, cow-feeding, and the like.' There is something delightful in the terse, pointed, precise declaration of the principle upon which these horrid huckster-women invaded the privileges of weeping widows and daughters of right worshipful freemen. From a principle of 'avarice and laziness,' says the magisterial Solon, who drew up the law! We wonder upon what principle it was that the widow privilegists entered into the retail of water-cresses and cabbages? We cannot see that their privilege of selling alters the principle upon which they sold. Logic does not admit of any qualification in the principles of a freeman's widow and those of a common costermonger, so that the widows and daughters stand condemned of laziness and avarice by the very order of council that declared them injured persons.

What strikes us as one of the richest sentences in the cartel, however, is the declaration of opinion anent the condition of servitude. The women had withdrawn from service, which 'was the station of life in which they could be most useful to themselves and the community, and had crept into little shops.' How wise and disinterested of the magistrates so to express themselves! The women had an idea that it was more profitable to hawk than to scrub and cook; but they were mistaken, for the lord provost and council thought otherwise. Oh, sage men of Goshen!

To show how little our wise ancestors understood concerning the operation of moral suasion, and the influence of education, and how much they depended upon coercion, even in the support of morality, we glance at an order issued from the council on the 12th April, 1704, against playing at cards and dice. The preamble, or reason adduced for this order, is one of these usually stupid and superficial enunciations so strongly indicative of a certain after-dinner baziness of thought, and is dressed in a style of diction, more common to beef-eaters than historians. 'The lord provost, &c., taking into their consideration that the playing of cards and dice in coffee-houses, taverns, and other public or common houses, is found to be the occasion of horrid cursing, swearing, quarrelling, strife, contention, covetousness, tippling, loss of time, neglect of necessary business, and many other inconveniences, which hath ruined the estates of many, and reduced them and their families to poverty, be it enacted, &c.' We would have simply imagined that card and dice playing were merely two elements of a state of immoral idleness,

and not the grand cause of the ills and inconveniences here set forth. We would have supposed that to take away the dice and cards, and to leave the alcohol and evil company seated round the board, would have subtracted very little from the essential evils of an immoral coterie; but not so thought our sage ancestors. They ran tilt at the dice and cards, and left John Barleycorn seated on his pewter throne. We have an interesting historical fact recorded in this sentence, however. There were coffeehouses in A.D. 1702, in Edinburgh.

Two acts, passed in 1730 and 1731, by a general convention of our right worshipful civic rulers, give us some insight into the spirit which dictated the ostracism of the cards and dice, but left the sin of drunkenness untouched. There was no profit to the community, that is, *communis aerarum*, or the city treasury, in the playing of cards, but there was revenue to be derived from the sale of liquor, and so the council had too high a sense of profit to interfere with the ebibation thereof, although it should have floated all the lieges into Lethe.

The smuggling of French brandy had conduced to lessen the consumpt of Scotch whisky, and forthwith the burgh rulers take alarm, and they meet, and deliberate, and propound the following oracles: 'The general convention of the royal burrows of Scotland, having taken under their consideration the many pernicious effects of the clandestine importation, and open and excessive consumption, of brandy in Scotland, &c.' Any rational person, from this preamble, would be ready to suppose that it was the immoral effects which are referred to above; but upon reading on we find that the most direful effect was the discouragement of Scotch brewing. The 'ruin of the country' was predicted, from the practices of smuggling and brandy-drinking; yet it was not the ruin of the health and morality of the people, but the ruin of the revenues derived from whisky excise that the lawmakers meant. It was declared to be a practice manifestly prejudicial to the 'manufacture of our own malt spirits, whereby the price of grain is greatly fallen, and tillage and agriculture much discouraged; and also the sale of our sugar-brandy, and other spirits, imported from the plantations in return for our linen and other profitable manufactures, that employ our poor, is likewise thereby discouraged.'

What a melancholy commentary is this on Scotch morality! what a vivid illustration is the above of Scotch drunkenness! The tillage and agriculture of the country were languishing, because our drunken fathers swilled smuggled brandy; our revenue was reduced because of our progenitorial sots giving up the use of home-distilled drinks; and our colonial trade—a trade in strong drink—was deranged also, because our ancestors preferred Cognac brandy to Jamaica rum. To correct and prevent these evils, the people were encouraged to return to the drinking of whisky, and other drinks paying excise or tariff duty, and pains and penalties were denounced upon all who were discovered engaged in the contraband trade. The act concerning this alcoholic fracas was printed, and ordered to be publicly intimated in all the churches of the city of Edinburgh and its suburbs, on the next Lord's day (after the 24th of March, 1731), before the dismissing of the congregations.

Of as material a nature as the foregoing were the laws relating to profaneness and visible immorality. The common sins and vices of the community were not regarded with Christian pity and commiseration, and made the basis of an educational reform, but were regarded with a feeling of arbitrary vindictiveness, and transmuted into a source of police revenue. Harsh and most unchristian was the spirit of our fierce, old, sour-faced ancestors; they did not seek to teach the way and the life in the Master's way, but sought to excite a liveliness for religion by the imposing of money-fines, according to the abilities of the offenders. As, for example, in the year 1703, the following are among other clauses of a law which was promulgated, strictly prohibiting and discharging all persons 'whatever, within this city and suburbs, to brew, or to work any other handiework or labour, on the Lord's day, or to be found on the streets standing or walking idly, or to go in company, or vage to the Castle-hill, publick yards, or fields on that day, or any time thereof;' and all persons were discharged from bringing in water from the wells in any greater quantities than a pint at a time on that day, or were to be fined to the amount of ten pound Scots for each offence.

For the execution of the law there was embodied, drilled, and supported, a military corps, called the City Guard, or more commonly the 'Toon Rats.' This fragmentary force was composed of the remnants of old Highland soldiers, who, after fighting and swearing in Flanders, came home to don the city regimentals, to arm themselves with 'a lang cliek,' *i.e.* Lochaber axe, and a 'ricket,' or rattle, and to rehearse all their swearing and fighting in their civic capacities. Terrible men were these city guards—terrible in their sublime austerity, when on king's birth-days they mounted guard, with their long coats, gaiters, three-cornered hats, and Lochaber axes, or shouldered their rusty muskets, with which they fired loyal platoons in the Parliament Square—terrible men were they to lively urchins, who were fain to imitate their dialect, and mockingly refer to that part of the nation to which they belonged—terrible also to Bailies Wightman, Preston, Grierson, and Hathorn, who, on the 27th of November, 1720, sat in conclave anent the complaints lodged against the city guard, with reference to 'their immoral practices of horrid cursing and swearing, hurtful to their own souls, and offensive to every well-disposed person that hears them,' and ordained that for each oath the officers should stop one penny sterling out of their pay, and put the same into the poor's box in the said guard.

The council's legislative functions range from the enacting of laws relative to ellwands to those regulating the running of hackney-coaches. How little progress communities do make in a century! It is really instructive to compare the acts and spirit of the civic council one hundred years ago with that of to-day. How little the general intelligence of our councillors has advanced, and how identical are the nature and character of their acts with those of old!

ONLY A SERVANT.

'MERCI, mesdames!' said a small, feeble voice, in the ears of the ladies Froidart and Melcoeur, as they walked arm-in-arm through the long street of Brioude one evening, during the Revolution, followed by a great lumbering boy *en blouse*, whose wooden sabots made a dismal clatter on the hard loose stones, and who swung the lanthorn which he bore as if he had been will-o'-wisp making sport with travellers' eyes. 'Merci, mesdames!' said the little voice, in the most suppliant accents, 'I am cold and hungry.'

Madame Froidart continued to walk with a stately, composed air down the street; but the piteous voice immediately arrested the steps of Madame Melcoeur, and touched her woman's heart.

'Where do you dwell, my petite?' she said, in soft, kindly accents, as she bent down and caressed the infant. 'Why are you not at home?'

'My father went away yesterday to join the patriots at Grenoble, and he left me alone,' replied the little girl, as she turned her face towards Madame Melcoeur, and sighed as if she had been a widow instead of an infant.

Madame Melcoeur smiled sadly, for the words and look of the child recalled her own saddest memories; then quietly taking the outcast by the hand, she led her to her own home.

'And what do you intend to do with the child, Lucelle?' said Madame Froidart, who had waited at the little wicket, with Jochim the lanthorn-bearer, in order to give her friend good night.

'I shall share my bread and the protection of my roof with her,' was the reply of the kind-hearted dame.

The father of Marie, who had gone to join the patriots at Grenoble, marched to La Vendée to slay the royalists of that province. He followed General Bonaparte to glory

in Italy, and fell asleep among the snows of Russia, shouting *Vive l'Empereur*, so that he never came back to Brioude. Marie was homeless and parentless, when her father's heart ceased to pulsate, and his step became palsied in the career of ambition. He had wedded himself to the fate of a fanatic of war and glory; and he died, leaving a child of tender years to deplore his fanaticism. But, thanks to that Providence which has preserved in woman's heart through all ages the strength and purity of primeval love, the little orphan had found a home and a mother in Madame Melcoeur. Madame Melcoeur was the widow of a notary of Brioude, who had been slain in an emeute by some heroes who had come to the village of Brioude to propagate fraternity.

Left with a son of tender years and a slender patrimony, the good widow had devoted herself to the education of her boy, and the economical care of her fortune. By one of those beautiful ordinations of an omniscient and benevolent providence, which brings sweets from the saddest events, the sorrows which had oppressed the hearts of Lucelle Melcoeur and her son Ernest, softened by degrees into religious seriousness, until, as if in accordance with a unity of sentiment, the thoughts of the mother and boy were both directed to the ministry; and Ernest, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Geneva, to prepare himself for the duties of a Protestant pastor. Madame Melcoeur had just parted a few days ago from her boy, when the little outcast Marie made her appeal to her heart, and the instinct of maternity at once prompted her to accept the appeal. Little Marie Brioude soon grew up to be one of the fairest maidens in Auvergne; and, what was of far more account, she was acknowledged to be one of the most modest, intelligent, and discreet. Marie was not one of those damsels whose beauty strikes the eye at the first glance, and then palls upon the sense. When you looked in her face you felt your heart stirred with a deep emotion of beauty, such as you might feel when sitting in a church, and reading of Ruth, and Rebecca, and Rachel. You could look into her eyes, and feel that far down below the blue, serene, pellucid orbs which illumined her face, there were virtues shining like the reflections of flowers in a lake. Her hair was worn simply parted on her high, polished brow, like the tresses of Raphael's Madonna. Her dress, of the simplest form and substance, always possessed a character of native elegance, which it borrowed from the form of her who wore it. Her countenance was radiant with soul, and thought, and peace; and diligent were the hands of Marie Brioude.

The house of Madame Melcoeur was a little old-fashioned dwelling, with a little old-fashioned garden, and high walls, and a quaint old wicket. On each side of the wicket grew a linden tree, which threw their branches over the walls, and formed a bower for Madame Melcoeur on the summer evenings, and curtained her flowers from the scorching beams of the sun. The old-fashioned house, and the old-fashioned garden of the good dame, albeit they looked somewhat monastic from the highway, seemed always haunted by an angel, and full of beauty. Like some diligent little fairy, Marie made the rooms of her good patroness to shine as clean and brightly as her own bright eyes. She sung so sweetly, too, that the old men would pause to listen to her soft voice from the road, and they would bless her light heart as they walked on. The very flowers seemed to know and love her, for they were always more beautiful after she had trimmed and watered them; and Madame Melcoeur loved her, and counted her as a daughter. Eight years sped away, and Ernest Melcoeur had never revisited Brioude. The times were troublous, and the conscription was incessant, and so Professor Zuingle of Geneva deemed it as well to send flattering accounts of Ernest's progress to his mother, as to send the lad home during the vacations; and as Ernest's letters were full of pious assurances of resignation to the course prescribed for him, she did not urge him to visit her. 'I shall see him when he has finished his studies and has entered, a strong man, upon the work of the Lord. I shall behold him when the Master wills it,' she would say; and then these reflections would remind her of her own duties, and would prompt her to some new benevolent scheme, which always taxed her slender means, but not her heart.

Of all the projects that inspired Madame Melcoeur, that of educating the little outcast children of Brioude seemed the most useful and imperative. When she looked at Marie, and felt what a priceless blessing that little infant of the streets had become to her, through care and culture, her bosom would swell with emotions of gratitude to God, and she would vow in her heart to consecrate her life to the education of the little Ishmaelites of her native town. Unfortunately, the widow was too poor to enter immediately into her design. She must needs save the funds necessary for the establishment she purposed; and before the requisite sum was accumulated, a sudden illness carried the benevolent projectress to an untimely grave.

Marie Brioude did not shed many tears when her benefactress died. The world could not tell that she suffered, from the revelations of her face. It was as still and serene as a summer's heaven. Her sorrows were hidden in the mourning chambers of her bosom. She received into her soul the blessing of her who had been a mother to her; she closed her eyes in death with the tenderness of a daughter; she followed her to her silent tomb with the resignation of faith; she planted flowers upon her grave, as emblems of her life; and then she went forth into the world, that she might devote her life to the purpose of Madame Melcoeur's latter days. Marie Brioude left her native village, whose name she bore, and with recommendations from the maire and Protestant clergyman, simply bearing witness to her good character, she proceeded to Grenoble in Dauphiny, where, by one of those fortuitous circumstances which some people call chance, and others fate or fortune, she was received as a domestic into the house of Madame Froidart. Madame Froidart had left Brioude with her daughter on the very year that her friend had received Marie into her home; and as there was little community of tastes, and few sympathies existing between them, there had been no correspondence. Madame Froidart, whose husband was in the commissariat department, was now wealthy, and this was, perhaps, another inducement for her to forget the poor and unfashionable Lucelle Melcoeur. Her daughter Dora, too, had engrossed her soul as much as Ernest Melcoeur had done that of his mother, and she had striven to render her child as accomplished and fashionable as the other had endeavoured to make her son good.

Marie Brioude, who had hitherto been loved and treated as the child and friend of a high-souled woman, now found herself the slave of a capricious beauty. The smile that so enlivens service never shone upon the lips of Dora Froidart. The gentle word so easily said, and the well bred 'if you please' and 'thank you,' never stole in dulcet accents from the tongue of Dora Froidart. The imperative gesture and the cold command were all that she vouchsafed to her, whom she always declared to be 'only a servant.' Marie Brioude would not have been noble, unless she had been what Dora despised—a servant. It was the noblest probation of her life, and its end was glorified by the purpose of her toil. She could have submitted to a servitude far more galling than even that of Dora, in order to accomplish the object, which, like the pillar of light, led her through the dark Egyptian night of her incessant, cheerless labours.

'Come, Marie,' Dora would say, 'and remove those geraniums; I am sick of their odour. I wonder why mamma can so delight to torment me with them!' and then she would command them to be arranged before her on the stand, that she might lie on the sofa and gaze at them, like some young eastern beauty in her harem. She would have her hair braided *a la Madonna*, when in a pensive mood, and then she would transform the modest tresses into the most voluptuous Turkish curls, when her heart was touched with what she thought was love. Dora Froidart was capricious, and Marie Brioude was the slave of her caprices.

At length a visiter came to Madame Froidart's house, not

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a casual fashionable visiter, but a friend of the family, who had been long abroad, and to whom it behoved Dora to pay the most marked attentions. He was not like the general visiters of Madame Froidart, for he neither played nor indulged in loud laughter; he was gentle and modest as a woman, and his voice was as earnest as a mother's prayer. Dora Froidart was sitting by the accomplished stranger delightedly displaying the contents of her portfolio, when Madame Riquet, the prefect's vulgar wife, was announced.

'Tell her I am not at home,' said Dora, half impatiently; 'she is such a bore,' she added, as she looked at her companion with a sweet smile.

Marie lingered for a moment at the door, and then, with downcast eyes, and a voice tremulous with emotion, she replied. 'I cannot say so, mademoiselle; I shall say that you are engaged, but I cannot say that you are not at home.'

'Do you disobey me?' said Dora, rising and looking imperiously at the maiden, who now stood looking calmly in her face. 'Do you know that 'you are only a servant?''

'I know it, mademoiselle,' said Marie, modestly but firmly, 'and God grant that I may ever feel it. He whom I serve tells me not to lie.'

Dora looked confounded, and she felt incensed. 'If you are to regulate the procedure of this dwelling instead of me, it is time you were in this drawing-room and I in the kitchen,' she exclaimed in a tone of lofty irony, which, however, fell harmless on the ear of Marie, and made the stranger's bosom heave with something like an 'amen.'

He looked from the domestic to her mistress during this short altercation, and a strange undefinable sensation swelled his bosom as his eye seemed to rest familiarly upon Marie's lovely face. It was strange, passing strange, that thoughts of his mother, and of home, with its flowers, and streams, and green clustering vines, and white butterflies, and birds, rose on his tear-filled vision like a fond reality, when he gazed upon the humble servant, and long after she was gone. His heart treasured for ever the sensations of that moment.

Four years had passed from the death of Madame Melcoeur, when a woman dressed in the humble but picturesque costume of the peasants of Auvergne, walked down the street of Brioude, towards the dwelling of the clergyman of the village. She stood for a few seconds and gazed upon the closed windows and neglected garden of Madame Melcoeur; and then she wiped away a tear from her eyes, as she pursued her course. The cottage of the minister had undergone a change since she had last seen it. The vines were trimmed, and trained, by some careful and tasteful hand; and the thatch upon the roof was carefully, and even elegantly, ornamented with willow twigs and flowers. The borders of the little garden were free from weeds, and the blossoms shone like prismatic stars from the clumps and clusters of fresh green leaves.

'Is M. Rideaux at home, madame?' said the stranger, when an aged dame with yellow turban and large spectacles set in tortoiseshell cases, opened the door.

'M. Rideaux, my dear!' replied the voluble old dame, turning up her eyes and sighing, 'ah, I hope he is at home; but his successor, my master, is in this house. Be pleased to step in.' Marie Brioude, for it was she, followed the aged housekeeper into the parlour, library, and studio of the young clergyman of the village, who received her with a smile of sweetest, saddest welcome.

'Be seated, my friend,' he said, pointing to a chair, and at the same time resuming his seat at his table. 'You seem to have travelled far?'

'I have travelled willingly, and so do not feel that my journey has been toilsome,' said Marie, as she opened the folds of the cloak, that almost enveloped her face. 'I come to execute the will of my more than mother.'

The voice and manner of the humble stranger struck the young clergyman so forcibly, that, impelled by some secret influence of respect, he rose and bowed.

'I am a native of Brioude, and was once a little outcast in it,' continued the noble girl with emotion; 'and I owe all I am, or shall ever be, to one who adorned it, and honoured humanity, while she dwelt on earth. She died,' said Marie, her tones changing from the accents of filial pride and gratitude to those of softest sadness, leaving her home to be devoted to the purpose to which death denied her the power of consecrating her life. 'I have now acquired the means necessary for establishing the little school which my dear mother intended; and I shall devote the life which she preserved and sustained to this object of her love. Madame Melcoeur, sir, left the deed of settlement with M. Rideaux, and, perhaps, you are now the trustee in this business?'

Marie received no answer to the question thus addressed, and when she looked upon her listener, his face was agitated with profound emotion.

'My sister, whom I have so longed to see,' said Ernest at last, stepping forward and gently taking the hand of Marie. 'Thou who bearest so much of my mother in thy voice, and eyes, and heart, oh, welcome to my humble home!'

The shutters of Madame Melcoeur's house were soon thrown open to the sunbeams, and they came dancing in at the windows, and played with the curls of little children whom Marie Brioude taught to read; and they kissed the rosy cheeks and lips of the children whom Marie Brioude taught to pray. The flowers that had so long grappled with each other in uncultured animosity, now shot up into beauty and order when she approached them; and Ernest Melcoeur, who had often shed tears of grief when he looked upon the home of his youth, and thought of her who was wont to bless him there, now smiled when he approached its precincts, for his mother's spirit, dwelling in Marie, had revived all of beauty or goodness that was ever associated with his home. He came again and again to his own old dwelling, now illumined by woman's devotion and woman's love. He often spake to Marie of their first meeting, for he soon recognised in her, she who was 'only a servant' in the house of Dora Froidart; and he dwelt so often on the memory of the feelings which those moments inspired, that even Marie loved to hear him recount what had once been painful to her. By and by the wise people began to shake their heads, and smile, and declare, that something would come of Ernest's visits to Marie Brioude.

On the midsummer day after Marie's return, there was a joyous fete upon the village green of Brioude. The little children of Marie's little school, with clean rosy faces and bouquets of flowers in their hands, were drawn up in a semi-circle, while all the villagers, old and young, dressed in their holiday attire, stood smiling around them. There was surely something of great importance to be done in Brioude that day, for the good old maire rubbed his hands and smiled, and looked grave and wise, as he walked arm-in-arm with Ernest Melcoeur, and then turned and looked at Marie, who presented cake and grapes to the objects of her love and care. At last the maire approached the young schoolmistress, and his heart seemed to grow too large for his bosom, as he removed his hat from his head, and unrolled a cartel which he carried in his hand. 'Citizens,' he said with emotion, 'I congratulate our dear Marie Brioude upon receiving the highest 'Montyon prize' of this season, for her self-denial, and for her noble devotion to the will of her benefactress.' As he spoke, he placed the medal on her breast, and an order for seven hundred francs in her hand, while the children threw their bouquets at her feet, and the villagers rent the air with their acclamations. In a few years other children than the children of the poor were sent to share the love of Marie Melcoeur; and the wife of the clergyman as faithfully discharged the duties of her love, as had done the orphan girl. Like the sun which warms and illumines this poor world of ours, like the summer winds that waft glad stories of God and beauteous nature from the far lands over the deep, like the stars which spangle the black arch of night, and lead the soul through the dark concave up to heaven, Marie continued to the end of her life to serve her Maker, and to bless mankind; by continuing to be 'only a servant.'

MOUNT HECLA.

THERE are only four active volcanoes now in Europe; Etna, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Hecla. The three former are situated within a close geographical proximity to each other, and in the most genial climate of southern Europe; the latter stands isolated and alone in the north-western part of the eastern hemisphere, amongst the eternal snows of Iceland. There are numerous indications of burning mountains in Europe; for almost every hilly country possesses some extinct crater to attest the igneous character of its formations, but these four are the only ones that now vomit forth fire and smoke. The volcanoes of Italy, as the former three may be termed, formed splendid objects in the fanciful mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans; the latter also lent a species of wild supernatural reality to the superstitions of the Scalds. The unexplained phenomena of nature, when viewed with wonder and awe by men whose faculties of observation were of the most limited order, appeared to their active imaginations in the form of supernatural vitalities, and furnished the elements of that wild religion and poetry which yet tinge the minds of rude dwellers in the solitudes of Iceland and the Orcades.

Mount Hecla, although not the grandest of the European volcanoes, is still, perhaps, the most famous and interesting; for it has not only obtained a wild historical interest from its numerous and very frequent eruptions, but, being situated in one of the most isolated and cold positions, it is surrounded by phenomena of the most varied and wonderful description, which offer a vivid contrast to its own fiery nature. The mariner, on the voyage to Northern America, as he walked the deck of his ship at night, and beheld fire vomiting up into the meteor-lighted sky, trembled with awe at the mystery of its flame; and his tales of the dangers of whale-fishing at Davis' Straits were mingled with strange moralisings and speculations upon the spirit-lighted fire that always was seen before storm and shipwreck in the latitude of Iceland. These superstitions, however, vanished before knowledge; the poetic elements of many a Runic song and Roman myth have been dissipated by cold material laws. The smithy of Vulcan and the cauldron of Odin become just Mounts Vesuvius and Hecla when viewed through the medium of truth. Mount Hecla is about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, rising as a lofty cone in the general form of all volcanoes. It is situated at the southern part of Iceland, only a few miles distant from the seacoast, and is therefore perfectly visible to passing voyagers. It stands in the midst of a circle about two leagues in diameter, of the wildest and most desolate character; the ground being broken up into rocky fissures, and covered so thickly with scoriæ, black cinders, masses of lava, pumice stone, and other volcanic debris, as to render it totally sterile. The region around Mount Hecla is described as of the most awful character. A silence deep as death reigns over the rugged desolate scene; black yawning orifices appear on every hand, and the imagination of even the most enlightened is haunted by images of horror and dread. In such a place, the undirected mind would be constrained to assume a gloomy aspect, and the active imagination to construct a mythology of the very character of that which grew upon the fancies of the Northmen. One aspect of Mount Hecla has attracted much attention and observation from its singularity, and that is the remarkable manner in which the lava has been deposited round the mountain's base, so as to form lofty ramparts of from sixty to seventy feet high. They are described as immense rugged vitrified walls, completely circumvallating the entire mountain, and presenting that glossy appearance which we see in the glazed refuse of glass-works. Above the line where this hard wall terminates, there does not occur any more lava, the upper part of the mountain being composed of sand and slags. The approach to the mountain, as may be supposed, is of a most difficult and toilsome character, and very few have therefore undertaken its ascent. The celebrated Sir Joseph Banks and several friends, however, made a tour to its summit in 1772, and he has left a sufficiently strong picture of its desolate appearance. Tramping over a league of broken ground covered with cinders, the travellers at last reach the vitrified walls, the climbing and crossing of which is a most laborious and dangerous experiment, as the masses of lava, broken up into deep orifices, often meet them in their path. Beyond this rampart the ascent becomes easy; but still the character of the mountain is of that rude description likely to be superinduced by the descent of streams of lava, which would tear up the face of the mount into tracks for its boiling current, and for the beds of winter torrents. The mountain-top, beside the great crater, is always covered with snow. It was June when Sir Joseph Banks visited it, and he describes himself and companions as being covered with ice like a dress of buckram, and subjected to the most piercing cold, even at that season. The water that they had taken with them for use was all frozen; and yet here and there, upon the mountain-top, vents of steam hissed around them, melting the snow that lay around; one of the spots where a vent occurred was so hot that they even could not stand upon it. It was midnight when they reached the summit of the mount, and yet the light was as bright as day, and the prospect as grand and extensive as if the sun had illumined the scene, which was at once wild and sublime. On the west side of the mountain there is an immense chasm or ravine extending from top to bottom. This the Icelandic chroniclers state to have been formed in the year 1300, when the mountain was rent from top to bottom. Modern geologists describe it as the bed of an immense stream of lava. Over the edge of this great ravine lay huge masses of threatening rocks as they had been hurled from the mountain's crater, and piles of burned and vitrified substances lay at the bottom of the ravine. In 1810, Dr Holland ascended Hecla, and describes the heat as so great as to render the loose slags lying below his feet too hot to be handled. On placing a thermometer below the upper layer of loose stones and scoriæ, the temperature was ascertained to be 144 degrees of Fahrenheit.

The last great eruption of Mount Hecla took place in the year 1776, bursting suddenly out and creating great terror and destruction. An earthquake, like a startled harbinger, shook the island to its very centre, and then immediately the mountain belched forth fire and smoke, and scoriæ and stones, roaring and vomiting on continuously from the 15th of April to the 7th of September, creating a terrible confusion amongst men and beasts. Horses, bewildered and maddened by the noise and the showers of volcanic matter, ran about till they fell down dead from exhaustion; and the cattle belonging to the farmers who dwelt in the vicinity of the mountain, were either choked by ashes, or they were starved to death in consequence of the destruction of their pasture. A few survived this catastrophe for about a year, and then they died; their stomachs, when opened, being discovered to be full of ashes. Hecla, however, has not been the most destructive of the Icelandic volcanoes. Several, now extinct, have spread desolation and death to a far greater extent than has this one. In 1755, the ashes from one of those volcanoes was hurled high up into the air, caught by the tempest, and thrown in showers upon the Faroe Islands more than three hundred miles distant. The eruption of Skaptaa Jokul, in 1783, was the most terrific and destructive upon record. It covered up great tracts of fertile land with a covering of desolating ashes. The herbage was burned off the fields, the cattle died, and the fish forsook the coasts of Iceland. Men, plants, and animals were destroyed by the streams of sulphureous smoke that issued from great fissures, whence burst flame and smoke that darkened the sun, until it seemed turned to blood; and ashes and scoriæ covered the devoted land. The scene was of the most awful description, and the consequences of the eruption fearful to contemplate. Nine thousand persons perished by fire, and smoke, and hunger, in consequence of it, and their cattle were swept away with them to death. During the continuance of the eruption, a red glare of flame hung portentously over the island, as if it had been a Sodom or Gomorrah. This terrible convulsion of nature was not

confined to Iceland entirely. Holland and many parts of Germany were visited by brimstone vapours and showers of light ashes; while in Britain, the sun presented the same bloody phenomenon. Volcanoes have been, perhaps, the most active transition agencies in nature. They have broken up into many forms the smooth surface of the earth, and have ramparted with wild and rugged walls many nations. On no part of the globe have they exercised a more rapidly changeful influence, however, than upon Iceland. The form of this insular mass of fire-formed land has been repeatedly changed within the memory of man, and Mount Hecla is still likely to conduce to further changes in its rugged appearance.

Poetical Quotations.

AVARICE—BRIBERY—MISER.

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.—*Shakspeare.*

The miser lives alone, abhorr'd by all,
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scaped,
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him; never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them.—*May.*

Of Age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there can be;
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title Youth may own—
To reap in autumn what a spring had sown,
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.
But Age scarce sows, ere death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap.—*Denham.*

Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever find such faith so bought—so sold.—*Marston.*

But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.—*Dryden.*

'Tis strange the miser should his care employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.—*Pope.*

Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.—*Blair.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.—*Dr Wolcot.*

The love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely vent'ring in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.—*Moore.*

Sound him with gold;
'Twill sink into his venal soul like lead
Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,
And ooze, too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
With its greased understratum.—*Byron.*

The kindly throbs that other men control
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.

And he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep.—*Sprague.*

Mammon's close-link'd bonds have bound him,
Self-imposed, and seldom burst;
Though heaven's waters gush'd around him,
He would pine with earth's poor thirst.—*Mrs S. J. Hale.*

ACTION.

Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed;
For who knows most, the most he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.—*Daniel.*

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays:
Who well deserves needs not another's praise.—*Heath.*

If thou dost ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.—*G. Herbert*

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.—*Herrick.*

Our unsteady actions cannot be
Managed by rules of strict philosophy.—*Sir R. Howard.*

ADVERSITY—MISFORTUNE.

So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air;
So working lees settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.—*Spenser*

Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.—*Somervile.*

'Tis strange how many unimagined charges
Can swarm upon a man, when once the lid
Of the Pandora box of contumely
Is open'd o'er his head.—*Shakspeare.*

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can sink no lower.—*Butler.*

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction;
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour
Serves but to lighten all our future days.—*Brown.*

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.—*Mallet.*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, wo lustre gives to man.—*Young.*

Misfortune does not always wait on vice;
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.—*Havard.*

I pray thee, deal with men in misery.
Like one who may himself be miserable.—*Heywood.*

In this wild world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd.—*Crabbe.*

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.—*Goldsmith.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are better still.—*Rogers.*

The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine;
But, plunged within the furnace flame,
It bends and melts, though still the same.—*Byron.*

Alone she sat. Alone! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hope laid waste, knells in that word—alone!
The New Timon.

RAMBLINGS IN THE UPPER WARD OF NITHSDALE.

We like to indulge in an occasional ramble at certain seasons of the year in different parts of the country—the change of air, and of scene, and of countenance does us good; it refreshes the mind, invigorates the body, and braces the entire system for a more energetic application to the duties of life. The world is a wide field, and is worth the seeing, for though the malison of the first man's transgression has fallen upon it, it is a beautiful world still.

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We have somewhat of a taste for scenery, and are often charmed and entranced with the gay fields, the towering mountains, the bleak desert, the dark forests, the lonely dells, and the crystal rills. All this is pleasant beyond expression in the balmy days of summer, and in the sweet sunshine which gilds the landscape with golden lustre, and brings out in full revelation points of beauty otherwise indiscernible; but neither are we insensible to the enchantments of the raving tempest, when the scowling heavens meet the earth in angry turmoil, and when the solitary glens cower before the majesty of the terrible blast, sweeping through the narrow outlets and conveying terror and desolation to the plains below. We like to hear the crashing of the woods bending under the burden of the storm, the roaring torrent gushing impetuously adown the abrupt ravines, and tossing the foam of its troubled waters back in the face of those clouds whose treasures give it its very being—all, all is acceptable, and everything is beautiful in its season.

Having recently traversed a portion of the romantic Highlands, we felt a strong desire to survey certain parts of the more southern districts, and the consideration then was, on what particular locality shall we make our descent? At length the upper ward of fair Nithsdale was fixed on as being a field of no small traditionary interest, as well as of local grandeur, although it has not hitherto been adopted as the scene of tourists. Shall we promise our readers a rich repast? That we cannot say, because the appreciation of descriptive scenery and of local incidents is very much a thing of taste, and taste is somewhat capricious; but if it be a generous thing to remember the forgotten, and an act of justice to drag from obscurity unknown worth in character, it is surely no less an appropriate thing to place in public view what may have hitherto been unnoticed in regard to scenes of rich beauty and magnificence or wild grandeur in unfrequented localities, and which would amply repay the casual visitant. Traditionists, it is true, have glanced an eager eye athwart this field, and have enticed from their shy retreats things worthy of memorial, which only whet the appetite for the discovery of more. But who can depict the scene, as it spreads itself for the first time before us? Depict the scene! Shoot an arrow over the arch of the rainbow!

But we are rambling. We commence our notices, then, at the head of the vale of the Nith, at the village of New Cumnock. This village is in Ayrshire, and consists of three detached clusters of houses. It contains a handsome church, a comfortable inn, and two or three buildings of the better sort. The inn, the chief object in this spot to travellers, is kept by a worthy woman, who affords good fare at an ordinary price; and truly the bracing air of this upland district has a tendency to impart an edge to the appetite, so that ample justice is commonly done to the substantial cheer of our kindly hostess.

In our progress down the valley we took the road which leads along the north side of the dale, and which, wending over the summits of the eminences, affords the finest view. In the direction of our route, about three miles below the village, we encountered the towering height of Corsincon, rendered classical by the allusions of the great Ayrshire bard. As the road sweeps round the neck of this verdurous hill, with its ancient cairn pitched right atop, we resolved to scramble to its summit. The ascent was not difficult, and in a few minutes we stood beside the cairn, and next on its very apex, and what a sight! What a scene now spread itself before us! We were taken by an utter surprise, for we had entertained not the most distant anticipations of what our eyes then beheld. The whole country, west, and north, and south, opened on our gaze in one spacious field. Far in the blue distance was seen the lofty Ben Lomond, towering by his glassy lake, presiding over that beauteous inland field of waters, studded with many a tufted island, like spots on the bosom of a polished mirror. There stood Ben Lomond in the far distance of many a weary mile, with a round gilded cloud hovering above his summit like a crown of burnished gold about to descend softly on a monarch's brow. There that little cloud hovered, but it hovered not long alone, for it was soon joined by others, and by others again, as if they came to do the monarch homage; when, all melting into one in a brief space, the rain came down, and, ere one short hour had passed, a shower, shaken from the skirts of that same cloud, stretching itself and expanding along the heavens, fell upon ourselves.

In the west the summits of the spiky Arran shot far up into the air, and pierced the fleecy clouds that floated past them on the gentle breeze. Arran, reposing on its watery couch in the ocean, stretches its long lazy length to the south, inviting abundance of waters, which descend in impetuous flood upon its rocky heights, and then dismisses its clouds in broken masses one after another in thick succession, to irrigate the thirsty fields of the mainland. How calm the scene! the glassy sea reflecting the image of ragged peaks far across the blue deep, like the pinnacles and battlements of an ancient feudal fortress on the brow of a beetling rock, in the waters of the spacious fosse by which it is surrounded. The eye, stretching over the almost entire breadth and length of Ayrshire, comes round to the south, and rests on the sombre heights of the lonely Afton, the precipitous sides of which, along almost the whole extent of its tortuous glen, run sheer down to the margin of the stream which murmurs in the bottom. But there was a scene which lay nearer our feet, and which imparted to us a far more lively interest than even the splendid and far-reaching prospect which lay in all its amplitude before us, and that was the desert moors of Kyle—old Kyle in the retreat of the wilderness—Kyle's misty solitudes—Kyle far remote from the dwellings of men—Kyle that concealed, in the deepest loneliness, in sacred silence, in the dreary mosshags, in the cold dripping caves, in the dense hazel wood, and in the dark sides of the deep ravine, the wanderers of the covenant, who erst sought a refuge here from the fierce ire of the persecutor. No wilderness can be conceived more absolute than this—a dismal plain of desolate heath, reaching onwards for miles on miles, embracing the greater part of what is called Ayr's Moss, in the bosom of which sleep the martyred bodies of Richard Cameron and eight of his associates, slaughtered by Bruce of Earlshall; and a little farther on is the resting-place of the saintly Priesthill, who fell by the murderous hand of Clavers and his troopers. No human habitation is to be seen, save here and there a lonely shepherd's hut cowering in the waste, and sending up a column of blue smoke into the still bluer firmament: and yet it was exhilarating to gaze on the gorgeous heath all in the full flush of its purple bloom, and the hills around all glowing as with fire, so ruddy were they with the sweet heather-bells; and then there was the booming of the wild mountain-bees, hurrying past on wings of music.

Wardlaw and Cairntable, two celebrated heights, rear their heathy summits in the vicinity of the ancient 'Muirkirk of Kyle;' and in the intervening space lies 'Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,'—a vale sweet to the shepherds, and rendered classic by a bard of their own order, Hislop of gentle memory, who wrote the 'Cameronian's Dream,' which earned for him no small fame at the time, and which since has been placed among the undying lyrics of the age. Oh, Hislop, we knew thee well! thy memory is dear to us, thy name thrills our inmost soul; but thou wert cut off in the bloom of life, and thy ashes have found a resting-place at the bottom of the great deep.

This valley cleaves the moorlands, and ploughs its lovely way past the old fabled Castle of Kyle, which stands on a projecting angle at the meeting of two mossy streams. This feudal hold is now in ruins, and many an incident of exciting interest has befallen it in the remoter times of its history. But what was more interesting to us still was the statement that the shepherds in these solitudes meet by turns in each other's houses for religious converse and the worship of God. They are a race of rare men, and worthy descendants of a covenanting ancestry, whose memory they cherish with the warmest veneration. In this

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way they open wells in the desert, from which they drink the pure waters of a heavenly consolation, and are refreshed and stimulated in their pilgrimage.

It was these wilds of Kyle which were the scene of the following tale, so strongly illustrative of the state of things and incidents frequently occurring in the dark days of persecution. It was at the commencement of winter, and a heavy snow had descended on the moorland. On the night previous to the storm, two of the wanderers had found their way to a shepherd's cottage to seek a retreat for the night. They were kindly admitted by the hospitable inmates. In the morning, when the shepherd looked out on the moors, the whole face of the wilderness was covered with snow to the depth of several feet, and the drift was streaming before the roaring winds. 'There is no fear of you this morning,' said he to his guests; 'you are as secure from the troopers as in the most impregnable stronghold.' It happened that the wind blew straight in the front of the house, and, striking violently against the wall, rebounded in the face of the blast, and formed a narrow space like a deep trench between the base of the wall and the drifted snow in the front. In this narrow footpath one person could walk with ease. As the friends within the dwelling were conversing together, deeming themselves in perfect security, a loud rap was heard at the door, and then another and another with increased impetuosity. Was this the approach of troopers? Was their house besieged, even in the midst of the tempest? The humble cottagers were alarmed, for in those precarious times no man could calculate on what might happen at any time, so strange were the incidents that sometimes befell. What was to be done? To open the door might admit an enemy, or it might be an act of mercy to some hapless stranger; but how could friend or foe be abroad on such a morning as this? The thing seemed impossible. At length it was agreed that, happen what might, the door should be opened. Accordingly, the shepherd, with the men at his back, proceeded to unbolt the door, which, when opened in the face of the wind and drift, admitted an object in the shape of an oblong snow-ball, that rushed past them into the interior, and stayed not till it reached the hearth. The astonishment of the party was extreme; but it was soon allayed when it was found that the intruder was a pet lamb which harboured about the house, and which, on the preceding night, had been accidentally shut out, and was, therefore, forced to traverse the narrow space between the wall and the snow-wreath till the morning dawned, when it found shelter in the hut by beating at the door. If the friends within felt secure before, they considered themselves doubly so now, and enjoyed the repose which providence afforded them without fear.

Wild as the scene was, we could hardly withdraw our eyes from it, owing to the associations of the olden time, which we had gleaned from history and from tradition. On looking down the vale of the Nith from our station by the old grey cairn, we were struck with the windings of that beautiful stream as it crept along its level course. It bore a strong resemblance to the links of the Forth in the vicinity of Stirling, though on a much smaller scale. Below in the valley, and near the side of the highway, our attention was directed to a neat monument recently erected, which marked the resting-place of two witnesses, Hair and Corson, who were shot by Claverhouse and his dragoons; the soldiers having been attracted to the hiding-place of the Covenanters by the voice of praise, as they were engaged in devotional exercises in a green hollow near the base of the hill.

We now left the cairn and proceeded onward in the direction of Kirkconnel. The scenery to the north of this village is very fine; the heights are steep and green, and covered with flocks of sheep. An old deserted churchyard lies at the bottom of the mountains, and near the mouth of the beautiful Glen Aylmer. This glen has scarcely its equal in all the regions of the west. It is a deep and narrow pass, which cleaves the mountains like the famous defile of Tempe between Ossa and Olympus. A streamlet like a thread of silver wends its way in the bottom, only there are no fragrant shrubs nor shady trees to screen the loiterer from the burning sun; but it is a lovely scene—a scene enough to hush the troubled mind into a sweet and holy tranquillity. It was down the steep declivity of this charming glen that a worthy Covenanter, placed on horseback behind a trooper, on the way to be shot on a verdant spot on the brow of the hill, slid from his seat, rolled like a snow-ball to the bottom, and escaped a cruel death. We roamed a while in the desolate churchyard among the monuments of the dead in quest of old inscriptions or any other remnant of antiquity, but nothing of consequence was to be found—only a grave-stone of the eleventh century. But we had not time to linger here; our object was to reach the town of Sanquhar before the night set in. The locality around this little town is the chief object of interest in the upper parts of Nithsdale. It is a place of no small traditionary renown and local incident; and, after a night's repose, we resolved to pursue our researches in the morning.

Sanquhar is an ancient royal burgh, created by James VI. in 1596. The town owes its origin to the Celtic times, and it gradually increased under the sheltering wing of its castle at the southern extremity. It contains a number of good houses, and part of its main street presents as good an appearance as any little town in the west of Scotland, the houses having been mostly rebuilt within the last thirty years. The inhabitants are remarkable for their general intelligence; they are a reading community; the town possesses an excellent library, containing nearly two thousand volumes, besides a handsome reading-room, furnished with a goodly variety of newspapers and other periodicals. There are four churches in the place—two of the United Presbyterian, one of the Free Church, and the Established Church, besides two small societies of Baptists and Reformed Presbyterians.

The ruinous castle, anciently denominated Crichton Peel from the name of the baron, stands at the foot of the town. It cannot be less than six hundred years old. It was inhabited, if not built, by Edgar, the son of Dunegal of Moredun or Morton, chieftain of Stranith, and head of the clan M'Gowan, that occupied the locality of the ancient Selgovæ. This stronghold, it appears, has had several proprietors in different ages, and not a few curious and striking things are connected with its history. Near the close of the thirteenth century it was in the possession of the English, when all the castles from the town of Carlisle to Ayr were in the same occupancy. Captain Beuford, in the time of Wallace, kept this stronghold with a detachment of southern soldiers—a matter of usurpation grievous to the patriotic inhabitants of the district. In order to expel the intruders from the garrison, an urgent application was made to Sir William Douglas of Douglasdale, one of our famous Scottish patriots, who readily acceded to the request, and lent his willing aid to regain the hold. He collected his retainers, and, taking his march under the cloud of night, arrived within a short distance of the castle unobserved, and located his men in a cleuch or ravine close by the side of the river Crawick, a spot familiarly called the Witch's Linn. Here, in the gloom and silence of the umbrageous forest, he waited his opportunity of making his descent unobserved through the underwood, which at that time covered almost the entire district. The famous Dixon of Hazelside in Douglas Water, one of the faithful retainers of the brave Sir William, and who eventually lost his life in the battle of Palm-Sunday, which was fought with the English in the churchyard of old St Bride's of Douglas, devised a scheme for the recovery of the castle, which he put in successful execution. There was one Anderson, who drove firewood to the hold from the neighbouring forest. With this man Dixon made a paction to gain his object. It was agreed that they should exchange clothes, and that Dixon should drive the car with the wood to the castle in the morning. The men from Douglas were to follow Dixon warily in the dusk at a short distance. Accordingly, when the carman came before the castle-gate, he demanded admittance as usual, and, as no deception was suspected, the ponderous portcullis was raised, and

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the massive door, on its grating hinges, was thrown back. Dixon then drove forward, and jammed the loaded car firmly in the entrance. On this Douglas and his men sprang over the wood, and stood within the castle-gate. They instantly killed the sentinel, and then rushed into the interior, and, hastening from one apartment to another, they slaughtered the entire garrison, with the exception of one man, who escaped by a postern, and ran in breathless haste to Durisdeer, a neighbouring stronghold. The news of the onslaught enraged the garrison in this secluded locality, and they rushed forth, like bees from the hive, with a determination to take dreadful reprisals on the daring band who had wrought such scathe on their countrymen. It was not long till the castle was surrounded, and a vigorous attempt made to revenge the injury. It was all in vain, however, for Douglas set them at defiance, and stoutly maintained his position. The English, perceiving all their efforts to be fruitless, determined to starve the party into a surrender, and for this purpose regularly blockaded the fort. In this attempt they persisted for two weeks, when Douglas dismissed by the postern a trusty henchman, who hasted to Wallace, who was then in Lennox, and besought his aid to rescue his friend the Douglas. The Scottish patriot lost no time in hasting to the rescue, and when he was within a few miles the besiegers thought fit to retreat; and Wallace and Douglas, in the pursuit, as the castles evacuated one after another, in the line southward, came upon the fugitives on the plains of Dalswinton, where a bloody fray ensued, and five hundred of the English were left dead on the field. In this way the upper part of Nithsdale obtained a complete clearance of the invaders.

The walls of this building are remarkably strong and well compacted, and of great thickness, so that in the days of the warfare of bow and arrow it must have been impregnable. There is in the south corner of it a receptacle called Wallace's Tower, the place in the hold assigned to that hero when he chanced to be in this part of the country. This stronghold has entertained royalty within its walls. King James VI. paid it a visit in 1617, on the last day of July, and spent one merry night in 'the ha',' with his friend the baron. The story is this: Crichton, the lord of the manor, and the king had been very intimate companions, and James, on a tour to Scotland, after he ascended the English throne, came through Ayrshire, down Nithsdale to Sanquhar, to visit Crichton in his peel. The occasion was one of great hilarity, and the rustic populace of the strath poured forth in crowds to testify their fealty to their sovereign, and to witness the trappings of royalty. This visit being anticipated, Crichton had prepared a sumptuous entertainment, so that when the king came, the stately avenue which led to the castle gate, the lofty trees arching overhead like a fretted Gothic dome, was not only lined with people, but, it is said, with goodly casks of the 'bluid red wine,' which flowed copiously, and so copiously that the hoofs of the horses of the royal cavalcade were bathed in the ruddy stream. Within the peel, the festivities were splendid, and such 'dancing and deray' was never seen in old Sanquhar before or since. The hall was lighted up with brilliancy, and the large castle lamp, placed in the centre of the festive board, was graced with a wick well pleasing to the king, but rather costly to his host; for Crichton, stepping forward with lordly port, in the presence of his sovereign and all the guests, extracted the blazing wick from the lamp, and inserted another of a cylindric form, made of parchment, containing a large account of a sum of borrowed money against the king which the noble-minded baron, in the excess of his loyalty, committed to the flames, and thus extinguished the debt for ever. This, however, with the expenses of the royal visit, brought his estate to the market in little more than a dozen of years afterwards. So much for human vanity.

Strange things have happened here, and deeds of darkness have been perpetrated, which were never divulged. About fifty years ago, as some persons were clearing out the rubbish from what was supposed to have been an ancient well in the centre of the castle court, they came upon a huge coffin of strong oak, on the opening of which was found a tall trunk of a man without the head. This doubtless had been a murder, and the body committed to the pit for the purpose of concealment. The power of 'pit and gallows' entrusted to the ancient barons left them at liberty to do many lawless things. Happily those days have passed away, and the rude manners of the ancient times have been softened down by the gentle influence of religious culture.

We next ascended the town common, from which we had a very fine prospect of the upper basin of the Nith on all sides. This slight elevation, as a facetious friend remarked, is much like a *cookie*, swelling up from the plains of a baker's oven, and certainly, from a similar cause, the subjacent heat which erst produced those geological elevations, or huge terrestrial blisters, vulgarly yclept hills. We had now a view of many interesting points of scenery spread before us in charming variety, and we found, as Sir Walter Scott observes, that the finest points of Scottish scenery escape the eye of the passing traveller, as they lie out of the sight of the highway, and creep aside into the shy bosom of the beauteous hills. The scene was wild but delicious; the blue sky, the verdant heights, the bosky dells, the deep ruts in the brow of the mountains, the lambkins on the heath, the warblers in the thickets, all reminded us of the lines of the poet:

> 'It is God's goodness that diffuses charms
> Unutterable o'er mountain, wood, and stream.'

The place where we stood was surrounded by lofty hills, on which reposed the lovely sunshine, and all was peace and serenity around. Oh, how pleasant thus to retire from the world, and yield the mind to calm and holy thought—sweet emblem of heaven's rest! In glancing over the spacious field, our attention was directed to a dark and deep defile in the hills, a little to the east. This was the famous Glendyne, the occasional retreat of the venerable Peden of saintly memory, whose home was the desert moorlands and the lonely huts of the shepherds. In the thickets of Glendyne—for it had thickets in those days—he had a retreat, known to this day by the name of Peden's Cave, in which he spent many a solitary hour, and issued from his hiding-place to visit the households in the vicinity, and to preach to them the Gospel, in the stealthy hours of midnight. This man of God made many narrow escapes in the wilds, when he was keenly pursued by the enemy; and it was near this same place, on the slope of the neighbouring hill, that the mist screened him from his pursuers, in speedy answer to his prayers; and it was here, too, under the projecting brow of a mountain-streamlet, where he had hastily concealed himself, lying close by the water's edge, that he nearly met his fate, when the foot of one of the trooper's horses, sinking through the turf beneath which he lay, pressed his bonnet into the soft clay on which his head reclined, without inflicting the slightest injury, and, arising unscathed, he blessed the great Preserver of his life.

At the base of the same hill, we saw the spot where stood the house of the famous Andrew Clark, whose family of nine sons made so distinguished a figure in the locality in the stirring times of persecution. The Martyr's Knowe, beyond the rising ground, was the memorable spot on which the Laird of Drumlanrig met with a signal discomfiture by a thunderstorm and heavy hail when pursuing a band of wanderers in hiding among the hills. There was scarcely a spot within the boundary of our vision that had not its tradition of some worthy, or of certain incidents that befell in times more recent or more remote. We have never been in a locality so stereotyped with incidents, and clustered with associations of a stirring nature as this. The entire circle of hills round and round speaks with a hundred tongues, all telling their own tale of traditionary interest, and it would require a long summer day to listen to all that might be told of weal or wo that befell in ages long gone by.

Among others, there is the legend of the castle in the loch on the moor: the ancient Celtic battlefield; of a hundred graves, all lying north and south, indicative of an

era long prior to the introduction of Christianity; the martyrs' graves on the braes of Conraik; the Covenanters' Cave in the dark woods by the margin of the Crawick; the residence of the heroic matron of Howetsburnfoot, who scared the doughty Colonel Douglas, the brother of Drumlanrig, from the slaughter of young Andrew Clark the Covenanter, on the brown heath before his father's door; the stately trysting-tree in the woods of Eliack, in a cavity of the roots of which, by the side of the Ganple burn, a friend of the persecuted used to conceal himself, while a trusty servant of the lord of the manor, at a stated hour in the evening, used to tell the *tree*—for he durst not tell to *man*—what were to be the movements of the troopers on the morrow, in their raids against the helpless sufferers—the lone cottage on the heath, the occasional resort of the wanderers of the Covenant; the lofty Balehill, famous for the fires lighted on its summit on May-day, in honour of the god of fire, when the inhabitants drove their children and their cattle through the flames in order to ensure prosperity and health for the ensuing year; the dreary locality of Laganaweel, of ancient tragic interest; the Druid's dell, where the people of a forgotten age observed their religious rites within the circle of stones under the awning of the sacred oak beside the limpid rill. But it is needless to particularise; the whole scene is one of surpassing richness; a profusion of beauty is spread over it, and the eye never wearies in roaming over mountain and cataract, woodland and green field, rugged heath and fairy streamlets—

> 'Oh, wild tradition'd Scotland,
> Thy briery burns and braes
> Are full of pleasant memories,
> And tales of other days!'

We lingered by the bed of the mountain torrent, and peered into the long and narrow ravines, those deep gashes made in the steep of the hills by the great thunder spates, which, rushing impetuously from the bosom of the firmament, when the ominous tempest-cloud, bursting over the eminences above, ploughs and tears up moss, and earth, and rocks, carrying all headlong to the level space beneath; and we loved to look on

> The dreary glen, where the wild winds rave,
> And the heath-screen'd mouth of the wierd man's cave,
> And the wheeling linn, where the kelpies lave
> Their limbs by the pale moonbeam.

The parallel streams of the Menack and the Crawick present each a scene to which no description can do justice. They flow into the Nith, the one above and the other below the town of Sanquhar, traversing lovely pastoral vales, abodes of sweet retirement, where the world is shut out, and the mind is abstracted from all earthly care, and borne aloft to regions of purity and bliss. Oh, how willingly could we withdraw to your sylvan nooks and fairy dells, and live remote from the bustling scenes of earth!

There was one circumstance with which we were particularly struck, and that was the smooth verdure of the mountains, as if they had been carpeted with green velvet, having the appearance of a newly mown lawn to their very summits; and how were we delighted with the dewdrops of the morning, that were sown in pearly profusion over the whole scene, all pure and transparent in the sun, all gems of the richest hues—of the bright silver, of the burning gold, of the blue, and the green, and the vermilion—brilliant globules innumerable, pendant on the hedgerows, trembling on the blades of grass, and glittering on the bosom of the flowers!

But we must cease, though the half has not been told; and we will not soon forget the delight we experienced in our ramblings through the upper ward of Nithsdale. Live ye bright scenes in our memory! Ye warm and soothe the heart—ye sanctify the imagination, and add another item to the amount of hallowed recollections!

THE MAN WITH ONE BAD HABIT.

Mr Upton, of Cambridge, was the son of a poor, industrious shoemaker. He learned his father's trade, and, being prudent and steady, he was soon in the way of making a comfortable little property. He married a worthy young woman, who always managed to make their own neat fireside the pleasantest place in the whole world to her hard-working husband. The floor was always nicely sanded, the hearth swept clean, and a plentiful kettle of warm broth or soup was always provided for his return. Things were in this state at the commencement of the American revolutionary war. Then Mr Upton felt it his duty to join the army. It was, no doubt, a sad trial to the honest man to leave the place where he had spent so many happy hours; but his wife and children must be defended—so he buckled on his sword, and, without shedding a tear, he hurried to the camp.

His courage and good conduct were soon noticed by the officers, and he was made one of Washington's life-guard. Like every one else who knew that great and good man, he soon loved him with unbounded attachment and respect. While the general had his head-quarters at Cambridge, it was frequently necessary for detachments of the army to make excursions into the neighbouring towns. On one of these occasions, Washington and his life-guard were pursued by a company of British soldiers. They retired as rapidly as possible, but the English being close upon their rear, they were often obliged to turn and fight. In the midst of the retreat, an Englishman had just raised his sword above the head of the general, when Mr Upton sprang forward and placed his body between him and the commander. The uplifted weapon descended upon his thigh, and crippled him for life. After they had safely effected their return to the American barracks, Washington called to inquire concerning the man who had so generously preserved his life at the risk of his own. 'Thanks be to God, my general, that your life is saved!' exclaimed the wounded soldier: 'America could lose such a man as I am, but what could she do without your honour?'

His wound disabled him for battle, but he continued to perform various services to his country until the close of the war. After seeing his country in possession of peace and freedom, he returned to his home. True, it was now almost desolate and comfortless. No one had been left to cultivate his small farm, and what little stock he possessed had been killed for the use of the army. America was then too poor to pay their soldiers for what they had lost and suffered; and Mr Upton was obliged to contend with poverty as he could. His hard-earned bread, however, was sweetened by the respect which was everywhere paid to him. When he swung his axe over his shoulder, and went forth to labour in the woods, he was always welcomed with smiling looks and a cordial shake of the hand from his companions; and the older boys would often call out to their little brothers, 'Off with your hat, Joe, and make a bow, for there is the man who saved the life of General Washington.' The poor soldiers of the revolution had but few of those comforts which now make our firesides so cheerful; but when the long winter evenings came on, dearly did they love to fight their battles over again, and often would they say to Mr Upton, 'The loss of your limb in such a cause, neighbour, is a greater honour to you than if you had a crown upon your head.' The tears would sometimes trickle down his cheeks, as he replied, 'The Lord make us thankful that it saved his honour's life. It is little we should have done against all Burgoyne's troops if his wisdom had not been at the helm. I am thinking, friends, that I could depart in peace, if I could once more look George Washington in the face, and say, 'God bless your honour.''

Now, this was in 1784, the year after Great Britain acknowledged the independence of America, and will it be believed that only four years after, when General Washington desired an interview with Mr Upton, he was ashamed to grant it? Yes! the man whose bravery saved his general—whose integrity won the respect of his neighbours—whose industry had procured a comfortable home, and whose kindness had ensured him an affectionate family, gave way to the sin of intemperance. Once his little ones used to run out eagerly to kiss his healthy, good-humoured countenance; but now he had become so cross and troublesome that his children were afraid of him. His firm, bold

step had become weak and trembling with intoxication; and his round, handsome face was now red and bloated. When Washington visited New England, he sent a servant to request a visit from his old preserver. The wretched man heard the summons, and wept aloud. 'Heaven knows,' said he, 'that in my best days I would have walked from here to Mississippi, for the honour which Washington now pays me. But I cannot—I cannot carry this shameful face into his presence. Tell General Washington that my love and gratitude will always follow him. Tell him that none but the good have a right to look upon his blessed countenance, and Mr Upton is no longer among that number.'

If ever our young friends should be tempted to persevere in *one* thing, which they know to be wrong, let them remember that *one* bad habit changed Mr Upton from a brave soldier and a respected citizen, into a worthless and neglected sot—procured for him the contempt of those who once esteemed him, the fear and distrust of his family, the sorrowful disapprobation of his general, and finally broke his heart with shame and remorse.

FESTIVAL OF ST ROCHUS AT BRUJEN.

Every little village in Germany has its annual festival or *kirchweise*. This festival is partly religious and partly social, beginning with processions and masses, and ending with wine and dancing. Our English villages—more especially in Yorkshire, where the Saxon element still predominates—to this day retain these old festivals, originally Pagan feast-days, which were engrafted upon Christianity, and converted into saints' days. But in Yorkshire they have not even changed their name, and the time of 'the feast' is still looked forward to with joyous longings by old as well as young. Great pies and puddings are baked; immense roasts are provided, with store of parkin and oat-cake; and a season of jollity, visiting, and amusement occurs throughout the district of 'the feast,' which lasts for several days, sometimes for an entire week. The religious part of 'the feast' has, however, long since vanished, though tradition has handed down to us that it was originally the important business of the season.

But in the villages of Germany, though amusement and jollity are not overlooked on those occasions, religious observance has still an important place. Enter one of these villages on the morning of the annual festival, and you will find the villagers dressed for church in all their best, business totally suspended, unless in the wine-houses, and at the abundant stalls, erected along the public way, covered with most attractive wares for youth and maidens; and then you will shortly see all wending their way to the village church, where mass is sung, and choruses are performed, with the aid of all manner of old clarionets, bassoons, fiddles, and trombones, that the village can muster; and shortly after, amidst the swinging of incense, and a wonderful commotion among the crowd which presses round, a procession emerges from the humble building; and, borne in the midst, you will observe sacred effigies of all sorts, from Adam down to Joseph the carpenter, executed in wood, wax, plaster, and paint, by the aspiring artists of the village, each fancying himself a Michael Angelo or a Benvenuto Cellini. Newly painted and furbished up for the occasion, and decorated with garlands of flowers, and branches of trees, these are carried through the village in procession; crucifixes and flags are borne aloft, with various religious emblems blazoned thereon; the boys singing anthems to trombone accompaniments; girls dressed in white; priests in red, white, and yellow; and all the men, women, and children, of all sorts and conditions, bringing up the rear. They proceed to some outpost of the village, where stands an effigy of the Virgin, or to some spot in an adjoining green field, where a wooden altar, with its decoration of burning candles, has been erected; and there another mass is said, and hymns are sung, and incense is wafted about; and then the procession returns to the village, another service is said in the church when the congregation is dismissed, and the religious part of the festival is over.

Now comes the most joyous part of it, for which young lovers have longed, and children sighed, and parents, brothers, and sisters, wished many a long and weary day. Friends and relations from neighbouring towns and villages come pouring in; the Gastworth houses become crammed to suffocation; eating and drinking commence, though both in moderation, and the latter comparatively harmless, thanks to the thin sour wine at twopence the choppin; and then, chiefest of all, comes the dancing!

The Germans, of all conditions, follow public pleasure as part of the main business of life; while in this country it is only enjoyed at rare and long intervals. We are here speaking of the mass of the people; but with the Germans generally it is a matter of daily pursuit; they feast upon it, while we only sip it, sometimes ruefully. And of all German pleasures, none is comparable, in their estimation, to the waltz. In Germany, everybody waltzes: old and young, rich and poor, men and women. At these village feasts, you see boors and cits of both sexes mingling freely in the dance, and intensely enjoying it. You will find almost every room in the inns, except the kitchen, filled with dancers, on the occasion of the 'Fest;' and in German villages there is no lack of musicians. Groups form themselves into dancing parties out of doors too; and any kind of accommodation for this purpose is tolerated. Dancing is the general pleasure and passion. There they go whirling round and round in rapid gyrations, till the head almost grows giddy at looking on. Even the bandy-legged and knock-kneed join in the general whirl. All dance; they seem as if they could not keep their seats while the music calls to action. Even the most sorry-favoured woman lacks not ever a partner. A fat man, with spectacles on nose, and bald-pated, seizes hold of some lean wiry woman, and whirls her away; or some long spelk of a fellow gets possession of another man's 'rib,' whom he can scarcely compass by a good yard, and they too contrive to whirl away with the rest; little boys pick up old wives, and old men seize young maids, and away they all go; or, better than all, smart young fellows, agile and dexterous, take in the embrace of their right arms the ripe, lovely, laughing young maidens, and, linked in love and delight, away too they go—all wheeling, whirling, flying, coursing, dancing, as if possessed by Dr Faustus. Absorbing and universal is the passion of the German people for dancing!

Such are the ordinary village festivals in the villages along the Rhine; mixtures of religion and pleasure—the latter considerably preponderating. There are, however, other festivals of a more strictly religious character; and of these one of the most remarkable is the Feast of St Rochus at Brujen. We were at Mayence, about twenty miles from Brujen, higher up the river, when informed that this celebrated feast was to come off on the day following; and as numerous steamers were announced to run on the occasion, we resolved to seize the opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies. At an early hour we were on board the steamer, which we found crowded with passengers—a large portion of the splendid Austrian garrison band, dressed in their white jackets with red facings and conical-looking little Albert hats, being grouped on the deck, playing in the most exquisite manner. The morning was very beautiful, the sun shone full and clear, and there was just breeze enough to cool the ardour of his rays, and render the whole scene delicious. The twenty miles of Rhine which lie between Mayence and Brujen, skirt some of the richest and most luxurious scenery in Germany. At some remote period, the whole country between Brujen and Basle, on the frontier of Switzerland, must have been submerged under water, as numerous fresh-water shells and deposits found in the valley of the Rhine yet testify. The accumulation of the waters, aided probably by some great convulsion of nature, seem to have forced a rent for them across the chain of mountains which now crosses the Rhine at nearly right angles, a little below the town of Brujen. From thence, down to Coblentz, the river flows through scenery of the most rugged, abrupt, and precipitous character. But the rent through this chain of hills at Brujen has never become sufficiently widened to

admit of the full tide of the Rhine flowing freely through; and hence, from Brujen to Mayence, the river has still the appearance of an extensive lake, studded with numerous islands of remarkable verdure and beauty. A sail up or down this part of the river is one of much interest. A succession of the loveliest pictures passes before the eye. As we proceeded on our voyage on the occasion referred to, we discerned, through the vista formed by two of the islands we approached, a distant village, seemingly asleep on the bosom of the Rhine, its white gables and towering spires distinctly reflected in the still water, while far off, towards the extremity of the Rhinegan, stood up the little chapel on the rock, like a white spot lit up by the morning sun. In the foreground lay numerous graceful little boat-craft, with their white sails spread, freighted with gay parties, full of life and joy, all bound for St Rochus at Brujen. Fresh pictures, with new combinations, met the sight at every winding of the stream, or as we threaded our course among the green islands. We passed in succession Biberich, with the fine castle of the Duke of Nassau planted along the shore; Ellfeld, with its Gothic turrets and ancient watch-tower; Johannisberg Mount, the property of Prince Metternich, so famous for the wine it produces; Geissenheim, Rudesheim, and other villages; until at last we approached Brujen, and swept round the base of the lofty hill on which the church of St Rochus is reared. The face of the hill was alive with people, streamers and flags were flying, numerous tents were up, and repeated volleys of cannon from the heights boomed with sullen sound across the waters.

The steamer rapidly disgorged its contents, and we ascended the steep hill at a great pace, to mingle with the crowd in attendance at the ceremonies. The road upwards was covered by a dense mass of people, all crushing and thronging up towards the chapel. There were men and women in all the varied costumes of the district for a hundred miles round. There were many lame, diseased, halt, and blind among the crowd, all come for their share of the sanctity that hovered round the remains of the long-departed saint. From all directions they poured in, up even the steepest sides of the hill, steadily converging upon the chapel—an humble building enough, crowned with a plain spire, which we now came in sight of. Each arrival of pilgrims was saluted with a fresh salvo of cannon. A row of booths was erected near to the chapel, where all sorts of coloured wax tapers, prayer-books, and manuals of devotion, rosaries, cheap crosses, and images, were exposed for sale; while for the more thirsty and less devout there was store of wine and beer; and for the children carraway cakes, peppermints, pastry, rattles, penny trumpets, and all sorts of playthings.

We pressed into the chapel with the rest, and found a nearly square building, very lofty, crammed with visiters, all pressing on towards a point on the left, which, by slow process of squeezing and jostling, we at last neared, and there found, exposed in a long narrow box, under a glass lid, the bones of the holy St Rochus. They looked very old and decayed, but, by dint of careful polishing and bleaching, they had reached a state of almost dazzling whiteness. The large tibiæ, or bones of the leg, were in the most perfect state: the skull was crumbled into little pieces. Every one, as they came within reach of this coffin, touched it—some with handkerchiefs, beads, and little crucifixes, which they afterwards passed over their faces and kissed—some kissed the coffin, then devoutly crossed themselves, and many, especially of the humbler peasant women, shed sweet tears over it. But new masses pressed in, and made a way for themselves—with decency, however, be it remarked—until we, with others, were borne along in the stream, and emerged again from the chapel by a side door.

We still find fresh crowds of people arriving—they come now in processions, each having its divine effigy borne in the midst. All have their Virgin and child, not generally an artistical production, but abundantly decorated with spangles, ribbons, and flowers. It is evident the poor villagers have done their best. Four sweet little girls we see, clad in pure white dresses, carrying aloft on their shoulders an effigy of the Virgin, with the infant Saviour in her arms. And now comes the grand procession from Brujen up the hill, with banners, crosses, holy emblems, huge burning tapers, and images without number, with trombones, clarionets, and trumpets, accompanied by thousands of old and young voices, well tuned. In front we have an effigy of the holy St Rochus himself, in black velvet pilgrim garb, bordered with gold, beneath which peeps forth a little dog, with a piece of bread between his teeth. Then follow boys and girls—the former in black, pilgrim-hooded frocks, the latter in white, bare-headed, and hair braided. Then come the older men and women—peasants, burghers, and boatmen. The bishop himself next follows, gorgeously dressed in priestly raiment of white, red, and gold, under a gilded canopy, his dignitaries following him, together with Austrian soldiers and the chief men of the place. An immense body of the populace succeed; and still all had not collected, for the sound of new processions still arriving was again and again proclaimed by the firing of fresh volleys of cannon. At least twelve thousand people must have been upon the hill that glorious summer morning, at the feast of St Rochus.

We need not detail the ceremonies of this day, so eventful to the people of the neighbourhood. The bishop and his train slowly enter the church, and there high mass is said in great ceremony, and by the aid of much music from pealing organ and brazen-throated trombones. Then an open-air preaching succeeds, from the stone pulpit erected on the east side of the building, the multitude crowding, listening around, and covering the broad terrace formed on this side of the hill. The sermon over, the bishop again performed more ceremonies within the church: at length *Te Deum* was heard above the commotion; and the processions, after three or four hours' occupation, re-arranged themselves for their departure.

The miscellaneous crowd then adjourned to the eating and drinking booths, where the savoury odour of frizzling sausages and sundry other good things soon made itself felt, amid much jingling of glasses of beer and Rhein-wine. We lingered on the hill, surveying the beautiful scenes which it exhibits on all sides. The hill of St Rochus commands the entire valley of the Rhinegan throughout its whole extent. The river, studded with its green islands, stretches away to the south as far as the eye can reach. The water, lying clear as a mirror, reflects sky, trees, boats, towns, and islets—a calm, fair, and lovely paradise—such a sight as perhaps cannot be surpassed on this earth. Close under your feet almost flows the river, now covered with boats and steamers, bearing away the pilgrims to their homes. Trace the river downwards, and you look into those dark mountain rifts through which the Rhine plunges angrily to the ocean. Situated on a projecting cliff, you discern the once-proud Castle of Ehrenfels, and below it, almost in the centre of the now rushing stream, you see the lonely Mouse Tower, renowned for its 'Tradition of Bishop Hatto,' as sung by our poet Southey. The view from the back of the hill is not less fair. An extended prospect opens itself into the lovely valley of the Nahe, at the mouth of which lies the town of Brujen, and you gaze far up the varied and fruitful scene, till the eyes rest, almost fatigued with the extent of prospect, on the far-off Donnersberg Mountains.

As I descended the hill the day began to wane; the scene was now less busy, and the current of people was now downward; the village was still in a state of bustle and commotion, and every wine-house was crowded. Steamers were still passing and repassing up and down the Rhine, and in one of these I at last found room, and set out for Mayence, which was reached after a long and tedious sail, though diversified enough with good music on board, and a showy display of fireworks from the boat's deck at Biberich.

COTTAGE SCHOOLS.

THERE seem to be general laws directing morals as well as physics. Philosophers and philanthropists appear to

be actuated by the same principles at the same time, just as electric phenomena are discovered at the same period in the most distant places of the globe. This principle of coincidence has produced many disputes, and has often led to the questioning of originality in discovery, when there could be no possibility of plagiarism. Two men in very distant places have, nearly at the same time, made important improvements in mechanical contrivances; two have obeerved the same effects to be produced by a natural phenomenon; and two have discovered the revolutions of the same heavenly body. This seems to us to be one of the most benevolent arrangements of a benevolent Providence; and teaches us, that even the greatest man that ever the earth saw has been but an humble agent in the great whole of human discovery and improvement. God does not allow great and good thoughts to depend upon the enunciation of one human being, for when humanity requires some great idea it is called forth from many minds at the same period of time.

There are few ideas that seem to have so spontaneously and universally taken hold of the general mind as that of education. A grand and radical system of tuition seemed to be the want of the last quarter of a century; for in every nation of Europe, and in many parts of America, such a system was almost simultaneously adopted. Children were gathered together in great seminaries, and were educated according to the ideas of the governments under which they lived, until schools were recognised as a part of every state's machinery, or grand and essential elements of benevolent effort. Great public schools only skimmed the richer ingredients from the face of society, however. They left a world below untouched and lost. The doors of the public seminaries were guarded to respectability by fees and ideas of position. The child of the characterless parent with ragged jacket and shoeless feet had no title to rank up with the careful and honest tradesman's son. A line of demarcation was drawn between them, and the former was doomed to suffer all the ills of ignorance and neglect. Philanthropy soon discovered the injustice of the exclusion, however, and it provided a remedy. Charity schools, and district schools, and ragged schools, were established by benevolent Christians, in order to provide instruction for the neglected children of the very poor, and all these have conduced to the melioration and elevation of their condition. In cities the means of instruction and the facilities for bringing children together are infinitely greater than in the country; but Mrs Ramsay of Bucks, a most indefatigable and benevolent lady, has established and successfully carried into operation a plan of cottage schools, which has been of immense advantage to the poor of the sparsely-peopled rural districts where she resides. The system of education here followed is extremely simple, being only a step beyond that of infant school tuition, and the teachers are of very humble attainments and position. But we are too much impressed with the value of education to repudiate even the most humble modicum of it imparted by the humblest agency. In the country, where those who take an interest in philanthropical works are necessarily few, economy must of course be a prime idea in the establishment of cottage schools; and, while heartily wishing that it were possible to employ and adequately remunerate regular teachers, we cannot, at the same time, forbear expressing our admiration of such generous and praiseworthy efforts as those of Mrs Ramsay. This philanthropic lady, living in one of our southern lace-making counties, and amidst a population as poor as it was ignorant, became impressed with the necessity of making some effort to emancipate the young from the dominion of ignorance. Any instruction, however simple, was an advance upon their present inert condition. It was the initiative of progress, and might induce desires that would conduce to a high condition of mental improvement. Mrs Ramsay's plan originated in her high appreciation of the principle of infant school instruction, and she introduced it with some modifications into a little private seminary which she founded. Her little model school went on so successfully and satisfactorily, that, in the course of a very few years, mistresses have been trained in it for four other schools established upon the same plan. The benevolent foundress being satisfied that this simple plan, if extended, might become of the utmost advantage to a poor and scattered population, resolved to create a fund for the establishment of such schools, and for the supply of books, boards, and the other requisites of a seminary; and also for supplying the means necessary for the instruction of a mistress at one of the original establishments. These schools have gradually multiplied and extended over several districts, not only producing a superior intelligence and diligence in the young people, but considerably conducing to the moral improvement of the population generally. There are now from thirty to forty in active operation in Bucks, with scholars in each, ranging in numbers from forty to upwards of a hundred; and the vigour and animation which seem to pervade the whole system give promise of a more abundant success and a more extended sphere of usefulness.

To us the plan is not an original one; but, nevertheless, it may be so in England, whose rural districts are far behind in education. The benevolent lady who has the honour of founding these schools, thus describes the manner in which they are conducted, and the feeling regarding the teachers' salaries is the only one with which we do not heartily coincide.

'The plan has been to take for a mistress (a mistress is very much to be preferred to a master) a resident in the district intended to be benefited: and few will be found that do not contain one inhabitant capable of undertaking the office. Teaching in her own cottage, no additional expense is required for rent nor even for fire in the winter, and a very small gratuity (the most usual is ten shillings per quarter, sometimes sixpence per week) in addition to the weekly pence of the children, with the little supply of school requisites, which may be furnished for about four pounds, will generally be thankfully accepted as a remuneration by many respectable women who have no means of earning a livelihood. The children are taken into these small schools at any age, from two to twelve, or often older. The girls learn sewing, and, in some instances, lace-making and straw-plaiting; the boys also sometimes learn straw-plaiting and knitting, and all learn writing (beginning upon slates) and the first rules of arithmetic. The scriptural instruction of the whole schools is unremitting.' The system of rewards is arranged on a plan equally simple and efficient, and very properly discriminates between rewards and prizes; the latter having a tendency to rouse up some of the worst passions of our nature, while the former appeals directly to the purest and the best. Rigidly adhering to the rule of rewarding every child in exact proportion to its *merits*, the reward tickets are of two kinds: the smaller ones do not apply merely to ability and correctness in performing the exercises, but to moral conduct, obedience, industry, kindness, &c., thus encouraging the growth of good habits; while the dread of having the tickets taken away—which is the case if deservedly forfeited—goes far to repress bad ones. Twelve small tickets are equivalent to a large one, to which a certain definite value being attached, the children are allowed every half year to choose the worth of it in books, slates, pencils, pocket-combs, scissors, needle-books, and such like articles; a small sprinkling of cheap toys having been found no way to lessen the attractions of the little bazaar. The conductors state that they have not found this plan produce any of the envyings, contentions, and bickerings which the prize system rarely fails to excite; and that the permission to select for themselves is far more satisfactory to the children than would be prizes of greater value arbitrarily awarded.

One admirable feature of these schools is, that while their not being absolutely gratuitous prevents the honest independence of spirit, often found and always to be encouraged among the industrious poor, from being hurt by the name of charity, the cost is so trifling as to place its benefits within reach of the humblest. It, of course, varies a little with circumstances; but if the mistress has a small

salary, it is generally twopence per week for one child, or threepence for two out of the same family—a trifle which is more than compensated by the saving which it causes in food and clothing, and the habits of care and cleanliness which the little scholars soon acquire, the effects of which, even in the smallest things, are speedily felt in a poor family.

Another excellent idea is the mode of providing the girls with work. A quantity of calico being in the first instance given to each school, is made up by the children into various articles of clothing, which are sold to the poor at the cost price of the calico; the purchase money is carefully laid by, and when the calico is expended, is ready to repurchase a similar quantity; thus forming, literally, a self-supporting fund. It is stated, that in some districts the parents of the children have fallen into the practice of bespeaking the articles they require, and the plan has the obvious effect of attaching them to the schools.

Great advantage has been found to arise from selecting the various teachers in the schools from the respective localities. It is sensibly observed, that 'every district has its own peculiarities of habits and manners, and even dialects and modes of speaking; and when a stranger, unacquainted with these, comes among a people (a little more educated, too, than themselves), there is no feeling in common, and no attachment between them; they misunderstand, and too often soon dislike, each other; the school in consequence falls away, and a constant change of mistresses does not help to improve it. No instance is known in which this plan has failed to succeed, or where the mistress chosen from the district has ever been changed, except from loss of health or some other unavoidable cause.'

The simple plan of education here laid down certainly offers the nucleus of a system by means of which, if extensively followed up, the mass of ignorance in English counties, now so much to be deplored, would rapidly disappear. There are hamlets and villages, with populations of five or six hundred, where there is at present neither school nor church. Wherever the schools have been established they have rapidly filled. One, on a secluded common, which opened with fifty-four children, speedily increased to seventy; and another, in a small country town, has nearly trebled the number of its inmates, the mistress receiving no pay but the pence of the children, and the gratuitous supply of books, slates, &c. The little scholars, generally speaking, are much attached to their occupations. It is common for the boys, when able to work, and engaged in different occupations, to return to school if unemployed even for a day, and eagerly resume their lessons; and an instance is mentioned of a boy of very tender years, whose parents had for a time sent him to one of the schools, but afterwards refused to pay the weekly twopence, and who, rather than lose the knowledge he felt himself to be acquiring, contrived to earn the necessary sum for himself, by opening a gate to passengers after school hours, and faithfully devoting what he earned to pay his school fees.

Our Scottish readers will easily perceive that Mrs Ramsay's ideas are more applicable to England than to Scotland. We have full experience in this country of something very like the system she has propounded; and while we acknowledge the great blessings and advantages of the simplest form of instruction, we, at the same time, do not believe that a hundred children could be brought together with advantage in the house of any poor person in a crowded city locality. In the country, healthily situated homes are the rule. In cities the homes of even the respectable poor are notoriously destitute of heaven's light and air; so that well-ventilated schools would require to be built, or else this system of education would be the opposite of a blessing. This, then, would make them nothing more nor less than Lancasterian Schools, which have been in operation for nearly forty years, whose teachers, we believe, like the teachers of congregational schools in Scotland, receive little or no remuneration beyond the humble school fees of twopence a-week. If the number of scholars in attendance on these schools in cities were to be limited to forty, six shillings and eightpence a-week would be very inadequate for the support of a teacher and the payment of her rent, &c. We believe the system to be best applicable to the country, and we wish we saw it extended over the length and breadth of England. Mrs Ramsay and her coadjutors, who give their means to the extension of this plan, are worthy of all honour and respect; and doubly deserving of honour are those poor women who transform their homes into schools for their neighbour poor, and who devote their lives to their instruction, for a very small gratuity indeed. It is noble and benevolent to propose a scheme of melioration, but it is nobler still to carry it out in all its bearings and details.

THE SEA.

HAIL, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail, thou multitudinous ocean, whose waves chase one another down, like the generations of men; and, after a momentary space, are immerged for ever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connexion would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind. How glorious, how awful, are the scenes which thou displayest! whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unruffled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens! or whether we behold thee in thy terrors, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds, when death rides in the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay! And yet, mighty deep! it is thy surface alone we view! Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns that teem with life and vegetation? or search out the myriads of objects whose beauties lie scattered over the dread abyss? The mind staggers with the immensity of its conceptions, when it contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which, from the beginning of the world, were never known to err. How do we shrink at the idea of that Divine Power which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed?*

Oh, I shall not forget until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billows, all boundless, were open before me.

As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its strand,
I felt new perceptions within me expand;
Of glory, and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power.

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill
Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill;
Which longer than love, or its memory, shall live,
And has dearer sensations than rapture can give.

It is not a feeling of gloom or distress,
But something that language can never express;
'Tis the essence of joy, and the luxury of wo,
The bliss of the blest, faintly imaged below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given,
As pledges of purer ones, hoped for in heaven;
They are those which arise when, with humble devotion,
We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent ocean!

Though while in these mansions of clay we must dwell,
We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell,
What the feelings of fetterless spirits will be,
But they're surely like those that are waken'd by thee.

A sense of His greatness, whose might and whose will,
First gave thee existence, and governs thee still;
By the force of whose fiat thy waters were made,
By the strength of whose arm thy proud billows are stay'd.

* Keats.

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Thomas Hood

Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THOMAS HOOD.

'The noblest study of mankind is man,' and yet there is no branch in the universal theatre of human study so much neglected. Men do not neglect to study man from any inherent or generally acquired aversion to the process, but from a certain spirit of satisfaction which seems to permeate through humanity, and intermit a general sense of analytical necessity. There is nothing that men generally plume themselves upon 'seeing through' so easily as their neighbours. They believe that they can perceive the very motives that make to vibrate the fibrous muscles of their faces. The latent electricity of quiet smiles, and the profound principles of all trivial actions, are so plain to some people, through an intuitive principle of divination, that they do not require to examine or study human character in order to know it. They are satisfied that they do know, and consequently the motive for inquiry—the excitative to study—the sense of ignorance, which is the grand impulse towards knowledge, is destroyed by the upas of conceit or self-satisfaction; and thus, although repeating the aphorism, man still refuses to study and know man.

If we look closely into the lives of certain men, and then turn our eyes towards the grand characteristics of them, which the general verdict has written upon their brows while living, or upon their tombs when dead, we will often be struck by the idea that the reputation they bore or bear was less the result of what they really were than of what the general judgment declared them to be. Fame is nothing more than the general opinion of the present, accepted and repeated by posterity, and is very often the award of a gross misconception or puerile misconstruction. Society often falsely condemns men to eternal exile or to ignominious death, and, upon the inverse ratio, it may falsely consign them to the pantheon of immortality and perpetual laudation. Man is seldom studied by man; he is too much and too often neglected, misconceived, belied, and maligned, not because of what he is or does, but according to the caprice, will, or judgment of those who set themselves up as humble but gratuitous censors of all their brethren of mankind. Men say of others what they wish, more than what they know or believe; and they form conclusions to gratify their own egotism, more than to illustrate their perceptive ability and candour. There is nothing so difficult to decide upon as the capacities of a man of genius, and there is nothing that the public so quickly or peremptorily settles. The vast and wondrous attributes of human intelligence, extending through all the regions of the mental and moral, cannot be individualised or chained down to one aspect, like the fixed design of a painting, but are capable, from the fulness of their vitality, of displaying a thousand varied powers and forms, so that to judge of their character is one of the most difficult and delicate of the critic's duties. That general and peremptory critic, the public, however, seldom feels nice scruples in the expression of its opinion, and settles the most perplexing theories anent human capacity by a sharp affirmative or negative of popularity.

It would be a curious and rather startling occupation for a lover of biography to analyse the personal character of men, and compare them with their personal fame. They would find that even Robespierre was not a great, huge, sanguinary ogre, but that he was originally a man of refined tastes and benevolent feelings, whose later actions were dictated by a colossal will, that had been perverted and corrupted by an active revolutionary education; Charles Lamb was not the gentle, timid woman-man that tradition paints him to have been; Shelley was not a rabid monster, nor Sterne a sighing sentimentalist; Young was less noble and poetical than his 'Night Thoughts;' Godwin was far less vigorous and peremptory personally than in his style; L. E. L. was not the weeping despondent of her poems; nor was Felicia Hemans's the life which flowed on as smoothly and beautifully as her song. The world supposes certain things of its favourites, and says and believes them, however much their common life and deportment may contradict the popular belief. Few men, perhaps, suffered so much from the general conception as Thomas Hood; few men deserved a higher place in the sad and serious consideration of mankind, and few men were ever awarded a lighter or merrier fame. His name seemed to be a talisman, flung into the bosom of society by Momus, in order to keep it merry; smiles or laughter followed the articulation of the magic syllables, and care seemed to recognise in them her chiefest exorcist. The electric corruscations and genial sparkles of his genius were regarded as light, witty, funny fulminations, that danced, like prismatic soap-bubbles, from the fulness of his happy spirit, and then were dissipated in their ephemeral passage into light. Until near the close of his long and eventful literary career, 'Tom Hood' was generally regarded as 'a clever, witty fellow,' who could draw smiles from saddest faces, and reach the coldest hearts with a joke; but that he could fathom the depths of the human soul, and reveal, in the vibrations of his harpstrings, its deepest thrillings of wo or pain, few were inclined to suppose.

Mr Hood's attachment to literature began in very early life; his marriage to it was an accident of his riper years. Literature is not a profession to which men are regularly apprenticed and indentured. It is the refuge of men who have been impelled towards it by the latent impulses of an overpowering attraction. Men woo letters from imperative affection, and they cultivate them from imperative necessity. In their early devotion to literature they voluntarily idealise and glorify it; in their riper connection with it they find its claims upon their homage and worship to be imperative and real. Mr Hood had a somewhat literary origin, for his father was a bookseller, if not a bookmaker. The senior Mr Hood was of the firm of Verner and Hood, Poultry, London, and there the future editor of the 'Comic Annual' was born. Tom Hood was a lively boy, and early displayed good parts—too good, his father judiciously supposed, to be wasted in poetasting, and so he was apprenticed as a merchant's clerk, and constrained to do penance on a tripod daily during counting-house hours. The will of young Hood made no strenuous protests against his first uncongenial occupation, but his health soon took effectual exception to his continuance in it, and he was accordingly shipped, as prescribed by his physician, to the care of his father's relations in Dundee.

While roaming about, acquiring health, and imbibing parental air on the banks of the Dee, Thomas Hood essayed his incipient powers of song, and found admission to the local journals. Emboldened by success, the boy Icarus must needs fly at 'Maga.' The venture was successful; the editor of the 'Dundee Magazine' accepted his paper, and fixed the tendency of his pursuits. With health restored, Thomas Hood returned to London, but not to his desk. He had forsaken the temple of Hermes and devoted himself to Apollo; and although he did not at first grasp the votive lyre, but the incisive graver, he nevertheless foreshadowed, from this early period, the purpose of his life. His talents as a draughtsman recommended him to his uncle, who was an engraver, as one likely to excel in that profession; and subsequently he was transferred to one of the Le Keux, in his prosecution of this calling.

The fertility of Mr Hood's fancy was most extraordinary, and his facility of expression was as free with pen as pencil. The expression by words had this advantage over the expression by lines, however, that it could illustrate the different tenses and moods of a thought, while the latter was the mere fixed, intransitive, momentary aspect of an idea. With his pen Mr Hood could play upon an idea and vary it, as does a musician upon a stringed instrument give infinite variations to an air; with his graver he fixed a finite thought upon the monosyllabic vehicles of wood or steel. While ostensibly studying engraving, Mr Hood had been studying literature. As an engraver, his forte was invention and expression; that is, the intellectual parts of his profession were those in which he excelled, while in execution he was not at all remarkable. The affinity be-

tween all art is so strong in the intellectual as almost to seem an identity. Invention and expression are the powers upon which the immortality of the poet, the painter, and musician are based. They are the soul-powers of genius and art; execution is the mechanical. They are the intuitions, the gifts of the immortal; the power of arranging sentences or notes, or of delicately etching lines, is the work of the imitator—the mere manual exercise of the man. It was easy for Mr Hood, whose mind was full of quaint and airy fancies, and whose heart was pregnant with noble generosity, to transfer his activities from the engraver's atelier to the poet's closet. He only gave up the less expressive medium of his thoughts for one more abundant and appropriate. His first literary situation was upon the 'London Magazine,' when it passed into the hands of Messrs Taylor & Hessey, and since that period to his death in 1845, he continued prominently before the public.

Thomas Hood made his literary debut as the clown of a harlequinade. He became the servant of the world that he might amuse it. The bright and joyous visions of his youth were full of grotesque shapes, like the vision of St Anthony. His fancy, in its robust and active youth, was a phantasmagoric power motive with caricatures of life. He saw men through a funny medium. In words his imagination perceived puns—in sentences *double entendres*—in the fixed or single ideas of common men he beheld infinite intensations—and his soul being full of laughter, he laughed right out.

Mr Hood's first popular works were his 'Odes and Addresses,' which he published conjointly with the works of his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, Esq. 'Whims and Oddities' added to his whimsical reputation, and his 'National Tales' spread his name over the British nation. His 'National Tales' are written in the most simple and perspicacious style. They remind you of the direct and natural manner of Boccaccio or Le Sage, and they contain a racy and ludicrous satire upon the school of sentimentalists. Incidents that suddenly transmute high dramatic expectation into shouts of laughter, form parts of a course of detail that leads to a perfectly serious, probable, and dramatic *denouement*; and the most tragic and 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones' conceptions are recited in a style of the most ludicrous *naivetÉ*. In the 'National Tales' there is none of that richness of expression which appears in Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.' There is, however, all that redundancy of conception so admirably characteristic of his genius.

The most extensively known of his larger periodical works are his 'Comic Annuals,' which he subsequently reproduced as 'Hood's Own.' Few books contain the same amount of invention; and this invention is not only expressed in literary but artistic style. There are hundreds of quaint 'cuts' in the work, which were drawn by the editor's hand, as well as illustrated and sharpened by his witty muse. These pictures are not the mean attempts of a tyro in design, but puns and jokes in hieroglyphics. A man who could not distinguish the forms of the 'letters Cadmus gave,' would distinguish at a glance the moral, maxim, or idea which Hood has expressed in these epigraphs. They are something more than the works of an artist and humorist; they are the language of an exuberant fancy, for whose purpose both pen and pencil were inadequate.

We believe that the mission of Hood has been denominated a puerile one, and that the purpose to which he devoted his talents has been termed a frivolous one. The sound of serious regret which rose from the bosom of his country when the shaft of death pierced his generous heart is sufficient to prove that the public mind would now be inclined to reverse this verdict. He struck some few notes upon his lyre, which, like the wailings of a coronach amidst the music of a bridal, had startled his auditors the more because they were so foreign to the expected canzonet. Struck by the deep thrilling cadence of wo, that sounded like an agony amongst the lighter syllables of his muse, his country paused, and listened, and felt that a prophet was speaking in the language of comedy. It felt, in language of Burns, that

> 'Harps attuned to sweetest pleasure
> Can thrill the deepest notes of wo;'

and it began to believe and perceive that a great mor and instructor had been infusing pathos, and sympa and philanthropy into the heart, while he had made eye dance with laughter. Let no man condemn the which Thomas Hood trod, for he who does so neither derstands his genius nor comprehends his mission. him of a more serious mood consecrate his life in all t to the rendering of men happier and better, and let recollect that the motive, if not the mode, of Thomas H was the same. The comedian, if such men please to him, acknowledged and devoted himself to the same g moral end as Chalmers and Robert Hall. He gave talents which God had given him to the service of humani and who shall quarrel with these talents because of t kind? We might as well decry the grace and glee of antelope because these are not the gravity and stolidity the grisly bear. 'Eugene Aram's Dream,' and the 'S of the Shirt,' welled up from a deeper and more capaci genius than the censors had acknowedged in this g poet; but the public heard the latter, and it hailed a p phet of the poor.

Thomas Hood, it is true, was a satirist; and we m confess that we have neither sympathy with nor love the general satirical character. From the days of Juve to the days of Erasmus and Voltaire, the same type been preserved by the professed satirists. The snarli unscrupulous, cynical jest, and scornful sneer, have be their weapons of defence, and the weaknesses or foibles men have been the objects of their attack. Strip tra tional satire of its point, blunt its sting, and you have stroyed it. It had no purpose beyond wounding—no a higher than that of cutting up or striking down. But e the nature and character of satire must change with universal revolution of ideas. There is something gr in even having assisted to polish this lightest and most ter of all moral weapons with a humane and legitima purpose, and to have dipped its point in the milk of h man kindness, to the destruction of the virus which venomed its sting, and was wont to empoison all it touc ed. The satire of Thomas Hood is an original satire; it the satire of genius, genial even in its fooling. It contai none of the coarse brutalities of Swift, nor of the metho cal mathematical reprehensions of Pope. The gross v garity of Butler was beneath him, and the bitterness Churchill was unknown to his nature. He was a p not a pragmatical rhymster. With the eye of the poe beheld a future world, for which his soul panted. sought to lead humanity towards that future, and he ch ed the weary, toilsome, darksome way with airy jests lightsome flashes of song. He ever pointed his readers wards a moral, and led their hearts towards their fello while his music made glad symphony, to sweeten brighten the path of life. The highest of all sentiment the love of God, and the love of God is emphatically love of truth. The writings of Thomas Hood are full candour; they are revelations of his inmost heart, a bear consistent testimony of his devotion to the good true. His life was a religious one; it was a course of tion in accordance with his belief. His writings all ten to consummate the divine injunction, 'Love one anoth He never sought to divide society into two antagoni classes, the one hating and the other fearing. He sp for suffering humanity with a painful eloquence, but sought the suffering of no man while he cried for the a lioration of the down-trodden. His 'Song of the Shi which is among the last of his works, is a model of genius, and may most appropriately be reprinted here.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

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Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
A crust of bread, and rags:
That shatter'd roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt.'

There never was a more harrowing picture of human misery placed in such a frame. The essence of the poem is pathos, pain, and misery, while its form is like some of Hood's designs in pencil, quaint and comic. It could be sung to some of the lightest and most ranting airs, and in appearance the marriage would be a legitimate one; but its sentences would ever and anon startle the soul, like the scream of the albatross, with a dreary sense of death.

'Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!'

is a mere ejaculation, a simple exclamation, when viewed in its unity and individuality; but when connected with Hood's subject, it becomes one of the most painful and harrowing apostrophes that ever was addressed to the human sense or feeling. In this age of reform, Thomas Hood was a reformer, ardent, and earnest, and vehement. Let not our readers mistake us. We do not mean that Thomas Hood was a partisan; we do not mean that he was a democrat, as opposed to aristocracy. The virulent bigots of a political creed are never true reformers. They struggle for the supremacy of a faction, not for the elevation of mankind. He is the true reformer who adds to the world's store of virtue and happiness—who advances the only true reformation, which is a divine morality—the fruit of divine Christianity.

Oh, if there is a loftier and nobler grace imparted to the human soul—if there is one more elevated characteristic than another which Christ bestows upon his disciples, it is the sublime principle of charity, and it is often found beaming most brightly in the bosoms of the humblest men. The priest and Levite, with the dogma written on their phylacteries, may be outdone in essential charity by the Samaritan, whom they would drive from their path as unclean. The day of God's glory and of human improvement—the grand work of true reform, by the action of true ideas, are the consummation of Christian charity. None ever wrote more impressive sermons upon this divine text than Hood. His 'Bridge of Sighs' is a masterpiece on the subject; it is an exquisite Christian poem, written with tears and made eloquent with tenderness:—

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

'Drown'd, drown'd!'—*Hamlet.*

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clamily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly.

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

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Such a poem as this is above all criticism; it is its own criticism.

Thomas Hood had long suffered from a severe and painful illness, but, like Schiller, his spirit triumphed over the infirmities of his body. He wrote and smiled while others would have wept. When his physical system became at last incapable of sustaining its part in this world of duties, and succumbed to the insidious disease which had so long been preying upon it, the spirit of Hood maintained its strength and serenity, and leaned in faith upon the Rock of Salvation. He was most anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question of religion should not be mistaken when he was 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' and approaching the brink of immortality. He had loved through life the sublime faith which Jesus had taught, and which dictated the noble, unostentatious deeds of Christian benevolence which he had seen practised in singleness of heart for the Master's sake. He died with the same love quickened in his heart and animating his soul. He had ever combated cant and falsehood as the worst enemies of vital religion. He deplored their existence on his deathbed, as the most disgraceful corruptions of human sentiment. He was a lover of truth, and he could not but be a lover of the Lord of truth.

Thomas Hood died in May, 1845, leaving behind him a widow and two children—all, save his works, which he had to leave to posterity. Sir Robert Peel, with characteristic generosity, bestowed upon the poet's family a pension of £100 per annum; and with this sum and the proceeds of a public subscription they were left to console themselves for the loss of a husband and father, who had given his genius and labour to the world, and little more save his love to them. If there is a man whose descendants society in its state capacity ought to reward, it is the poet. He spends his life, it is true, in producing no tangible ware that he may sell at market on Saturdays; but he produces ideas that will feed the souls of a hungry posterity. Is not the world still a debtor to John Milton and Oliver Goldsmith, although ten pounds was paid them for 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield?' Warriors are loaded with golden rewards, and their children are tricked up into the rank of factitious nobility; but the poets, the men-elevators, sing their lives away, like the swan, and a sigh and a piece of cold marble are the world's tribute for their labours. The day is fast coming, however, when the true, for which poets and philanthropists are working, shall unhorse the false idea of honour which now prevails, and then we shall not always have to mingle our tears and wailing with our admiration and praise over the graves of those who have lived to make the world happier, wiser, and better, as did Thomas Hood.

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

MONT BLANC—A SUNSET MURDER—THE MER DE GLACE.

We left Geneva by the diligence early in the morning, for St Martin, *en route* to Chamounix and the Mer de Glace; and, though scenes in these *idle* carriages are of common description, I may mention that we formed a good specimen of general European society, there scarcely being two of one nation. The conversation during our journey was neither very deep nor instructive, but highly amusing, as may be imagined, from the medley of languages—broken French and *whole* French, broken German and *whole* German. I myself, beside the *whole* English, had several smatterings of others; and the residence of a few years in the East I found of great advantage, as when anything transcendental required to be expressed on account of the fine scenery, a few words in *Hindustani* or high-flown Persian had a most incomprehensible effect in beautifying the views, and elevating even the highest hills in the estimation of my fellow-travellers! The shouts of admiration and wonder from our moving Babel, in all the different languages, as the varied and magnificent scenery presented itself, was sometimes rather perplexing, and must have vexed the troubled air; but mountains can speak in every language and in every tongue, and echo and re-echo from their rocky sides and gloomy caverns the exact similitude of every passing sound.

We were all on the best terms by the time we arrived at St Martin; and, as it was necessary to remain here all night, I determined, after an unsentimental dinner, to sally forth by myself, and gaze upon and enjoy, in *pure English*, the glorious scenery. I bent my way to the Bridge, as a good point of view, and just as I was crossing it I observed Mont Blanc assuming a strange but superb appearance. It is well known to travellers among the Alps, and most have read of the splendid effects the setting sun sometimes produces on the snow-crowned mountains, first gradually giving them a deep crimson hue, and afterwards, as he sinks below the horizon, fading into a deathlike pale colour; and I shall never forget the effect it had upon me, and the turn my thoughts took as I watched this grand 'dissolving view' of nature from the parapet of the bridge where I had seated myself; and yet I think those who have seen it under somewhat similar circumstances will discover the truthfulness of the description even through the perhaps too imaginative veil thrown over it. The serenity of the evening, combined with the exquisite grandeur, yea, majesty of the scenery, and the death-rattle-like gurgling of the rock-impeded waters below, as they struggled onwards to the ocean, harmonising with the feelings of the mind, wrapt me into a kind of reverie, and I fancied that I was beholding the murder of this mighty mountain. No scene could be more sublime, or, if imagination will, more horrible. The Alpine monarch was visible from his base, ascending by steps of forest and of rock to a diadem of snow eternal; at intervals, some white and filmy clouds being suspended on his side, like guardian sentinels to protect their king, or watching till his hoary head was steeped in gore; and soon the crimson hue of blood stained his triple crown—the setting sun, piercing him with his last rays with tenfold force, sunk in conscious horror from the sight. At this moment, a full-orbed moon, as if rushing to the rescue, rose in splendour from behind the mountain; but, too late to save the royal victim, she only came to see the blood congeal; the last red tints of life were fading; a colourless corpse-like hue overspread the scene, and, shrouded by approaching night, he was buried, with unearthly grandeur, in the blue vault of heaven—the pale moon alone as mourner; and a few attendant twinkling stars were left to lighten up and watch the ethereal sepulchre, till the 'lord of day,' the murderer himself, returned to illuminate his vast domains, and to reanimate and again enthrone the monarch of the mountains!

Next morning we followed the usual track from St Martin to Chamounix, through the magnificent scenery of the valley of the Sallanche—Mont Blanc, once more in regal state, forming the grand feature in every varying view. We arrived early in the forenoon, and I immediately started, with my guide alone, for the Mer de Glace; but I cannot describe the intense and combined feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration which seized me when I first beheld and trod upon this 'sea of ice,' and gazed upon its sterile grandeur, or shuddered on the brink of its deep and yawning chasms. The clearness of the atmosphere, and the solemn silence, save ever and anon the tremulous thunder of an avalanche, allowed the eye and mind to revel on the sight. It is like a troubled and stormy sea suddenly congealed and struck dumb by some dire judgment, its cold and icy shores bounded by rugged precipices, shooting forth into pinnacles so lofty that, when not lost in clouds, they seem the pillars to heaven itself—the whole, a grand assemblage of sublimity, forming a triumphant testimony to Almighty power.

MICROSCOPIC CREATURES FOUND IN RIVER MUD AND VOLCANIC MATTER.

It is long since the curious discovered the remains of plants and creatures in the rocks that appear at the surface of the globe. Very erroneous notions were at first formed relative to their origin. They were long ascribed to the freaks of nature, then to the action of the flood; but now their presence there is ascribed to the true cause. Beyond

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all question, the creatures whose fossil remains the various strata of the earth disclose lived upon its surface, and at death were deposited in the loose and soft material that abounded where they lived and died. But it is only of recent date that the discovery was made, that many of the rocks are almost entirely composed of organic remains. This is a startling fact, and is being more extensively verified every day. Nor does this kind of rock occur at the surface only; it is found in every system, with the exception of the lower palæozoic. The proof of its absence even there is only negative, and cannot therefore be relied upon. The lower rocks have been exposed to so many and so great changes that by this means every trace of *minute* organic matter may have disappeared. It is certain, however, that, from the most recent formation to the mountain limestone, the lowest member of the carboniferous system, many beds occur traceable to this origin. Mountain-meal, some kinds of peat, sea-weed, bog-iron, and some earths, are either in whole or in large part composed of the remains of wonderfully minute creatures. Lower in the series, the rocks known by the names tripoli, polishing-slates, and some of the porcelain earths, have the same origin. So also have the following, still lower in the series: chalk, chalk-marle, the catacomb limestone of Egypt, hornstone, and mountain limestone. Thus over the greater proportion of the sedimentary strata rocks occur, entirely or almost entirely composed of the remains of minute creatures. We know that in the present state of the earth the principle of life pervades everything, and penetrates everywhere. This world is a mass of life; but men were not prepared to admit that in every stage through which geology has proved it to have passed, life was as abundant and as universally distributed. And yet what was there to prevent us from reasoning backwards to this conclusion? Now, however, it rests on well-attested facts, which constitute, it must be admitted, a surer foundation than the most ingenious analogical reasoning. We shall not dwell longer on the general subject, but direct attention to the specific view of it embodied in the heading of this article.

Every one is aware that in the beds of rivers, especially near their mouths, a sediment is deposited, more or less copiously, according to circumstances. This muddy accumulation assumes a slimy, dark appearance. In addition to this there are low stripes of apparently watery deposit along the margin of the rivers and at their mouths, when the physical features of the country admit of such accumulations. In some instances, such as in the case of large rivers that drain a vast extent of country, the deposits form extensive, and, under favourable circumstances, fertile districts. Till a recent date the matter that silted up the river-channels and formed the deltas was believed to have been brought down from the higher regions by the ever-flowing stream. A cause supposed to be adequate to the effect was found, and investigation went no further. Indeed, this was a most unlikely field for the philosopher to cultivate, and few would have anticipated results at all worthy of the time and labour a lengthened research would have demanded. But matter in all its forms is interesting, and there is no combination into which it enters that will not repay man a careful and thorough investigation. As science advanced, the attention of philosophers was directed to many things previously passed entirely over, or but partially considered. Men had been long gazing in the heavens, and had ascertained enough to convince them that the universe of God was vast beyond all conception—its worlds innumerable, and the sphere in which they circle boundless to all save to Him who, by a word of his power, called them into existence, and who, by the same power, balances them all in their ancient courses. From objects in the heavens attention was drawn to those upon the earth. But this was the *extending* of investigation, not the changing of the field in which it was carried forward. The application of the microscope opened an extensive and hitherto unknown region of wonders. It revealed innumerable forms of life too minute to be detected by the unaided eye, but all perfect as those with which man had been previously acquainted. It has rendered sacred all matter, even the very offscourings of it, by demonstrating that life either has existed or does exist everywhere, in the most unlikely places, and under the most unfavourable conditions. Not only is the water we use teeming with life, but so also is that which accumulates in stagnant pools, and that also which moves offensively in the gutters of narrow and dingy streets. It is now ascertained, beyond all reasonable question, by the most distinguished philosophers, that the muddy matter which accumulates in the beds of rivers, especially in that portion of them subject to the periodical influence of the sea water, is composed, to a considerable extent, of living little creatures, or the siliceous shields of those who, under changed conditions, have perished in myriads. Ehrenberg has examined the deposits of several rivers in Northern Europe, especially that of the Elbe, and has placed the results of his researches in a series of interesting papers before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. It is from these papers that the following facts relative to the composition of river mud are drawn.

From the mouth of the Elbe to a point above Hamburgh a soft dark sediment is found deposited in the bed of the river. Above that point the channel is clean and gravelly. This sediment was long believed to be the impurities brought down by the stream gradually thrown to the bottom. But why it was not found above a certain point, if this was the true cause of its origin, became an important question, and one by no means easily answered. A small quantity of the mud was procured by Ehrenberg, and carefully analysed. The result showed that a very considerable proportion was made up of minute creatures, and shields, or coverings, of creatures equally minute. Here then was established the fact that the existence of this soft matter in the bed of the Elbe was not entirely nor even chiefly due to the depositing of impurities brought down by the water, but by the accumulation of vast myriads of invisible creatures, called by philosophers *infusorial animalcules*. The same results have been obtained from mud procured from other rivers both on the Continent and in our own islands. The probability is that this is the chief element in all river mud, at least near their mouths. Another fact was discovered by this distinguished philosopher, which he had not anticipated. These creatures were all, or nearly all, of species belonging to the ocean, though found at the bottom of fresh water. This fact led to other investigations, in the course of which it appeared that the infusorial deposit extended even above the point where the influence of the tide became imperceptible, and where the water ceased to be brackish. How ocean creatures might ascend the river as far as the tide reached was readily conceived; but how they could ascend for miles in perfectly fresh water, an element in which they cannot exist, was a difficult question to settle. The conclusion to which Ehrenberg arrived is this, that above the point where the tide ceases to affect sensibly the stream, either in bulk or saltness, the sea-water inserts itself in a wedge-like form underneath the body of river-water. Thus at once the surface water retains its freshness, and the ocean animalcules are transported beyond the reach of the tidal wave. Salt water being the proper element of these minute creatures, when the fresh water becomes mingled with it the conditions of their existence are changed, and they drop in sickness or in death in myriads to the bottom. The researches of Ehrenberg were carried further than he originally intended. The matter of the islands that occur in the channel of the Elbe in the vicinity of Hamburgh, and of the level fertile districts on either side the river, was also examined, and brought out the startling fact that, in both cases, infusorial animalcules were present in great variety and vast numbers. It was ascertained that fully one-twentieth part of the matter composing these low-lying islands is the remains of creatures which have met their death when the bed of the river was probably more elevated. A large proportion, too, of the soil under cultivation, on the banks of the river, was found to be composed of the remains of invisible creatures and it is believed that further research would show that no

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small proportion of the fine siliceous sand that mingles with the soil is nothing else but the shields of creatures ground down to impalpable dust! These facts prove that the low-lying districts near the mouths of rivers, in many instances at least, owe their existence quite as much to the presence of ocean creatures inconceivably minute, and in myriads beyond all conception, as to the matter that is hourly carried down by the stream. Not only do these discoveries necessitate a revision of our notions relative to the formation of deltas, &c., they are also destined, we feel persuaded, to throw light on some dark problems in the interesting science of geology.

On the 2d of September, 1845, a shower of fine dust fell in the Orkney Islands. A Danish vessel at sea was overtaken by a dark cloud at nine o'clock in the evening of that day. The cloud was carried rapidly along by a strong wind, and speedily filled the sails, and covered the deck with dust. Specimens of the dust were preserved, and submitted to examination. On the same day, Hecla, in Iceland, 530 miles distant, was in motion, and sent forth large quantities of ashes and volcanic matter. Specimens of these ashes were also procured, and submitted to microscopic examination. The Orkney dust was found to contain, in addition to inorganic matter, some distinct siliceous organic bodies, and especially the almost perfectly preserved cases or shells of an infusoria. This discovery led to further investigation, and comparison with dust that had long been known to fall at intervals off the coast of Africa. Other organised substances were detected, such as siliceous *phytolitharia*, or minute particles of plants, and several uncarbonised specimens of woody fibre, and bodies resembling the fine hair of animals; but these last were presently found to be derived from the coloured paper in which the dust was contained. There could be no dispute, however, about the others. The examination of the volcanic ash gave results remarkably similar. Several species of infusoria were distinctly recognised; and the presence of siliceous particles of plants was also detected. Three of the species were identical with those found in the Orkney dust. Thus, though the evidence was not absolutely demonstrative, it was strongly presumptive of a common origin to the dust and the ashes. With regard to the creatures and siliceous particles of plants, their connection with the inorganic matter is such as demonstrates their relationship previous to, or in the act of, eruption; and the woody fibre, derived from the mountain turf, might mingle with the erupted matter, as it escaped from the various openings in the cone. It is a remarkable fact that all the species, both in the dust and ashes, belong to fresh water, and not to marine formations. These results quickened investigation, and led to the examination of other volcanic dust and ashes, especially the famous May-dust of Barbadoes in 1812. On the evening of the 30th of April, in the above year, a violent noise was heard in the island of Barbadoes, so exactly resembling distant artillery, that the garrison of Fort St Anne remained all night under arms. The noise died away, and the morning of the 1st of May dawned in wonted calmness. In the east there was a streak of brightness, and immediately above it a dark portentous cloud. It speedily covered the sky, and shut out the break of day. The darkness increased so rapidly, and became so dense, that in a room of ordinary dimensions it was impossible to distinguish where the windows were. Trees became invisible, and the outlines of buildings could not be discerned. Even five inches from the eye a white handkerchief was no longer perceptible!* The darkness was occasioned by the falling of a thick and continuous shower of dust, now proved to be of volcanic origin, and it lasted till the middle of the day. Many trees were bent under the load, some were broken, and the crash of the branches contrasted strikingly with the universal stillness that prevailed. The sugar-canes were destroyed, and the whole island was covered with a layer of greenish ashes. But whence came this extraordinary shower of dust? From the island of St Vincent, situated at a distance of twenty leagues. The island is traversed by a range of mountains, the loftiest peak of which had been constantly, for about a century, emitting smoke, sometimes coloured by a bluish flame. 'On Monday the 27th April, 1812, at twelve o'clock, a tremendous crashing of the mountain, with violent earthquakes, threw the whole neighbourhood into consternation. An immense pillar of thick, black, clammy-like smoke was seen rising into the sky, and throwing down small fragments of burned earth and ashes mixed with sand, on the country around. The shower darkened the heavens like a thunder-cloud, and covered everything with pale grey ashes like dirty snow, and quickly destroyed every trace of vegetation. On the 28th, the fall of ashes increased; the pitch-black pillar rose perpendicularly from the crater with a continuous noise as of violent thunder. On the 29th the sun was darkened, so that at mid-day it seemed only twilight. On the 30th the phenomena were still more increased; birds and cattle were killed by the ashes and the want of food. In the early evening, electric flames and lightning were seen quivering through the dark cloud above the crater in an indescribable manner, and the glowing lava overflowed. The discharge continued, and the ground rocked to and fro. On the 1st of May the darkness continued to eight o'clock. An impenetrable black cloud enveloped the mountain, and hung over the sea. The thundering of the mountain first ceased after mid-day.'* Four packets of this dust were lately submitted to Ehrenberg for microscopic analysis. Upon examination, there remained no doubt as to its being of volcanic origin, although the chemical analysis of Professor Thomson failed to establish the fact. Besides the inorganic matter, each packet contained traces of distinctly organised matter in the form of small siliceous shells of animals, or fragments of plants, and also carbonised soft parts of plants—hairs and cellular tissue. In fifty accurate analysis of small portions of dust, the size of a pin-head, *nineteen* distinct organic bodies, some in several specimens, were recognised. These bodies are in every instance, like those of the Orkney dust and Hecla ashes, species known as fresh-water forms. There is no mingling of marine forms in either.† This fact precludes the idea that the ocean communicates with these volcanoes; nor can they derive this organic matter from rivers and marshes, inasmuch as there is no record of these having disappeared during the eruption. The fact is established that volcanic dust contains organic bodies, but there is no evidence that these bodies were received either from the ocean, lakes, or rivers. On the contrary, the circumstance that the latest dust of an eruption, as well as the earliest, is full of them, seems to point to the conclusion that they are derived from formations on which the volcanic powers are exerted far below the surface.

The accurate and long-continued investigations of M Ehrenberg have brought out certain important results in connection with igneous rocks. The opinion is established that in the Rhine, in districts marked by volcanic action, there exists a very intimate relationship between organic bodies in their most minute forms and igneous rocks. Crystals of volcanic origin are mixed up most intimately with the fused fragments of fresh-water animals in rocks amounting to the thickness of nearly two hundred feet. The island of Ascension, in the Atlantic Ocean, is of igneous origin, and is singularly barren of life. Here there exists a deposit of volcanic ashes of considerable magnitude, entirely composed, according to the strictest microscopic analysis, of organic matter. The remains of plants prevail over those of animals; and all are species belonging, without exception, to fresh-water forms. Whilst the examinations of rocks from various parts of the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—proved that organic bodies did not only exist in them, but that they were all of fresh-water forms, the specimens brought by Mr Darwin from Patagonia establish the fact, that *marine* as well as fresh-water infusoria compose a large proportion of the matter

* Geological Journal, 1848.

* Geological Journal, 1848.

† In volcanic ash, procured by Mr Darwin from Patagonia, several species of *marine* types have been met with. Berlin Academy, Berichte, 1845.

erupted by volcanoes. The Patagonian rock is developed in a terrace-shaped formation upwards of eight hundred feet high, greatly resembling the European chalk, although without any trace of carbonate of lime, and containing here and there a considerable quantity of gypsum. 'It forms apparently one of the largest uniform masses of rock that we know of on the earth, amongst those due to the same agency throughout and perfectly continuous, and it exhibits everywhere, and is perhaps chiefly derived from the influence of the most minute forms of organic existence.'

The creatures that are thus proved to compose in great part the mud of rivers, and the matter evacuated by volcanoes, cannot but excite our admiration. They are exquisitely proportioned in their parts, but are so very diminutive that the conditions of their existence are scarcely conceivable. The corporeal system is perfect; many of the smallest of them are furnished with four and even six stomachs, while the mouth is surrounded by from ten to twenty *cilia*, or hairs. The shell of these animals is generally sculptured with a beautiful pattern, which serves to distinguish the species. It has been calculated that it would require more than *ten millions of millions* of individuals of the smallest species to fill the space of a cubic inch! How inconceivably minute, therefore, must be the members of these creatures, and the particles of matter on which they feed! How inconceivably vast their numbers, when whole beds of rock are composed of their flinty shells! The works of God are indeed wonderful, and the minutest, equally with the greatest, show forth His glory. God works not without a purpose; none of His creatures live in vain. What, then, may be the use for which these minute but perfectly organised creatures are intended in the divine economy? The best answer which we can give to this question is contained in an extract from the lectures of Professor Owen on the invertebrata, and with this we shall close this paper—'Consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate. Surely we must, in some degree, be indebted to those ever-active, invisible scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all: they perform a still more important office in preventing the gradual diminution of the present amount of organised matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organised particles and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger infusoria, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, and thus a pabulum fit for the nourishment of the highest organised beings is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organised matter. These invisible animalcules may be compared in the great organic world to the minute capillaries in the microcosm of the animal body, receiving organic matter in its state of minutest subdivision, and when in full career to escape from the organic system, and turning it back by a new route towards the central and highest point of that system.'

ILL-USED PEOPLE.

If it were possible to reduce this world of people to an individual embodiment of humanity—to place it in a judgment-dock—to create a briefless barrister judge *pro tem.*, and to impannel a jury from a certain class of individuals—we are certain that ten thousand indictments could be filed against it, and that it would be mercilessly subjected to the most cruel and ignominious of punishments. In such a case we are convinced that all its acts of positive criminality and unwarranted aggression would be forgotten, but negative malversations would be hurled in its teeth with vehement acrimony. Omission would be stamped with a seering-iron on its brow; and for the neglect of suppositious requirements legions of individuals would point the finger and cry 'fie!'

Ours is a practical age—an age of feverish excitement and incessant action—an age of wonderful developments and hair-drawn analyses—an age of arrangement, production, and of statistical practicability. Wonder has gone to sleep of late years, and abstract fancy has got a crowbar into her hand, and has now become a sturdy artisan or labourer. It has often astonished us therefore that, in an age so essentially practical and acute, the world has never been warned of the vast amount of individual dissatisfaction she nurses in her bosom—that the question has never been started as to how many ill-used people there are in this world—not positively huffed and cuffed individuals, but persons who have not got their deserts. The question is a serious and important one; and if every government in the world would send a commission through the length and breadth and into the depths and up to the heights of its territories to inquire how many Cromwells and Richelieus pine for want of congenial employment, how many Apollos, Orpheuses, &c., render the vales, groundfloors, hills, and attics vocal with awakening but unappreciated song, the results might be wonderful. How many magnificent schemes and hopes would be brought to light! how many intellectual and mechanical colossi would be raised to glory!

The ill-used are an ancient and very numerous family; and, like Hungarian barons, they are to be found in all professions and pursuits. A sparrow might be as easily supposed to illustrate how a vampire bird finds admission into its nest and affections, as ordinary people to tell how the ill-used find a place in every nook of humanity, or get inducted into every social circle. Yet there they are, croaking and grumbling at every fireside, and complaining of every advance their contemporaries make up the ladder of worldly elevation.

There *are* individuals crushed by neglect—the sensitive plants of the world's garden—the true aristocrats of humanity, whose glorious natures are withered by the frosts of poverty—the sap of whose lives is dried up by the fevers of exertion and care; but we seldom hear of these, and, when we do, it is not through self-complainings. Their hearts break silently, and they pass away, like the rose, to be remembered by the perfume they exhale after death. We could scatter flowers upon their graves, and water them with our tears; and the generous feel that, if their wants had been known, the world would not have denied them household bread. But we do not speak of these in our reflections on the ill-used. *They* do not come within our cognisance. We talk of the neglected who will not suffer in silence, who would hold society by the collar and shout their wrongs into its ear.

A very familiar class of the ill-used is your family-looked-down-upon individuals. Their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, kith and kin, despise them, and look upon them as merely light considerations compared with the other members of the family. They are always advising, directing, interfering with, and watching over their concerns as if they were babies; and, although they do partially feed, clothe, and wholly educate the ill-used's family, still he has deep and stern cause to grumble. He cannot accuse his parents of neglecting his education, or of supineness in procuring him a settlement in a lucrative profession. They have done so for him a dozen times, and he knows so; but still he is not satisfied with them, for all his brothers are better off than he is, and everybody knows that he is as good as they. It is true he has been a 'little foolish,' but that is no cause why he should be subjected to moral lectures from his father, or have didactic essays stuck into his hand by his mother; or why his sisters should advise him before he goes to dine, or his brothers should keep their eyes turning on him while the wine is circulating. These are insulting annoyances which his wife *dare not* presume to afflict him with, and which his

relations attempt merely because they think his obligations to them warrant such a course of procedure. The *world* has gone against him a little, but things will take a turn, and then! There the ill-used closes his teeth and shakes his head, and the portentous aspect he assumes augurs ill for the comfort of his kindred, should fortune ever bless him as it blessed Ali Baba. They are all pure, unimpeachable people your family-looked-down-upon persons. They never did anything that they need be ashamed of. Nobody but themselves and *families* have suffered, if they have been guilty of any light folly; and though their relations have expended a few pounds upon them, it was well their part to assist their own. The brothers of the looked-down-upon grumbler are men of high probity, perhaps—of patient industrious habits, whose hearts bleed at the sufferings of a foolish brother's wife and children. They try to awaken his sense of duty, of honour, and of shame, and their parents, with tender solicitude, assist and encourage them to reclaim their brother; but he, wrapt in the mantle of self-esteem, sees not his own derelictions and shortcomings, but looks upon all their anxious advices and attentions as so many insults, and himself as an ill-used despised man. Disinterested persons might look upon the solicitude and attentions of the ill-used man's relations as so many evidences of that love which seeks not only to cherish but to elevate the object on which it is lavished—as something akin to the eagle's affection for its young, an affection which lines its nest with provender, and wiles the aspiring wing to soar to heaven. But the ill-used man does not. He views the case in a purely different light; he judges himself with a leniency that is most disinterested and generous, considering how much he has been his own enemy, and attributes base motives and ungenerous designs to his kindred, in relation to himself, with a happy impartiality.

There is another class of ill-used individuals who have more cause to complain than the looked-down-upon, if their allegations could be rendered substantial. We mean 'your persons who are not what they should be.' We know that this phrase has an equivocal signification; but we do not use it in that sense. The persons referred to may be morally unexceptionable, good, rational people, when you talk upon the ordinary concerns of life; but whenever you indulge in ancestral or oriental allusions, you touch a chord that vibrates in the hidden recesses of their hearts. You did not know that they were the real lineal descendants of the great Thane Rufty Tufty or Lord Hoity Toity, whose estates were despoiled by the rapacious Macbeth or Norman William, and are presently held by Mr Stibbs or Sir Simon Knibs. You were not aware that their blood was so red and rich; but such is the truth, as you know to your cost, after suffering an hour's lecture on genealogy. That is the reason why the prim old lady with the large ruffles, high cap, and lace mittens is so much out to tea-parties, and that is the reason why she sips her tea so majestically and speaks so authoritatively. She is somebody, recollect; she is of undoubted gentility, and should have been riding in her carriage but for the perfidy and injustice of this base world. Oh, what tales these ill-used should-be-nobility and millionaires can tell of doughty deeds done by their ancestors, and of the regal pomp they kept up in their castles and palaces! What good, hospitable, simple people they were, who feasted an ungrateful world, who filched their patrimony from them, and left their descendants nothing but their blood and a compound multiplication and addition of their ancestral recollections. Then there are great-grand-uncles' fortunes, which were accumulated either in India or Eldorado, and which have been lying in Chancery for a long long time, all through the cupidity of the Chancellor, who wants the rightful heirs to die out, and then he'll make his own of what is theirs, *de jure*.

Time, we are told, cures all evils, and obliterates the recollection of all injuries. He must either have been an infinitely generous man, or a philosopher with a small acquaintance of mankind, who first enunciated this syllogism. We will not stop to deny that time is an active agent. We will not stop to assert that time does not make a man's hairs grey, but that a man grows grey in time. Whatever time kills or cures, this we know, that the recollection of injuries seems to be chiselled in the cores of some people, and is often the only patrimony they transmit to their children. The ill-used of whom we have been talking, forget nothing connected with the demission of their ancestral glory and wealthy exaltation. They make reprisals on all the sons of Adam, for wrongs, which they tell us were committed centuries ago, on what they term their house. They expect all mankind to perceive their nectarine blood through their ordinary-looking skins, and to do homage to the nobility and wealth which ought to have centred in the ten stones weight of humanity, which is all their wealth and power.

We have a swarm of ill-used people, with brilliant and herculean capabilities, but who have been neglected and scorned by those who ought to have advanced them. They do not complain for themselves, but what has not the world lost through its own folly and stupidity? Miss Stichet the mantua-maker is lost in her present sphere. She should have been leading an opera or receiving bouquets from princes, like Grisi or Malibran. Her voice, Mr Twig assures her, is the loveliest contralto in nature, and yet Bass, the great soprano—he a musician, forsooth!—laughed at her when she went to ask an engagement, and condescended to sing a solo in his own room. Every party that Miss Stichet graces with her presence is in raptures. When she sings the ladies nod and look grave at each other, but the gentlemen invariably ruff, shout 'Encore!' with great vehemence, and *will* make her sing again; and yet Bass had the assurance to advise her to refrain from the cultivation of her vocal powers, and to keep to mantua-making.

How many latent, inglorious Phidiases and Raphaels have bachelor uncles refused to develop! How many mothers have observed the infant manifestations of genius in their children, as they fashioned putty or bread dough into miniature anacondas, or traced some untraceable lines with chalk or burned wood! And yet these uncles or grandfathers, and others interested, have refused to foster and nurse those feeble scintillations of glory into fires that might have scorched and irradiated a zone. One characteristic of these ill-used, non-developed geniuses is, that they are never developed; but that, of course, is not their fault. The awful responsibility lies on some of the world's children for not nursing into a world's wonder the unappreciable glories that lie hid in a mop-covered skull. We hear of intellectual colossi, who heave the millstone of depression from their heads, and expand and shoot upward, despite of conventional impediments and the lack of accessories, to smoothen their paths. We hear of self-taught, dauntless, noble, unfaltering genius, which breasts the steep of fame, and with a steady, heaven-illumined eye still shouts 'Excelsior!' but our ill-used genius is only so to himself. There is no evidence of brilliancy of fancy or radiancy of wit about him; in truth, his whole life is a progressive refutation of any such absurd chimera, but *he* thinks otherwise, and he commits to himself a warrant to be ranked amongst the world's most ill-used and neglected children.

And now we approach a countless throng of *ill-understood* and highly indignant members of the ill-used community—the *Corianders* and *Arabellinas* of the muses—those patriotic and disinterested children of Apollo, who burn with a quenchless desire to shed a poetic lustre on the literature of our age and country. The editors of annuals, quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, and all the other hosts of periodical or transitory literary vehicles, can well attest the devotion and importunate ardour of these gifted sons and daughters of song. They are generally careful to let it be understood that they lack those useless attributes usually comprised in the word education, and that their compositions are truly all 'out of their own heads;' and yet the editors, who are merely the media of communication between these Corydons and Terpsychores and the public, constitute themselves ruthless censors, and dismiss the coruscations of their fancy with such absurd reflections

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and intimations as 'Arabellina should cultivate knitting and white seam instead of rhyme,' or 'the Monody on the Death of a Green Beetle wont do.'

There is one peculiarity characteristic of the ill-used, and the world may be thankful for its existence. We mean the individuality of the members of the genus. They have no sympathy with each other; nursing and brooding over their own peculiar wrongs, they fondle them into pet giants, which require all their bile and individual acrimony to nourish. Each considers the querulous complainings or indignant declamations of another as gratuitous abstractions from the consideration of his superior wrongs; and, like the sand upon the sea-shore, the ill-used genus contains the attributes of a ponderous organisation, which has all the elements of affinity except the principles of cohesion.

We cannot close our remarks, however, without dipping our pen in serious, sober earnest, and addressing a few words to the numerous 'disinherited knights' who have taken it into their heads to be out of sorts with the world, not for wrongs it has inflicted, but for the refusal of rights which it has neither conceded nor recognised. We know that a man may be an excellent judge of his own powers and deservings, and that he should have perfect liberty to exercise the former in every legitimate manner that he may deem fit, and to enforce the latter by all the moral appliances which he can call into action. But he must allow that the world, callous and niggardly as he may deem it, is the tribunal to which he appeals, and that, though adverse, it has many chances against his one of being right in all its estimates. Instead of railing, complaining, and diffusely speculating on improbable probabilities, let the ill-used work. If there are hidden springs of greatness in their souls, they are not too deep for the instruments of self-culture to reach them, and to deepen, vivify, and purify their channels. If the rough diamond is in their natures, abrasion will smooth its excrescences and develop its beauties. Let them seek to create and embody the elements of progress—to transform traditional abstractions into present guides and agents of improvement; and although they may neither gain mural crowns nor laurel bays, they will gain respect—they will win sweet reflections drawn from the font of usefulness, and thus will have something better to do than 'fret their little hour,' and call themselves ill-used.

MYRTIS.*

Twilight gathered heavily over the city of the Cæsars. Lights began here and there to glimmer from the patrician palaces, and along the banks of the Tiber. Rome, which Augustus boasted to have left built of marble, had lost none of its magnificence under Adrian and the Antonines. Effeminacy and corruption were sapping the foundations of the empire, though the virtue of the last of the Antonines still arrested or disguised the presages of its doom.

In the gorgeous apartment of a palace a woman was seated, evidently of high rank, and surrounded by the appliances of luxury. Her arm rested on a small, oval table, richly inlaid with ivory and gold, while her jewelled hand partly shaded her features, as if to conceal some emotion, in which Roman pride contended with woman's nature. Her eye was intently fixed on a young man who stood near her, arrayed as if for a journey. The folds of the toga fell gracefully around his lofty form, and his noble countenance was marked by thought even to sadness. He appeared to wait her words, which at length were slowly uttered.

'Go, then, my son, since the gods and the emperor have thus willed it. Would that this trial might have been spared my widowed heart. Yet go, for the hour of thy departure hath come.'

The young Roman knelt at her feet, and pressed her hands to his lips. His voice was scarcely audible as he besought her blessing.

'The gods of thy fathers will not forget thee. My vows shall keep thee ever in their mind. Already have the salted cake, and a pure lamb crowned with flowers, been offered, with costly libations, for thy sake. I have vowed to Apollo a rich temple if thou return in safety. Daily shall the Lares and Penates be invoked for thy protection in a far clime.'

Then, determining not to weaken his purpose by vain regrets, she arose, and threw all the strength of a loving soul into the farewell smile. There was no tear in her eye, and she trembled not at the last, long embrace.

He departed. She listened to the echo of his footsteps, and gazed to catch the last glimpse of him and of his train. Then burst forth the sorrows of the mother. She dismissed her attendants, that no eye might witness her grief. Only the surrounding statues beheld her with their marble brows; but the frown of warriors or philosophers from their pedestals reproved her in vain. She remembered only that she was a mother, and desolate.

Day was high in the heavens ere she arose from the couch, where, in the anguish of parting, she had thrown herself, burying her face deep among the pillows. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius was announced, and she started from her wildering trance as one ashamed. Hastily she arranged her disordered robes, and washed the traces of the burning sorrow from cheek and brow.

Calm, serene, and like a habitant of a higher sphere, Marcus Aurelius entered. That philosophic emperor, who, according to the creed of the Stoics, was never known to change countenance either for grief or joy, regarded her steadfastly, yet without reproach. He saw how deeply flowed the inward tide of emotion, and seemed to await its ebbing ere he spoke.

'Thy son hath gone forth on a noble mission, to gain the wisdom and philosophy of Greece. He is an honour to thee, and to the manes of his father. Deeply wouldst thou hereafter have reproached thyself hadst thou withheld him by the weakness of love from this discipline, so essential to a finished education. Had I not beheld in Ælius Marcellus so much of noble promise, I had not prompted him to the effort, nor thee to this sacrifice.'

'Sire! emperor! Thou art ever good, and thy wisdom shall be our guide. From earliest remembrance thine affection was my chief treasure. In widowhood, thou hast been a solace and protector; to my only child, more than a father.'

Tender recollections stirred anew the fountain of grief. Her compressed lips quivered, and she burst into a passion of tears.

'Annia Cornificia, my sister, pray unto the gods. Offer sacrifices for thine absent son; and for me also, not so happy as to be bound, like him, to the sweet fields of heaven-born philosophy, but to the banks of the Danube, to quell an insurrection of the barbarians. Rest and contemplation are most sweet; yet I shrink not from privation or peril. Comfort Faustina in my absence, and throw the mantle of thy tender virtues over the boy Commodus. Let thy wounded, maternal love expand itself on him. So shall it find healing, and bear fruit worthy of the gods.'

The ardent woman felt the channel of her grief divided. The all-absorbing image of her absent and only child faded for a time in sympathy for her imperial brother, and she fondly expressed her apprehensions for his safety.

'The life of man,' he said, 'is but a vapour. What folly to seek to preserve that, and neglect those duties in which alone is its happiness. If I return no more, my sister, shed not such passionate tears for me as thou hast shed at the parting of thy son; for when this little voyage is over, and we reach the shore, shall we not get calmly out of the ship into another life? Are not the gods there?' His voice deepened as he added: 'Annia Cornificia, my sister, if it be my lot to die among the barbarians, I commend unto thee the Prince Commodus. Remind him of what he owes to the people of Rome, and to the memory of his father. Teach him that he who restrains not his own passions can never rule a realm justly or with

* From Etchings and Sketchings, by Mrs L. H. Sigourney.

prosperity. I charge thee, let thy son freely associate with him, that through his example the follies I fear may be repressed.'

The imperial father, who seemed to have before his eyes some prophetic vision of the turpitude of his successor, listened with complacency to the promises of his sister, that his wishes should be held sacred; and, taking an affectionate leave, soon departed with his legions to subdue the rebellious tribes of the Quadi and Marcomani.

Among the tributaries to Roman power, Greece stood like a temple, dismantled yet beautiful. The wrath of conquest had crushed some of its fairest columns, and stripped the acanthus leaf from their capitals. Yet the divinity had not forsaken its shrine. The whispers of an eloquent philosophy, to which the world had knelt, still drew votaries from distant climes, and the sons of her haughty victor came as pilgrims to linger and to listen amid the groves of the Academe.

At the period which we contemplate, Athens had arisen from her deepest degradation. The intellectual and magnificent Adrian had taken her by the hand, and striven to efface the ravages of his predecessors. Antoninus Pius and his successor sought to restore her fallen dignity. Many of her desecrated edifices had been rebuilt, and her privileges restored.

Still the footstep of the Roman made but harsh echo among her shades. Though reinstated in her seat of honour, it was with a melancholy brow and a shuddering heart. On the hope held before her, she gazed like the pale planet, drooping from the recent deluge, remembering rather the bitterness of the waters than the promise on the prismed cloud that she should be submerged no more.

Yet it was not held a slight honour in Athens, that among the noble youths whom the study of arts and letters attracted to her clime, should be the favoured relative, perhaps the presumptive heir, of him who wore the imperial purple. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, whose own intense love of philosophy had been imbibed from the Greek sages who instructed his youth, had decided that the mind of his nephew should be enriched by the same lore, gathered in its own native soil; and overruled, as we have already seen, the reluctance of his solitary sister to the consequent separation.

The virtues and accomplishments of Ælius Marcellus fully justified the affection of his mother, and the earnest cares of the emperor, who, disgusted with the vices of his colleague Lucius Verus, and inly shuddering at the developments of his son Commodus, perhaps coupled with the training of his nephew the future prosperity of the realm.

It was an autumnal evening when the young and noble traveller first entered Athens. A liquid moonlight bathed her towers, and heightened, like the silver veil of the bride, the beauty of her sculpture. But the proud and enthusiastic stranger contemplated with disappointment that melancholy symmetry. He turned dissatisfied even from the Acropolis and the Parthenon, with their coronet of moonbeams, and sought some counterpart for the Coliseum, some substitute for those ranges of patrician structures which clothed with gorgeousness the eternal city. Patriotism swelled his bosom, while his thoughts recurred to Rome, pourtraying her as she lay that night in queenly repose, conscious that at her wakening the world would be at her feet.

Such were his feelings as he looked on Athens in the garb of autumn; yet the young vernal moon had scarcely filled her horn ere a change stole over his spirit. No longer he trod those streets with the haughty consciousness of being one of the masters of the world. The solemn beauty of fallen Greece, the antiquity of her lore, softened and subdued him. Yielding to the enchantment of her eloquence who breathed her antique history on the harp, he made the pages of Herodotus the companion of his pillow, or inhaled, amid the murmurings of Ilissus, the sweetness of the Doric muse. But most, the enthusiasm of philosophy stole into and ruled his soul. He communed with the shade of Plato, as with a visible friend, in those gardens where his voice still lingered, an imprisoned melody. The sculpture which he had once passed with indifference, now stood forth in severe sublimity, the sad and silent statues seemed to beckon and commune with him, till he felt that it was better to sigh in Athens than to reign in Rome. The new atmosphere breathed on him like magic, enkindling a new existence.

Yet was it not solely the scenery of Greece, nor the exquisite symmetry of her architecture, nor the charm of her language, nor the ideal presence of her sages, that enchained the heart of the young Roman. The touch of pity and the breathings of philosophy prepared it for another guest. Love had been to it like the angel at the pool of Bethesda, and its troubled fountains were gushing upward with strange untasted streams. His favourite instructor in philosophy was Demetrius, a follower of Plato. He possessed a serene, contemplative character, and an innate eloquence, which delighted the intellectual and ardent disciple. The liberality of the Antonines had placed the teachers of philosophy beyond the reach of want. Their restricted finances no longer justified the caustic reply of Diogenes to the question 'why philosophers followed rich men, and not rich men philosophers?'—'because one know what they have need of, and the others do not.'

The house of Demetrius was adorned with taste, and Ælius Marcellus was there a distinguished guest; he was pleased to study the manners of the sage in his own home, and to perceive how beautifully they confirmed the theory of their common master, that 'happiness is the fruit of virtue.' He could not but remark how the spirit of Attic grace modified even the most common household utensils. The lamps, the pitchers, the vases, illustrated the taste of Pericles. The very slave, who bore on his head a basket of grapes, the young female, who presented the ewer of water for ablution, gave the rudiment of those attitudes which guided the chisel of Phidias. Then the Roman learned that the nation which would be perfect in the arts must take the graces home to its hearthstone, and make for them a place at its board, an indwelling amid its domestic sanctities. But the most exquisite specimen of grace in the household of the philosopher was a maiden of the noblest blood of Athens, who, by the affliction of orphanage, had passed under his protection. She, with an infant sister, had been bequeathed by their parents to the charge of Demetrius, a distant relative, and a friend in whom such high confidence was wisely reposed. Over the fortune of the orphans, which was considerable, he exercised a paternal care, and they entwined around his aged heart like the ivy, covering it with the fresh green of hope.

Myrtis was one of those beautiful creations which fancy sometimes forms when her reverie has been among seraphs. Her sylph-like step, her smile, imparting happiness, without seeming to expect it again, her manner, gentle almost to pensiveness, finely accorded with features formed on the most perfect Grecian model, with a complexion transparent as light, and eyes often downcast, but never raised and quickened by speech without interesting or affecting the beholder. Unoccupied with self, and ever seeking to promote the enjoyment of others, she evinced gratitude to her protector by the most affectionate deportment, by skill in the arrangement of his household, and attention to the comfort of his guests. But it was more particularly in intercourse with her little sister, the sole surviving scion of their ancient house, that the fulness of her soul was poured forth. To enrich her unfolding mind with the treasures of knowledge, to fashion her docile dispositions, to supply to her the place of the mother who had died at her birth, were the highest efforts and purest pleasures of her existence. It was this sweet illustration of the sisterly virtues, which, more than any symmetry of form or feature, won the heart of the young noble. He had, indeed, admired her exquisite beauty, but with such lineaments he had been familiar among the patrician daughters of Rome. It was not till the grace of a lovely and sublime spirit looked through and gave life to it, that he felt

it to be irresistible. He saw her toiling with an earnest eye to simplify and adapt the precepts of wisdom to the comprehension of a child of eight summers, or cheering her to playfulness by merry music, or, with a mixture of maternal pride, wreathing fresh vine-leaves among her luxuriant, golden curls.

It was thus that Ælius Marcellus, the favoured relative of an emperor, the unmoved idol of the more ambitious beauties of Rome, became the willing captive of an artless Athenian maiden. His letters to his mother gradually assumed the colouring of the image that absorbed him. If he began a synopsis of the lectures of the philosophers, it suddenly diverged to Myrtis; his praise of the perfect language of Greece took the name of Myrtis as a key-tone; and if he attempted a description of that architecture which the world will never be too old to admire, it was transformed into an encomium on Myrtis. He was surprised at the ease with which his thoughts arrayed themselves in a Grecian garb. Conversations with Myrtis, in which he was as frequently indulged as the somewhat reserved courtesies of Athens admitted, untwisted the idiom of a foreign dialect, and taught it to 'run smoothly o'er the lip,' as the accents which a mother softens for her babe. And, apart from the necromacy of love, he who would so conquer the difficulties of a new language as to speak it with fluency and grace, should seek the society of educated females, for with them is the colloquial affluence of their mother tongue, and the clew that most readily guides a stranger through its labyrinthine refinements.

While Ælius Marcellus was sounding the depths of a passion which, as yet, his lips uttered not, she who inspired it had not even advanced so far as to assign its true name. All her life she had been sighing for a brother. She supposed herself to have found one. In the loneliness of early childhood, and amid the sorrows of orphanage, she had painted fraternal intercourse as the fulness of bliss. She believed, in her crystal singleness of heart, that her new happiness sprang from this adopted relationship, and rejoiced to see the little Alethea greet their brother, at every interview, with the overflowing warmth of an affectionate heart. One evening, Ælius Marcellus entered with a troubled countenance. He had received tidings of the dangerous, perhaps fatal, illness of his mother. Tears started to the eyes of Myrtis. Memory turned to the death-bed of her own parents, and her sympathies were strongly moved. The young Roman added that his immediate return was required, and that the period of his absence from his studies in Athens was uncertain, and might be protracted. Tears now gushed from an unexplored source, and blushes of a stronger tint than the maiden had yet known suffused both cheek and brow at finding herself addressed by a fonder name than that of her sister, and feeling that it awoke a true echo in her heart.

The discoveries of that parting hour were priceless and indelible. Yet, to describe love-scenes is but a losing office. He who attempts it is unwise; for the dialect of love, counting speech impotent, is especially ill represented on paper; as if it were possible that light, in its most subtle transmission, should borrow or bow to the stammerings of sound. Love, scorning so slow a medium as language, except the eye be interpreter, is indignant at the tardier ministry of the pen. The words of lovers dilated upon the dead page, are, like the shorn locks of Samson, stripped of their talisman and scattered to the winds. Yet, in the few tones of that Athenian maiden, when her heart first awoke to self-knowledge and to reciprocity, there was a treasure which her lover felt the world were poor to purchase. It was with him on his journeyings as a spell, annihilating distance and neutralising fatigue. He best loved the lonely valleys, where he might repeat its sweetness unheard, and the hermit cell by night, that he might invoke it as the tutelary goddess of his repose.

He arrived at the eternal city like one travelling on the wing of dreams. His mother, the noble Annia Cornificia, lay in the last stages of a fatal disease. She had caused it to be concealed from her son as long as hope remained, and summoned him only to receive her parting counsels and benedictions. Yet the declining flame of life, revivifying and feeding on the affections, lingered for a time on the verge of the grave, cheered by the kind attentions and filial piety of her earthly idol. He passed almost his whole time by her bedside, striving to assuage her sufferings, and receiving, when she was able, her directions respecting the fortune which had been intrusted by his father to her care. The emperor, whose presence in her last extremity she greatly desired, was still absent from Rome, engaged in the wars of Germany.

While these mournful duties occupied Ælius Marcellus, there remained with the bereaved Myrtis an interminable void. He whom she had long loved as a brother, and more than a brother, without being conscious of it, whom she had just permitted herself to regard as the dearest of all earthly objects, seemed to have taken away with them the life of life. Demetrius, prizing him as a scholar and a friend, and the affectionate Alethea, were incessantly talking of him; while she whose heart was most interested seldom trusted to her voice the utterance of his name. There was about his image a sacredness which she reserved for the hours of solitary meditation, when she might embalm it with such tears as do not cover the face. Yet that chemistry in which the most perfectly balanced minds are the best adepts, gradually taught her that the duties of benevolence contain a balm for sorrow. She sought out with increased zeal the poor and afflicted, and, in distributing consolation, derived comfort. Among her pensioners was an aged man, who had held in her father's household the rank of steward. His intelligence and fidelity caused him to be considered by her parents less as a servant than a friend, and his grateful attachment was unbounded. He was now, in his childless age, the inmate of a small tenement connected with the garden of Demetrius, where it was convenient for Myrtis daily to visit him, and cheer the langour of his decline. Her attentions to this lonely and worthy retainer now redoubled, as it became obvious that his span of life rapidly decreased.

'Myrtis, I am not well pleased,' said the little Alethea, 'that you sometimes go to see poor Proclus without me, and that you stay so long. I love him as much as you do. And what is that book which I wake at midnight and find you reading? and why do you hide it so carefully away? Sister, sister, you never used to have secrets from me. And now that our brother is gone, you ought to be kinder to me than ever, and not begin to shut me out of your heart.'

Myrtis hasted to reassure the little trusting being, reproaching herself that she should thus have grieved her, for she found that in her dreams she sometimes convulsively sobbed out complaints mingled with the name of Proclus.

One morning the sound of heavy steps was heard advancing toward the inner apartment, and Demetrius entered, with more of agitation than his calm philosophy, and his still calmer nature, were wont to indulge. Following him was the proconsul of Athens, to whom he said, in hurried tones, 'Will there never be an end of slanders? Behold the noble maiden whom you so unjustly suspect. Is it necessary that here, in the very home of her protector, she be insulted by the question, whether she be a Christian?'

'There needs not this clamour,' replied the proconsul. 'It is sufficient if the lady simply indicate whether she will sacrifice to the gods.'

'What an indignity is this doubt of her piety! Think you she could be thus faithless to her long line of ancestors, to her teachers—to herself? Instructed in our most ancient rites, would it be possible to adopt an odious heresy, which is but of yesterday? Myrtis, daughter, will it please you by a single word to dismiss the proconsul?'

Thus invoked, the maiden arose. Her slight but perfect figure seemed to assume new height and majesty. There was no fading of lip or cheek, as she firmly pronounced, '*I am a Christian.*'

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The philosopher stood as if the blast of heaven had dried up his spirits. He listened, gasping, for some recantation. He feared to speak, lest there might be a repetition of those fearful words.

At length, overcome with agony, he fell prostrate and powerless, and the proconsul, with a glance of triumph and of scorn, departed. Newly clothed with deputed authority, he was eager to turn it to the best advantage. The single prominent blemish in the character of Marcus Aurelius was severity to the Christians. Mild and forbearing to all besides, he seemed to concentrate the whole bitterness of the Portico to pour it upon the Cross. The governors of the subjugated provinces found the most direct road to his favour lay through the persecution and punishment of that sect which was 'everywhere spoken against.' This new proconsul, a bold man and a bad, was neither insensible to such ambition, nor averse from the machinery which it involved.

Our next scene is in the prison at Athens. It was thronged with habitants. In one of its cells was a fair young creature, and a child ever near her—inseparable as the shadow from the substance. By their side was seen a hoary-headed philosopher, whose 'beard descending, swept his aged breast.' He came with early morn, and late departed. Incessantly he argued of the antiquity and omnipotence of the gods of Greece, and condemned the madness of those who followed the Crucified. But the beautiful being whom he addressed spake with a gentle yet clear voice of the hope that was in her, or read to him from a hallowed page in which was the reason of that hope; and every evening he bade farewell with a paler and more troubled brow.

One day he announced to her that he had obtained permission, though not without difficulty, that she should visit the cell of Proclus; for age and sickness had been no protection against his being torn from his humble home, and subjected to the rigours of imprisonment. Breathing gratitude for a liberty so long sought in vain, she took the hand of Alethea, and followed Demetrius and the guard who accompanied him. The old man lay on a little straw in the corner of his narrow cell. His eye, dim with the gloom of the prison, and with a deeper darkness which had begun to settle upon it, saw not who approached him. But those sweet low tones that he loved called back the life-tide to his marble features.

'Art thou here, angel of mercy? Once more art thou by the side of the poor old man, thou who art so soon to be an angel indeed? Often since I have lain here, have I wept to think that in the beauty and flush of life thou must be cut off. But it was a thought of earth. I ought to have remembered, and given thanks, as I now do, for the portion that awaits thee, for the 'blessing, and the glory, and the honour, and eternal life.''

'Bless me also, good Proclus,' said Alethea. 'I too am standing by thy bed. I read in the book of the true God with Myrtis, and she teaches me to worship him.'

'Ah! art thou here, youngest scion of my master's house? What a doom for thee, thou lamb reared in green pastures, beside the still waters! I pray thee come nearer, that I may lay my hand on thy head, and name over thee the name of Jesus. Who will raise this dead hand for me, and place it among the curls of that beautiful one whose welcome to this sad life was the bosom of a dying mother?'

'Blessed saint,' said Myrtis, 'from whom I first heard the hope of immortality, how can I comfort thy soul in its passage? Shall I read for thee from the book of our faith, or sing a hymn to the Redeemer?'

'Fain would I listen to thy voice,' said the dying man, 'for it is melody. But now I may not stay. They call me. My soul exults. I come. Is there yet one drop of water, sweet one? The last want of this poor clay. Moisten my parched lips, that I may go with singing unto Him who loved me, who gave himself for me;' and, with a faintly warbled strain of praise, the soul of that old man went upward.

The mind of Myrtis was prepared by its own structure, as well as by its high culture, for a more consistent belief than the mythology of her country afforded. The very philosophy by which it had been refined taught it to seek for some more stable foundation. Her simple and severe rectitude was confused by the countless deities naturalised at Athens, where it was said to have been easier to find a *god* than a *man*.' Her purity revolted from the rites of 'gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.' Plato led her to the gate of truth, and taught her to breathe the pure atmosphere that surrounded it; a humbler hand was appointed to open that gate for her, and light and radiance flowed through its portals, and she became a faithful worshipper.

By the bedside of the lonely retainer of her family, whom she went in the ministry of her single-hearted benevolence, she was first initiated into the rudiments of Christianity, and gained a gift of inestimable value—a copy of the sacred Scriptures. This was her daily study. The faith derived from it she received in humility, and was ready to maintain with fortitude. Yet martyrdom, which holy men counted as a crown, and enthusiatic devotion sometimes too eagerly coveted, was not, to her gentle spirit, an object of ambition. To renounce life just as a newly-admitted love had given it the colouring of Eden, could not be desired. Her young heart, won by the noble Marcellus, his heart, beating, as it were in her bosom, she weighed for him and for her the claims of this world and the next; and her constant supplication, amid her prison solitude, was, that her Father in heaven would reveal her duty, and gird her to unswerving obedience.

Once, while the philosopher sat gazing in silent affliction upon the sisters, the massy bolts of the prison were suddenly withdrawn, and Ælius Marcellus entered. Astonishment, dismay, and indignation, convulsed his noble features for a moment; but love, like the lightning flash, dispersed all their cloudy symbols. Myrtis vainly strove to give utterance to the emotions that oppressed her. Sensation forsook her, and her brow, paler than marble, drooped over her lover's shoulders. But the deadly faintness was short. The long fringes of her dark eyes unclosed, and a tint, like the young rose-leaf, started to her cheek, still deepening and spreading, till the very snows of her temples caught its trembling suffusion. Then, in tones like the varied melody of a fresh-toned lute, she hastened to relieve his anxiety, whose breath seemed to depend upon her own, and to cheer the bewildered spirits of her sister and their foster-father. Supported by Ælius Marcellus, and with Alethea seated at her feet, a conversation of the deepest interest commenced.

The philosopher felt the kindlings of a hope to which he had been long a stranger. The agitation of Myrtis, who, amid all other remonstrances, had remained serene and passionless, proved to him the omnipotence of her love. Retiring to the extremity of the cell, he enveloped his head in his garment, and prepared, by an elaborate orison to Minerva, to accelerate the victory which he predicted. Notwithstanding the fervour of his devotions, the accents of the speakers sometimes arrested his attention or lingered upon his ear. The tones of the Roman were, at first, as one who complains, or, perhaps contends but with the consciousness of wearing invincible armour. The response was tender and subdued, yet musical as the wind-harp swept by the 'sweet south-west.' Then there was a tide of manly eloquence, rushing like a river which surmounts every barrier when the spring rains have swollen it. 'For my sake—for my sake,' seemed the burden of every argument, and it was echoed in the sobbing of a child, 'for my sake, too, dearest sister.' Demetrius blessed the youth in his aged heart, and began a prayer of thanksgiving to Pallas, with vows of a costly libation. At length the Roman was silent, and, supposing him to have destroyed the last defences of that stubborn faith which all the weapons of philosophy had assailed in vain, he reverted the robe from his face, and looked up. But the evidence of the eye overthrew the exultation which the more obtuse ear had fostered. She, whom he had so long pictured to himself as the listener, convinced, confuted, repentant, was upon

ing with an upraised, soul-lighted eye. He knew that it was not of earth that she spoke; for such holiness as of a simple would not then have settled upon her countenance. Her hand rested upon the open page of a book which she had drawn from her bosom. Every trace of earthly passion had faded from her features, and her whole soul seemed to pour itself forth as an essence of truth and power, and such love as hath root fast by the throne of God.

The young Roman leaned his head upon his hands, with every lineament of entranced attention. Deep sighs burst from his bosom, like the dividing of the soul from its terrestrial companionship. The maiden, bending tenderly toward him, pointed on the page which she held, to the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' He covered his eyes with his hands, but tears gushed through his fingers like those large rain-drops that herald the tempest. Starting from his seat, he strained her in one short agonised embrace, and rushed from the cell. The philosopher hastened after him, amazed at such abruptness, yet dreading to decipher the cause.

'Sister, dear sister,' said Alethea, clinging round the neck of Myrtis, 'Ælius Marcellus will return no more. I know it. His heart is broken. But I will never leave you.' No; we will die together;' and she sobbed out her deep love as the nursling pours its griefs into a mother's bosom.

'Alethea, beloved one, go forth and breathe the fresh air. A prison cell suits ill with the free spirit of childhood. The flush is fading from your cheek, and your fair flesh wastes away;' and she folded the dove-like child in her arms.

'Myrtis, I do not wish to go. The gardens are changed. Your voice is no longer there. The turf is neither green nor beautiful. The oleanders do not look as they once did, and my white cyclamen has a tear in its eye as it puts forth its feeble buds.'

'Little Alethea, Demetrius will lead you to see how our birds fare, and our bees. You shall bring me word again. The comfort of the humblest insect that God has made should be dear to us. In the health and industry of those innocent creatures you shall once more be glad. I will leave them to your care, and my amaranths.'

The fair child kneeled by her sister, and hid her face in her lap. She was silent for a few minutes. Then, raising her head, she said, calmly and solemnly, 'Speak no more to me of the charge of birds, and bees, and flowers. I shall die with you. Never more will I press you to live, and cease to be a Christian; for now I know that it gives you pain. I love the same Jesus Christ that you love. Tell me more of him, that I may love him better. Then, while I stand up to die with you, I shall wear the same smile that makes your brow like the angels', when you kneel and pray for me.'

It has been mentioned, that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius was engaged in wars with the Quadi and Marcomani. They involved a long absence from Rome, and many hardships. The barbarians succeeded in shutting him up between the mountains and themselves. The heat of summer, the privations of an uncultivated region, and the most distressing thirst, annoyed and discouraged his army. Forced, under these adverse circumstances, to meet the enemy, the Roman cohorts might have whitened with their bones the wilds of Germany, and scarce a survivor have escaped to tell their fate. They invoked the gods of their nation, and the boasted idols of Egypt in vain. At length, a legion of Christian soldiers knelt on the arid battlefield, and besought help of Jehovah. A plentiful and blessed rain, which fell as the conflict began, and which the famishing soldiers caught in their helmets and the hollow of their shields, so invigorated them, while the tempest, with thunder and lightning that followed, so terrified the barbarians, that victory declared for those who, but a moment before, seemed ready to yield without a struggle.

Even pagan history scruples not to connect this wonderful event with the prevalent prayers of those Christian soldiers, enforced, as they were, to follow the fortunes and share in the battles of a persecuting emperor. She bestowed on them the distinctive name of the 'thundering legion;' thus perpetuating at once her gratitude, and the terrible voice from Heaven that discomfited the barbarians. They were permitted to have a thunderbolt engraven on their shields—a coat of arms of high and peculiar heraldry. The beautiful Antonine column, boldly resisting the tyranny of time, still preserves the scenery of that remarkable occurrence, among other imperishable records of Roman glory.

At evening, the emperor sat in his tent, revolving the wonderful deliverance of the day, and thanking the gods to whose interposition he ascribed it. He mused, also, upon the evils of war, which drew him from his palace and his people, to do deeds from which his better nature revolted, and to forego that philosophical retirement which declining years rendered still more dear. The reverie was disturbed by tidings that a young Roman, apparently charged with urgent despatches, claimed admission to the imperial presence.

The next moment, Ælius Marcellus was at his feet. After salutations of surprise and reverence, he received permission to unfold the cause for which he had thus dared long travel and an enemy's land. As he proceeded, the brow of the emperor grew stern, and darkened.

'Would that thy first meditation had not been for one of that race, whom duty to the gods requires me to humble, perhaps to extirpate. A Christian maiden! What has she to do with the son of the noble Marcellus, the nephew, perhaps the heir of him who wears the imperial purple?'

Again he listened to the suppliant, till his lofty forehead lost its painful contraction, and his classic features resumed their native cast of contemplative thought.

'The Christians have ever been represented to me as disaffected to our laws, and leaders of tumult and rebellion. Yet I am not ignorant that there are in my army some of their soldiers who have done good service in this very war. To-day they knelt upon the field of battle, and prayed their God for succour, and lo! the elements came to our rescue, and Heaven's thunderbolts discomfited the barbarians. My heart even now swells with gratitude to them. Thou knowest that I seek to show justice to all men. What is thy petition?'

'A mandate to the proconsul of Athens, overruling this doom of death which he purposes to inflict.'

'By my decree have the governors of the provinces punished the Christians. How shall this discrepancy be reconciled?'

'Thy noble and just nature has been deceived by the falsehood of those who hold the Christians in abhorrence, or by their avarice coveting the gains of confiscation. If they have now proved themselves faithful in camps, and brave amid the disasters of war; if, through their prayers, the legions have been rescued, an emperor, so generous to foes, will not surely withhold from his own soldiers the approval due to them and honourable to himself.'

Marcus Aurelius paced the tent in silence and agitation. Then, fixing on his nephew eyes that seemed to read the soul, he said, 'Art *thou* a Christian?'

Colour rushed to the brow of the young man, as he half indignantly replied, 'No, I have ever abjured the gods of Rome. At my last interview with her for whose sake I thus venture to implore thee, I sought vehemently to draw her from what I deemed delusion and madness. But I love that maiden better than my own soul. If she must perish, trample, I pray thee, on my life as a rootless weed, for henceforth I am nothing to Rome or to thee.'

The emperor, still hesitating, murmured, half audibly, half in self-communion, 'Did I not sanction the doom of Polycarp, and of Dionysius, and of the multitudes whose blood saturated the valleys of Gaul?'

Marcellus, pressing his hand in both his own, exclaimed, 'If an old man, weary of life, took only one step toward his grave; if an enthusiast, greeting martyrdom as the crown of earthly glory, eagerly seized that crown; if those who were represented to thee as ripe for insurrection, and

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subverters of the gods of our nation, have shed their blood; what then? canst thou restore them? But a maiden, nurtured in simplicity and in philosophy, no troubler of thy realm, no sower of sedition, must she be sacrificed because she hath drawn secretly into her bosom some form of faith which, to her purity, seems more pure? Have I said that she is the daughter of one who was honoured as the munificent patron of philosophers—the friend of Rome? Have I said that insolence dared even to outrage the domestic sanctuary, and drive her thence in her beauty and innocence to such a prison as felons share? Let her look, in her desolate orphanage, to thee as her protector from such tyranny.'

The emperor regarded him, as he ceased to speak, with deep and tender attention. He scanned his haggard eye, and the marks of rugged travel that he bore. The sympathies of kindred blood wrought strongly within him.

'My son, since last we met, the soul of thy mother hath been summoned to the eternal gods. She was my only sister, dear to me from the cradle. Her love shall be thine. Even now her voice pleads within my heart for thee. Not in vain shall be thy perilous appeal for this Grecian maiden.'

He traced a few lines, and gave them folded into the hand of the youth.

"'This will suspend all execution of Christians, on account of their faith, until my arrival in Athens, for I purpose to visit that illustrious city ere I return to Rome.'

'Emperor! father! yet more to me than either father or emperor! representative of the mercy of the heavens! how shall I give vent to my eternal gratitude?'

'Go to thy rest, my son, for thou art sore wearied. In the morning I will confer with thee of the philosophy of Greece. It will refresh my spirit under the toils and burdens of this war.'

'Forgive me,' said the youth, embracing his knees. 'I may not tarry for a night. Sleep is a stranger to mine eyelids. Even the moment in which I so vainly strive to utter thanks, may frustrate the very purpose of thy goodness.'

The lips of the emperor trembled. Scarcely had he articulated, 'the blessing of the holy gods be with thee,' ere the flying tramp of a departing steed was heard, though the storm still raged and the darkness of midnight overspread the landscape. The summer sun lay bright and broad upon Athens. Footsteps hurried through the streets, and the low murmur of suppressed voices was heard from a spot where the dense throng congregated. Preparations were seen for the extinction of life. The fatal pile, rising here and there, bore witness that this extinction was to be through the torturing agency of fire. Individuals of various ages composed the band who were sentenced to look that day for the last time on the waving olives and fair skies of their beautiful clime. There the hoary-headed man came to give the remnant of his life joyfully away, and the delicate female, made strong by the faith of her Redeemer, stood forth a spectacle to men and to angels. Amid all the softening influences of nature and of art, the same spirit was dominant which adjudged Socrates to the hemlock, and it was enraged to find that neither threat nor torture could intimidate those whom it had marked for its prey. Still a semblance of justice and moderation was preserved. Opportunity was offered to each of the victims to sacrifice to the gods, arguments to persuade recantation were adduced, and an affected reluctance testified to inflict the doom which multitudes had assembled to witness; but the alternative was refused by every Christian, and death nobly welcomed.

Then, there was a moment of awful silence. It was broken by sounds strangely sweet—the hymn of the martyrs. Its prelude was tender, almost tremulous, as of souls spreading a timid wing over the crushing of their clay-casket, fragile, and beloved. But, then, it swelled out in fuller chorus, as if angels from the open gates of heaven took up the melody and made it a song of triumph.

The listeners were appalled. Those who conducted the execution, dreading a revulsion of popular feeling, strove by the clamour of martial instruments to interrupt that solemn unearthly music. Among the little band of martyrs was one on whom the universal gaze settled. Youth, and a beauty rendered more exquisite by seclusion from crowds, were suddenly exposed to the rude glare of the multitude. By the side of the maiden stood an ancient philosopher, wasted to a skeleton, a mute effigy of powerless sorrow. Clasping her hands was a fair child, whose exuberant curls partially shaded a face ever raised upward to the object of its love, as if from thence it derived breath and being.

The time arrived when the victims must be bound to the stake. Orders were given that the child should be removed; but, embracing her sister with a convulsive grasp, she declared her determination that nothing should separate them. The martyr soothed her in low tones, and strove gently to put her hand into that of the philosopher, but in vain. She clung to her as the clay to the struggling spirit when death summons it to be free. A murmur of sympathy ran through the populace. The proconsul approached.

'Maiden, art thou so rashly bent upon death, that nothing can annul thy choice? Have all the joys of life no weight with one so beautiful?'

'Speak not to me of the alternative by which life is purchased. Am I again to repeat the assurance that I will never deny my Saviour?'

'Then, bid farewell to this child. Or is it thy pleasure that she make trial of the flame?'

The martyr bowed down and clasped her soul's darling in one long embrace. She pressed her lips to hers, as if she fain would breathe there her last breath. As she withdrew them, she said gently, but firmly, 'Dearest, go now to our father Demetrius. If we both leave him, he will die comfortless—he who has for so many years been as father and mother to us. Go, cheer his aged heart. This is your duty. Be a daughter to him. Remember my last message to your brother, to Ælius Marcellus. And now, little sister, farewell. We shall meet again. There is a place for you in heaven. I will watch over you, and welcome you there.'

Her words fell unheeded. The lips and forehead of the child were cold, but the pressure of her embrace relaxed not.

'Old man,' said the proconsul, 'take away this child.' But the hoary-headed philosopher moved not. He stood as the statues that in their marble majesty looked down upon him. At a glance from the proconsul, a soldier laid his hand upon Alethea. Even his iron nature recoiled at her piercing scream.

'No, no! I shall die with my sister. I worship the Christian's God. I love Jesus Christ. I hate the idols of Athens. Let me stand up in the fire by my dear sister's side. I will not shrink, nor cry out. My heart grows to hers. It cannot be torn away. I have a right to die with her. Do I not tell you that I am a Christian?'

'Away with her, then,' said the proconsul; 'let her test her young courage by a taste of the flame, if it so pleaseth her.'

There was a tumult among the throng. A shout of 'Tidings from the emperor!' A horseman was seen approaching with breathless speed. He leaped from his gasping steed, which the same moment fell dead at his feet. He caught in his arms the sentenced maiden and the pale child, who adhered to her with the clasp of the drowning when he sinks to rise no more. Hurling toward the proconsul the edict which he drew from his bosom, he exclaimed, 'Hence, persecutor, with thy minions! Thou shalt answer this before the emperor. See that these Christians, in whose tortures thou wert so ready to exult, are sent peacefully to their own homes; and let this multitude disperse.'

The proconsul read the writing, and quailed before the wrath of the young Roman. He dared not meet the lightning of his eye, for there is in every tyrant the rudiments of a coward. And the fickle thousands who, but a moment before, condemned the Christians to the stake,

departed with curses on their lips for the baffled proconsul. The next gathering of a throng in that amphitheatre was for a different purpose—the triumphal entry of Marcus Aurelius into Athens. The car of the emperor was attended by his conquering legions, whose invincible might Greece well remembered, and could too feelingly attest. Captives, torn from the German wilds, with dejected countenances and wild elflocks, swelled the pageant of the victor. He was welcomed by all that Athens could devise of pomp or of music, of procession or of praise. Flowers were strewn as he passed, and clouds of incense ascended as to a god. Since the entrance of Adrian, to whom the Eleusinian mysteries were revealed, Athens had beheld nothing so imposing. She hoped to receive from Marcus Aurelius such benefactions as were then heaped upon her; and the splendid edifices which Adrian had erected, especially his library, with its alabaster roof and its hundred columns of Phrygian marble, glowed with the richest wreaths and echoed to the rarest minstrelsy.

But peculiarly did philosophy regard this festival as her own. Never before had she seen one of her own votaries robed in imperial purple, and wielding the sceptre of the globe. With all her boasted indifference to earthly pomp and pride, she might have been forgiven the quickened step and flushed brow with which she threw her garland at his feet. Especially did the disciples of Zeno lift up their head with unwonted dignity. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was a brother of their order, an adept in their lore. His constant favour had distinguished them, his eloquent pen maintained their tenets. The point of precedence was therefore, on that memorable day, conceded to the scholars of the Portico; but pressing near them, and with more of heartfelt joy in his demeanour, was a Platonist, the silver-haired Demetrius. Regarding the emperor as a beneficent deity, he poured forth a tide of scarcely audible gratitude.

Yet he, to whom every eye was lifted, bent his own with serene earnestness on a single group. There knelt at his feet a lordly Roman, and a graceful female, enveloped in a veil, to whose side clung a beautiful child. The vast multitude listened in breathless attention as the youth broke silence.

'Emperor! Sire! Behold the maiden for whom I besought thee. Since we last met, a change hath passed over me. I am no longer able to resist the truth. I have embraced the faith that once I condemned. I am a Christian. To whatever punishment thou shalt adjudge, we submit ourselves. If our doom be death, suffer us to share it together, that together we may be with the Lord.'

He who was thus addressed, bending from his lofty seat, united the hands of the lovers; and Marcus Aurelius, the heathen and the Stoic, sanctioned, not without a tear of tenderness, the bridal of Christians.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

TRUTH.

Truth is the first of moral virtues. Modified, it is veracity in language, sincerity in manner, honour in conduct; it is blended with every good quality, and is the basis of a respectable character. With truth in the heart and in the deportment a man walks through life, with open and frank demeanour, confiding in his own integrity, and in the honour of mankind.

Dissimulation, deceit, falsehood, are the progressive forms of the same vice; whoever yields to dissimulation is prepared for falsehood. To prevent the last, guard against the first, since the one leads to the other; and, taking prudence for your guide, let the simplicity of truth breathe through your language, and pervade your whole deportment.

An individual, who, under the influence of self-love, is guided by dissimulation, in his language utters not what is agreeable to truth, but what is agreeable to his wishes and interests. Another individual, who has been accustomed to fictitious narrative, regards truth unadorned with indifference; to him it must be embellished, and in its embellishment it loses its very essence.

The exaggeration of self-love and the adornment of fancy are dangerous to the sensibility of the moral faculty. The habits, when new, may be corrected by resolution, but when confirmed, their correction, from the illusive shapes they assume, is most difficult, if not impracticable. The one is deemed the wisdom of discretion, the other, the result of a lively and superior intellect.

There is a kind of pleasantry which deals in fiction merely for amusement, without the least design to deceive. This species of humour is opposed by strong objections. It may rise into habit, usurp the place of truth; and one may deem himself a man of veracity when he has fairly abandoned the character.

If a man at one time uses the language of fiction, and at another time the language of truth, with the same serious countenance, we have no certain criterion by which to distinguish them; and, in such a case, to hesitate about his veracity, whether he is in jest or in earnest, is the first advance to deprive him of all claim to credibility.

A person trained to artificial politeness, which is hollow and deceptive, often sacrifices truth and sincerity to the conventional art of pleasing. One who has a sincere love for truth, and desires inflexibly to adhere to it, from the kindliness of his nature, may use complimentary language not in strict accordance with truth. By knowing the cause of error, if one is wise, he will shun its effects.

A man is of unquestionable integrity, but he has a confused kind of memory, and his ideas in language are sometimes destitute of precision and truth. Against this trait of character be particularly on your guard. Observe and think with close attention, and state your notions and opinions—the clear with the simplicity and modesty of conviction; the doubtful with the diffidence and candour of dubiety.

You may conceal your sentiments when concealment is required; but truth on no account permits you to falsify them. Cunning is the disguise of weakness, selfishness, and depravity. A man of upright and honourable principles knows no dissimulation, he knows only the restraints of prudence and virtue.

Maintain your good principles with undeviating rectitude; and, if you fall into error, with the manly openness of a virtuous mind declare the truth, even should it be against yourself. Such conduct, reduced into habit, secures peace of mind, and establishes one of the most honourable characters of social life—a man who never knowingly told an untruth.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Obedience to parents is an injunction enforced by nature and affection, by man and his Creator. The observance of the duty is universally honoured by mankind, and it is declared to be good and acceptable to God.

Blessings are promised to those who honour their father and mother, and wo is denounced against those who slight their authority. Filial obedience is the happiness of the offspring, the joy of the family, the order and concord of society. The duties of the domestic home are modified and expanded into the duties of social and public life.

A youth, who, by his disobedience and vice, pierces with sorrow a parent's heart, shall have his own pierced with compunction, when, perhaps, he can weep only with unavailing regret on the parent's grave.

When parents pass from life, a dutiful son will often revert in memory to the home of his youth, and among all his reminiscences, none will shed a purer serenity over the soul than the reflection that, by his affectionate attentions, he soothed their declining years.

PROMISES.

Promise with discretion, but when you do make a promise faithfully fulfil it. Nothing is more characteristic of wisdom than discretion in making promises, and nothing

is a greater proof of integrity than faithfully to discharge them.

Some, from politeness of manner or easiness of temper, contrary to their intentions, raise expectations which are regarded as promises. Such persons, and sometimes they are of amiable characters, occasion much unhappiness in society, by exciting hopes only to be disappointed.

In your language and deportment, study to acquire the openness of sincerity with the simplicity of truth, and learn to grant and to refuse with frankness, decision, and civility.

Some, with sinister purposes, accomplish their wishes by means as shameful as is their aim. They promise much, perhaps by implication, but perform nothing; they deceive that they may circumvent. To promise what one cannot or means not to perform is base and treacherous conduct.

If you imprudently promise and afterwards repent, your repentance is the penalty of your imprudence; and the performance of the promise is an obligation which honour demands you to discharge.

If you make a promise to a friend incompatible with virtue, break it, and you are culpable in having made it; fulfil it, and you are still more culpable in preferring friendship to virtue.

If you promise to do a service to one because you deem him a man of worth, and afterwards discover on the clearest evidence that he is not so, his unworthiness justifies, in some respect, your withholding the service. This rule must be construed with sympathy and candour.

Beware of one who is extremely polite in the offer of his services, for a man of great compliment is seldom a man of strict performance. Distrust the selfish, for their promises and kindnesses they carry into the commerce of social life to exchange for articles of greater value.

Give not your confidence to the envious; for they who have no admiration of excellence are incapable of generous deeds. The frivolous forget promises amid their frivolity, the licentious in their lawless pleasures, the ambitious in their ardour of pursuit.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

Man was not made for misery; yet some
There are whom much oppression hath made dumb
In Virtue's service—who forget their cry
For 'right and liberty,' and fear to come
To feasts of hope and reason. Oh, lift high
Your heads, ye wrong'd, deliverance is nigh!
Tyrants are trembling! Error's trammels fall,
Like broken threads, around us! Such as sigh
Shall sing for joy; and such as think wealth all
That's worth wise care, shall hasten forth and call
Nature and Truth to teach them; till the hour
Of the plebeian's might shall not appal—
Till, seeing beauty in a star, or flower,
They wonder at 'new heavens,' and feel a 'new earth's' power.

NEWTON GOODRICH.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

Bishop-Aukland, or *Bishop's-Aukland*, a neat market-town, is pleasantly situated on a high winding bank on the right side of the Were, and betwixt that river and a tributary rivulet called the *Gaunless*. This town is distinguished by and has its name from being the seat of the summer-palace and *park* of the *bishop* of the diocese. The former, in style and magnificence of architecture, is truly regal; while the latter, for extent and beauty of scenery, may vie with the paradises of oriental potentates. *Aukland* implies that the district of old was famous for its *oaks*; indeed, many parts of the banks of the streams of the county of Durham—especially those of the *Were* and *Tees*, its two most important rivers—are still fringed with *wood* of considerable growth and value. Hence *Weredale* Forest and *Teesdale* Forest have their names. A discrepancy which pervades and deforms most of the maps of this county and many of England, may properly be adverted to here. It is this: you find the river spelled *Were*; but the moment you add *mouth* to it, or *dale*, it becomes *Wear*mouth and *Wear*dale. In like manner, the other river without any adjunct is written *Tees*; but when dale is annexed to it, it immediately becomes *Teas*dale. Of this oscillation of orthography, as Dr Johnson would say, our very best maps exhibit but too many examples. If a standard of accuracy and consistency is desired and required in the spelling of appellative signs, we see no reason why it should not extend to proper names as well. If the erroneous spelling or false pronunciation of certain common names convict a man of carelessness, ignorance, or vulgarity, why should the commission of the same faults in the case of proper nouns be permitted to pass with comparative impunity? We can assign no satisfactory *reason* or defence of this anomaly. The *cause* seems to be this: that etymology—of course we mean an etymology at once logical, *recherché*, and yet sound—has as yet been but partially applied to geographical terms. We shall probably again recur to this not unimportant subject, and at some length, on its educational bearings. Meanwhile, we must rest satisfied with merely indicating the evil, humbly indulging the hope that our labours may in some degree contribute to its remedy, and may not prove unserviceable in pioneering the way for laying the foundation on which to erect the desiderated standard of correctness and uniformity. N.B. *Acton*, *i. e.* the town of *oaks*, in Middlesex; *Oakhampton*, in Devonshire; *Oakham*, the capital of the little county of Rutland; *Drymas*, a town of Doris; *Drymea*, a city of Phocis; *Drymusa*, an island in the Ionian Sea; *Dryas*, a river of Thessaly (the four last from Gr. *drys*, an oak); *Rovere*, a city of Lombardy, from Lat. *roboretum*, an *oak*-grove; and *Chesney*, a town in France, from Fr. *chêne*, an *oak*—are all of them terms more or less synonymous with *Aukland*.

Not far from Bishop's-Aukland there stands, upon the brow of a hill, and overlooking the Were, a village named *Binchester*. Though now only a petty village, it was, during the Roman dominion in Britain, a place of importance; indeed, no less so than one of their stations, or *castra stativa*, as the latter part of the name, *chester*, imports. This town is called by Ptolemy *Vinovium*, and by Antonine *Vinovia*. As to the difference of gender, it is to be noted that the Greeks and Romans, in dealing with foreign, or, as they superciliously termed them, *barbarous* names of places, allowed themselves great liberties. This license they exercised not only on the gender, but also on the number of such outlandish nouns. They handled the names, in fact, much as they did the natives themselves—twisting, pulling, and knocking them about, just as it suited their own arbitrary humour or taste. *Vinovia* is the most northern station on the great military road which led from Spurnhead in Yorkshire to *Vindomara*; and, as the latter signifies the *end of the wall*, so the former seems to signify *finis viae*, *i. e.* the *end of the way* or journey. A fragment of the ancient name is still to be found in the first syllable of the modern, viz., *Bin*; just as quantities of the rubbish of old buildings and some remnants of walls in the vicinity of *Binchester* point it out as the representative, such as it is, of the ancient *Vinovia*. Very apposite in this instance is the observation of Mercury in 'Lucian,' to crusty old Charon, the Stygian ferryman. We shall not bother ourselves or our readers at present with the Greek, as it is not a matter of paramount importance; suffice it to say, in plain English, it is this—'I tell thee, old skipper, what it is, *cities, as well as men, die*.' Another argument to prove that this was once a Roman town of note is, that immense quantities of Roman coins have been dug up in its vicinity. These the inhabitants designate *Binchester pennies*. In some similar localities in England these coins are styled *swine pennies*, because they are often turned up by the *pigs* in their congenial avocation of rooting the soil.

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POPULAR REFORMERS.

THERE is no character more useful or honourable than that of a reformer, whatever be his country or station. Human society is at all times fallible, and therefore subject to errors and abuses in every department; and those who, by the pen, the platform, or any other medium of effort, awaken public attention to pressing evils, point out the remedy, or even attempt to do so, belong to the number that merit the gratitude of their species. The list of such real reformers is lamentably brief; but to no title have there been more numerous and singular claimants, whether owing to the convenience of its assumption, the liability of most men to mistake and over-estimate their own qualifications, or the too common disparity between zeal and knowledge. Pranks have been played in the name of reformation from time to time, fantastic enough to furnish, even in our own agitated period, the materials of some curious and edifying volumes. Times of great changes or national calamity have been always productive in extraordinary projects for improvement. In one of those great plagues to which Italy and indeed the whole of Europe was subject in earlier centuries, Rainer, a monk of Perugia, publicly preached a scheme of reformation for the whole Christian world, by which he proposed to supersede the necessity of civil law and ecclesiastical censure. The grand instrument in accomplishing this mighty revolution was a scourge made of dry leather, and the marrow of the monk's doctrine its conscientious application by every individual according to the estimate entertained by each of their own demerits; a kind of average was indeed generally received, by which three thousand stripes were esteemed equivalent to the transgressions of an ordinary sinner in the course of a year. His sermons, which are said to have been powerfully illustrated by the good father's example, were so eloquent in convincing, that his followers rapidly increased in every rank, not only in Italy but throughout Europe, as it was part of their duties to further the cause by precept and example in every country in Christendom. They were known as the Flagellati; and the writers of the period mention them as journeying in bands from one town to another, filling all the cities with a sound of grievous groans and blows, which ceased neither day nor night, till the pope and the princes thought proper to interfere in what they considered a system subversive of all priestly and executive authority; but it required a papal bull and sundry royal decrees, supported by the power of the feudal nobility, to crush the scourging system.

The times and the nature of this mania are at once terribly illustrated by the fact that ninety-one of these determined whippers, then known as brothers of the Cross, were actually burned at Sangerhausen in Germany; and a noble Italian lady signalised her zeal for the cause, by publicly boasting that she had inflicted on her own person stripes to the number of one hundred thousand. Some remnants of the flagellators' peculiar practice still appear in the Disciplinetta, who exhibit on the streets of Italian towns during the passion week; but, like Don Quixote's squire, they are said to operate with more noise than personal inconvenience, and generally expect some encouragement from the passers-by in the form of a donation.

In the devastating war waged against the followers of Huss in the fifteenth century, by which the Catholic princes eventually crushed at once the religion and liberty of Bohemia, there arose a sect, known as the Taborites, from their having bestowed the scriptural appellation of Mount Tabor on a wooded hill, where they were accustomed to hold their assemblies. Like most of the movements of their times, the Taborites' proceedings partook of the religious character. It was even believed that there were many seriously pious among their leaders, and the terrible scenes of conflict and persecution they had witnessed, especially in great towns, may have been the original causes of much of their extravagance. They regarded cities and arts, in general, as the great promoters of human wickedness and misery, and maintained that woods and wilds were the proper abodes of man, where alone life could be enjoyed in the state of primeval innocence. Hither accordingly they retired, living in huts or tents, having all things in common, and admitting no distinctions of rank, nor any learning among them but that of vocal music. In that branch they are said to have excelled, though it was conveyed only by oral instruction; all manner of books being held an abomination by the sect, as vehicles of falsehood and corruption—a prohibition which they are said to have extended even to those of a devotional kind; and though at first Hussites, which, as most of our readers know, was but an old name for Protestants, they did not except the Bible itself. The peasants, in those wild districts where the Taborites fixed their habitation, still retain a traditional remembrance of their singing, heard far through the deepening twilight; and superstition has interwoven it with many a dark legend. They were a persecuted sect, and though the inaccessible forests in which they chose to reside proved their best protection, a community organised on such principles could not stand the test of time, and the Taborites dwindled away ages ago.

The period of the Reformation was preceded by an age not only of great discovery, but also of wild ferments and impracticable schemes. They were, probably, the results of ill-directed endeavours to shake off the burdens which then pressed on the material as well as the moral interests of Europe. Such was the insurrection of the Friesland peasants, who, in 1466, rose against their hereditary barons; and, judging from the power vested in those feudal lords and their shameful abuse of it, never was insurrection more justifiable. The peasants complained that, between dues and tithes, the nobles and clergy had exacted from them the entire produce of the land, leaving the cultivators literally without bread; but this, together with other acts of tyranny and injustice, was soon fearfully avenged. Field after field was won, castle after castle was taken and razed to the ground; and the peasants of Friesland might have achieved their own and their country's independence, but one of their leaders promulgated at once the Taborite doctrine against cities, and an absolute community of goods, labour, and station; every man was to be his own priest, legislator, and artificer. The unthinking and long oppressed people were captivated by these ideas, and thronged in thousands to his party, till it became a formidable body, and established encampments on the plains of North Holland. Thither the idle and dissolute crowded from all quarters, in hopes of living without labour. Where all things were in common nobody could be induced to work; and, as all were equal, crimes could be neither judged nor punished. Of course, property dwindled away, and then the Happy Brethren, as they styled themselves, began to plunder and foray in every direction. One leader after another usurped the command, till, at length, in continual anarchy among themselves, and a terror to their neighbours, the surrounding powers confederated against them, and they were utterly exterminated.

Early in the succeeding century, still wilder schemes of improvement were propagated. A great revolution then passed over the faith and practice of several European states, the lasting benefit of which has been generally acknowledged by the most enlightened of all parties; but, in the consequent upstirring, much of the dregs of society must have ascended to the surface; besides, the causes which produced the Friesland insurrection were still in operation, increased and embittered by religious controversy, which now added priestly intolerance to feudal oppression; and the gross ignorance from which the popular mind was just struggling to emerge, may help to account for the prevalence of those impracticable theories with all their deplorable results.

The most unmanageable reformers of that age were found among the anabaptists, whom an historian accurately describes as the ultra-radicals of the reformation. They were known as the German prophets, from their leaders' pretensions to inspiration—religious as well as political considerations being largely mingled with their system. In Westphalia, a peasant, who believed or feigned himself inspired, became the leader of a vast association composed of his own

order, and united by a solemn oath to subvert all established rank and power, and make an equal division of the property in their province. The horrors which they perpetrated in pursuance of this design, and the vengeance of the authorities in crushing it, occupy one of the blackest pages in German history. In 1532, a numerous mob of these fanatics, conducted by John Matthias, a baker, of Haerlem, and John Boccoldt, a tailor, of Leyden, suddenly attacked and took the city of Munster. Their adherents immediately flocked thither from all quarters, and, elated by their success, the congregated enthusiasts are stated to have given themselves up to extravagances far exceeding anything they had before practised. Matthias gave to Munster the name of Mount Zion, and proclaimed himself its king. He next attempted to oppose the forces which the archbishop, in those days a temporal prince, raised to retake the town, with only thirty followers, declaring that no more had sufficient faith for the enterprise, and, as might be expected, perished in that expedition. The tailor of Leyden then became chief, and his harangues against all existing powers were delivered with such fervour and courage, that the great majority of the citizens, who had been long dissatisfied and over-taxed, entered into his views, expelled the magistrates, the clergy, and all who had possessed either rank or riches, confiscating their property, of which a general treasury was formed, and constituted what they called 'a spiritual republic,' where perfect equality was the rule; and every citizen was expected to obey only his own conscience, or immediate inspiration; but the consciences of the brotherhood soon began to run counter to each other, and the zealous artizan, who had contrived to obtain the dictatorship over the treasury and the citizens, became far more oppressive than ever the archbishop had been, and discovered that good morals were inconsistent with liberty. Contemporary writers describe him as appearing in the market-place to harangue the assembled people, clothed in snow-white linen, with an executioner carrying an axe on either side, and a block with sawdust ready prepared for the decapitation of the dissatisfied he might detect among them. In short, after deplorable scenes of vice, folly, and fanaticism, the city was retaken by the archbishop and his confederate princes, and the reformers perished in their terrible retaliation.

Passing from these unfortunate and misguided men, who disgraced at once the name and practice of Protestantism amid its early struggles for civil and religious liberty, the history of Italy, in much later times, presents us with one of the most earnest and best intentioned agitators, in Aniello Tomaso, called by corruption Massaniello. He was a fisherman of Naples, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century; his country was then a Spanish province, governed by a viceroy, the Duke d'Arcos, who employed none but Spaniards in offices of power or trust, oppressed the people by taxes on all necessary articles, and levied, by a most vigorous conscription, Neapolitan recruits for the armies of his sovereign Philip IV. The Neapolitans murmured long, but at length the viceroy put on the copestone of his oppression by imposing a tax on fruit and vegetables, which form to the present day the chief support of Italian peasants. Massaniello's wife had been arrested a few days before for attempting to smuggle in a small quantity of flour, on which duty should have been paid at the city gate; and after the new tax came into operation he was present in the public market when a dispute arose between a countryman and a customer who had bought some figs, as to which of them should pay the duty, and this led to a riot against the municipal authorities. Massaniello was then only twenty-five, and a general favourite on account of his gaiety and ready wit. He addressed the people around him in a speech of coarse but fiery eloquence, described their common miseries, and pointed out the necessity of resisting their tyrannical rulers. Delighted with this exhortation to pay no more taxes, the Neapolitan mob shouted, 'Let Massaniello be our chief!' and were immediately in motion with the young fisherman at their head, increased by thousands who poured from every street and lane, animated by one common hope of deliverance from the viceroy. Massaniello's courage was great, and he was no less successful in the insurrection. The few Spanish troops in the city were soon overpowered, and the duke offered terms of capitulation through the medium of the archbishop. The articles were drawn up under the direction of Massaniello, who, like many of his countrymen in our own age, could neither read nor write; but he stipulated with considerable judgment for the repeal of taxes on every description of provisions, all the privileges conferred on the Neapolitans by the celebrated Charles V., in whose reign Naples was annexed to the Spanish crown, and a complete amnesty for every individual concerned in the insurrection. The Duke d'Arcos, after signing the treaty, put a gold chain round Massaniello's neck, and saluted him as Duke of St George. The rest of the fisherman's story reads like a sad comment on the vanity of human wishes, even in their highest fulfilment. This height of power and importance was too great for his untutored mind; it reeled on the giddy eminence, and Massaniello became so absurdly tyrannical, that his own faction could no longer endure him, even when he was known to be actually insane, and a party of them deliberately shot him in a cell of a convent where he had taken refuge.

Even Russia has had reformers. About the middle of the last century, a sect arose in that country, to which different appellations were, as usual, given by friends and enemies; but their popular one was the Abortschi. Their scheme to rectify social and political mistakes, was that each man should perform every office for himself and family, from the duties of the mechanic to those of the clergyman, by which arrangement, all difference of class was to be abolished; and their self-elected preachers promulgated their doctrine so vigorously in the towns and villages, that thousands of peasants and artizans became zealous converts. Tradesmen abandoned their work, servants gave up their places; but these matters are not optional in Russia—civil liberty is yet a stranger in the dominions of the Czar; for the old system of vassalage still prevails, and more than two-thirds of the whole population are literally the property of the nobles. Doubtless the absurdities of the Abortschi may be traced to their political condition, for they generally belonged to the inferior orders; but their attempts to reduce their doctrines to practice roused the wrath of their despotic nobles and government. Persecution was, of course, the consequence, under which, though it was gradually ameliorated, and has now entirely ceased, the party sunk into silence and obscurity; but some remnants of it are still found in the remote provinces, it is said, among the lowest of the people.

A similar party attracted considerable attention in Germany, about the close of the last European war. Their scheme, though amounting to delusion, was, in some degree, respectable from the evident sincerity and devotion of all concerned. The Zionites, as they styled themselves, were composed of individuals belonging to the better instructed classes. As far as could be observed, pious and of irreproachable morals, their doctrine was a species of Milleranianism, blended with ideas of social and political equality. The exertions made to propagate their tenets were numerous and untiring, but conducted in a spirit so gentle and temperate, that, while the well-informed respected them, they could make no progress with the crowd; and, at length, as religious fervour gained ground among them, they determined to proceed to the East (to which quarter peculiar sanctity was attached in their minds), and to found a pure and faithful community in the wilds of Western Tartary. Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, in whose vast dominions the territory was included, not only gave them permission to select a spot for their new city, but furthered their expedition to the utmost of his power. The immense distance was traversed by men, women, and children, with all their goods and chattels; and, after a thousand perils and obstructions, the projected town was built in a Tartarian desert; but the war between Russia and Persia commenced soon after, and a Turcoman horde, lured by the hope of plunder, attacked the infant city, on pretext of its

being a Russian colony, and utterly destroyed it with all its inhabitants.

The Mormonite sect in America seem to have been but a deteriorated edition of this German party, whom they imitated in many points, particularly that of migration; but it is curious that, while the German enthusiasts sought their promised land in the far east, those of the new world should have dreamed of founding an empire in its western wilds. There was a still greater difference between them in the matters of morality and religion; for, however mistaken, the Zionites were sincere, and many of them pious Christians, while the distinguishing and most absurd doctrines of the Mormonites were derived from the volume of golden leaves, believed to have been found by their leader, but never exhibited to his followers.

Such were the most remarkable among the visionary reformers of Christendom, but they abound in the story of every clime and era; doubtless because abuses in either civil or ecclesiastical power have also abounded in all times. True it is, that in every community there are those who, in the language of Bacon, regard their garters and girdles as bonds and shackles; and too many who would peril public peace and safety for their individual interest. But a candid survey of the history of most agitators will show that their influence was chiefly owing to the pressure of real grievances—the remedy was required, though they did not find it; and judgment was more frequently wanting than sincerity. Collectively, as well as individually, it may be said that the misfortunes and mistakes of mankind continually perpetuate each other. The work of reformation is too great for any but the clearest intellects; and while on the true patriot or instructor, whether martyr or conqueror, await the praise and veneration of posterity, it is woful to think how much devoted energy has been cast away, and how many brave hearts shipwrecked on the rocks and shoals of error. Among other matters, our own age is remarkable for the revival of old opinions; they indeed return to us in new garments, but we recognise the features that charmed an elder generation.

Materialism in England, and Transcendentalism in Germany, are but modernised relics of the past. It is so, too, with many of the reforming schemes that rise round us—the bubbles of a mental agitation deeper and more widely spread than ever the world felt before. Socialism and Communism have figured in former ages, and done wild works under different names. Their doctrines of liberty and equality, as they interpret them, were preached to the multitudes with no less splendid promises by the leaders of the Happy Brethren in Friesland. The German prophets considered it their duty to make war on the rich; and Proudhon, a communist leader of our own day, has pronounced all property to be theft; Fourrier, one of his compatriots, while he denounces all domestic morality, adopts the Taborite antipathy to cities, and would have the world divided into philenteries, or large mansions, containing exactly eight hundred inhabitants, with all things in common, including the kitchen and scullery. Another advocate for freedom and fraternity, of the same school, has lately published a volume, intended to exhibit a picture of his theory in full operation; and it portrays a state where all the habits of life, tastes, amusements, and even dress of every order are regulated with mechanical precision, by overseeing sages appointed for that purpose. Who would wish to live under such liberal drilling? Yet the idea is as old as despotism. Well might Solomon say that nothing should be reckoned new under the sun, since the quackeries and delusions of long past centuries are thus presented to the perplexities of the present. It is remarkable into how many projects of the kind the community of goods in one shape or another has entered; and the theory of equality has been more or less prevalent in every scheme that found favour with the multitude. There are certainly strong reasons why the idle, the turbulent, and the worthless should adopt such sentiments; but no system which they support can prosper. Fortunately, there exists in our age a moral strength of good purpose and earnest inquiry that promises better things. Much, indeed, remains to be reformed, for the dregs of the past are with us, and modern changes have brought new evils in their train; but schemes of improvement, constructed without regard to the dictates of sound morality and religion, owe their success solely to what may be called the deceivability of mankind, by which the thoughtless crowd mistake the promising and plausible for certain utility, unmindful that in all ages, and especially in our own progressing times, the well-being of each individual depends much more on personal conduct and endeavour, than on the state of laws or the form of government.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

A ROMANCE IN OUR VILLAGE.

CHAP I.—OUR VILLAGE AND OUR HEROINE.

A SWEET quiet spot is our village, situated somewhere upon the frith of the noblest Scottish river, in a little wooded bay that may not readily be noticed by an ordinary traveller. You come upon it unexpectedly, even when in search of it. The road, and there is only one, leads off a highway—down through a wooded glen—across a couple of rustic bridges, that span the Silver burn in its windings—through a couple of primitive gates, which you may not easily discover how to open, and take, in preference, to climbing over them—and suddenly, having done so, a tall grey spire peers above the trees, a weather-beaten clock dial beneath, and then odd corners of a square-built church come to view. Not many steps beyond, and the village smithy, with the village smith at the door perchance, and opposite, a cartwright's shop, beset with broken wheels, red-painted spokes, and iron hoops, instruct a close proximity to other habitations. Round a turn in the road, at the end of the smithy, overcharged with boughs of beech and plane, and you stumble into the village on your right hand, and the rushing Silver burn on your left, now not far from its marriage with the ocean, which ebbs and flows at the end of the row of houses forming our main street. We are thus particular with our description of Cocklestone, because our readers generally are not likely to have formed otherwise an acquaintance with it. Cocklestone is independent of the great world, and the great world cares little for it. Our only connection with it is by the post, and its only knowledge of us by the tax-gatherer. The Cocklestonians are a people who dwell alone. They have a parish church and a dissenting meeting-house, a butcher's shop, a baker's, a grocer's, a draper's, an apothecary's, and a barber's, so that the necessities of life are not unsupplied; they have a bookseller's, a library, and the post-office, so that its amenities are provided for; a couple of doctors, so that its health is attended to; and a pair of lawyers, so that the means of being peaceful or otherwise are within reach. Cocklestone is therefore a pattern village, an epitome of the world on a small scale, but rid of much of the moral and atmospheric poison the antitype breathes.

If ever you have been in Cocklestone, you must have noticed a little shop close by the old town-hall; but, should you not have seen it, we may inform you that it is occupied as a fruit and vegetable mart, wherein the parent Cocklestonians are wont to purchase their cabbage and carrots, and the infant Cocklestonians a kind of sweetcake, formed of boiled treacle, whereof great love has for ages been manifested by succeeding races of juveniles. The shop in question has but one window, a small one, sufficient for the exhibition of a basketful of red-cheeked pippins, a daily-renewed cabbage, and some of the sweetcake alluded to. At the door, potatoes in a sack usually stand in company with other roots of farinaceous character; and above the door is a black sign containing the representation of a brown pot and ladle, and in red characters—'Mrs Balbirnie—broth daily.' The proprietrix Balbirnie may often be observed at the door during mornings—later in the day, through the window, presiding at a huge fire, doling out bowlfuls of steaming broth to a class of visiters, in

defiance of Johnson called Navies, who, from the neighbouring hill, where a tunnel is forming, come down to Mrs B.'s on diurnal calls. Probably from the character of her occupation, she has acquired a certain glowing appearance, which she always carries into the street, and is in cold weather to the passenger comfortably suggestive. Nor can it be wondered at much although her temper is also infected, and rendered fiery in considerable measure from a kindred cause. Although ostensibly manager of the shop, it is presumed Mrs Balbirnie has a husband—at least, a tradition is afloat to that effect, though vague as to the individual. Unless the fortunate man be a thin wan spectre, who glides up stairs in the evening and out at early morn, not even the oldest inhabitant can affirm anything concerning him. There have been heard by neighbours voices in altercation late at night—predominant the shrill treble of Mrs Balbirnie, and, more supplicatory, that of a male, from which it has been presumed——but we will not impeach the lady. Better known, however, is a pale sweet face at the upper window of Mrs Balbirnie's house—Pretty Patty Primrose—a very tempting fruit to the village swains, confined within these walls for some days. Patty has been brought up under gentler auspices than Mrs B.'s, but had lost her parents and her home, and was obliged to learn the milliner business. She was eighteen now—the sunniest age of womanhood—with a fair coquetish face, a wilful pair of blue eyes, a neat figure, and a gentle light-hearted way with her, which was more attractive than her other charms perhaps. Patty was the toast of the village, amongst the carpenters, the smiths, and the tailors, though she rather affected to despise the last mentioned. Were the matter properly known—which it was not then, even to Patty herself—the dozens of solicitors for her favour might have resigned to a certain Tom Halliday—but of this anon. Patty's fortune was not altogether in her face—though that was pretty enough, too—and she had no belief that it could be turned to great advantage but in her own unaided industry. She knew that beauty was unsubstantial, and quite ineffective to procuring existence without this. She had indeed but little time or thought to bestow upon it, and, sooth to say, it flourished none the worse. A quick lively mind had Patty, and that with her industry formed a great attraction. Oh, ladies of this land, so fair and gentle, deem not a lesson from one humbly born unworthy of you! If you knew how slow men are to appreciate, and indeed how little they understand of jewels and fine dresses, but how easily they discern a meek and happy spirit, more thought would acquirement of the latter receive and less attention the first. Patty led a laborious life, but a cheerful one, for labour and light-heartedness are kindred terms. For some days past she had been engaged in making some additions to and alterations in the wardrobe of Mrs Balbirnie, but somehow not altogether to that lady's satisfaction, she being heard to grumble at Patty to sundry gossips, and declare if there was another milliner in town she would not employ her. Patty knew that some grudge existed in the bosom of the fiery hostess against her, the wherefore, however, she was ignorant of. Indeed, so were most people; only the wan spectre, who was presumed to be Mr Balbirnie, properly knew. That unfortunate helpmeet had happened furtively though innocently to look at Patty admiringly sundry times, and once venture upon conversation with her, in which awful act his lady surprised him, and having placed a private construction upon the fact, not altogether honourable to the spectre, lapsed into terrible hate of Patty. The poor girl, knowing nothing of the mental condition her employer was plunged into, or the punishment the spectral husband did undergo, guessed only at displeasure towards herself; but, having completed her work faithfully, departed in happy consciousness thereof.

It might be an hour after she had gone, when Mrs Balbirnie, roused and red, came rushing down stairs, heedlessly bolted through the shop, and across the road to her chief gossip Mrs Cleek. That good woman is the relict of our defunct bellman and town-crier, is of oleaginous aspect, weak of intellect, strong in conversation, and greedy of snuff and scandal. By way of supporting herself and family, Mrs Cleek maintains a mangle, and on entrance of her visiter was exercising herself thereat.

'Deary me!' exclaimed she, looking up from her work, 'hoo flustered like ye are! What's the matter ava? Is the lum on fire, or ony o' the navies ran away wi' the siller spoons? Hooch! wheesht ye yelpin' youts ya. Thae bairns, I declare, wad drive a body dementit.' This apostrophe was delivered to one of two urchins, confined in separate hen-coops, resting on a shelf, appearing there as zoological specimens are exhibited at menageries. Having shook her fist at, and pacified one of the babies, that was with tearful visage pressed against the bars of the cage, looking down at the visiter, Mrs Cleek took a huge pinch from a tin canister, and resumed—'Ye was gaun till observe, Mrs Balbirnie——'

'Ye see, I'm an honest woman, an' like to wrang naebody,' continued that lady, by preliminary.

Mrs Cleek nodded assent to the proposition, and imbibed another snuff.

'Gin a' ither folk were the same, Grizzy, what a warl' it wad be!'

'Ay, that's true, woman,' said Grizzy, sagaciously. Mrs Cleek rejoiced in that maiden name euphonious to Scottish ears.

'Yes, gin a'body was alike, whilk I'm sorry to say is no the case. But Grizzy, we maun be cautious; it winna do to tell——'

'Heard ever onybody! Div ye imagine, Mrs Balbirnie, I'll wag my tongue ower't? Wheesht, ye born plagues ye, or I'll pepper ye!'

Another temporary lull was procured in the coop, and Mrs Balbirnie proceeded. 'Ye ken Patty Primrose, the milliner, that fair-faced lass. Appearances are deceitfu', woman: what a wickedness a red cheek may hide!'

'She's muckle behauden to you, Mrs Balbirnie; mony's the favour ye've done her. But has she been——'

'I winna say what she's been doin' or hasna been doin'—it's no our province to judge; but she left my house half an hour syne, and my emerald ring hasna been seen since.'

'Preserve us a', woman, d'ye say't?'

'Ay, I say't, Grizzy, an' I'll stick till't. It was left on the window in the front parlour. She was in the room a' day. It canna be got noo.'

'I'd punish her; I'd let be seen what market her finery comes frae. I was sure there was a loose screw. It's a shame that sic a huzzy be allood to gang intil decent folks' houses. Wha can tell what may disappear!' Grizzy wandered into a bottomless conjecture, paused a moment, and then, in a flood of light created by a profound snuff, exclaimed, 'Send for the polis, that's what I say. I'd mak' an end on't. Dinna heesitate; it's a clear duty to yoursel' an' society. What wad the place come till gin sic doin's be permitted? See, I'll rin doon for him in a jiffey; sae gang ye ower till your ain hoose, and speak till naebody till he comes.'

Mrs B., being thus, and very easily too, advised, returned home, till the village constable should be procured and consulted with.

CHAP. II.—A CHARACTER.

Every village, some one observes, has its odd characters—its village-fool, at least—and generally one or two half-witted naturals. Of the last description is an individual known by the name of 'Bombazine Breeks'—a cunning, good-natured, idle lump of a 'haveral,' born and brought up in our village. His own name had long been forgotten, if ever known; even so had the name of his fathers. An old woman, who kept him, supposed to be a relative, was familiarly designated 'Granny,' and never received any other mention. To her was our natural indebted for his patronymic, arising from the principal part of his attire being invariably composed of that article of cloth, the work of Granny's hands. Bombazine's ruling passions—he had two of them, neither unfashionable by any means—were meat and money. He had a horse-leech appetite for food

and halfpence, and wherever one or other was likely to be obtained without exertion was sure to be attentive enough. To the half-grown idle lads that loitered about lazy corner, Bombazine was an object of special and peculiar delight. All low minds are fond of display against some inferior; and the natural, forming as he did a butt for them all, when gathered together, though in wit more than a match for them individually, served to gratify this propensity, and to afford great amusement at the same time. Shortly before the event detailed in last chapter occurred, he might be seen loitering up the street, gazing in at the different windows as he passed, and chanting to psalm-tune measure a scrap of doggrel rhyme—

We'll bore a hole in the pope's nose,
An' through't we'll put a string,
To haul him up to Jericho,
And there we'll let him hing.

His head was destitute of any artificial covering, being sufficiently thatched with matted yellow hair; his face was tanned a deep grim brown; his eye was dark and restless, assuming, however, that vacant unoccupied expression peculiar to such unfortunates, and which stole at same time, when not actively engaged, over his whole features. A tattered jacket, large enough to hold double its contents, and the pair of wide invariables, the ends of which were stuffed into an old pair of highlows, completed the external man of Bombazine, as he came sauntering along.

'Halloo!' cried a big raw-boned youth of smutty visage, and carrying a carter's whip, 'what are ye after the day, Bombazeen?' Some people were standing at an opposite door, and smutty-face thought to magnify himself at the expense of the fool.

'After you,' quoth Bombazine, stepping behind him; and noo you're after me, being next till a fule,' added he, standing in front.

The crowd joined in the laugh against the unfortunate carter, while the crack-brained swaggered out of sight, singing—

'Never tak' till mowing,
Tra la la,
Afore ye're done a-sowing,
Tra la la!'

He had not gone far till he arrived at lazy corner, the outside of a building at an angle of our only square, where daily and nightly the political and mischief-loving wit and wisdom of Cocklestone assemble. A handful of weavers, more inclined to politics than work, a few cripples, some idle boatmen, a butcher, and two or three nondescripts, may invariably be found there, shifting from one corner to another, as the wind shifts, always in hard talk, and ever ripe for mischief. Bombazine was at present quite a windfall to them. On his approach, two cripples, who had been practising fencing with their crutches, stopped; a weaver and a boatman discussing the French republic ceased; three fellows, who had snatched off a boy's cap, and were smuggling it behind each other, returned it to the owner, all to have some chaffing with the natural.

'I say, Bomby,' said one of the cripples, tapping him on the head with his crutch, 'who's your tailor? That's a regular London cut you've got.'

'Ye needna speir, as ye'll get nae credit, an' it's weel kent ye ne'er had ony ready cash.'

'Weel dune, Breeks!' roared another; 'give him his change.'

'Come, we'll make him answer his catechiz,' suggested a third. 'Wha was your faither, Breeks?'

'Nae relation o' yours, or his son wad hae leeved at lazy corner,' said the natural.

A blow was aimed at him by way of retort. The natural ducked, however, and avoided it, and the leveller shot over his head into the arms of another cornerite.

'Try that again, will ye,' said the discomfited, rising and squaring his fists—'just try't.'

'Answer not a fool accordin' to his folly,' said the natural, edging out; 'hands off, as the goose said to the foumart.'

In mock fight, his adversary gave him a push backwards, one behind again shoved him forwards, and he was knocked to and fro, amid the gibes and jeers of the company, the political-inclined weavers not aiding much, but onlooking with infinite zest. Had not the one policeman of our village came in sight, and prematurely ended the amusement, it might have fared badly, in the way of knocks and kicks, with the natural. His appearance, however, created a temporary diversion in favour of Bombazine, who gladly availed himself of it, and skulked off round the corner. He happened to turn his eyes upwards on reaching Mrs Balbirnie's, and something attracted his attention about the window. 'Dicky, pretty Dicky, come down,' cried he. A tame jackdaw hopped forward on the window-sill, twisted its head, till its bright blue eye rested fully on the natural, and then, satisfied with the scrutiny, took a swoop down on his shoulder. 'Ho, Dicky! brave Dicky!' said Bombazine, 'what nice things I hae in my pouch—see here!' and he rummaged his garments for crumbs to the bird, which leaped on to his hand in expectation. 'Ha! what's that?' said the fool, as something dropped out of the bird's bill on the ground, which he stooped to pick up. 'Hurrah, Dicky! here's a windfa'! whiz, hurrah! This'll get cold beef an' porter for a month frae Meg at the Ha'. Hurrah! ye're in luck, Bombazine. Wheesht though, Dicky; dinna speak o't. There's a brave bird. Come, noo, come.' Quickly the lad and his black companion hurried out of sight, and away from the village.

CHAP. III.—A SHORT CONSULTATION, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Mrs Cleek was not long in discovering the policeman, thanks to her untiring industry; and, having poured into that worthy's ear a tale of most extraordinary and complicated wickedness regarding Patty, dragged him along to Mrs Balbirnie.

'Here's the man we want, Mrs Balbirnie, I judge,' said Grizzy, ushering him in. 'He'll give us an opinion on't—trust him.'

The blue-bottle thus appealed to, in a husky, sepulchral voice, acquired by late hours and restoratives from cold, exclaimed, 'Bad buziness, mum, this; my dooty to see to the bottom o't, though. Have the goodness, mum, to detail the cwircimstances.'

These had been detailed already by the worthy Grizzy, but, owing to her peculiarity of style, the blue-bottle felt uncertain where actual narrative and imaginative dissertation blended. So, forthwith, Mrs Balbirnie emptied her bosom of all she knew and surmised of the matter. The result was, that the adviser recommended an instant warrant for apprehension of Patty, for, as he said, 'Noffin never stops them people till the law takes its coorse on 'em; and the ends of justice, which is to punish in time, should not be defeated.'

Patty's surprise and horror may be guessed at, when, in half-an-hour afterwards, a policeman tapped at her door, entered, and said, 'Come on—disagreeable dooty, mum, but dooty must be done—so come along.'

'Along where!' exclaimed Patty.

'With me to the justice.'

'For what—why—what do you mean, sir?'

'No gammon now—wont do—never saw one yet but wasn't innocent as the unborn, and always took aback. That wont pervail. Just come now—will you?'

'Surely you must be joking. You are wrong, man. I've done nothing—it's a mistake,' stammered Patty.

'Aint given to joking particular; and it's no mistake, as will be seen. So will you at once go without palaver?'

'Have mercy,' implored she; 'tell me what have I done? Why do you come here?'

'Oh, you don't know noffin about a ring—eh, do you?—Mrs Balbirnie's ring? Ah! I see you turn pale and gashly now. That's no go, miss.'

Patty almost sank to the floor in terror and dismay. She beseeched the officer to let her alone; that she was ignorant and innocent of the matter; that it must be a mistake; she would go to Mrs Balbirnie and tell her so, and assure her of it. All was unavailing, of course; and

he was compelled to hurry on her shawl and bonnet, and accompany the policeman. Fortunately the town-hall stood within a few yards of Patty's dwelling, so that no gaping crowd passed charitable construction upon her, or delighted their vision with her pale and terror-stricken features. She had barely time for thought till in the presence of the justice of peace—a little man, bald nearly, of rubicund visage and rapid utterance. On the prisoner being brought up he exclaimed, 'What's this—what's this, young woman—what's this you've been doing? Clerk, read the complaint.'

The clerk did so to the trembling girl, who then clearly learned, for the first time, the full amount of her transgression. She wrung her hands and wept, and, recovering from her first astonishment, seemed so ghastly and woe-stricken that the justice ordered her, in compassion, to sit down. 'Oh!' said she, recovering speech, 'what have I done that this disgrace should befall me? I'm ruined—lost! Will no one have pity on me?'

'What do you say to this, young woman—to this charge, young woman—guilty, or not guilty?' said the judge.

'Guilty—no, no—not guilty, sir. I could not, dared not, do such an act.'

'Put that down. Now, now, let's hear the particulars—the particulars,' said the justice.

The details, so far as already known, were gone into, after which the justice shook his head, saying, 'Must commit you, or find bail, young woman—find bail. Great pity for yourself—great pity. You'll be duly tried on Monday, though.' A warrant for Patty's committal was granted, and she was carried off insensible by the court officers to the prison.

As she disappeared, one who had been an observant spectator of the whole affair slipped forward from a seat at a desk to the side of the clerk, and whispered in his ear. He was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, but certain hues of premature age, the traces of dissipation and vice, lingering about his countenance, made him appear considerably older. He was dressed in a negligent, rakish style, not overly clean to all appearance, and wore a profusion of rings, guards, and jewellery about his person. His face was colourless almost; his eyes weak and red: his hair and whiskers of a wiry, mouldy aspect, and abundant in quantity. As he stooped to the clerk he said, in a drawling whisper, 'Fine-looking gal that, Jones. I say, could you find out anything about her?'

Jones looked significantly at the justice, whose back was turned towards him, winked to the inquirer, and nodded.

'Do, then, like a good fellow. We'll see, you know.'

Whatever this meant, it seemed satisfactory to both parties, if the delighted expression of their countenances could be taken into proof at all. Immediately thereafter he took his departure, nodding to the justice as he went.

That promising youth was the son of the elderly gentleman who acted as judge—Julius Thurling, son of Andrew Thurling of the Hall, as the parish register set forth; more than this, he was the only son, the petted and spoiled child, of a weak but well-meaning mother, grown into, as the children of such mothers always do, a curse to himself, a heart-grief to his parents, and a depraved example, at least, to others. With an overlooked moral and religious education, and even any useful education at all, his great delight lay in pursuit of those contemptible sensual pleasures which a depraved mind, with no relief in labour or study, is certain to follow. Low theatres, comic singers at taverns, cock fights, and gambling, he specially delighted in; and the company of ostlers, coachmen, pugilists, and poachers you might generally find him in—master of their slang, initiated into such life as they knew, and able to out-drink the strongest-headed of them. He had other pursuits and aims, which we need not detail, still less worthy of the name of a man, and more cruel and debasing as they proved more fashionable and rare. Many people were found his apologists, and saw only in these matters a little eccentricity and wildness of youth—an early crust covering a chrysalis of beauty yet to break forth. Many looked to him or at him with an eye of comprehensive charity; judging not harshly but compassionately of these trifles in his character; looking forward to the day of these wild oats' expenditure, in hope of good grain being their return crop. Yet there were some unconsidered hearths whose sanctity was stained, and some heads which shame and sorrow had clothed, where no such genial charity did dwell. Oh, gold, gold! how many worshippers hast thou! Great idol of a Christian land, under whose favour meanest vices are glossed virtues, and guilty deeds are varnished over, like flaws in wood, till they glisten forth as beauties.

The tongue of rumour was not idle regarding Patty's fall, meanwhile. Truths of this kind never lie hid. If they burn under a bushel, somebody soon lifts it off, and lets them, in benevolence, glare forth. Lazy corner first caught the tidings, and discussed them; then the village gossips met, and whispered them over to each other in little tea-cliques and gatherings at doors; and by and by they became a trumpet-sounded scandal in every hamlet and at every hearth. Amongst the first to learn the news was one already alluded to—Tom Halliday. Tom was a master-joiner recently established in business in Cocklestone, and in the way of steady success. He might not be called an acquaintance, nor even a friend of Patty's, although both in a large measure, but something more than either. He had long loved her, but his affection was of that retiring, distant cast, that many more bold and less in love than he might have won the maiden, while he but stood an onlooker. Could deeds betray and speak his love, it might be shown, but words then could never give expression to it such as he felt it ought to have. Patty knew his love, for woman's intuition is quick to arrive, by many unobserved signs and tokens to others, at such a fact. She knew it, and, may we say, returned it? If so, it was unconfessedly almost to herself. Yet why did the blush kindle on her cheek when his name was mentioned? Why did her heart beat more quickly when he stammered a few words to her? Why was she detected by herself scrawling one day his name on the window with a needle-point? And why did she listen so eagerly when she heard him talked about? Waiving all inquiry further on such a point, we return to Tom, who felt heart-stricken at the tidings of disgrace. The party who told him well nigh measured his length on the ground, so indignant at the accusation did Halliday feel. Waiting not for particulars, he rushed off hatless to the town-hall, where a sad corroboration of the story met him, but it seemed a refutation of the lie to him, and nothing else. He would not believe the possibility of Patty's guilt—his heart spurned all idea of it. He would have felled on the spot the man who dared to say she was. His spirit was roused within him: it was well for Mrs Balbirnie she was without his reach then, for even men were startled at his looks. It was suggested to him that he should become bail for Patty first, and get the aid of one of the lawyers of the village to conduct her case. The first thought he at once complied with; his security was accepted, and Patty set free, not knowing by whom, for Tom insisted on that being withheld from her. That evening, however, he called upon Patty and found her seated by the fire, her eyes red with weeping, her hair dishevelled, and her whole aspect piteous with sorrow. Benumbed with grief and dismay, she had sat thus, with clasped hands and fixed eye, for hours, looking wofully forward to her disgrace, not knowing how or whither to seek advice or aid. On looking up at Tom she started. Was he come to upbraid her—to cast the bitter, disgraceful falsehood at her feet? He read the thought in her eye. 'I know it all, Patty,' said he: 'I believe it not. I'm come to tell you so. It is some foul plot, some base scheme to injure you, which we must fathom to the bottom.'

'We!' replied she; 'Tom, it is generous of you, but I cannot think to allow your being involved in such a matter.'

'You'll think of that some other time, Patty. I've made up my mind to stand by you—to rest not till this is cleared up, and whoever is its author punished. My aid may be of small avail, but, remembering you here friendless and alone, how could I, as a Christian man, as a neighbour and acquaintance, do otherwise than offer that aid? I could not forgive myself if I did not. Will you accept of it, Patty?'

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There is a law in kindness ever availing on the human heart, more effectual than spell or charm, more powerful than all authority. Patty with her tears acknowledged its influence.

'Then,' said Tom, 'you'll go with me to Mr Wadset the writer, and we'll see what he says of the matter. Put on your bonnet, and let us not lose any time. Remember how much there is at stake.'

Patty mechanically obeyed, and the two were in a few minutes at Mr Wadset's office.

CHAP. IV.—DIFFICULTIES NOT REMOVED.

Paul Wadset, Esquire, has, from youthdom up to mature life, occupied an office, and enjoyed a respectable, easy-going practice in our village. He is our oldest agent. There is another, a younger man, unmarried, and much more esteemed by the young lady population and young Cocklestone generally, although Wadset is looked up to as the best authority in difficult business. This may arise from his mature years, his spectacles, slow speech, and snuff-taking. He is a man to pause and well consider all points in a case, not hastily disposing of any small difficulty, but duly weighing it and allowing it full room; while Robert Styles, his opponent, on the other hand, displays much more rashness and rapidity in arriving at results and overleaping difficulties, being of a more youthful and enthusiastic temperament—an unfortunate thing for a lawyer. But Bob, as he is more familiarly known, is a good-looking fellow, which goes a great way with some; while old Wadset is decidedly not prepossessing. He might have been tolerable—even the snuff, the spectacles, and slow speech, could be overcome—did not a pair of unusual'y bandy legs present themselves as unsurmountable difficulties. These are so bad that the nickname of 'Old Parentheses' has been bestowed in reference on the bearer by the village *gamins*. It is told of him, that one day an unsophisticated countryman, happening to call and finding him absent, was informed by his clerk, in common parlance, that Mr Wadset had been busy all day, and had just gone out to 'straucht his legs a bit,' and the client was required to wait just a few minutes till he returned. The innocent countryman, taking the metaphorical expression in a literal light, exclaimed, 'Bless us! gin I wait till he gets that done, I may bide lang aneuch! Na, na, I'll come back some ither day.' From this it may be inferred that Mr Wadset was not a model man in his lower departments at least.

When Tom and Patty entered, they found him immersed in a pile of receipts and railway bills, plans, &c., connected with the Cocklestonian Junction, then in course of formation. He raised his spectacles, and, motioning them to a seat, said something vague about the weather, crops, hard times, &c., and then plumped down upon the nature of their business. This was soon explained, and the full particulars of the case submitted, during which the learned gentleman sat nursing one leg over another, making curt inquiries occasionally, tending to draw out omitted parts of the narrative. He inquired, after a meditative pause, whether Patty had ever seen the ring, whether any one was in the room from which it was stolen that day beside herself, and whether she had reason to suspect any one of such an act. Patty had seen the ring and described it; no one was in the room save herself that day, nor could she attach suspicion to any one.

'I doubt, girl,' said Wadset, after some other inquiries, 'there will be made out a presumption of guilt against you—nothing more, however, so far as I can see—there is no evidence to convict on. I'm sorry, however, I cannot get attending to your case. I shall be very busy these two days. I think you'll get off, however. Ha! there's somebody wanting me, I hear. I need not detain you. Good-by.'

The fact was, Wadset could not be troubled with petty business now, unless to oblige a particular client. Patty's case was a doubtful one, and his prospect of payment small. Besides, Mrs Balbirnie was a client of his, and it would never do to lose a respectable client for a suspicious one.

Although Wadset could afford to let a case slip, Styles could not as yet. All was grist that came to his mill; and when it did not come, he was under the necessity of sometimes fetching it. From him, to whom Tom and Patty next resorted, they received a much more cordial welcome. The full particulars were again submitted. The result, so far as Mr Styles ventured to give an opinion, was much the same as that of old Wadset, but with this difference, that Styles was quite energetic in his determination to investigate the matter to the very bottom, and quite hopeful of clearing Patty in the eyes of the whole world. In itself such assurance was comforting; nothing more could be expected, and our heroine took her leave, with instructions to call next day, by which time Styles thought something else connected with the matter might occur to her then bewildered mind, and which might prove essential. Tom went home with his charge. Many words of comfort he strove to solace poor Patty with, pointing out the certainty of her enemy being defeated, and her own character retrieved. He had never found words so to speak to her before—never even dreamed of his own capacity. His love had been of silent admiration, not expressible before; now heroism found a tongue for him.

'To-morrow, Patty,' said he, leaving her, 'I shall not be idle; and I am not without hope that I will find some way to prove your innocence!'

'Oh,' said she, 'Tom, if I am made out guilty in this what shall I do? Ruined, lost, despised by every one——'

'Not every one, Patty. There is one at least who, should all else take up the lie, will spurn it. You can never be guilty to me——'

'Stop, Tom; do not speak thus. You may rue it. You will yet think as others think of me. Go home, now. I know you mean well—kindly. I feel it all—but—but—' The tears choked her utterance. 'Go, Tom, go,' she said again.

He hesitated, looked at her, caught the hand she motioned him to depart with, pressed it fervently, and said, 'Good night, Patty. Do cheer up; it will be all well yet;' and with heavy heart turned homewards, meditating a hundred schemes that night for bringing vengeance on the head of Mrs Balbirnie.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. XIII.

PASSAGE UP THE HOOGLY—CALCUTTA—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—SAIL TO BARRACKPORE—WEATHER—CHOLERA.

Having to work up the river against a northerly wind, and, consequently, having to anchor during every ebb-tide, we required five days to reach Calcutta. The first day's work took us only to the upper end of Saugor Island, where we anchored off Mud Point, and a party went on shore to spend the afternoon in shooting. The river here is four or five miles wide; the banks flat, and presenting nothing worth looking at. Next day we made out about twenty miles more, and brought up a little below Diamond Harbour. I noticed that while we were advancing with the last of the flood-tide, the water was actually ebbing from the banks, and the pilot told me that, before the ebb ceases in the middle of the river, the water rises about three feet, on account of he tide setting in along the sides. On the third day the sailing became more interesting. The river was getting much narrower (about a mile in width perhaps), and the banks, though still quite flat, were sprinkled over with native villages nearly hidden among banyan, palm, tamarind, and other trees. Occasionally a small temple was visible, together with obelisks erected as marks for the pilots, and semaphores to transmit intelligence to Calcutta respecting the shipping. In the afternoon we anchored off Fultah, a collection of mud huts, with a single good house, which was formerly used as an inn. The inhabitants are chiefly *frail* females, who are very clamorous in their invitations to passing strangers. Near this village we passed a fleet of strange-looking vessels belonging to the Maldiva Islands: they come up annually to Calcutta with the south-west monsoon, bringing cowries and other

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native produce, and return home again when the monsoon changes.

By the night-tide we dropped up to Roypoor, where we landed in the morning for another ramble among the trees and rice-fields. The banks here were strewed with human skulls and bones, the remains of bodies that the jackals had dragged out of the water and picked clean. At night we heard these animals screaming like children among the woods. The mornings now began to get rather cold on the river; the thermometer at sunrise generally stood about 60 deg.; and having been so long accustomed to a higher temperature, we felt this to be somewhat uncomfortable. The heat of the day, however, was very pleasant, the thermometer ranging from 70 to 78 deg.

The first view of the city, with the approach to it through Garden Reach, is really fine; indeed, this is the only good view that Calcutta affords. After turning a sharp angle of the river, the fine vista of Garden Reach opens up at once, the company's botanic gardens being on the left hand, and a line of stately houses, their white walls and columns rising among green lawns and showy gardens, stretching away on the right. Advancing further, we see the extensive works of Fort William, with an imposing range of buildings half encircling the esplanade, the broad smooth river being also covered with shipping of all descriptions. We lay directly off one of the ghauts or landing-places, between the fort and the city; so that every night at sunset we had an opportunity of witnessing the splendid show on the broad roads of the esplanade when the inhabitants turned out for their evening drive. It was rather curious that the ship remained free of mosquitos all the way up the river till we anchored at Calcutta, when they immediately invaded us in great force, and made us pass a very uncomfortable night; by next night, however, we had mosquito-curtains rigged out, which enabled us to sleep in peace. It was only after sunset that these insects were very troublesome, and at no time did they appear to be of so fierce and bloodthirsty a disposition as their friends at Singapore. What I suffered the first night on shore there, when there happened to be some apertures in the mosquito-curtains, let no one seek to realise.

Among the English residents in Calcutta, pedestrianism is thoroughly at a discount. It is not respectable to use your own organs of locomotion; and, even though one should be willing to brave public opinion, it is not agreeable to walk during the day on account of the hot sun, and in the cool of the evening it is difficult to get along the streets for the crowds of natives; hence I had little opportunity of inspecting the city leisurely on foot, the only way that I could ever trust to, if I wished to receive correct impressions. Calcutta, however, has been sufficiently often described already, and further details concerning its appearance, or the manners and customs of its population, are not much needed; and if they were so, I do not consider myself qualified to furnish them, for not only were my opportunities of observation limited (one must be better stocked with friends and rupees than I was, if he wishes to know Calcutta), but also, as my visit was rather unsatisfactory in several respects, and as one's impressions of a place depend so much on the state of his mind and feelings at the time, I believe my account might turn out to be somewhat prejudiced, and therefore I shall merely throw together a few odds and ends about the town, with a notice of an excursion or two up the river.

The most complete view of the city is obtained from the top of the Ochterlony Monument, which stands about the middle of the esplanade. The ascent is by a narrow winding stair of 218 steps, leading to two outside galleries, the one immediately above the other. From this elevation I could see the whole of the city, with a considerable extent of the surrounding country; but the view could scarcely be called fine, for the whole was on such a dead level that the town appeared only as a uniform mass of stone and lime placed in the centre of a boundless jungly plain. Not the slightest rising of the ground was anywhere perceptible; and, except that an occasional tall tree appeared above its fellows, the horizon was as unbroken as if it had been formed by the sea. The only interesting objects (besides the town) in this dreary flat were the river with the shipping on one side, and a distant view of a salt-water lake on the other. The buildings in the immediate vicinity of the monument, such as the fort, the government-house, and a few churches with spires, appeared to considerable advantage, but the others were lost in the general mass.

Calcutta stretches along the river for more than three miles, and extends backwards about a mile and a half. Between the houses and the river runs a long street called the 'Strand,' and on this I walked northwards one night upwards of a mile, but was at length obliged to turn back on account of the crowds of natives and *hackeries* (small carts drawn by two bullocks) that obstructed the road. Under the banyan trees that skirted the river I saw many small images of gods, with lamps and festoons of flowers before them. At one place a band of religious beggars were sitting in a semi-circle by the roadside, their naked bodies covered with white dust (dried mud from the Ganges it had likely been), and their long, dirty, matted hair surrounded by garlands of reddish flowers. They kept up a low monotonous chant to attract the attention of passers-by. In the English part of the city there are many fine public and private buildings, but scarcely enough to justify the term 'City of Palaces,' which the vanity of the inhabitants has caused them to assume for it. The only square in the city (Tank Square) is of great extent, each side measuring more than a furlong, so that the whole circuit exceeds half a mile; it receives its name from an immense reservoir of water dug in its centre. Throughout the town there are a good many of these 'tanks' for the purpose of keeping a supply of water for domestic and public uses. On the south side of the square there is a marble statue of Warren Hastings enclosed in a small building of stone. In Dhurrumtolla Street there is a beautiful *musjeed*, or Mohammedan place of prayer, erected (as seen by an inscription) by Prince Ghoolan Mohumed, son of Tippoo Sultan. Its roof is covered with domes and minarets surmounted by gilt balls, and in the court around it was often to be seen a company of Mussulmans performing their devotions. In the same street there is also a very handsome Roman Catholic church, constructed of brick, and *stuccoed* on the outside so as to appear quite white and smooth. Many of the fine houses are built in the same style, but others are plastered so as to resemble freestone. The bazaars that exist numerously throughout the town are merely narrow streets full of small shops where everything may be got. It is no easy task to get through one, on account of the importunities of the native dealers; and a person must sometimes use physical force to get away from them. Passing along in a palankeen you are almost stunned by their clamours: 'Silks here, sir,'—'Cashmere shawls here, sir,'—'Hats, hats,'—'Boots, cheap boots, sir,'—'Woollen clothes here, sir, just your size,'—'Want ready-made shirts, sir?'—'My shop best, sir,'—'No, that man cheat; come here, sir!'—and such like cries in Babel confusion.

In reference to the Chinese I had occasion to remark that I never suffered myself, nor did I see others suffer, from their want of honesty, but I cannot say the same of these lying Hindoos; and I would recommend any one that has dealings with such unscrupulous traders, by all means to keep 'wide awake.' Among servants, too, of whom such useless crowds are required about every house, it is in vain to seek for honesty as a qualification; indeed, if one of this class proves an acquisition otherwise, his master dares not charge him with his peculations, or he would run the risk of seeing him take leave with all the dignity of injured innocence. The labourers also, or 'coolies,' as they are generally called, are an unwilling, nerveless set, that require constant oversight before they can be got to do their work. I have seen on board ship, the matter of twenty big fellows pulling, screaming, and stamping, with one standing apart, whose sole duty was to clap his hands and keep up a sort of song for the rest to keep time by, all for the purpose of heaving up a cask or bale of goods, that four or five English sailors, with a 'cheerily men, eh!'

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would have had on the deck in a twinkling. By an onlooker like myself this might be taken as a good joke—an interesting exhibition of human nature; but to those that have the responsibility of getting the work done it is quite heart-breaking, and they can scarcely keep their hands off them. In ships manned with Bengalee lascars it is no uncommon thing for the mates to enforce their orders by blows, for which, when they arrive in port, they get reprimanded and fined—a result that is no doubt quite proper; for corporeal punishment is a very degrading thing, and should never be had recourse to but from the sternest necessity; but let the most patient man on earth take such a mate's berth, and if he do not feel inclined to try an occasional application of a handspike or a rope's end, it is more than I should expect from human nature.

Labour is cheap in Calcutta, and so it may well be, for its real value is very small. House servants may be had from four to eight rupees a month, according to their duties, and they find themselves in food. Coolies get three or four annas* a day. The food of the natives (rice with a small portion of vegetables, and occasionally a little fish and curry stuff) is so cheap that I believe they can maintain life for about one anna a day. The minute subdivision of labour that exists among servants has resulted I believe quite as much from their cunning indolence as from the influence of caste; and now that Englishmen in India are finding it necessary to live more economically and keep smaller establishments than at a former period, such distinctions are a good deal broken down. Were an explanation sought of these bad phases of the native character, it may be said that they are induced partly by the enervating climate, partly by the wretched and debasing system of religious culture, and, to some degree, perhaps, by the domination of the English—cunning and deceit being the readiest weapons that the weak can use against the strong; and I am also ready to admit that my impressions may have been derived from partial and insufficient data, and are therefore not to be applied to the mass without some modifications; but certainly the lower orders of natives appeared to me a most unamiable race. In their religious aversion to foreigners, in their laziness, and cringing servility when anything was expected, they contrasted strongly with the Chinese, and my opinion of the latter was raised by the comparison.

To return to my own proceedings. I had an excursion up the river one day with a party as far as Barrackpore, about sixteen miles above Calcutta. We started at the commencement of the flood-tide in a '*bolio*,' a large boat propelled by six oars, and having a sort of house built on the after part of it. As we proceeded upwards I saw, at the north end of the city, the place set apart for the Hindoos to burn their dead. Some piles were smouldering away, and a troop of adjutant-birds were stalking about, waiting to partake of what the fire might leave unconsumed. The poorer classes cannot afford sufficient firewood to effect complete combustion, and hence the bodies are often merely scorched and then thrown into the river, where they furnish food to kites, adjutant-birds, carrion-crows, jackals, &c. Bodies were every day to be seen floating past the ship with crows standing on them tearing up their flesh, while a Brahminy-kite would occasionally make a swoop down and carry off a share of the feast in his claws. The corpses would sometimes get across our chain-cable and spread a disagreeable effluvium over the ship until cleared away: the cook at the same time might be filling his kettle from the ship's side.

After getting fairly beyond the city, the banks of the river all the way to Barrackpore were very beautiful, and presented more of an *oriental* appearance than anything I had previously seen. Native villages, composed of mud huts with curved thatched roofs; numerous '*ghauts*' with lines of small pagodas flanking the central arcade, and, at the bottom of the steps, crowds of men and women performing their morning ablutions, thinking thus to get washed away by the sacred waters of the Ganges at once their physical and their moral impurities; country houses of Europeans, situated in fine parks; residences of wealthy baboos; Hindoo temples, with their strange and varied architecture; and the whole embosomed in noble forest-trees, interspersed with an underwood of flowering shrubs, —were some of the features of the scene that passed before us. We landed first at Serampore, formerly a Danish settlement, and famous in the missionary annals of India; it is now a quiet, deserted-looking place. Passing over to the east bank of the river, we next landed at Barrackpore, a town occupied chiefly as a military station, there being generally five or six regiments of native infantry kept in it. The governor and some of the chief people of Calcutta have also country residences here. At the south end of the town is an extensive park intersected by pleasant walks and drives, and containing a few cages of wild animals. From that position the view of Serampore on the other side was very fine, a row of large buildings fronting the river appearing to great advantage. The afternoon turned out so hot that we were obliged to give up walking and remain in the bolio; in the cool of the evening we turned homewards, and arrived among the shipping at gunfire.

The weather, during January and February, was delightful: cold enough at night to make a blanket agreeable, and not uncomfortably hot during the day. The thermometer at sunrise varied from 60 to 65 deg., and through the day from 70 to 78 deg. In March the weather became very hot, the temperature ranging from 75 to 80 deg. in the morning, and 82 to 90, and even 95 in the course of the day. The most pleasant and healthy season at Calcutta is during the height of the north-east monsoon, or from November to February. In April and May the days are very hot (the thermometer, however, seldom rising above 95 deg.); but at this time there are frequent cold squalls and rain from the north-west during the night, and the sudden check which these give to perspiration is thought to be one of the chief causes of the prevalence of cholera at this season. In June, July, and August (while the south-west monsoon blows), the rain pours down in torrents, and the nights are generally so close and hot that a refreshing sleep can seldom be obtained. This is what people complain most of, and new comers especially find themselves very uncomfortable, being generally at the same time tormented with prickly heat. In September and October the rains wear off, and the sun's rays, acting on the marshy surface of the previously inundated country, give rise to remittent fevers and agues in abundance.

While we were at Calcutta (in 1846), cholera broke out early in March, and made considerable havoc both on shore and among the shipping. A melancholy case happened with ourselves, of a young man that we had brought round as a passenger from China. Having lost his wife by cholera a few days previously, and, having no friends in Calcutta, we asked him to come on board again and live a few days with us, until his mind should get composed, and he should be able to resume his occupation. He was very thankful to accept this invitation, and accordingly came. Early next morning he called me up to say that he felt very unwell, and, while detailing to me his symptoms, his limbs were seized with cramp. As the truth flashed on his mind he started from his couch, stood erect, with outstretched arms, and as he gazed on the convulsive working of the muscles, and the involuntary clenching of his fingers, he exclaimed, 'Ah, doctor, that's the disease that takes a man off!' I gave him what feeble encouragement I could, but he knew the fatal signs too well, and, merely shaking his head, laid himself down quietly to die. Knowing there would be little time to spare, he immediately told me what was to be done with his things on shore, and where his keys, letters, &c., were to be found, telling me also the addresses of some of his relations, in order that I might write and inform them of his death. He likewise bade me send on shore for a person that he was anxious to

* A rupee is generally counted two shillings, and an anna, being one-sixteenth of a rupee, would therefore be equal to threehalfpence: but eleven annas or even a little more can generally be got in ex-

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should come. In spite of all we could do, the disease rapidly advanced, but, after a few hours of suffering, its violent manifestions ceased entirely, and he was left in comparative ease. He now thought he was to recover, and, while his voice was getting husky and his eyes dim, he remarked, with a forced and ghastly smile, 'Well, doctor, haven't I got over it wonderfully; I surely was very ill.' He then took a fancy that he should like to see how he looked, and for this purpose asked for a mirror. I endeavoured to divert him from this, but he insisted on it, and accordingly the glass was brought. On seeing his sunken eyes, and the dusky leaden hue of his contracted features, he turned shudderingly away and said, 'That's just as my poor wife looked.' These were about the last words he uttered; he sank gradually and without pain into insensibility, and died about mid-day.

Original Poetry.

A DIRGE FOR THE FLOWERS.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
That blossom'd the Spring-time through;
That shone so bright, in the golden light,
When the Summer skies were blue;
That deck'd the way, when their rich array
The Autumn woods put on;
And wither'd and died with that leafy pride,
And now, alas! are gone.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
The rude blasts o'er them sing,
And November drear, to wrap their bier,
A misty pall doth bring;
No chorister sweet, from its green retreat,
Pours now to them the lay;
No poet takes, for their sweet sakes,
Through the woods and meads his way.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
That smiled in the maiden's breast,
And brighten'd the gloom of the lonely tomb,
And the cottage-window drest:
Gave half its glee to infancy,
And gladden'd the heart of age,
And made earth look like an open book
With a richly-storied page.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
That are smit by the hand of death:
Their mingled dyes glad not our eyes,
We inhale no more their breath;
Fragrance is fled, and beauty's dead,
That made life half divine,
And a shadow black steals o'er the track
T'wards which our steps incline.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
And a dirge for the Friends who lie,
Silent and cold, in the churchyard mould,
'Neath the all-embracing sky!
They wait, like the flowers, for the genial hours—
For the Resurrection bright—
To burst from the gloom of their earthy tomb,
Clad in the robes of light.

A dirge for the Flowers—the fair young Flowers!
And a dirge for the parting Year!
Let us not repine though a hand benign
Conduct us to the bier:
Of the Joys now fled, of the Friends now dead,
Let us think with a chasten'd grief,
And not despond, but look beyond
This span of life *so brief!*

H. G. ADAMS.

PHILOSOPHICAL MANNERS.

THE Duke of Buckingham that wrote the play of the 'Rehearsal' once said, that it was very complaisant to be of another man's opinion before knowing what it was. This is one of those graceful shafts of irony which is aimed at the 'Yes, yes,' of an excellent listener, or the genes anticipation of those dinner-parties where the laugh be before the joke of the entertainer is finished. Pope's s and easy method of obtaining the character of a wise is, when a person tells you his opinion, to comply wit A man, therefore, has nothing to do but to agree with neighbour's opinion, both before and after having hear and he gains a character for wisdom and complaisa If, indeed, Buckingham's politeness or Pope's wisdom exemplified as broadly as they have described them, one would be looked on as insult, and the other as de tution of conscience. But the disguises of balanced sideration, the veil of conditional expressions, polishes insult into good manners and transforms a lie into wisdom of the world.

It is a pity that politeness should tell lies or learning rude. The one forfeits all our respect, and we can nev love the other. Yet educated men, by their habits manners, belong to one or other of these two schools, t study and the drawing-room. Do we not see disappoin ment charmed into delight at the graceful refusal of man of fashion? Did not Sheridan melt the heart ev of a bailiff? And how sour a favour is from a man absori ed in mathematics! He tells us plainly that mathematic are more pleasant to him than we are. There must surel be something in mere manners, if their effects are powerful for good or evil. To the man of fashion the are everything, to the man of mathematics they a nothing. The mere man of fashion has no knowledge the great questions which are woven into the constitutio of things; to him the theory of the universe turns on th shape of his coat. The man of mathematics, grasping realities, sweats and struggles with a volcanic action tha violates all the laws of grace and beauty. Are the tw things, then, incompatible? Is it not possible that inwar depth and ardour can ally themselves with external re commendations? We have many examples of this happ union. Many men, such as Goethe, have equally exem plified the profound philosopher and the accomplishe gentleman. Indeed, Goethe is so far a proof that tru philosophy and gentlemanly bearing are intimately con nected. There is something so generous, so catholic, and s kindly, in philosophy, whenever one goes deep enough, tha its spirit gradually comes from the understanding to the manners. The manners of such a philosophy by their very nature are brilliant and sincere. A shallow philosopher is always known by his violence, his petty dislikes, and party feelings.

When the philosopher, however, actually moves in the parti-coloured throng of the drawing-room, he finds there room for more than mere etiquette. He finds the value of the great book of fashionable life, in which every man and every woman is a new page of wonder. He looks steadily on its solemn frivolities, and is deeply interested in its elaborate insipidity; for the colours which enter into the great picture of existence are of wonderful variety; and he knows that they must be all contemplated before he can form in his mind a just image of the original. The dazzling light of the assembly will illuminate even the dim vista of the past. All the criticism of Niebuhr cannot exhume the past times in their own freshness. But where criticism ends, imagination begins; for it alone can fill up the skeleton which criticism builds, with that living texture, colour, and form, which give life to the dead bones, and form the link of sympathy between the most distant ages: and imagination must dip its pencil in the present for its tints,—or nowhere.

The manners of most people come from their temperament, and are also in some degree the reflection of the manners of those they are accustomed to see around them. In free countries individual temperament will have sway, producing, in conjunction with civilisation, that variety of character which is the brilliant field of the dramatist. In absolute monarchies there is a dead level; the idiosyncrasy of the individual is swallowed up in that of the nation. In the time of Louis XIV., for instance, the great lords endeavoured to affect his unaffected dignity.

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this affectation of the want of affectation they were itated by the inferior lords and the members of the liaments. The servants of the members were not far ind, but copied their masters with as stately an anxiety. ery motion had its rules, and every attitude its prin- les. Even the denizens of the kitchen polished boots th the polish of their masters, and delivered a card, e a provincial actor in a tragedy, with an averted face. ciety was as polished as a mirror, looked as profound, t was in reality as shallow. In those happy regions here men live under the first laws of nature, the manners the individual are not much different from those of the tion. This was the condition of the ancient Saxons, d it is at this day the condition of the people of Araby e Blest. The manners of such nations are homogeneous. dividuality is unknown, except as a more marked de- lopment of the national character. As civilisation ad- nces, society insensibly arranges itself into classes, ac- rding to pursuits and abilities, and these classes as in- nsibly acquire different standards of behaviour. In a vilised society how different is the statesman from the oughman! But in rude societies there is no such dis- repancy; a *character* is only known by his more eager nting, his more reckless gambling, or for hospitality beyond compare. It is plain, then, that manners, light and unimportant as they may seem to be, are, like every thing else, interwoven some way or other in every thing else, and are connected with the deepest workings of civi- lisation. It was a saying of a fine mathematician, that the minutest particle of dust that danced in the sunbeam was guided by the same laws which regulated the motions of the mighty systems of the heavens. So, in like man- ner, the most insignificant gesture is governed by the same laws which bring empires to glory or ruin. Let the stu- dent, therefore, forswear his books for a time, and come out and look at the great book of society as it actually is, not as it is represented in books. He will find that the better half even of philosophy is learned out of the study. The mere book-worm is certainly a respectable man, and he is very useful. It is he who tunnels in dark places, and brings to light unknown facts. But he is not a *man*. He could not be set up as the representative of humanity. His mind is out of proportion; it is plethoric in Greek, and sapless in a sympathy with the universe. It is an in- telligent sympathy with the whole universe, and that alone, which makes the true philosopher and the polished gentleman.

MONSIEUR ST ASFRE'S DOG.

In a little town of one of the southern departments of France there lived, a few years ago, an old man, whose retired life was a subject of much wonder and speculation to the vulgar. M. de St Asfre, ancient President of the Faculty of Advo- cates of Bourdeaux, after having gathered together the remnants of an immense fortune from the revolutionary chaos, had ensconced himself in an old Gothic mansion in the town of Tarbes, where, without other domestic than an old and faithful servant, he devoted his life to the culti- vation of a large garden well-stocked with precious shrubs, and consecrated the time he was not so engaged to read- ing and to the study and contemplation of those great authors who adorned the earlier epochs of French litera- ture. M. St Asfre was a man of rare accomplishments, and he still preserved the prestige of his meridian powers, although he had now attained his eighty-fifth year. He had been the contemporary and friend of the President Montesquieu; he had known in his younger days the Pre- sident Henault; in his riper years he had carried on an intimate correspondence with Malesherbes, with Chalotais, and with all the illustrious members of the French magis- tracies. The conversations of the old man retained all the influences of his precious friendships. The hours which he had been privileged to pass amongst these illustrious relics of the old court days had enabled him not only to cultivate the intellect but to refine the heart; but few were admitted into the modest retreat of M. St Asfre, and, by a wonderful perversion of affection, the tendency of his friendships or acquaintanceships was always to diminish. When M. St Asfre came first to dwell at Tarbes, the most respectable and wealthy of the inhabitants had paid their devoirs to him, and had formed quite a club of respectful and interested visiters; but M. St Asfre, from his age, his manners, and habits of life, was a stranger to the allure- ments of society, and he circumscribed the number of his visits and visiters according to certain ideas of rank and fortune. The general commandant of division, the prefect, and one or two functionaries of the judiciary order, com- pleted the circle of his visiters, if we except young Edward Senard, who, by some mystery in the order of exceptions, was admitted to the old man's house and particular regard. What are the friendships of this world, after all, but plea- sant attractions? There are in all men the two elements of attraction and repulsion. There are in all men the qua- lities which we love or which coincide with ours, and those with which we have no sympathy. Where the affinities are in excess there will be excessive attraction or friend- ship, and where the repulsions are strong and active there will be coldness and disgust. The general, prefect, and members of judiciary, had few tastes in common with those of St Asfre. They did not care for solitude, for shrubs, and the old authors; and they came to drink St Asfre's wine and show their civility, more than to enjoy his criti- cisms or listen to his prelections. With Edward Senard the case was infinitely different. The young man was poor, and friendless, and of humble origin, that is, accord- ing to the adventitious manner of estimating birth; but he was industrious, patient, high-souled, and virtuous, and in- tellectual withal, and he regarded his acquaintance with M. St Asfre as one of those lucky interpositions of provi- dence which so often conduce to the education and eleva- tion of the great-minded poor. He listened to M. St Asfre with the most profound respect, stored up his instructions in his heart, and really loved him as a son. M. St Asfre of himself was a most attractive and venerable old man, but by some wonderful operation of inexplicable zoological affection, he had rendered himself, at the same time, one of the most repulsive of old men. If M. St Asfre's taste had induced him, like the Caliph Motakar, to tame a few lions and keep them leaping about his garden, or, like Runjeet Singh, to cultivate amicable relations with a tiger, people might have borne the terror of his acquaintance for the oriental romance connected therewith; but the object of M. St Asfre's affection was an animal of the canine species, even more disgusting than that most disgusting of all dogs, Marryat's 'Snarley Yow.' The dog of the presi- dent was old and ugly, and, in remembrance of a parlia- mentary antipathy, he had called him Maupeou, the name of Louis XV.'s chancellor, who was the first to wield the axe of reform in the parliament of Paris, and was judged on that account, by the old ex-magistrate, to be the pre- cursor of the Revolution. The dog Maupeou, then, was old and ugly, quarrelsome and diseased. It was like some o Shakspeare's heroes—full of bad humours and fierce anti pathies. The heels of men and calves of human legs were objects of its fierce detestation, or rather of its fierce attach ment, for it intermitted few opportunities of fixing its tusk in all that presented themselves to it, and M. St Asfre usually so discriminating and just, smiled at these dents manifestations of his favourite, and consoled the sufferer by assuring them that Maupeou acted thus in accordanc with his nature. However satisfactory this explanatio might seem, Maupeou at last drove away everybody fro M. St Asfre's house but General St G ou, the prefect, an young Edward Senard. M. Tomas, the prefect, was a litt fat man, with a round, rubicund face. He looked as if h had carried a tun of wine to the house of M. St Asfre ever time that he visited him. His form was compressed int most athletic proportions, just as if he had grown up, lik a Carian, in spite of the compressive weights he had born on his head from infancy. To this functionary Maupeo had paid most marked attentions, by frequently leavin the marks of his teeth in his flesh. M. Tomas bore th abominable inflictions referred to with much temper, unti

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losing command over himself one day, he kicked Maupeou through below a table, over a stool, and right to the foot of M. St Asfre's fauteuil, and forthwith bade farewell to the old Gothic tower of Tarbes in a fuming passion.

If M. Tomas was short and thick, General St Grou was his very opposite. He was tall, thin, and grim, and looked as if he had been nursed in a hot-house and watered every morning. His long grey moustaches hung over his upper lip like a hedge of furze, and he could move them like the whiskers of a cat. His grey eyes were full of choler and pride, and his face foreboded great severity of character. Maupeou had made many attacks upon the heels of the general's military boots, which of course the general had treated with military contempt. He had indeed made sundry disparaging reflections upon Maupeou's disgusting appearance, character, and odour, which had called forth M. St Asfre's not very amicable rejoinders, but the general had never come to an open rupture with the favourite of his friend. While engaged in discussing some point of history one day, however, General St Grou allowed his hand to drop carelessly by his side, at which Maupeou, ever on the watch, made a furious munch. With the speed of lightning, St Grou caught him by a convenient extremity of his body, and with a vigorous and herculean swing, sent him through a window, carrying sash and glass with him in his flight, until he lay *hors de combat* in the garden.

Nobody could bear Maupeou, but all who knew him made vehement protestations of loving M. St Asfre. M. Tomas and General St Grou had been unable to love the dog, but they professed solemnly to love the man, and intermitted no opportunity, even after these ruptures, of asking him what they could do to serve him. Independently of hating Maupeou, the prefect and general had mutually imbibed a perfect detestation of Edward Senard, and their antipathy increased in proportion to the increase of M. St Asfre's love. 'He is a human Maupeou,' they would exclaim; 'what a pity it is that he and the brute do not fall out every day.' If ever the dull eye of the dog fell kindly on any human being save his master, it was on Edward Senard; but, as necessity dissolves the friendships of both dogs and men, the poor youth, who had sometimes dreamed of honour and fame, was at last constrained to leave Tarbes, and go to Paris, in order to earn his bread, and so Maupeou and M. St Asfre were left alone.

Perhaps the most friendless creature in this world is an ugly ill-natured dog, who has lost a doating master. Let the gentle-hearted reader, then, judge of Maupeou's condition when M. St Asfre died. The old parliamentarian had not died, however, without making an effort to provide for his canine favourite a friend. He had left him to M. Tomas, General St Grou, or Edward Senard conditionally, and that condition was, 'whichever of them desired most to keep him for his master's sake.' M. Tomas was reclining in his fauteuil, with his napkin thrown over his head; General St Grou was sententiously discussing a question of fortification with the Abbe Pierre; and Edward Senard was sitting penning a sonnet in his garret in the Place de la Concorde, when an intimation was handed to each to appear as heirs and legatees to M. St Asfre at Tarbes, when the state of the deceased's affairs would be administered by his attorney. General St Grou and M. Tomas smiled grimly as they saluted each other in M. St Asfre's parlour; they bowed distantly to Edward, shook hands cordially with M. St Grammont the attorney, and then seated themselves upon the chairs which they had often occupied, and which they had only vacated when Maupeou had become intolerable.

'Gentlemen,' said M. Grammont, smiling, 'the legacy of M. St Asfre is conditional, and that condition of course renders its acceptance a voluntary act. It is a singular legacy, I do confess, but our departed friend was a singular man. He was singularly learned, singularly rich, and singular in his attachments. He bequeaths to you, General St Grou, his dear dog Maupeou.'

General St Grou sprung to his feet, as if he had been shot, and the red flush of rage overspread his countenance in a moment. 'Oh, I see!' he cried, stamping up and down the room, 'M. St Asfre never forgave me for that throw, and this is his revenge. I would only take the dog for the pleasure of shooting him.'

'The conditions are that you take care of him,' said M. St Grammont, calmly, 'or you do not have him.'

'Then all the care I would take of him would be till it reached a tanpit,' said the ferocious old soldier.

'Perhaps M. Tomas would accept?' said the cool lawyer, turning to the corpulent prefect.

'I would almost accept the office of public executioner for the nonce to hang him,' cried the indignant functionary. 'To leave his ugly snarling dog to me! I thought he knew me better?' and M. Tomas stalked up and down the room also in a furious heat, and in distant imitation of the general.

'Poor Maupeou!' said Edward Senard, stepping forward, and smiling, 'then I suppose he now falls to me? Then let me have him, M. St Grammont; I accept with pleasure the legacy of my dear old friend.'

'Indeed, he will be both a burdensome and a disagreeable gift' said the attorney, looking fixedly at the poor youth.

'Not to me,' said Edward, frankly. 'I loved his master, and I shall keep him for his sake. Let me have the dog, please.'

'You hear, gentlemen, he accepts,' said the attorney, turning with a quiet smile to the prefect and general.

'A gift that must be extremely acceptable to one of his nature,' was the almost simultaneous response of M. Tomas and his friend.

The attorney made no answer, but threw open a door, when Maupeou, snorting and wheezing, staggered into the room.

At sight of St Grou and M. Tomas, the latent energies of his canine nature flashed up, and he uttered several most discordant and menacing growls.

'You see, my young friend,' said the attorney, admonishingly, as he pointed to the ugly cur.

'Yes, I see,' said the youth, as he patted him on the head. 'Poor Maupeou! poor Maupeou! I'll provide a warm corner for thee for thy master's sake, or it shall go hard with me.'

The old animal turned his eyes to the young man, wagged his tail in sign of recognition; then uttering a sudden growl, he rushed at the legs of M. Tomas and the general; and the ardour of his nature having carried him beyond the limits of prudence in his passion, he expired with his teeth in M. Tomas's stocking.

'Come,' cried the young man, as he disengaged the dog from the leg of the furious M. Tomas. 'Come, old Maupeou, you must learn good manners;' and he patted him kindly on the head.

'He is dead,' said the attorney. 'He is dead,' grinned General St Grou. 'He has taken his last bite now,' cried M. Tomas, as he administered his last kick.

'I congratulate you, M. Senard,' said the attorney; 'you have lost the dog but have gained a fortune. Listen, gentlemen, by what chances the fates try us;' and he read the following extract:—'To whoever of the three friends specified willingly accepts Maupeou, and promises to cherish him for my sake, without other idea of reward, I bequeath, at the poor dog's death, the sum of ninety thousand francs.' 'These are yours, monsieur,' said the attorney, shaking hands with the poor young poet.

M. Senard now occupies one of the most pleasant little retreats in France. His house is a model of beauty, his garden one among a thousand, his wife as sweet as a China rose, and his children as beautiful and sprightly as canary birds. In his parlour, dining-room, and bed-chamber, are portraits of M. St Asfre; and in the garden, in a beautiful cage, is the stuffed effigy of old Maupeou. M. Tomas and General St Grou never forgave M. St Asfre, although they tried to console themselves by cracking jokes on M. Senard, and calling him a dog's heir.

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THE FADING LEAF.

It is in the nature of our mental constitution to receive ideas and convey them to others, by emblems. The evident reason of this is because there is no other way in which ideas can be so easily comprehended, or so clearly unfolded. The mind, therefore, is continually searching for objects which may be held up to view as visible and clear indices to its conceptions.

The painter knows no other language but that of emblems. He spreads them out upon his canvass; we gaze upon the picture, and while not a word is spoken, the most thrilling story may be unravelled to us. The poet, it is true, depends much upon the beauty of his language—his flowing numbers. But what would the perfection of his style gain him, were it not for the striking imagery which he draws from the great storehouse of emblems? Nor can the philosopher do without them. He even constructs a miniature planetary system, and by it describes the various evolutions and relative positions of those great bodies which are hanging in space. Even truths once clearly seen, may come to us with a tenfold power, if accompanied with some striking analogy. We may receive from the mouth of another a correct description of some noted building which we have never seen; but if we can look upon a picture of that edifice, we can more distinctly imagine the reality. Just so is it with comparisons. Suitable emblems always make the outlines of the ideal more definite; and even where we have visible demonstrations of truth, the effect of suitable comparisons is never lost. Nor has our benevolent Creator been unmindful of this fact in his construction of the material universe. He has created innumerable objects, and ordained various operations of nature, which assist us in our inquiries after truth—especially those truths connected with the eternal welfare of the immortal soul.

God not only plainly declares to us those truths so important for us to know; but, in the same sacred book, he seeks to impress our minds more deeply by presenting them through the medium of emblems familiar to us. The transforming power of the Holy Spirit is compared to wind. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' The wicked are likened to a 'troubled sea whose waters cannot rest, but cast up mire and dirt.' But in regard to no one truth is there such a profusion of figures applied, as the wasting away and death of the body, and the consequent vanity of all earthly things. Life is compared to a flying post,—a weaver's shuttle,—a flower that blooms and quickly dies,—to clouds that vanish away. 'We are of yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.' The striking emblems which nature presents are frequently brought forward, and we are urged by the lesson they teach to be mindful of the frail tenure by which we hold this earthly existence. But, reader, there is one emblem which at this season of the year is continually appealing to us in the most solemn manner. It comes with soul-stirring eloquence, and, though we refuse to be admonished, we cannot be unmindful of the truth, for we see it everywhere. We cannot open our eyes without reading it. Wherever we go, the declaration is before us. It is engraved upon all around that we 'do fade as a leaf.' But what is there in leaves that shadows forth man's earthly career, and in what respect does their fading remind us of our own wasting away? Leaves bloom out fresh and fair, appearing as though they could never die. They murmur the sweetest melody, and dance to the faintest wind that blows. They spread a beauty over the forest whose magnificence can neither be equalled nor transferred by the hand of art. They are the gorgeous attire of objects which, without them, present only a dreary picture—conveying to the mind desponding ideas. In their full verdure, they fill up a vacuum upon which no joyous heart can look with pleasure. Without them nature seems dying, while with them she has the appearance of springing into perfect life. Were there no green leaves, earth would seem but a vast charnel-house, and the blooming of the fairest flowers would appear cold and sepulchral. Their delicate texture would be the lifeless beauty of a corpse. No zephyr's breath would ever visit this dreary world, but, instead of their gentle whisperings, sad tones would fall upon the ear, as the tall naked branches of the forest move to and fro in their loneliness. Even the music of waters would lose half its sweetness, for there would be nothing to soften their wild ragings, nor send back to us gentle echoes. Every song of nature would be a fit requiem for the dead, and the weary eye could find nothing of life or beauty on which to rest.

This may appear to many as vain fancyings, with no meaning whatever. But who can tell what would be the effect, if every tree and shrub were to stand year after year leafless, never showing a single sign of life? Even during the brief desolations of winter, who does not feel the sad change, though there is a certainty of a speedy resurrection? but what would it be if there were no returning spring? The most gifted poets speak of nature as dying when the first leaf begins to fade, and of the earth as desolate when they have all fallen lifeless upon the ground;—and to the reflecting mind there is stern reality amid all the imagery with which poets invest the idea.

We ever connect with the fresh green foliage of summer in its light and airy appearance, the idea of life, of joyousness, and of beauty. But, with the contrast as viewed in autumn, there comes a throng of gloomy associations, sad musings of the fading nature of all earthly things. There is that in summer scenery—its perfect animation—its profusion—which tends to banish all thoughts of death. There is scarcely a token of mortality around us. Here a flower fades, there a leaf falls, but so much life remains it makes but little impression upon the mind. A friend dies, but we gather fragrance and animation from nature, and strew the emblems of the living upon his bier. We then bear him along to his final resting-place, and lay him down where birds sing so sweetly, and flowers and leaves are so full of life—we hardly realise that death is there. We go away half believing that the loved one is only *reposing* from the toils and strifes of the world. We know that he has gone no more to return; but we have not considered that he is fading, and will blacken and crumble to dust like the sear and yellow leaf of autumn. But it is even so. And are we not sensible of it at this season of the year? Are we not conscious that the garb of life which nature has been wearing, sent forth enchantments to draw us away from the real enchantments that are now being dispelled? We knew all to be mortal and fading, frail in their textures and soon to pass away, yet the enchantment had its effect upon us, and the truth was forgotten while it lasted. Even the soft rustling of summer leaves, and their luxuriance, shed brightness around a grave-yard, clothing the cold marble with beauty. But we love to be thus lured along, that we may forget as much as possible our own mortality, for it is not a pleasing subject to contemplate. We dread to be reminded that soon we must lie down and be chained by the iron hand of death, and then be carried away from present scenes never more to mingle in them. We make no efforts to blot out or change the false colouring, but on the contrary strive to make its hues more brilliant still, by the part we act upon the stage of life. We seek to throw round the gloom of dying a gorgeous display, and while our own hearts are 'beating funeral marches to the grave' we hurry along upon the awful precipice, as if scorning the gulf that is ready to swallow us up. We come into being, and spring into youth and manhood with that sprightliness and vigour that characterise the living forms of nature. The brightest smiles are now, and joyous words are spoken, though the heart be ill at ease. We tax the energies of mind to invent new sources of pleasure, that all thoughts of passing away may be drowned; and then we engage in those scenes of mirth with the whole soul. If we have wealth, we surround ourselves with a magnificence which has exhausted the power of invention to create, and which gold only can procure. Everything about us is gaudy. We dwell in palaces, know nothing of toil and care, while every luxury that is pleasing to the sense or taste is enjoyed.

Shutting out all gloomy objects, we sit down in repose, unconscious that at every moment the silver cord is being loosed, and the golden bowl broken. Or, if we have but little of the things of this world, we go forth with the busy throng to gain them; we rise early, and sit up late, eat the bread of carefulness, that we may gain gold, and thus win the bright things of earth. In short, everything is conducted with reference not to the truth, but to the fascinating charms of that fiction which nature in her summer time weaves for us. We constantly act in harmony with the idea which leaves and flowers present to the mind. Carried away by it, we imagine earth to be a paradise, and ourselves its eternal possessors. Imagination tells us all we have to do is to add to its beauty and enjoy it for ever.

Yes, man, like the leaves, exists for a while in health and prosperity, gaily dancing at every breeze of fortune. Like them he has his summer-time, when the world smiles upon him, and his projects are accomplished. Every rill sends joy to his bosom, every gale bears on its wings the sweetest odours. He bows to the illusion and worships at the shrine of the charmer, whose poisonous sting he must ere long feel, for he is mortal, and the summer hours of his existence will soon be over. They pass on rapid wings and stay not in their flight though every fountain of pleasure be exhaustless. A change comes. Leaves fade and fall to the ground; and so with man. He goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Leaves are reft of their life and beauty, and scattered by the rude autumnal winds. Man also must close his eyes in the sleep of death, his freshness torn from him, and his gayest attire exchanged for a shroud—his palace for a coffin—his gilded equipage for the dark-curtained hearse, which is to bear him to the cold damp vault, where he is laid silently down by the mouldering ashes of the dead.

The summer of nature will again appear. Buds will burst forth, and new leaves will clothe the forest fresh and fair as ever. They will send out the same rich tones and wear the same bright aspect. But man's summer, once past, never reappears. There is no budding anew of his existence, unless it be in a brighter and a better world. Seasons may come and go—go and come; but *he* reappears not upon the stage with mortals. He crumbles to his native dust, which mingles with that of the leaf. The leaf fades, he fades, and both return to the earth from whence they came.

But, reader, let us examine more closely and view some particulars in which fading leaves are striking emblems of death. 'We all do fade as a leaf.' But how does a leaf fade? It fades *silently*, without a single premonition; not a note of warning is given, until it has received the shock of death. The poisoning of its fountain of life is done in secret. We cannot mark the moment when leaves begin to fade. We look upon them—they are fair; we look again, and their freshness is gone—they are drooping, languishing away. We may stand in an unbroken forest and watch these changes. We know that death is at work around us, for one by one are these eloquent monitors of the grave deposited in their last resting-place, until the ground is covered, and the branches above become bare. But who, or what tells us of this change? We see there have been ravages, but no voice proclaims it. The wind whispers it, but only in faint intimations—our own footsteps tell it when the sad work is almost done. But we know not when and how it is that leaves begin to fade. We are ignorant of all, until they bear upon themselves the impress that tells us they must die. Thus fades the leaf, and experience as well as revelation declares that we fade in like manner. Who knows when that messenger, who sitteth upon the pale horse, and whose name is death, makes ready his bow and speeds his arrows? Does he ever send a herald to tell us there is need of making ready, for at such a moment the shaft will enter our vitals? We feel the stroke, but he who gives it comes with a noiseless tread;—he is not seen, nor is he heard; but his aim was unerring, and the victim fades like a leaf. We know not of that moment when the bloom of health begins to depart, and paleness creeps silently over the countenance. Can we tell when the bright eye begins to grow dim, the full pulse to beat languidly, and the bounding heart to throb feebly? As we take hold of the trembling hand that once grasped ours with energy, but whose pressure we can now scarcely discern, are we able to say when the power to give this token of friendship its full force was taken away? The voice was once rich and full as the sweet tones of a harp—it is now hollow and can scarcely articulate—it has lost its music. But can we point to the time when the mournful change began? It came like a spectral illusion. It passed our pathway like a shadow, though in reality disappearing only, when, like the leaf, the dear one has faded and fallen. The church-bell may then toll the departure of a spirit, and make known that there is another occupant for the grave; but it never sends out its peals, telling that the destroyer will come at such an hour. Are the light-hearted and pleasure-seeking throng ever arrested in their wild career, by a message that to-morrow, or next year, the fairest and loveliest of the number will pass away, to join in their festivities no more? Does a friendly voice ever whisper in the ear of the child, as it engages in its innocent sports, that soon, very soon, it will weep over the new-made graves of its parents? Or is that mother who fondly clasps to her bosom her darling babe, told that the idol of her heart will wear an infant's shroud, and be laid in her own coffin? What voice, reader, dare proclaim, that your winding-sheet is woven, the boards for your coffin sawn, and the stone polished that is to be set up over your ashes? Yet it may be even so, for 'we all do fade as a leaf.' The leaf droops silently away, we cannot foretell when. And thus is it with you and the gay world. The work of decay *must* ere long commence. The fading process will begin, and it will be completed. But the summons will be sent in silence, and we will wear the impress ere we are conscious of it.

But there is another point in which the fading of leaves resembles the dying of these bodies of ours. Leaves fade *gradually*. They do not all pass away at once. Some droop while others remain fresh and green; and yet before the work commences, we know not which will fade quickest. There is no mark to designate them. But ere long we see that one after another turns pale, and drops from among their fellows. And is not this the way we leave our places in the family circle and in society? We look upon the bright cheerful circle that surround the paternal hearth. We scan the parents, then their offspring, from the eldest down to the little prattler they are caressing. But we know not which seat will become vacant first, and its occupant be carried through the portals of that homestead, a cold corpse! Will it be the parents who have passed the meridian of life, or the elder son beside them, who is just entering upon the busy scenes of the world;—or will it be the little one, who like the bursting rose begins to claim admiration? God only knows. But like the leaves of the forest, they will soon fade. First one goes, and then another, until, finally, they are all laid side by side in the churchyard, and the hearthstone is forsaken. You look about upon society, but you cannot name the individual whose funeral will be first attended. Yet some one of us must go first. It may be the aged and care-worn, who is expecting his summons, or the young and beautiful who has never thought seriously of dying. It may be the warm-hearted Christian who keeps his lamp trimmed and burning, ready to meet the bridegroom, or the worldly-minded professor who is slumbering at his post. And oh, it may be the child of many prayers, and of Sabbath school instruction, but who has not made his peace with God. You may be called for this week—before another Sabbath dawns your mortal remains may lie in the ground.

Many leaves have faded and fallen, but those that remain must drop also. Thousands with whom we began life have gone into eternity before us. But we must go too. Gradually do we pass from these airy scenes, following each other in rapid succession. Friend after friend departs; generation after generation goes; and thus it will continue until the end of time.

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We need not ask you, reader, if these be truths. In saying that we are fast going to the grave, that we are fading like the leaf, we need only utter the solemn exclamation, and then point you to those thousand emblems which so eloquently maintain it. They appeal to you more powerfully than words. They clothe the truths in visible forms, then spread them out before you, and by the fitness of the illustration, call upon you to be admonished. And will you scorn or forget the message? Can you look upon nature in her dying hours, and not realise that a similar change must pass over you? When there is death everywhere, can you be unmindful of the perishing material with which your earthly house is constructed? Can you see a leaf fall to the ground, without thinking that you must lie beneath the clods of the valley? No, you cannot be unmindful of these solemn realities, these lessons which nature is now reading you. But do you act as though you believed them? As you look upon the change that is being wrought around you, and feel that you must change in like manner, do you remember that you have souls that can never die, which experience no decay, but will live for ever in joy or in agony? Are you fitting this spark of immortality for the bliss of Paradise or for the torments of an eternal fire? This is the all-important question, and should absorb every other idea, until your safety be provided for. Your probation-day is fast departing. You know not how soon it will end, for, like the leaf, you fade without warning. If you wait for the transition moment, you are lost for ever. There is no knowledge, nor device in the cold grave to which we haste. But you are familiar with all this; and yet perhaps you procrastinate. Like many a deluded wretch, now beyond that 'bourne from which no traveller returns,' you defer the most important business that can be done in this life. You place upon this fearful uncertainty the rich inheritance above, which is priceless and unfading. You may yet win it, but how small the chance, if you continue to defer! And what are its advantages? If you gain a sure title, when you fade here, you will go where there is no change, no death;—not even an emblem of dying, but one long, eternal summer. You will wear an immortal form and be surrounded with kindred immortalities. You will meet the long lost and loved ones, and sit down with them to the great marriage supper of the Lamb.

This is a fading world. Brightest hopes fade, beauty fades;—everything about us is fading. Even the earth will pass away. But there will be a new heaven and a new earth that cannot perish. Oh, who does not desire a place *there*, when he shall have passed from the dead and the dying *here*? Who would not have a glorious body, and go where there is but glory—nothing but harmony, love, and perfect fruition? But, reader, remember that life is the only time given to secure so priceless an inheritance. And life, you know, hangs upon a brittle thread—it may be severed at any moment. Be wise, then, and ere the unseen hand of death is laid upon you, and you fade as a leaf, secure your soul that cannot fade.

PRAYER.

Is thine heart by the world, or its sorrows, oppress'd,
And despair in dark characters stamp'd on thy brow?
Has the future no hope for thy suffering breast,
On thy dreary and dark way no light to bestow?

Then prayer is the balm that will soothe every sorrow,
And hurl from his hold the dark demon despair;
It will cheer to-day's grief with the hope of to-morrow,
And a lovelier form bid this wilderness wear.

Faithless is he, the dear friend once so cherish'd,
The bosom wherein all thine own had confided,
What though the young hope of life's morning has perish'd,
And its promising beam into darkness subsided?

Yet, mourner, forsaken and friendless, in prayer
Bodied forth, let thy sorrows to Heaven ascend;
Thou shalt find an unspeakable recompense there,
And a good and unchangeable God for thy friend!

Rev. G. Hughes.

COTTON.

Before the invention of the spinning-jenny in 1787, scarcely four millions of pounds weight of cotton were imported into Britain annually; now the annual import of the same material will exceed four millions of hundred-weights. Used as a universal article of raiment from pole to pole, by the savage and by the sage, it has become one of the most extensive articles of trade, and one of the most abundant products of human labour. No one can tell when or by whom the cotton wool was first applied to the purposes for which it is now in such general use; but no one can contemplate its applicability to the wants of humanity, without being impressed with a sentiment of veneration towards Him who has planted on the earth for man all that is necessary to supply his exigencies and add to his comforts. The earth is full of the greatness and goodness of God, and he who has most knowledge of those things, of which the earth is continent, will be most impressed with this sublime truth. Even for the simplest form of beauty with which man has invested the things which he has formed by his art, he is indebted to some suggestive form in nature. The rarest vases, and the most splendid ornaments in architecture, are mere copies of some tiny thing, which, touched by the plastic hand of God, spontaneously assumes a form of exquisite beauty. Our finest cups and urns are but modifications of flower-cups. The capitals of the Ionic and Corinthian columns are but re-scripts of maiden's tresses and clustering plants. Not only for the materials, then, but for the form of all these beautiful things, which in our human vanity we prize as our handiwork, are we indebted to Him who has fed us, and led us thus far through this weary pilgrimage.

The material of clothing is of two kinds, animal and vegetable; first, the skins of animals and their coverings, as wool, fur, and hair, and the inner bark and fibres of plants. These may be termed the more apparent parts, for clothing purposes, of plants and animals, and are generally used by people who have not far advanced in a knowledge of manufactures. The savage throws the skin of a wild beast over his shoulders, and wraps a piece of plaited grass, or inner-bark cloth, round his loins, and he is content; but civilisation, ever restless, ever looking for some new object of use or luxury, discovers a far more splendid and becoming raiment in the cocoon of a worm, and in the seed-pod of a little shrub. The cotton plant is of a great variety of species; indeed, the more that botanists search and analyse, the more of varieties do they discover. Some kinds of cotton are infinitely more valuable than others, both on account of its productive power and quality; the Gossypium herbaceum, or common herbaceous cotton plant, is that, however, which is most commonly cultivated. This species of cotton is of two sorts, being annual and perennial. The annual is that generally sown in the United States, and in Malta and Persia, to which last country it is indigenous. It is sown just in the manner of corn—springs to a height from eighteen to twenty inches—bears a large yellow flower, with a purple centre, which is succeeded by a large pod or seed-cup, about the size of a walnut, which, when ripe, bursts and exposes the beautiful white downy substance called cotton-wool. The cotton is cut down, and yields one or two crops in the season, according to the temperature of the climate in which it is cultivated.

Another species of the herbaceous cotton attains to four and six feet high, being a very beautiful shrub; but the Gossypium arboreum, or cotton-tree, rises sometimes to the height of twenty feet, and grows wild on the banks of the Nile, in India, and Arabia. Another species of cotton has been styled by Linnæus, Gossypium religiosum, but for what reason it has obtained this singular appellation cannot be said. It is cultivated in the Mauritius, and is of two sorts, one bearing a very white cotton, the other a yellowish brown. It is from the Gossypium religiosum that nankeen cloth is made, and it is supposed to be indigenous to China.

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The annual herbaceous plant yields, however, by far the

finest quality and most abundant crops of cotton; yet so various are the plants, in the particular attributes of procreance and quality, that one can scarcely be reckoned an exact specimen of the other. Various writers have estimated the yield to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy pounds of picked or cleaned cotton per acre. The cotton is both a hardy and vigorous plant, and is grown upon almost any kind of soil with very little trouble, although it requires a constant and wearisome attention and labour when ripened. The cotton-tree requires a mean temperature of about 68 deg. Fahrenheit to produce wool; but the shrub sort will reach maturity in a climate of between 60 and 64 deg. The cotton-plant is propagated by seed, and is generally fit for being gathered in seven or eight months after it has been sown. The planter has no difficulty, however, in knowing when to commence his harvest, as the capsule, or seed-pod, bursts and indicates maturity. When the harvest approaches, the cotton assumes a most beautiful and pleasing appearance, the white globes contrasting finely with the dark green leaves of the plant. In the east the whole of the pod is pulled by the pickers and dressed; but the general practice is to separate the wool and seed from the husk. The first mode is adopted for expedition, but it has a deleterious effect upon the quality of the cotton, the husks mingling with the wool, and refusing to be separated from it without great difficulty and patient labour. The gathering of the cotton takes place during the night, and in the morning before sunrise, lest its colour should be injured by the rays of the sun; and no one who has not seen can estimate the wearisome, fagging, fainting labour, which the poor negro slave endures in the production of this plant. During the cotton harvest, for several weeks together, the poor sun-burned negroes have scarcely four hours sleep in the twenty-four. Their fingers are worn to the flesh, their bodies become thin and emaciated, and sometimes they will ply their task during their short fitful feverish slumbers, being denied other rest altogether. Many die under the tyranny and toil which, at this season especially, are most heartlessly exercised towards, and exacted from, the dark-skinned Americans, by their cruel white countrymen. The separation of the cotton from the husks was a most tedious, painful process, when done by the hand; but the invention of a cleaning machine, called a gin, has superseded the manual process. By the hand process one person could scarcely clean a pound in the day. A complex gin or mill, attended by two or three persons can, more effectually than the hand, clean as much as eight or nine hundred pounds per day. The more simple machine, however, which consists of two or three fluted rollers, and is set in motion by the foot, after the manner of a turning-lathe, can, by the labour of one person, clean about seventy pounds per day. It is the power of the cleaning machine, which can only be purchased by a capitalist, and the inhuman usurpation of dominion over his fellow-men, that enables the slave cotton-planter to compete with and exclude from the cotton market the free cotton-growing farmers of Western America. After the cotton has been husked, it is whisked upon a wheel, through a strong current of air, and effectually cleansed from any little particle left by the gin. As it is blown out of this machine, it is gathered up and carried to the packers, who force it into bags by means of screws; and in these bales, of about three hundred-weight each, it is exported to the manufacturers. When placed on ship-board, these bales are pressed down into a far more compact and solid form.

Great Britain and the state of Massachusetts are the greatest cotton manufacturing countries in the world. Of course Massachusetts cannot actually compare with Great Britain in this capacity; but, proportionably, the Old Bay state exhibits a vast amount of capital invested in this branch of trade.

In Lowell, Massachusetts, so celebrated for the high moral and intellectual character of its factory girls, there are nearly twenty thousand factory operatives employed; and manufactories are rapidly increasing in Ohio, and several others of the States. Of late years attention has been drawn to the fatal influence which the continuance of the cotton trade with America has upon the life and liberty of the slaves; and philanthropists have been directing their eyes towards the East Indies, as a more honourable market for the British cotton trader than that Georgia, where men are robbed of their dearest birthrights, in order to aggrandise a few planters, who esteem their luxuries at more account than humanity. A more practicable plan is that of preferring to purchase from the free farmer of America his free-grown cotton, and to refuse to purchase that which is slave-grown. This latter plan has already been in part acted upon, and many free-grown articles are already made and sold in this country. It would be well for the friends of the slave to encourage this revolution in the cotton trade.

SNOW IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

In lat. 78 deg. 30 min. my attention was attracted towards a shower of frozen particles which fell down like snow, during this season of inclemency, but which was not the snow I had been used to see. Its general appearance was a fall of scales, or thin circular pellicles of ice; but, upon minute investigation, they were found to be crystalline feathers, of symmetrical beauty, connected together by their bases, so as to form a common centre, from which the vanes or shafts projected like rays, or, to use a plainer simile, like the spokes of a wheel from the box of the axle-tree. From the primary rays, secondary ones branched out and met each other, composing a network of small crystals, and, though the integral particles of every separate piece of snow were little elongated drops of congealed water, each having a small end inserted into the globule beneath it, and affording its own head for the reception of the taper point of that succeeding, the various arrangements of these strings of icy beads produced an infinitude of delicate forms, the contemplation of which was highly interesting. The most plentiful figure was that of a flat star, of six principal rays, with many minor lines connecting them together, and the disposal of these ramifications served to diversify this simple form in many delightful ways; but there were other more intricate and more beautiful arrangements of the elementary crystal, which fixed the eye in admiration upon their fairy fabrics. Elegant masses, brilliant stars, rosettes, feuillettes, and globes of complex filigree, presented themselves in every variety; but the extreme chasteness of combination in which these little automaton diamonds had disposed themselves is beyond description.

Large quantities of snow, both of the common flaky and crystalline kind, fell during the night. Not only was the ship's deck, and all upon it, white with a fleecy covering, but the masts, tops, yards, shrouds, stays, and every rope and portion of the rigging on which a particle of snow could lodge, was veiled in a feathery tunic. But the fore part of the vessel presented a beautiful and enchanting sight: the waves, which dashed against the bows, and the spray, which flew over the forecastle even to the foretop, when she dipped her head beneath the surge, became encrusted on every spot it touched. The whole front of the hull and upper works was encased in a splendid sheet of ice; while from the bowsprit and sprit-sailyard, huge stalactites and massy pendants hung down, like the tusks of elephants. Minor icicles, and spokes of ivory whiteness, were ranged on every line and pole, giving them the appearance of long jaw-bones armed with unnumbered teeth; and scarcely was the material of the ship discernible at any point before the mast. It might have been imagined, upon seeing this part only of our ship, that she had been immersed in a petrifying lake, whose waters had congealed around her; or that she had been dipped in a vast cauldron of melted glass, which had clung to her, and grown solid as she was withdrawn. It was delightful to sit in one of the quarter-boats, and see our vessel glide through the deep blue ocean, like a bark of crystal sailing along the sky.—*Tales of a Voyager.*

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GERMAN ATHEISM AND FRENCH SOCIALISM.

When we look at the world through the telescopic agency of the newspaper press, it appears to be nothing more than a vast theatre of visible and active forces. We see men moving about in their different spheres, and pursuing their various objects; we behold them in masses tracing particular courses, and rushing against each other like antagonistic powers; we see kings betraying peoples and peoples dethroning kings; we hear of shouts and screams, and the booming of guns; the visible is held up to our senses in all the graphic palpability of fact. Barricades, street-fights, ejaculations, imperial flights, the movements of Magyars and Croatians, demands of workmen, negations of councils, and all the feverish manifestations of the social patient, together with the terrible eruptions that take place in the human family, are exposed by the artists of daily history, but they seldom show us the thoughts, the ideas, or speculations, which are proposed by the *penseurs* who set these visible forces on their tracks. The journals have to do with events more than with the philosophy of these events. Their sphere is more historical than critical; in their nature they are more synthetical than analytical; and if we wish to become acquainted with what is termed the philosophical spirit of the times, it is not to the journals but to the works of the modern speculatists themselves that we must go.

The age in which we live is motive with wonderful political phenomena. Europe at the present time is a phantasmagoria, whose regalities are shifting, and passing away, and going out, and whose millions are animated with thoughts and impulses as diverse, strange, and startling as the transient phantasms that flit across the disc of a magic lantern's lens. Undoubtedly the revolutions that are now taking place have been the result of a grand law which is superior to humanity or any human idea, and that is the law of motion. So general an uprising and modification of political systems was not the mere surging of an angry human sea, but the nervous action of human intelligence and human dissatisfaction. Europe had outgrown despotism and feudalism, and she knew it. She arose, looked at the systems which she believed to have enthralled her, overthrew them, and then found herself not at rest but rolling in an ocean of vague and distracting troubles, while the wild ejaculations of idealists rung incessantly in her distracted ears. Upon one grand idea, the idea of change, continental Europe was almost unanimous, and it was consummated; but under this general coincidence of thought there existed multifarious and conflicting speculations, the vehement, virulent, and murderous proposition of which still distracts society, and stimulates the burning fever of fierce political animosity. The battle which was waged between peoples and their legitimate governments has now shifted its ground, and rages between schools of political and social philosophy. It is towards the particular schools indicated by the heading of this article, that we mean to direct the attention of our readers, in order that they may form some idea of the syllogisms propounded by the leaders of the sects comprehended under the general denominations above.

Socialism, *per se*, or a system of co-operative economy, is not necessarily connected with peculiarity of abstract speculative belief; and, very unfortunately for the modern atheists, who propose it as a new system of human association, the only successful examples of it are exhibited by communities who profess Christianity. Complete co-operation has only been successful amongst the Shakers and Rappites, and other professing Christian societies in America. European socialism in all its phases, and in all its modifications, has only existed in the brains of its proposers, in their books or in their diagrams. American co-operation, even when based upon but a weak conception and acceptance of the glorious dogmas of Christianity, has been abundantly fruitful of peace and the grosser requisites of life. French socialism, animated with the spirit of German atheism, has usurped the national tribune, and has shed blood like water in the proposition of its ideas. It is not the principle of association in labour, and the distribution of the produce thereof, that we shall discuss; it is indeed but a simple question of economics *per se*, which is being solved in families every day. Our duty is to let our readers know something of the speculations of the men who have dashed headlong into the battle of ideas, and have exhibited as much excited incoherency and daring in thought as the infuriated insurgents of June did in action.

The French socialists propose what in their graphic language they term a New World, and their blasphemous assumptions of supreme sovereignty would lead us to suppose that they consider it as easy to create as conceive such. They treat the general will with the most sovereign contempt, laugh at the general faith as a debasing tradition, look upon the ideas of majorities as usurpations and tyrannies, and in their philanthropic endeavours to regenerate man, shoot him if he obstinately reject their nostrums. French socialism is not a mere modification of our present social system; it is not the proposition of community of interests instead of individuality. Anybody that looks into our present social polity will see the principle of community operating spontaneously in a hundred ways—in our insurance and other companies, and in our mutual assurance and benefit societies. Such existences, however, do not suggest to our French *penseurs* the capacities of present society for farther modifications and improvements upon the voluntary principle. But such an idea would destroy the prestige of originality; it would still be the old world, the world of Jehovah and of human responsibility, not the world of M. Proudhon or the Young Hegeliens; and so they will have none of it, but shall re-create it in thought and in action. They have developed a new philosophy as well as proposed a new social economy. They have discovered that man has been physically and spiritually a slave for six thousand years; that he has submitted to an infamous robbery of the produce of his labour, under the sanction and form of society; and to an equally infamous robbery of his spiritual sovereignty, under the name of religion. They have found, they say, that God is a mere modification of man's loftiest ideas, and that religion is man's homage and veneration misdirected towards his ideas, when it should be yielded in worship to himself. Mammon, or property, they declare to have usurped the sovereignty of man's physical dominion; and religion to have disinherited him from his spiritual glory and supremacy, and to have cast him down upon his knees, a moping slavish worshipper of his own thoughts.

The socialism which agitates France at the present day finds definite expression in the works of MM. Charles Grün and P. J. Proudhon—the former, a German propagandist of the Young Hegelien school of atheistical sophists; the latter, the leader of the social regenerationists. The former proposes in his work on 'Le Mouvement Social en France et en Belgique,' published in 1845, what, by this school, is termed the *spiritualism* of the new world. The latter in his 'Systeme des Contradictions Economiques ou Philosophie de la Misere,' in 1846, supplies the *materialism* of the system, and thus it is complete. German atheism is the metaphysical power which is to dethrone all the old ethical and religious traditions; and French socialism is the system of physics which is to reclaim the physical world from individual usurpation. Conjointly they are to constitute the new 'all in all,' which shall destroy all contradictions, disparities, and miseries, and restore man to his supreme sovereignty of happiness and glory. There is nothing invidious in our association of French socialism with German atheism. Ours is not the vulgar cry of infidelity which is too often raised against propositions baptised in the spirit of Christianity. The two have wed in noonday before the world as the spiritual and material bases of the future, and have boldly declared the inanity of all other systems of belief and hope. They cry aloud that man must be regenerated, and that it is only from the fecundity of his own ideas and through his own independent powers that he can be so. All the systems of ethics based upon the idea of an abstract deity

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have failed of their purpose to restore man to the great good, and, consequently, this system of atheism and socialism has become a human necessity. These are startling propositions, but they are candid ones. The human senses perceive them, and the human sentiments rise up intuitively to reject them, as the daring impositions of human pride and the blasphemies of extravagant egotism; but they declare themselves to be what we have styled them, conjunct 'atheism and socialism,' and as such men must view them or they will not recognise the systems now proposed by the French and German economists.

Socialism as a vulgar system of materialism is of old date. Some of its disciples trace its decadence from the days of Plato and Pythagoras to its revival in the mysticisms of the middle ages. From the mystics of the middle ages it descended to Thomas Munzer, from Thomas Munzer to the Anabaptists, and from the Anabaptists to the *penseurs de la Montagne*, as Louis Blanc calls the speculatists. Several of the schools of socialism owe their origin directly, however, to the close of the eighteenth century, when the convulsions of 1789, which were the precursors of the present ones, took place, and when ideas of which those of M. Grün and M. Proudhon are modifications were enunciated. M. Proudhon himself discusses what he terms the socialism of Plato and Pythagoras, the mysticism of the anabaptists, of Thomas Munzer, and M. Cabet, like an independent chief of sect and doctor, and criticises them with scrupulous fidelity and impartial justice; he is independent of their ideas, because he has ideas of his own; and his being the only true principles of social economy, are of course carefully dissociated from the imperfect speculations of his precursors. M. Grun accepts M. Proudhon's social economics, because, he says, they comprise the only system compatible with the Young Hegelien philosophy, which philosophy is the thoughts of Hegel tortured and disfigured by the turbulent German doctors, who have at last finished by the absolute denial of all divinity, and the proclamation of a religion of which every man is to himself the god.

M. Charles Grün is a missionary of this Young Hegelien philosophy, and he comes from Germany fired with the vain conceits of this religion of humanism, in order to teach it to the Belgian and French systemists. He visits the chiefs of the schools in these two countries, describes their persons, records their conversation, and criticises their ideas with a graphic freedom and pungency of wit which impress us with feelings of respect for his talents, and of profound pity for his abominable mental vagaries. Some of his portraits are bold and lively, and must be interesting as revelations of a class of men who, full of the presumption of a blinded and insolent humanity, would emulate Satan in seeking to dethrone the Almighty. Of one of these persons in Belgium, M. Jacob Kats, his description is peculiarly amusing. This Fleming is the veritable apostle of popular socialism; he practises what he preaches and teaches from morning to night. During that, the course of a day, he assumes various positions and guises: in the morning he is a schoolmaster, in the afternoon he is a socialist lecturer, and at night he is a comedian. Comedy and lecture are equally acceptable to M. Kats; he is always the same, unable to remain idle, and, according to his historian, presents a touching spectacle of incessant activity and indefatigable charity. M. Grün's is rather an amusing picture of this agitator, who is at once a natural and impassioned orator, director of a theatre, author, actor, manager, chief of the orchestra, prompter, and candle-snuffer. In Belgium, M. Grün met the old Buonarotti, one of the companions of Babeuf and the historian of his conspiracy, and, according to the German critic, the history of the conspiracy of Babeuf by the old demagogue of 1793 has exercised for the last ten years a powerful influence upon the mind of France. It is through this work, it seems, that the extreme parties, disgusted with mere reform politics, have had their anti-social prejudices dispelled, and have adopted the propositions of communism.

The old demagogue of 1793, as Buonarotti is termed by M. St Rene Taillandier, has not only influenced the French but the Flemish mind; and in the Low Countries, as in France, the combined communistic and atheistic ideas are spreading.

It is to St Simon that M. Grün attributes the rise of the various schools of socialism that have sprung up in France during the last ten years. He was the true prophet of the future, in whose writings and words are discoverable the apostolic fire. St Simonism is not of itself the true system of society, but its germ. It was a proposition of practical Christianity, and of course was absurd in the eyes of M. Grün. 'St Simonism,' says M. Grün, 'is like a box of seeds whose contents have been scattered one knows not where; but each grain has found its proper soil, and they have sprung from the teeming earth one after the other. First appeared the democratic form of socialism, then sensual socialism, then communism, and at last the utopia of Proudhon himself.' The mission of St Simon, according to this Young Hegelien, was to lay down his box of seed, and then to look passively at his hands. It was this peculiarity which rendered his ideas and the issue of his system so moving and so ridiculous—their vitality and humanity, and the weakness and dependence of the disciples who adopted them. 'St Simonism,' says M. Grün, in conclusion, 'is *une piece de theatre*, full of feeling and contradictory buffooneries. The author left the world before he had played his part; the manager died during the representation; then the actors, throwing aside the costumes which they had adopted, resumed their city habits, and repaired each one to his own house.' Apparent St Simonism became defunct with its master; but the members of the disruption retained the germs of independent ideas, and the last ten years have been fruitful in the development of modifications of these ideas.

The present ideas are denied to be emissions of modified St Simonism by some critics, and are declared to be the inevitable results of the philosophical progress of the French Revolution—the triumph of the ideas of Voltaire over those of Rousseau. 'The defeat of the ideas of Rousseau was inevitable,' said Pierre Leroux, 'because Robespierre, the scholar of Rousseau, so admirable on account of his moral purity and his belief in a Supreme Being, sought to impose his belief on others by means of the guillotine.' M. Grün, on the other hand, declares that Robespierre fell, not because he forced his belief on others, but simply because he occupied himself with religion! Voltaire and Rousseau, according to the Young Hegelian, formed two antithesis, of which he has discovered the synthesis; that is to say, he has discovered them to be two minor terms apparently opposite, but which unite in a superior term, which he has found out. 'If Robespierre,' he says, 'had accepted the moral strength of Rousseau's doctrines and Voltaire's anti-religious sentiments, he would have been the initiator of the new moral and social world.' That task, he affirms, was not possible, however, for the epoch of the ninth thermidor. It was reserved for the eighteenth century to discover, in Camille Desmoulins, the coincidence of Roussean and Voltairean ideas; and it was reserved for our times to endorse the new world, of which these combined ideas are the initiative. From the attrition and impulsion of ideas, and from the collateral pressure of misery, has at last emerged, according to M. Grün, the present formidable organisation of thought, which is characterised as German Atheism, and that determined idea of social reorganisation denominated French Communism. The world is full of suffering; no man can deny this. Humanity is divided into isolated orders, which have too long kept aloof from one another. The voice of our blessed Lord and Master has been crying aloud to us, 'Love one another;' and still we have neglected our brother, until the enemy has taken him captive, and has led him, like a blind Samson, against the pillars of the temple, till he has even sought to overthrow the eternal throne. What says this German atheist? And his is not a solitary voice; it is the voice of what is termed the Young Hegelien school. Hear his terrible blasphemies: 'God is not; that which humanity has so long adored is himself: it is the unity of his grandest thoughts and purest sentiments to which he has attributed a distinct existence, and which he has named

God. God is nothing more than our own image reproduced in a wondrous mirage. It is the most sublime reflection, the most magnificent shadow of human kind. It is time that humanity, like Narcissus, who admired himself in the fountain, should at last forsake this barren contemplation of an abstract divinity, and should know himself—should become conscious of his own divinity.' The discovery of this syllogism belongs to M. Fuerbach; and a number of Young Hegelien doctors have received with transport the proposition; from which has sprung that religion of humanism of which M. Grün is the apostle to the French socialists. It is upon the miseries of society that these men have sought to build their mental vagaries. It is hungry, houseless humanity whom they have sought to inoculate and indoctrinate with the virus of atheism. Man suffers, and he refuses to be satisfied with dogmas. Christendom has devoted herself almost wholly to creditable discussions, and has too much forgotten the practical application of the charities of our religion to those not within its visible pale; and the consequence has been this marriage of debasing atheism with ostensible philanthropy, and their acceptance by multitudes. There must be an awakening of the Church, for the enemy is upon her. Germany and France are marshalling their hosts, and are grasping the weapons of war, with which to make a final attack upon the imperishable bulwarks of our faith.

St Simonism, the benevolent dream of one confessedly full of the charities of Christianity; Fourierism, the mathematical era of material humanity; and the other *isms* of the modern schools, were lessons in the mysterious ordination of God to teach us to be up and doing. History can tell how these warnings have operated upon the Church. Here and there we have heard the cry of alarm from the lips of the Lord's saints, and the startled Church has listened; but as the sounds have died away, she has relapsed into satisfaction, while this host of feverish speculatists were enunciating their philosophisms and preying upon the sympathies of the miserable. The further consideration of the subject will form material for another paper.

HOW DO THEY LIVE?

People come into this world chiefly to live, and almost all the fight and bother that people have in it is how to live. When people don't know how to live, of course they die, and then they leave this world and all its cares. One would suppose that it was not very difficult to live down here, there are so many ways of living, and man needs so little here below, as the philosopher Goldsmith says; nevertheless, there is something very wrong about the economy of life; for one of the loudest thunder-toned cries in our days is 'live and let live.'

There is one class of people who are said to live upon their means—these, of course, are mean livers; and as mean folks are always cunning and secretive, it is a question for the Royal Academy of Sciences to decide upon the properties of this substance called means. Your people who live upon their means have genteel houses, and semi-antique genteel raiment; they are generally thin ethereal-looking single ladies, with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves in their gowns, large bonnets, pinched faces, scraggy servant-maids, cats like Cape of Good Hope sheep, and chains upon their doors. Nobody ever gets into the inside of their houses save their friends, and then there is neither wine nor biscuit discussed, but social economy and the enormities of servants. Your people who live upon their means, are the sisters or daughters of army or navy officers, who eke out their pensions like heroines, while these same pensions are squeezed from the nation's means.

There is a sort of bold burly people, who are said to live upon their money; and it is certain that if they do not masticate and swallow the coins, they take their puff from them right away. The man who lives upon his money, generally does so in every respect; if he wishes worship and adulation, he rattles the guineas in his waistcoat pocket, plays with the seals at his fob, and expects the world's homage, and gets it. He laughs at genius, and talent, and philanthropy, and all that sort of thing; and only respects aristocracy and kings, because of their diadems and stars. His geography extends to the mines of Potosi and Golconda; and he recollects of Ophir better than any other place in ancient geography. He not only lives upon his money, but he rides upon it; it is his life and hobby, and if he were denuded thereof he would be poor indeed.

There are some folks who are said to live upon their talents, and this, indeed, is a very equivocal way of living. If we were to be told that Milton and Shakspeare lived upon their talents, we might say that Bamfield Moore Carew and our modern thimbleriggers do the same. This is a most expansive and motley stage of life, for it embraces the histrionic stage, and the stage where Jack Ketch illustrates his strangulating talents. It comprehends the lord-chancellor, and the light-fingered gentry, whose talents generally bring them into the dock before a very talented gentleman, whose talents have brought him to the bench.

Perhaps the most healthy and athletic-looking portion of our living community are those persons who live upon the soil. Liebig and Johnston have demonstrated that rich soils are continent of gluten, and farina, and the other ingredients of muscularity; and soil being rather a plentiful thing out of town, lies fair for the mastication of those who can digest it. The barons of old were the most voracious devourers of the soil that we have any record of. They swallowed 'hides' of low land, and mountain tarns, and commons, and morasses: and their descendants continue to chew the cud upon them yet; they live upon the soil, and when they die, the soil lives upon them, and 'round and round, and about and about,' the cycle goes, like a Kentucky hunter who is whipping a panther.

There are a class of people walking above ground, like thin ghosts and disembodied creatures, although they have limbs and tongues, and all their features, who do not altogether live. We state this upon authority, and, lest we should be called upon to 'produce our authority,' as we have often been by ignorant opponents, we refer to the file of the 'Times,' or the balsam-box in any newspaper office.

'Where do you live now, Betsy?' said a lady to her *ci-devant* maid of all work, whom she met in Cheapside. 'I do not live now, ma'am,' said Betsy; 'I'm married.' Perhaps the Poor-Law Guardians, or the Scotch Parochial Board, could tell how Betsy got along. This question is a most familiar one to everybody, and must suggest an infinitude of modes of living, of which even we are incognisant; we will let our readers into a secret, however, of which they are probably not aware, and that is how people lived sixty years ago upon *their wits* and *with economy*. We must confess that the following curious illustrations of life were unknown to us, until our antiquarian friend, Jedediah Grose, pulled them quietly from his escrutoire and laid them down before us. 'The first beats Mick Cavanagh, the Irishman, who lived upon nothing,' said we, in raptures; 'and the second crows down the Minories and Judee all to nothing.'

'He was a curiosity,' said Mr Grose, smiling quietly.

'Who was?' said we, looking up from the manuscript.

'He was,' said Jedediah, reading as follows:—'Mr Osbaldeston was an attorney's clerk, and, spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but that is not all. This honest limb of the law is married, and has, at least, half-a-dozen children, all whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of, how much do you think? Guess a little, I pray you. Why then, to support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than sixty pounds per annum! And, if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for Sundays and holidays. But I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Claremarket, who paid him

in offal; the choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grain from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week, in the season, he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, secured their good will and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary economy, winked at his going over their manors with his moderate pack. Accident has since removed this uncommon man to Lewes, in Sussex, where on the same stipend he continues to maintain the same family. Curiosity led me to visit this extraordinary party about their dinner time. The two-legged part of it were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals. It looked, in short, somewhat like the golden age. Mr Osbaldeston himself seemed and acted like the father of the quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and as such, decided with the utmost impartiality, for Master Jacky having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded instant restitution. And, on the other hand, Doxy having snatched a piece of liver from Miss Dorothea, was obliged, on the spot, to restore it to the young lady. On inquiry, I found that Mr Osbaldeston was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune, in the north of England, and that, having imprudently married one of his father's servants, he was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, whose offspring have since been a source of profit and amusement to him.'

The following literary curiosity was put into the hand of Mr Jedediah, or somebody else, as he walked along the Strand in March, 1788, and is the production of a man whose motto was certainly 'live and let live':—

'DISPENSARY FOR DISORDERED APPAREL.

'Either by wear, tear, burn, misfitting, or any other complaint whatever, the latter being a complaint incident to liveries, frequently occasioned by the removal of servants, even should they be wanting in length and breadth, shall be speedily cured without blemish, &c. And after the curious manufacturer, by care, skill, and labour, has highly finished off beautiful and costly ornamental covering for the human body, it shall not be degraded by being put together in a flamakin and bungling manner, but shaped genteel, free, and easy, and put together with strength and beauty, so that it shall both do justice to the manufacturer and honour to the wearer, having instruments for that purpose, which are of themselves infallible, if not misguided by something which is mortal, of which all possible care will be taken to prevent; but to avoid too much quackery puffing, will come to ocular demonstration, by producing some of their performance: viz. a tolerable decent suit on his back, made out of two very ragged old coats, bought in Rosemary Lane for eighteenpence, and a coat that will admit of four different changes of fashions, made out of a much smaller sized ragged old coat and breeches, bought at the same place for two shillings; breeches neatly fitted in the common way without leg-seams, ditto to wear either side outward, as two pair, either leather and cloth, or what any gentleman may choose, that can be put on and off without disturbing boots or shoes, even should they be dirty; and ditto with more conveniences than either, without any seam at all.

'Ladies riding-habits made in the genteelest taste, and those ladies who make use of drawers may have them made on the new-invented breeches plan, without a seam at all, like a napkin, and with such conveniences never seen before. Young gentlemen's first clothes made on a useful and diverting humorous plan, never done by any but himself. This operator will undertake to make a decent coat in the present taste, which shall be both for service and beauty, nearly equal to any new coat, out of (almost) the worst coat that was ever thrown off a tradesman's back. Many more singular operations upon coats, can be authenticated by Mr Babar, at his hat manufactory, Charing Cross; Mr Price, clock and watch-maker and mender, 26 St Martin's Lane; Mr Burford, tobacconist, Little St Andrew Street, Seven Dials; Mr Hutchinson, linen-draper, No. 1 Berkley Square; Mr Vose, perukemaker, in Bedford Street, Bedford Row; Mr Ishamwood, at the Fountain, Peerless Pool, in the City Road; and Mr Mardle, coppersmith, in Houndsditch. The above performances are at present carried on in a three pair of stairs chambers, No. 127 near Exeter Change, in the Strand (number on the door), which is always open in the day-time, but the business has been much retarded, for the want of some necessary instruments to carry it on, notwithstanding neither idleness nor extravagance have had any share in the cause of that complaint, there not having been ten shillings worth of animal food or liquors of any kind, except mint-tea, expended amongst six persons for these ten months past, four of that number being girls, and all incapable of earning one penny, the two eldest by misfortune, and the other two by their youth. Under this load, together with the narrowness of the present circumstances, it is found to be too hard a task to rise up in the world; he therefore flatters himself that by making this his real case known to the public, that they will, out of humanity, assist his endeavours to support his family, in a more Christian-like manner than at present, being more like swine or other beasts, not having sixpennyworth of linen amongst six persons, and all other necessaries wanting in like manner. The task is great! but yet not so great but what numbers may conquer, therefore will rest upon faith to believe that the number of well-disposed people these may fall into the hands of, will never let it be said that such a tradesman was found starved to death amongst the rags (where at present he now lies) under the shop-board, whose highest ambition is only to live and die on the top of it, and to be enabled to join temperance with prudence, to act in conjunction with fortitude and justice, through the small remaining passage of this life.

'September 29th, 1786.—Being entered into the third year of the above mentioned apartments, and this being the first application, will give a full and true account of the benefits and progress arising from these bills, in my next, &c. Your commands will be waited on to-morrow, or a line will be immediately attended, by your obliged humble servant, JOHN SHAKESPEARE.'

Ah, there are many curious ways of living in this world if people only knew them; but certainly there are few more curious than those of the aforementioned progenitorial jolly English economists.

ANAH'S DREAM.

AN ORIENTAL REVERIE.

ASHAH lived in a little house in the neighbourhood of Gesan, at the southern termination of the mountains of Irak, and he cultivated a little farm with his own sturdy hands, and supported a little wife and five little children on the grapes, and dates, and melons, and rice, and rye, which his farm grew; and he clothed the same with the produce of the cocoons which his thousands of silk-worms produced. Ashah's house was not the sort of place in which western pachas and agas dwell. There was no furniture of polished rosewood, and boxwood, and wood of Honderas there; no china of Sevres; no rich draperies of Lyons; no ottomans of down covered with velvet of Genoa; no carpets of Stamboul; no shawls of Cashmere. Nevertheless, Ashah believed that his was the fairest, sweetest home in all Irak, and Kurdistan to boot. Ashah was master of only one room, where his wife and daughters sat, and chanted and combed their long glittering tresses during the day; and he was the superior of only one terrace with a silken covered verandah, where the whole family assembled in the evening, and listened to the traditions which Ashah related with so much spirit; and to the songs which Allety his wife sung with so much feeling and sweetness. It mattered not, however, whether Ashah and his wife and children

were on the terrace or in the divan, the music of the bulbul came stealing on their ears from the mulberry groves wherever they were, and the perfume of the banks of flowers always floated on the morning and evening breezes around them. The night wind came sighing into their open windows, and kissed their sleeping cheeks, as they lay upon their soft mats; and the morning zephyr scattered the perfumes of Arabia amongst their curls when they awoke. When Allety struck up a song on the house-top, her voice, accompanied by those of her daughters, Tiva and Korna, would fall upon the ears of Ashah, as he and his first-born, Anah, tended the silk-worms in the mulberry-grove; and then father and son would answer back the lay, and all the song-birds of the east would join in the joyous chorus.

Anah, the son of Ashah, was a very thoughtful child, and yet he was a child of smiles. He would lie for hours together, and gaze upon his mother's lovely face as she sung; and he would nestle his head upon his father's lap, and look sweetly up into his eyes, and listen with smiles to his tales. Amongst the things that Ashah most delighted to tell, were the glories of Bagdad, with its splendid palaces and gardens, where Haroun the wise, caliph of all the East, and Abdalrahman the voluptuous, and Vatheck the cruel, and Almansor the ambitious, and Mahadi the devout, had dwelt; but yet he loved best to recount the glories of the times of Haroun, which were the prime of the oriental golden age, when the streams were glittering with precious metals and amber, when the flower-cups were filled with purest honey, and when the peris loved to roam in the terrestrial gardens. 'And why did the amber melt in the streams, and the gold dissolve amongst the waters? and why did the peris go away to paradise again?' the child Anah would always ask. Ashah and Allety would look at each other when he spoke thus, and they would be silent for a moment, and then they would answer him both together. 'Oh, these things are still at Bagdad! for beauty and magnificence lived though Haroun died;' and then Anah would dream of beautiful Bagdad, and he would long to be there.

Ashah's little boys, Selim and Ali, and his daughters, Tiva and Kora, sung through the bright summer days, and danced among the showers of sunbeams that fell broken through the leaves and boughs of the mulberry and date trees; but Anah, as he grew up, wandered by the streams and in the groves all alone; and he saw visions of Bagdad in the transparent waters, and he heard the winds murmuring songs of its glory, and the bulbul repeating the tale, until he thought of nothing, saw nothing, dreamed of nothing but the palaces and gardens of Bagdad.

'Mother,' he said, at last, as Allety kissed his brow one night, and covered him with a purple coverlet, 'I long to see the gardens of Bagdad.'

'Then may the angels who water the flowers of Paradise, and who love to gratify good children, take you there,' said his mother, with a smile, as she kissed him again and again, and pressed him to her bosom.

His mother's kiss was still warm on his lips, when Anah arose and stole from his own bright happy home, and he wandered away and away from Gesan, by the side of his native stream, which, being only a few furlongs in length, leads to the east bank of the Tigris, to which it is a tributary. The stars and the moon lighted the young dreamer on his path. In his visions he had pictured Bagdad to be far away; and as his father had told him that the brook Gesan flowed on till it fell into the Tigris 'far away,' he was sure that the city of his pilgrimage must be there, and he wandered on. Anah walkd forward among groves, and bowers, and by glittering streams that murmured as sweetly in his ears, as if the nymphs and naiads were making melody, and at last, without knowing where he was, he laid himself down in that very lawn of paradise grass at Bagdad, which had been formed for Abbassides, who, despising the frugality of the first caliphs, made all his empire to minister to his desires, and to become subservient to the aggrandisement of his glory.

The angel of the morning kissed the eyes of Anah, and scattered her first sunbeams on his cheeks and lips. Those eyes so soft and beautiful sparkled for a moment in the new-born light, and his lips so fresh and rosy trembled with the emotion of a smile, but it was only for a moment, for when sleep spread her dark wings and floated towards the caves of everlasting silence, she wafted the transient joy from Anah's glance and the radiance from his cheeks. Brighter eyes than Anah's never looked up to the bright blue heavens; sweeter lips than Anah's never kissed the honey-filled chalices of lilies. Adown his delicately-moulded neck and over his chastely-chiselled shoulders hung his fair bright locks, like crystal tresses dyed in liquid amber. His robes of silken texture and of azure hue floated like a drapery of empyreal ether round his exquisitely-moulded limbs. The genial warmth of his rich southern complexion was reflected on the cold, severe hue of his graceful toga, and mellowed its gossamer folds with the tints of life. His waist was encircled by a zone, which glittered with rays of every prismatic hue, and his beautifully small and arched feet were covered with slippers of red morocco leather, on which small silver bells made tinkling music. The brow of the boy was bound by a purple band, which restrained his luxuriant hair, and sustained one precious gem, that shone upon his smooth pearl-white brow like a star. When he opened his eyes upon the effulgence of the morning, his countenance shone with the light and glory of hope; but as the sunbeams flit from the face of nature, leaving a sad and sombre shadow behind them, so had the heart's sunlight faded from the visage of Anah, leaving the impress of a conscious sorrow on his features so spiritually beautiful. He was in the midst of a grove of more splendid trees than ever his dreaming eye had fallen upon. The *arbors vitæ* surrounded him like green pyramids, and the silver-leaved service-trees formed a hundred beautiful and fantastic bowers. The dark foliage of the fig mingled with the classic foliage of the vine, and the graceful, slender olive was festooned with the rapient clematis. But the sunbeams seemed to bury themselves in the darkest shades; the zephyrs trembled for a moment amongst the branches of the plants, and then died away with a sigh; the butterflies became lethargic and paralytic if they alighted for an instant on a single leaf of all that grove of plants; and the birds that peopled it were drowsy and dumb; the honeysuckle and the deadly nightshade twined round each other, and their blossoms lay cheek to cheek; but the bees shunned them with an angry hum, as if they knew that the honey was poisoned which filled their cups. The beautiful boy looked around him upon a scene of the most gorgeous eastern beauty, and yet his eye did not lighten with a sympathetic ray. 'How beautiful it is!' he exclaimed; 'but where are the gold and amber waters? where are the flowers amongst which the peris loved to roam?' Walks, bordered with blossoms of the most varied and brilliant colours, wound amongst shrubs and trees of every form and clime. Lakes, gemmed with white and yellow water-lilies, and paved with submarine mosses, lay on every side, with barges floating on their surfaces, painted in loveliest hues and ornamented with gold. But there was no perfume emitted from the flowers, and the lakes refused to mirror the plants that stood in cold and stately pride upon their shores. 'How fair and lovely are all things here!' cried Anah; 'but where are the smiles that dimpled the waters in the days of Haroun? and where are the flowers that the peris used to kiss?'

In the lakes were little islands, from which kiosks of Moorish architecture raised their elaborate minarets, while bridges of the most elegant and airy forms linked isle to isle. But chief of all the magnificence which Anah beheld was the palace of the Caliph Moctader, and the velvety lawn which was spread around it. The palace was built of marble, and covered a hundred roods of ground. Its piazzas and terraces were of the richest workmanship, and were adorned profusely with ornaments of every style, from Greek to Arabesque. Seven hundred door-keepers were ready to admit the caliph's guests, and seven thousand slaves were ready to serve them. Twenty-two thousand carpets covered the palace-floors, and thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry floated on the palace-walls.

On the lawn were a hundred lions, bound with chains of gold, and a hundred keepers in robes of silk and gold attended them. Before the great portal of the palace was a tree with silver trunk, and boughs, and twigs, and leaves, and fruit of gold. On this tree of eighteen branches sat birds of the most precious metals, and they spread their wings and hopped from twig to twig by the unseen agency of machinery. Twelve hundred pillars of African, Greek, and Italian marble sustained the magnificent pile, and its saloons and halls were encrusted with gems and fretted gold, and adorned with the statues of men and animals. Anah walked like a stray child of Paradise through this scene of pomp and magnificence, on which the morning sun looked languidly down, and yet his heart was not stirred within him. Men and maidens beautiful to behold flitted past him, but on every brow he saw a scowl, in every eye the yellow plague-light of suspicion. Muttered curses broke from every lip; deep growls of hatred from every heart. As he looked more closely into the flowers of the garden, he saw that they emitted a subtile, volatile poison, which dried up the sap in each other's vesicles, although it did not destroy their outward bloom. On the leaves and branches of the trees he perceived thorns and prickles, and the waters were as opaque as quicksilver. 'Alas!' cried the wearied, heart-sick boy, as he threw himself down, despondingly and in bewilderment, beside a plant of amaranth; 'where are the flowers of paradise and the transparent waters of Gul?' As he spoke his eye fell upon a solitary dew-drop that hung like an angel's tear from a green leaf of the amaranth. One stray sunbeam, warm and glowing as love, fell on the pellucid globule, and was broken up into seven rays bright as the rainbow of the Apocalypse. Gradually the liquid spheroid expanded and brightened on the eye of Anah, until, in the transparent orb, he beheld a female form seated on a sapphire throne. The face of the beautiful spirit was as pure as celestial snow, and her cheeks and lips were delicately tinctured with the refined vermillion of roses. Her robe was made from the petals of the Ethiopian lily, and a convolvulus shaded her head and face from the ardent sunbeam. 'My name is Luxa; I am the genius of poetry,' said the beautiful spirit, while a smile suffused her countenance, so full of love.

'You are beautiful—oh, how beautiful!' said the boy, while the first smile that had played upon his face since he had awoke beamed on his lips and in his eyes.

'I know you love me, Anah,' said the fairy, shaking her odorous robes, and wafting the sweetest aroma of flowers around him. 'It was I that made your heart thrill when your mother sung her songs at morning-tide, and I lightened up your eyes when your father told his evening tales. I filled your soul with dreams of beauty when you wandered by the waters of Gesan, and I carried your fancy away from the cottage where you was born, and the mulberry-groves where your brothers and sisters played, and where the bulbuls sang, and the flowers emitted breezes of perfume, and I led you to this region of grandeur and stately pomp.'

'It was the stars that led me hither,' said Anah, sadly. 'I think it must have been Ceres, with his tooth dipped in henbane, and his baleful eye.'

'The stars are but the lamps hung in the dome of Cœlum by Allah, which are lighted up by Uriel and his angels, when night spreads his black wings over the earth,' said the fairy Luxa. 'The stars were your outward lights, but I filled your heart with the inward desire to behold the gardens of Bagdad.'

'It was my father's tales of Haroun the wise that made me long to see the palace and gardens where the great caliph dwelt,' said Anah, thoughtfully, and shaking his head.

'You are dreaming of the outward still, my child,' replied the spirit, her smile becoming more and more luminous, and her form more and more radiant. 'I touched your heart with my finger, and filled it with celestial sympathies, without which there is no beauty, and without which words have no meaning.'

'My heart is cold amongst all this grandeur that I see, then,' said Anah, looking up meekly; 'your charm has gone away from it for ever.'

The fairy floated nearer and nearer to him, until he felt the very warmth of her perfumed breath upon his cheek, and then he saw that she held a chalice of the rose of Sharon in her tiny right hand. 'There must be life in the outward world of a kindred nature with the inward life of him who contemplates it, before there can be beauty,' said the fairy, in a silvery tone; and as she spoke she touched his eyes with the charm her hand contained.

Anah gazed into the translucent speculum which floated in prismatic glories around her, and then he saw landscapes of every clime adorning the liquid world in which Luxa reigned. On hills of snow, where the gloomy fir grew tapering, and the stunted juniper trembled in the biting north wind, he beheld a fur-clad Laplander, 'with blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,' and he sighed with sorrow for his life of gloom and pain; but he saw the frozen eye of the stunted man suddenly light upon a tiny plant; he saw him pluck it from the mosses at his feet, and place it in his breast; and then his eye grew bright as the aurora, and his face relaxed into a smile, as he rubbed his hands amongst the drifted snow, and gambolled with his reindeers. The desert ocean of sand, the great Sahara-bela-ma, next rose upon Anah's vision, and stretched far out, until the copper-coloured sky dipped down upon its borders. There was no beauty, no verdure, no attribute of sympathy in all its wide expanse, for the eye of Anah, save a Tibboo maiden, who sat alone and spun beneath a gnarled fig-tree, and ever and anon looked outward on the desert, and downward upon the arid patch of greenness at her feet. 'Alas! poor maiden,' sighed Anah; but presently she culled a little blossom that grew at her side, and then, as she placed it in her hair, her heart overflowed with the fullness of song, and her cheeks dimpled with joy. Wherever he turned his eye, Anah beheld some incongruity to disturb his external sense—something that did not harmonise with his ideal of beauty; but then he saw men pluck from the earth they trod some imperceptible blossom, and place it in their bosoms, and then their faces lighted up with joy, like the heavens of his own Irak. 'Oh, I wish that that flower grew by the leaden lakes and opaque streams by which I have wandered to-day! would that it grew in these groves and on these borders! and that the proud repulsive agas and servants on whom I have looked to-day wore it in their bosoms!' cried the enraptured boy.

Luxa smiled so brightly that Anah felt his cheeks glow with the genial warmth which streamed from her lips and eyes. 'That plant *shall* grow here,' said the fairy, 'if you wish it; but its strength must flow from your own heart. Will you consent that the channels of your bosom should nurse this glorious flower?'

'Oh, Luxa, let it grow!' replied the boy-poet, as he gazed into her soft eyes.

Gradually his own eyes grew dim, and the world darkened around him; the sound of Luxa's voice melted away, and he sunk upon the soft lawn.

When he awoke again Luxa was waving her hand over his recumbent head, and showering honey from her rose chalice on his bosom; and the trees, and kiosks, and bridges, and palaces, and flowers, and the marble pillars, and golden tree, and all the grandeur of the caliph's kingdom was moving before his eyes like a splendid panorama; and beside him there sprung up a tree, which grew as tall as the poplars of Yanani, and spread out its branches as wide as the cedars of Lebanon, and its branches were covered with blossoms, and its blossoms showered down nectar, and shook abroad a rich perfume; and the birds when they alighted on it burst forth into strains of spontaneous melody, and the butterflies hovered around it and fanned it with their wings, and the sunbeams played amongst its boughs, and its shadow fell upon the lakes, and they became clear as the waters of Cashmere, and trembled with joyous emotion, as they mirrored the trees that hung over their banks, and dipped their tresses in their cooling fountains. And when the haughty agas pass-

ed under this tree, and its drops of ambrosia fell upon their gorgeous tunics and turbans, they suddenly smiled and grasped each other's hands, and seated themselves side by side to smoke their perfumed chaboques.

'Oh, what do they call this tree?' cried Anah—'this stately tree of Paradise.'

'*Love*, my son,' whispered Luxa. 'Love, that puts a bright face on the coldest, darkest places of this cold world, and which infuses a ray of heaven's vestal fire into the humblest hearts.' As the spirit spoke, she floated upward upon a sunbeam, like a celestial exhalation; and the stately towers of Bagdad and its luxurious gardens melted into thin ether, leaving nothing behind but the kiosk, and cottage, and garden, and mulberry-grove of Ashah at Gesun.

'Mother, I have been to Bagdad,' cried Anah, as he leaped from his mat, and saluted the rays of the morning with a smile.

'And what didst thou see there?' cried Tiva, and Korna, and Selim, and Ali, dancing round him, and clinging to him in the fullness of their love.

'I saw everything of sense, but nothing of the soul—all that man could fashion and create, but nought of spiritual love,' cried the boy-poet, kissing them all round.

The incipient discontent that had begun to distract the child of Irak from his brethren was now exhaled from his young heart of love, and in the dance beneath the date-tree, and in the grove, and on the terrace, the loudest laugh and the brightest smile were those of the contented, happy Anah.

This world would be a wilderness without love; with it, beauty pervades the arctic wilds and torrid deserts. The richest treasure which Heaven has vouchsafed to men and angels is love. It is life's holiest element and its most glorious boon; it is the great good which the weary world longs and prays for; and it is the life of the soul in heaven. Let us teach ourselves to be lovers—let us nurse with the warm currents of our bosoms, like Anah, the beautiful flower of love.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

With regard to the meaning of the name *Sunderland*, it seems to have originated in the fact, that the rocky coast southwards from it *is broken into deep gaps and caverns*, just as a district in Yorkshire is denominated *Cleaveland* from its *cleft* or *cliffy* aspect. Now, these indentations or ruptures at this part of the coast do not present the appearance of having been brought about by the gradual tear and wear of time, and the ceaseless operation of the weather and the waters in calm and in storm, as is the case in other interruptions of the contiguity of the line of coast, where the sea seems rather to have insinuated than forced an entrance, to have undermined rather than stormed. It exhibits the appearance rather of being the effect of some dread volcanic shock, or awful Neptunian convulsion, suddenly rending the rocks *asunder*. And this appearance of violence it is which has given the name to the district, *quasi*, *sundered-land*—such being its grand leading feature, or most striking characteristic: which just shows, that untutored minds, as well as poets and rhetoricians, indulge in the figure synedoche, and, setting at defiance the axioms of mathematicians, often make a part—especially a prominent part—equivalent to a whole. As somewhat confirmatory of this derivation, it may be mentioned, that at Oxen-hall, not far from Darlington, there are three pits or chasms of great depth. The inhabitants term them, from their sinister look and shape, *Hell-kettles;* and the tradition is still rife among them, that these Avernian rifts were caused by the shock of an earthquake. It was this aspect of a change, effected not so much by the gradual process of a long succession of ages as by some sudden violent cause, which induced the ancient Greeks—those astute observers—to give the synonymous name of *Rhegium*, the modern *Reggio*, to that town, which is situate on the great toe of the boot of Italy. The import of *Rhegium* is *breach, separation, rent* from the Greek *regnumi*, that is, *to break*, because at that place, or thereabouts, Sicily was *broken-off*, or at all events at that remote period the appearance suggested the idea, that Sicily was *severed* from Italy by the force of the waters, or some other violent agency. Virgil's graphic lines evince that such was the idea entertained by himself and his contemporaries:

> 'Hæc loca *vi* quondam et *vasta convulsa ruina*
> *Dissiluisse* ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
> Una foret, venit medio *vi* pontus, et undis
> Hesperium Siculo latus *abscidit*.'

The words italicised pourtray the agency of a vast, tremendous, and instantaneous power. The word *abscidit* does not denote destruction or demolition, but only such a *fissure* or *splitting into two parts*, as is caused by the descent of a ponderous sledge on a wedge inserted in a log of wood. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the face of this terraqueous globe has been changed—not only by that great general deluge, recorded on the best authority, and by the slow and imperceptible corrosions of a series of ages; but also by the shock of earthquakes, partial inundations, and the sudden incursion and retreat of marine waters. Pliny thus informs us, that there can be little doubt that Cyprus was in this manner disrupted from Syria, *Eubœa* from *Bœotia* (the very names indicate as much), and Besbicus, the modern Pocokio, from Bithynia, all of which before were integral part and parcel of their respective continents; to which catalogue may not improbably be added the disruption of Europe from Africa at the Straits of Gibraltar, and Britain from France at those of Dover. But, to borrow the words of the poet Waller, into whose fanciful lucubrations this same grave speculation seems to have intruded itself—

> 'Whether this portion of the world *were rent*
> By the rude ocean from the continent,
> *Or thus created*,'

itself constitutes a question not unworthy the inquisition of any archæological society, or individual possessed of the requisite talent, learning, and leisure.

One observation more, of importance to the student of geography, which the term *Sunderland* suggests, and we shall bid it adieu. Here the termination *land*, as in other cognate terms, such as Sutherland, Holland, Northumberland, very obviously demonstrates that it originally was applicable to a *district of country*, and not restricted to a *town;* to the shattered maritime territory, in fact, as above described, whose leading physical feature gave birth to the name. Now, this limitation of the name from a *district* to a *town*, presents us with a very singular exception to a general rule, which will be found to obtain to a great extent in the topographic vocabulary of Eng*land*, and indeed of the United Kingdom, so far as Scot*land* and Ire*land* have been assimilated to Saxon formulæ and usages. The rule to which we allude is this: that the towns in general take precedence of districts, and impose their names upon them by extension; and seldom *vice versa*, as is the case with the term under discussion. An inspection of the names of the counties and shires of England, and of their respective capitals or chief towns, will serve to illustrate and abundantly evince the truth of this remark. As allocated by Alfred, England at first contained thirty-two shires or *shares*, which number has been since augmented to forty, and, including the twelve of the principality, makes a total of fifty-two counties. Of these fifty-two, no less a number than thirty-four derive their names from their respective county-towns. Seventeen derive their names from other circumstances, and are not cognominal with their county-towns. One solitary city, and one only, *Canterbury*, can trace its name to its county—*Kent;* whereby hangs a '*stunning tale*,' as said mine host, which shall be told in proper time and place. If a similar analysis be applied to Scotland and Ireland, the proportional results are still more striking, and illustrative of our position. Scotland has shires or divisions thirty-three, though she returns to parliament but thirty county members. Of these twenty-five take their names from the county-town, and eight from

other circumstances. Ireland has thirty-two counties, of which no less than twenty-six have names derived from the county-town, and only six have names attributable to other causes.

Let us, therefore, henceforth forego quoting the proverb, '*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*,' which reflects so disparagingly on our warm-hearted fellow-subjects of Ireland, seeing that we—both Scotch and Irish—have so faithfully or servilely (as you may choose to call it) imitated the English in the division and nomenclature of our counties, as that, without perpetrating any bull, it may be literally said of us, that we have become, in this point, *more English than the English themselves*.

Original Poetry.

HOPE ON.

If hope were from existence taken,
Who could life's burden bear?
The heart, with gloomy sorrow shaken,
Must yield to dark despair;
For few, if any, in this life
Have all their wishes won;
While numbers meet with ceaseless strife—
To such I say—Hope on.

The youth, allured by beauty's eye,
Pours forth his tale of love,
And thinks to hear his mistress sigh
Of bliss all else above:
And when by duty forced to part,
Her yielding bosom won,
She is the day-star of his heart—
To him I say—Hope on.

While grief the mother's heart doth wring,
Her boy so sick and weak,
She trusts returning health will bring
The roses to his cheek:
Death comes and takes that trust away;
She has yet the heavenly one,
That he may rise to realms of day—
To her I say—Hope on.

The youthful pair, in the world's path,
Oft with reverses meet,
As though misfortune pour'd her wrath
In floods unto their feet.
Perchance affection's all their store,
All other solace gone;
But while affliction's billows roar,
To them I say—Hope on.

The widow'd mourner oft will steal
To his beloved one's grave;
And though he sad and lone must feel,
Yet will not vainly rave.
He knows at most a few short years
Are his to grieve alone;
From those around he hides his tears,
And hopes in silence on.

The aged pilgrim, who has seen
Dear friends beside him die,
And learn'd on Heaven alone to lean—
Whose hopes are fix'd on high—
He would beseech us to resign
Our vain pursuits for one
Which through eternity will shine—
And, like him, to hope on.

E. L.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

A ROMANCE IN OUR VILLAGE.

CHAP. V.—THE FOOL AND THE KNAVE.

Late next afternoon Bombazine Breeks went swaggering slowly up the old path to the Hall. The sun was beginning to dip into the wave, burnishing the ocean with a ruby gold, girding the hills with a glowing purple, and distilling over rock, river, heath, and wood a mellow beauty. The voice of song flowed loud and clear from every bush and thicket; the ringing tone of the thrush, the prolonged note of the redbreast, the linnet's twitter, and the sweet low voice of the wren from the old dykeside, concerted in a glorious harmony. All nature, with glad heart, lifted up voice. The distant partridge, from the cornfield, and the land-rail called to one another; the barn-cock sent the notes of his clarion ringing through the vale; the advancing tide, on the one hand, wooed the golden strand with a laughing music; and the leaflets of the woods, as they danced to the zephyr, rustled together in chorus to the hum of the clouds of winged insects beneath the boughs. The whistle of the labourer, homeward coming from toil, might be heard in distant bypaths, and from the banks of the Silver burn, the song of the rustic maiden warbled from a light heart and joyous spirit, as she gathered up the snowy linen. Bombazine, unconscious of the cause, felt his spirit stirred to gladness as he sauntered onwards, until he came within view of the Hall—a square unpretending but roomy and substantial building, that shone white amongst the trees, a little way distant. Retiring off the path to an old whin-covered quarry, Bombazine sat down, sheltered by some bushes, and began communing with himself. From a pocket somewhere in his capacious jacket, he, after diligent search, procured a piece of paper, and, this unfolded, exhibited a ring—a gold ring, with an emerald stone. He looked admiringly at it, tried it on his little finger, got it on an inch, and then was obliged to his teeth for getting it off. 'It's a bonnie bit o' gowd,' said he, again surveying it; 'jist sic a fairlie, I'se warrant, as'll win favour wi' the cook up-by—for lassies' een are aye ta'en wi' the glitter. See gin I dinna mak' it worth something.' A rabbit started from the bank suddenly, and Breeks, forgetful of his bauble, allowed it to drop in the surprise. He stooped to search for it amongst the grass, and was busy, on his knees, scanning each inch of ground, and removing every little straw and stone, when Julius Thurling stepped out of the furze in view of him. A gun lay resting on his arm, a dog trotted at his feet, a bag of rabbits slung over his shoulder, and his creamy visage was hectic with exercise.

'Ho! what about there, Bombazine—snaring, eh? I've caught you at last, you blackguard.'

Bombazine's eye had caught the ring; he snatched at it before he looked up to answer, and tried to smuggle it in his palm. Thurling had seen it, however.

'What's that, eh?' said he. 'Show me that. Come, no dodging now.'

'Oh, it's naething—naething ava. I was looking for a—for a—'

'And you found what? Why, can't you show us it?'

'I've naething to show—sure's death. I seed something glimmer doon there, and tryt to pick it up, but couldna.'

Even to Julius's intellect this was a manifest perversion; so he ordered Bombazine to open his hand and show its contents, which, after a deal of sulky reluctance, was done.

'A ring—an emerald!' said the weak-eyed youth. 'Eh, what! why! Where did you get this, fellow?' quoth he, hurriedly, a sudden light dawning on him.

'Never you heed, seein' it's nane o' your concern,' replied the haveral; 'but gie's back the trinket, an' find ane for yoursel'.'

Julius quietly put the article in his pocket, thinking to walk off with it; but, noticing the angry brow of Bombazine, a second idea struck him. 'Now, let's talk over it,' said he, sitting down. 'I have a fancy for the article, and I'll give you half-a-crown for it, Bomby.'

'Gin its worth hauf-a-crown to you, what is't worth to me?' said the latter, a little mollified at the prospect of getting money for it. 'Na, na, Maister Thurling, gie's the ring. I ken a trick or twa ayont that.' Bomby placed no ideal value on the article till the offer was made, and put this forth merely as a feeler.

'Well, well, here's two half-crowns, you villain, or take back the ring. But, remember, you never speak a word to any one about it.'

'Never fear me blabbin',' quoth the delighted Breeks.

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'I'll be as dumb as Balaam's ass.' He took the money, and scampered off.

'The game's mine now, if I can play it out,' chuckled the weak-eyed youth, looking at the bauble, which he held up between him and the light. 'That fellow must have stolen the article, buried it here, and was lifting it when I caught him, so he wont peach on himself; and as for the rest of the matter, she's mine, or I know nothing of womankind. Whew, Towser, come!' So saying, he rose, gave another whistle, and was off to continue his sport.

The scheme of this amiable youth gradually got developed in his mind; for, however slow to learn good, there is an aptitude in the human mind to learn successfully in evil, and more particularly in the mind of such youths as Julius Thurling. Idleness is the parent of many vices. It fosters and nourishes dissipation, ennui, irreligion, and sloth of spirit. Thurling's mother had not taught him, 'if any man would not work he should not eat,' but the reverse had been his lot. He had studied a little, tried a little gentlemanly labour in sinecure situations, which he either lost or was turned out of, he cared not which. He was fed at home in idleness, cherished little vices till they gave birth to great ones; had picked up, in course of companionship with some clever infidels, just enough of self-plausible sophistry to render him one of that most contemptible class of reasonable creatures, a shallow scoffer at religion. He set himself forth as an oracle at home, and was looked up to as one amongst his boon companions already spoken of; was pitied by the weak-hearted, an object of contempt to thinking active men and women, apologised for by sycophants, shunned by honest company, and courted by low knavery and dissolute depravity.

As he walked home in the gloaming, we said, the scheme of Thurling got developed in his mind. He saw an innocent girl in his power, and that power he would wield to her wrong. No squeamish honour or moral rectitude was likely in the least to influence him. The object was in view, the means at hand; let its nature and results be the consideration of others, he cared nothing more than that it be accomplished. On a cross path, a little way off, he saw Patty Primrose slowly and sadly bending her steps, her head bowed in sorrow, and her face pale and languid. She did not notice him, and slowly approached. He stood still, leaning on his gun, till she should come nearer, scanning her with a careful eye the while.

'Well, my good girl,' said he, patronisingly, as Patty neared, 'what ails you to-night?'

Patty started. She raised her long lashes, and her deep blue humid eyes rested on him. 'Nothing, sir,' said she; 'let me pass on, pray.'

'Oh, surely no,' said he; 'it's getting dark; I'll go down a bit with you.'

'I'd rather not. Leave me alone, if you please.'

'Couldn't think of it; couldn't, my dear, be so ungallant.'

Patty was silent. She knew her would-be protector by sight and reputation. She feared him, and shrunk from him, not wishing to thwart him much, however, as they were far from the village.

'Now, my lass,' continued he, 'tell me what ails you—some love matter, I wager? You shouldn't mope though. Pretty lips were never made to pout, nor bright eyes for sorrow, you know.'

'I wish you would allow me to go home alone, sir,' said Patty again.

'You wont wish that by the time you are home. Now, why should you be so coy? You know I admire you, and you wish to tease me, eh, you pretty mischief?' He snatched a kiss from Patty as he spoke. She screamed aloud, and retreated. 'Come, pretty Patty, no squalls now,' said he.

'I implore you, sir, allow me to go. Unhand me! This is not the conduct of a gentleman.'

'Why wont you be friends, Patty? 'Pon my honour, there's no harm in a pretty girl taking a walk with a fellow quietly.'

'Allow me to go quietly then, sir.'

'Do not frown, lovely Patty. It kills me to be frowned on by such eyes as yours. Ha! some bumpkin will be made happy by the bright glance of those eyes. Beauty wasted on a clown—how doleful a fate for it! Come, cruel Patty, will you not smile on me now? You know I am your slave; but smile, and you will bind me for ever to you.'

'If you are a gentleman, you will leave me, and not annoy me thus.'

'Patty, you do not know how I'm smitten by you—how earnestly I love you. Nay, turn not away. I love you.'

'You lie, sir,' said Patty, angrily.

'As you star is my witness, I do not. Hear me, Patty. I know why you are sad to-night; I know the disgrace that has fallen on you—know it all. Your character is gone. You can no longer live here with honest reputation if you are made out guilty. Think for a moment what you will do then. Now, hear me. I can clear your character—I can ruin it for ever. See, know you that ring?'

Patty screamed and staggered as her eye fell on the emerald of Mrs Balbirnie on the villain's finger. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'how did you get that—where did you get it? You know, then, the falsehood of the charge against me—will you not clear me of it? My thanks—my prayers will be yours if you do. Surely, as a gentleman, you have a heart and will have some pity on me. It will cost you nothing to do it.'

'Oh, nothing,' said he, with a slight sneer; 'and it will redeem you in everybody's eyes, and make you a hundred times more respected.'

'You'll do it then, sir, will you?'

'Perhaps: that's a matter of some consideration, Patty, my pretty one. First, it's a hard thing to be hated and spurned by a sweet girl like yourself, and then begged for a favour of great moment to her in the next breath; first denied a kiss, then asked to mend her reputation. But you wont be so very shy with me again, will you, lovely Patty? I'd do far more for you than what you ask.' He threw his arm round her waist, and tried to draw her to him.

'No, sir; but will you do what I ask? Let me go.'

'Patty, I'll make a lady of you. I'll give you a home, where no breath of this disgrace will reach; I will love you, tend you, and grant your every wish.'

'Sir, you are a villain, or you would not speak thus to me. Keep your offers; I want them not. Leave me, or I'll scream till I bring aid from some quarter. You're a base heartless villain, or you would not take advantage so to tempt me.'

'How foolish in you to fly off so. I'll go; but you can meet me here to-morrow at dusk. We'll perhaps then arrange a little better. I'll be punctual. Think calmly over it, and you'll come.'

'I'll trust to the mercy of God first in clearing my character,' said Patty.

'And be made out a thief after all,' hissed Julius, in a low serpent-like tone. 'Remember, I can clear or condemn you; and you have your choice.' He struck off them by a bypath.

Patty, with trembling limbs and panting heart, made her way home, a confusion ringing in her brain, and a wild misery weighing and crushing her gentle spirit—the black boding, it seemed, of ruin and shame hovering over her.

A smile of triumphant villany kindled on Julius's features as he erectly trod through the furze on his way to the Hall. 'Ha! ha!' laughed he, inwardly, 'I have her now. She'll come to-morrow night, I'll bet, and be humble enough. But who knows!—she's so proud. Should she not, what help is for her? She's made out guilty—I'll secure that, and *then* it's all right.'

We return a little to Bombazine Brecks, ere pursuing again the immediate course of our narrative. That erratic individual, although upon receiving the five shillings from Julius, and disposing of the ring to him, and pledging himself to secresy, took a second thought on his way home, and retraced his footsteps. It occurred to him that perhaps the cook at the Hall, on the faith of his original intentions,

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might be kindly disposed to him, and it would be a pity to lose a dinner from her. In a short time he found himself ensconsed in the Hall kitchen, joking and chatting with the maids, and particularly dutiful in his attentions to the cook. Nothing delighted the female domestics more than a visit from Bombazine. He was quite a repertory of news and small scandal, and possessed to boot considerable talents for flattery, all of which won great favour for him with women of all ages. On his entrance, he was surrounded by them, who, with a volubility of tongue surely the result of long pent-up language, absolutely bewildering to any ordinary person, attacked him right and left.

'Ane at a time, lasses,' said Bombazine. 'The female voice is sweet to hear, but dinna drown us in't.'

'Is't true, Bombazine, that Menie Gray and Archie hae outcast, do ye ken?'

'Are Jock Lowe and Marion Reid to be cried neist Sunday?'

'Did ye see Saunders the packman in the toon the day?'

'I canna kep a' catches, lassies, at ance. Wha's first?'

'Did ye bring me a red ribban, as ye promised last time?'

The last inquiry was from the cook, who had stood aloof a little. Bombazine thought fit to answer. 'Dinna look sae scornfu' wi' your glancing een at me, as though ye distrusted my word. I kept my promise, an' better than my promise.'

'Let me see't, then.'

'Noo hear what I've to say. I coft a ring for ye—a bonnie ring wi' a green stane—a gowd ring, tae.'

'Whaur is't?' inquired the cook, curiously.

'Ay, that's it. Wad ye believe it?—it was stolen frae me on my way here.'

'Oh, you leeing rascal, you!' cried the indignant cook.

'Sure's death,' repeated Bombazine, so solemnly that all felt him to be in earnest. 'Gin ye look the young laird's finger when he comes hame, ye'll see't. He met me wi't, stopped me, and threatened to set his dog on me gin I wadna gie him the ring, which he saw on my finger, and was meant for you.'

A little scullery-maid, who had been listening with some surprise to the statement, with great interest manifested in her eyes, inquired, 'Whare got ye the ring, Bomby?'

He flushed, stammered, and replied that he came fairly by it.

'Oh, to be sure!' the cook replied. 'But its really very hard. I wonder what business he had to meddle with you or it. See if I don't salt his broth for him yet, my certy.'

'It'll ne'er adorn a finger sic as I meant it for,' said Bomby, with a sigh. 'I may get anither yet—we'll see, though.'

'But ye maun hae something to eat; ye'll be hungry, I warrant,' said the cook.

'No! but I'm disappointed sair,' said the knave. 'I'd rather lose my richt han' than break a promise to beauty.'

He was soon plying with great zeal, notwithstanding the disappointment, his knife and fork on a round of cold beef, paying alternate compliments, and communicating scraps of news between the mouthfuls. The little maid, however, who had inquired how he got the ring, paid little notice to him. She screwed her lips together, and walked much out and in, nodding her head now and then very violently, seeming to signify that a heavy secret pressed upon her, and wouldn't keep down; but she was determined it should till the proper time came to let it off.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

The probability is, that the majority of useful discoveries have been what is termed accidental. It is not likely that men dug for coal with a foreknowledge of its uses. Some piece that had accidentally mingled with some other fuel probably first drew the attention of an individual to it, and thus suggested that bold excavation of the earth's great heart, which supplies so many nations with a vast element of wealth and comfort. Some travellers cast upon a sandy coast in Syria built a fire with a few blocks of soda, and threw dry sea-weed upon it for fuel; the ash, sand, and alkali mingled by vitrification, and at once produced glass—that universal substance which, while it excludes from the dwellings of man the rain and wind, that would detract from human comfort, admits the blessed light. Some savage, prowling through the forests of his native land, or digging with his scalping-knife of flint amongst the roots of the prairie-plants, perhaps found the first potato, and, perceiving that it was good, brought it to his squaw to propagate. The first piece of shapeless iron ore that met the gaze of Tubal-Cain was in all likelihood carelessly kicked aside with his skin-covered foot, and then only examined when its comparative gravity had attracted his attention. The wool of the cotton-tree was in all probability first used by some poor outcast parish, who found it supplied by providence to her empty loom.

The use of mahogany as an article of furniture was not known in Britain until about one hundred and thirty years ago, and its application to its now almost universal purpose was purely a matter of accident. Dr Gibbon, a London physician, received from his brother, the captain of a vessel in the West Indian trade, the present of several planks of wood, which the captain considered might be very acceptable, as his brother was just engaged in building a house in King Street, Covent Garden. The carpenter employed in the construction of this house was desired to apply the wood to the purpose contemplated, but, having no instrument capable of cutting it, it was cast aside as useless, and looked upon rather as an inconvenient present. After the house was finished, Mrs Gibbons, becoming desirous of possessing a candle-box, thought that the hard dark wood might suffice for this purpose, and a cabinetmaker named Wollaston was asked to execute the piece of work. The tools of this workman were also inadequate to accomplish the job, but by perseverance he ultimately succeeded in producing a box, rude enough, no doubt. The beauty of the wood when its grain was observed in the candle-box, however, determined the doctor to have a bureau made of the same; and after this elegant article was accomplished, those who delighted in handsome furniture, and were able to obtain it, came to see this new sort of wood, which was causing so much admiration. This circumstance led to the extensive mahogany trade now existing between this country and St Domingo and other parts of South America.

Wollaston found it his interest to obtain more planks, and the numerous orders which he received soon enabled him to work up these and to make a fortune, for the mahogany soon superseded the pear and walnut-trees in the manufacture of bureaus and drawers for the wealthy. Now, however, it is to be seen in the home of almost every peasant in Great Britain in some form or other, and the annual imports of this wood alone amount to upwards of 20,000 tons.

The common mahogany, or *Swietenia mahogoni* of the botanists, is one of the noblest trees in Cuba or Honduras. Many of those which surround it may attain to a greater altitude than does this splendid plant, but none are of a more massive or majestic appearance. Many of these noble trees are two hundred years old, whose huge trunks support long, oblique, strong limbs, covered with curtains of green shining leaves, and offering a grateful and extensive shade from the burning sun.

The procuring of mahogany is one of the most toilsome and expensive processes of negro labour, and is considerably regulated by chance; so that the price of this wood is very much increased in consequence of the means adopted to bring it to the coast, and also in consequence of the best wood being found in the most inaccessible places. Gangs of labourers in Honduras, averaging from twenty to fifty bond and free individuals, are employed in this business, and these are accompanied by a person called a huntsman, and presided over by a captain, who may be both slaves. The captain and huntsman are generally the most intelligent of the bands; the former being director of the whole operations, the latter being selected upon account of his power of distinguishing the leaves of the

mahogany-tree amongst the dense foliage of the forest at a great distance away.

The mahogany-cutting season is in August, about the beginning of which month the huntsman is despatched on his mission. Cutting his way through the dense tangled masses of the forest, he attains some lofty tree, which he ascends, and, climbing to its topmost branches, casts his practised eye over the broad expanse of the forest. At last the clumps of leaves of a yellow-reddish hue attract his sight; he notes the position of the largest of these clumps, and, descending from his perch, proceeds without guide or compass to the desired spot, which he approaches as if by instinct. He does not proceed toward the object of his search in an open manner, but warily and secretly, as does the North American Indian approach the village of his enemies; for there are more than one mahogany-huntsman abroad at this season, and every footstep noticed in the forest is traced as jealously as if by a redskin on the trail of a foe. The negroes who are engaged in this pursuit manifest equal quickness of perception with the warlike tribes of the prairies in detecting the trail of a huntsman; the faintest impression of the foot upon the ground, or the turning of a seared leaf, is sufficent to indicate their secret path, so that they have often to exert the most wonderful ingenuity in order to escape the vigilant eyes of rivals. When the wished-for spot is at last reached, however, all fears of being outwitted are dispersed, and the felling is immediately commenced, stages being erected about twelve feet from the ground, upon which the axemen stand and work, cutting the trees about that height from the root. When the trees are cut down, the next business is to form a road for trucks, in order to transport the wood to the nearest rivers. If the trees are all within the compass of a narrow circle, the labour of transportation is considerably facilitated; if they are scattered thinly over a great space, the toil and expense of getting them transported to one point is increased in proportion to their sparseness. The first obstacle to be removed is the brushwood, which is cut down by cutlasses at the rate of one hundred yards per day, task work, for each labourer. The trees are then snabbed to the very root by the axe, and if too obdurate for this utensil are subjected to fire. These are removed at the same rate as the brush, and although many of them are most valuable, they are cast aside as useless, unless close upon the river. A main road is thus formed between the mahogany settlement, which has been temporarily formed on the banks of some eligible water, and the mahogany clump which is to be cut down; and as soon as this great way is completed, the lateral ones, leading to particular trees, are then made, and all through the densest forest. Many miles of road are often cut in this way, and bridges are laid over streams, in order to transport only one tree perhaps, whose trunk will not yield more than one log; and these roads, be it remembered, are not only cleared by cutlass and hatchet, but smoothed with hoes, pick-axes, and sledge-hammers, which are used to level rocks and clear away the obstructive masses of earth from the wheels of the trucks. The roads being generally completed about the month of December, the lopping and cross-cutting begins. The trunk of the tree is generally esteemed as most valuable from its huge dimensions, but the wood of the branches is more highly prized by cabinetmakers on account of the beauty of its grain. Cross-cutting simply consists in cutting the trunks of the trees into lengths convenient for the oxen to transport to the stations. Some trees furnish two, three, four, and five logs; others are only capable of producing one. Some trunks attain to six and seven tons' weight; some to the weight of fifteen. Some average also, perhaps, only a few hundred cubic feet; while others measure, perhaps, as many thousands.

After the logs are sized, they are then cut from the round into the square form, with the axe; and the months of March, April, and May are spent in dragging the wood from the place of its growth to the spot whence it is to be transported. The dragging takes place in the dry season, it being impossible to convey it on wheeled vehicles at any other period of the year. It is therefore necessary that the utmost despatch be used before the rain sets in again to soften the ground and destroy the means of transit. The four-wheeled trucks are of the simplest form, and are generally drawn by seven pair of oxen each, a gang of forty men being capable of working six of these trucks. The whole of the transit work is performed during the night, in consequence of the heat of the sun, and the inability of the cattle to sustain it. The logs are laid on the trucks by fair manual labour, assisted by a simple incline plane, which, being laid upon the truck and the ground, admits of the load being pushed up by main strength. It is rather a romantic and beautiful sight to behold these vehicles moving through the forests, accompanied by their sable guides, with blazing torches made of pieces of wood split from the pitch-pine. The river-side is generally reached by the weary men and beasts before the sun is at the zenith, and the logs being marked with the initials of the owner are cast into the sea.

The end of May ushers in the rainy season, when down come the torrents from the heavens, rendering the roads impassable in a few hours, and putting an immediate stop to all trucking; and about the middle of June the rivers have swollen to such an extent that the heaviest logs are floated and swept away, their owners following them in flat-bottomed canoes, called pit-pans, in order to keep them in the current, until they are stopped by some artificial contrivance at the mouth of the river. The logs being distinguished by the gangs, from the marks on the ends of them, are now formed into great rafts, in which manner they are drifted to the wharves of the shippers, where they are taken from the water, dressed again by the axe, and made ready for exportation. The logs float hundreds of miles from the places of their growth to their destination upon the coast, and are thence shipped to England from Belize, the chief port of Honduras. The mahogany, when brought to this country, is cut into logs, and wrought in its massive form; or it is cut by a machine into thin plates called veneers, which, being glued down upon the surface of common fir, enables the bumblest to possess articles of furniture of this beautiful species of wood. Mahogany is an expensive wood, in consequence of the labour expended upon the procuring of it; and the likelihood is, that it never would have attained to so extensive a use had it not been for the discovery of the veneer-cutting process, which enables people to purchase all the apparent elegance of mahogany for little more than is paid for articles made of common wood.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

III.—ITS MORE PROMINENT AND PREVAILING FORMS.

ANOTHER form of juvenile depravity is *prostitution*. This is the most horrible and revolting form of depravity amongst the young, and we feel exceedingly disinclined to portray its loathsome features. We would fain throw over it the veil of deep oblivion, or pass it by, turning our eyes to some purer and lovelier scene, but fidelity to the great cause of human regeneration, as well as sternness to our high purpose, compel us to meet unflinchingly the dreadful subject, and to bespeak at least one moment's candid attention to it on the part of our readers.

The female profligate is one of the most pitiable and melancholy specimens of fallen and degraded humanity that this sin-laden world carries on its bosom. She is an outcast and a wanderer; friendless and homeless; helpless and hopeless; disowned by her family; scorned by her former companions; preyed on by fiends in the form of men; and given over to destruction by all. Herself, at first the victim of some deep, designing villain, now in turn victimises others, and wreaks her vengeance on society around her. What was at first the seduction of false pleasure, in an evil and unguarded hour, at length becomes the resistless cravings of maddened passion, which judgment and reason can no longer control. Robbed of virtue and of self-respect, she speedily loses all moral feelings, and, in the very frenzy of her desperation, she tramples on

every law, human and divine, and, reckless of all consequences, plunges forward in her career of ruin and death, liker a fiend let loose from the prison-house than one wearing the lineaments of humanity. Her very touch is pollution; the air around her carries contamination on its wing; she scatters 'firebrands, arrows, and death' at every step; she is a living, loathsome pestilence, and 'her house is in the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.' Oh! how crushing is the question—Can that be *she*, the sunny little girl, with auburn ringlets, and sparkling eye, and laugh of childish glee, who, only a few short years ago, was dandled on her mother's knee, or who shone like a little brilliant diamond, the youngest yet brightest star in the drawing-room of fashion, or who gathered the daisies as she tripped it, like some little fairy, joyously over the green meadow or gowany knoll? Scathing, blighting thought—it is she! Oh! ye sunny, golden days, can ye not once more return to that fallen, bruised, scarred, and fragile creature, once the loveliest of womankind, and bring back with you the innocence, and the loves, and the smiles, and the joys, of childish years? Mothers, sisters, gentle and confiding woman, have you no tears, no sympathies, no prayers, no efforts for the poor unfortunates of your native land? Do not your hearts bleed for them from their inmost core? Will not your arms be outstretched to save them? That you may know something of their condition, let us glance for a moment at one or two of their abodes. 'We were led,' says the author of 'the Causes and Cure of Pauperism and Crime,' 'through another and still more wretched entry, the stench of which was suffocating. We found a small area at the back of the entry, from which access was gained to sundry houses, and houses more wretched imagination could not conceive. We first looked into the ground-floor of one, which had not a single article of furniture, but something in the form of two beds, but which in reality were a few blocks of stones covered with dirty rags. On questioning a person who, with an infant in her arms, was standing at the door, she described herself as the wife of a carter, to whom she was married when only eighteen years of age, and she said she kept two lodgers, who were a married couple. Our guide denied the truth of her statements, and assured us that the house was one of common resort. Wet clay was the only floor of this dwelling, and not a single pane of glass adorned its windows. Indeed, on looking round the area, not one of the wretched habitations was honoured with a single pane of glass. We then ascended an outside stair, and knocked at the broken door of *one* of the apartments, for the stair granted access to several dwellings, when a female in rags, who was thrown into confusion by the official appearance of our guide, somewhat reluctantly admitted us, on being assured that we had no intention of taking her to the police-office. In this dwelling, which consisted of only one small apartment, we found, besides the alleged husband and wife, to whom it belonged, no fewer than ten young females, half-covered with rags, and some of them in such beds as there were, though it was nearly noonday. The keeper of the house, when questioned as to how these lived, dryly answered, that they paid her each one shilling weekly, and it was no object of hers how they obtained it, adding that if it was improperly, they had the worst of it themselves. This house had the appearance of the very perfection of domestic misery. The shattered and dirty walls, the broken and ragged ceiling, the filthy and rotten floor, were all in keeping with the bloated and debauched appearance of the guilty inmates. We visited other houses in this wretched back area, and our guide assured us that, though all the accommodation could not properly shelter more than seven or eight families, no fewer than three hundred men and women crowded nightly its disgusting domiciles. Some scenes of the most heart-rending description were here witnessed. In one house we were shown into a back-room, where we found a mother and daughter at their scanty breakfast. The mother had the appearance of having been one day respected and respectable, and the daughter was a good-featured girl, of about seventeen years old; but upon questioning the mother, who looked pensive, she all but admitted that they were living on the reward of crime. Our guide informed us that in many cases mothers who have been reduced through misfortune betake themselves to one of these cheap lodging-houses, and there spend the residue of their wretched existence on the earnings of their daughters—earnings that may be called something worse to their recipients than the wages of unrighteousness, and to the givers of them than the price of blood.'

How truly revolting are such facts as these! Mothers selling their daughters to iniquity, and living on the wages of prostitution; sisters leading sisters away to retreats of darkest infamy and crime, and initiating them in the horrid arts of seduction—can anything be more deeply humiliating, more utterly loathsome, more unspeakably awful? And, alas! it is frequently at a very early age that females are led astray and begin their vicious courses. Dr Scott Alison, speaking of the state of the colliers in Tranent, says, 'The girls are little; in many instances they early lose their innocence, and become the mothers of natural children.' The Governor of the Aberdeen Prison, in his report to the Government Inspectors for 1845, in speaking of a number of worthless families in Aberdeen, mentions one, in regard to which he says, 'The two eldest girls, who are not more than thirteen or fourteen years old, are already regular prostitutes, and are sometimes brought to the police-office quite drunk.'

Mr Sargeant, the relieving officer of the Limehouse Workhouse, in the Stepney Union, in giving his evidence before the House of Commons, in regard to the physical and moral evils which may be created by the mode of hiring and paying workmen, states, amongst other things, 'The girls, when seven years of age, are turned out into the streets with fruit and all sorts of things; when they arrive at the age of fourteen, they go to stay-stitching; then they sit indoors at home with their mother; and so on until the age of fifteen or sixteen, when they generally become prostitutes. I see it, because I am always amongst them.'

Mr Rookes, the relieving officer of St George's, states—'I know the poor population of our parish well. I know that a large proportion of the juvenile delinquents in our streets are coal-whippers' children; I have known some of them to be transported. I know also that the girls who are coal-whippers' children turn out prostitutes; it is seldom that any of them turn out to be good servants. There is one girl, for example, Margaret Harley, aged twenty-five, the daughter of a coal-whipper, who, for the last ten years, has always been either in a prison, or in the workhouse, or in a lunatic asylum. I do not believe that during that time she has been ten months out of either of those places.'

The records of female profligacy do indeed form a melancholy page in the history of juvenile depravity. The streets of our large towns swarm with its victims, many of them scarcely yet entered into the years of womanhood, and not a few of them mere girls. And, oh! how many homes must have been desolated, and how many hopes blighted, and how many hearts broken, ere so many became wanderers and outcasts! Mothers! ye whose hopes are bound up in your little ones, and whose hearts are like to melt with very joy when they bound in your arms or play their gambols around your knee; ye who breathe over them the agonising prayer at shut of eve and early dawn—reflect for a moment how that thousands, once as innocent, and pure, and playful, and winning as your own darlings, and watched over by an anxiety as sleepless, and a love as tender, and a yearning as strong, as that which you now experience, have been ensnared into the path of folly, sin, and shame, and have finally become the most wretched outcasts that earth ever carried on her bosom; and then resolve, in the strength of divine grace, that you will teach them, however much it may cross their youthful wishes, to shun every haunt of folly, every scene of temptation, every species of questionable amusement and practice, and every den of dissipation and vice. They are surrounded with innumerable temptations; they are unsuspecting and unguarded; and as others have fallen, even so may they fall. The bare possibility of this should make every mother tremble, and should

arouse her to the forth-putting of every influence and energy, in order to protect the child of her affections from the enticements of depravity and wickedness, and the ways of ruin and death.

This loathsome vice also prevails to a fearful extent amongst the young of the other sex. Many give themselves up to it ere yet they have reached the age of puberty. They are led away through the contamination of those who are older in vice and crime. We have lying before us evidence of the most horrible kind, with which we could easily fill pages, all tending to prove that thousands of the young, many of them not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, are guilty of the grossest immorality and pollution, and almost unsex themselves by their viciousness and sensuality. The subject is too shocking to be dwelt upon at any greater length.

Another form of juvenile depravity is *drunkenness*. This is the result of early addiction to the use of intoxicating stimulants, and, as we shall afterwards see, is more or less connected with every form of youthful delinquency. It is a vice which is loathsome and disgusting in all, but especially so in the young. What can be more truly pitiable than to see companies of boys, from nine to ten years of age and upwards, repairing to the beer-shop or the public-house, and sitting there wreathed in tobacco-fumes, and talking folly, or obscenity, or blasphemy for hours together, while they get muddled or drunk on beer or whisky? And all the while they think it manly to ape their elders, and boast of their iniquities, and glory in their shame. And, generally speaking, what a hopeless character is a young drunkard! He is distinguished by a recklessness and effrontery which even drunkards of riper years do not exhibit. His youthful passions are strong, and when excited by drink they become furious and ungovernable. His career is that of the simoom or the tornado, short in duration, but terrible in its destroying power, scathing and blighting all it comes in contact with, and leaving nothing but blackness and desolation behind. And how ruinous are its consequences to the victims themselves! At the very age when they ought to be full of tenderness, amiability, and affection, they become rude and savage, like children of the wild, through the effects of intoxicating agents. Every good impression is erased, every feeling blunted, every mental capability enfeebled and obscured, and every vile propensity quickened into unnatural impetuosity. The body, too, speedily suffers through this fell agent of evil. Ere yet it has fully developed itself, it is almost a total wreck. Like the mildew-blighted flower or the lightning-stricken shrub, it is despoiled of its beauty and strength—is marred, blasted, and deformed ere it has reached manhood's maturity. We have seen the youth that otherwise might have been the blooming and healthful boy reduced to a stunted, shrivelled, shaking form through the potency of strong drink. It had ravaged all his frame, even in early boyhood; it had driven the colour from his cheeks, and stripped the flesh from his bones, and extinguished the fire of his eye; it had made his shoulders stoop, and his hands tremble, and his knees smite each other; it had imprinted the furrow of premature age upon his brow, and filled his mouth with cursing and deceit, and thrown a deep gloom around his whole deportment; and in all this there was the infallible indication that death was sending out his harbingers thickly and closely, and would soon claim him for a *too* early and a dishonoured tomb.

The Rev. William Robertson, of Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, stated at a meeting of the Edinburgh Presbytery last summer, that in his parish many boys were confirmed drunkards at the age of nine or ten years. The Rev. Mr Horne of Corstorphine made a similar statement in the same presbytery on the same day. The writer of this has known children, averaging ten or twelve years, meet in small groups, and gather together what money they could raise, and then buy whisky with it, and go away into the fields and get quite drunk. In the Reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners for 1833, frequent and painful reference is made to the drinking habits of children. It speaks of many of the beer-shops being filled with children from twelve to fourteen years old, all carousing and getting drunk; twenty or thirty being sometimes found assembled in one room, and frequently being accompanied by loose girls of the same age. In later reports we find equally strong evidence on the same subject. Says one, 'Boys of nine or ten years of age may be seen, along with their female companions, in these shops;' another, 'Many of these houses are frequented by boys only;' 'I have seen children very little higher than the table at these shops;' and, indeed, we might easily accumulate a volume of similar testimonies. Some of them inherit a drunkard's appetite from their parents; some of them are taught to drink on their father's knee; some of them imbibe the taste for drink through the opiates and narcotics (many of them half-brandy) forced down their throats by their cruel mothers or nurses to prevent them from crying when infants; others are taught to take strong drink by their wicked parents, so that they may be nerved for going out to steal and beg for their support, and for ministration to their unhallowed pleasures; others are seduced by dissipated companions; while not a few learn 'the accursed art' on their introduction as errand-boys or apprentices to workshops and factories. This is a vice, too, which is exceedingly contagious. All vice is infectious, but this peculiarly so. Some vices are so horrible and revolting, even in their earliest indications, that none save the grossest natures can venture on their commission. But the beginnings of this evil are not so. There is blandishment, and hilarity, and bewilderment connected with them. Hence they are inviting and seductive in their effects towards the young. They fancy that they have the power of giving entertainment, wisdom, and happiness. Hence one invites and leads on another, and through the instrumentality of a few, hundreds may at length be ensnared. But this evil proves at length to be like pleasure's fabled path—at first smooth, flowery, and inviting; then a little rugged and unpleasant; at length beset with thorns, and snares, and pitfalls, and jagged precipices; and finally haunted with the forms of fiends, and noises like the wailings of hell, and enveloped with horrible gloom, even the blackness of darkness for ever—

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul;
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll.

THE HAND PHRENOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.*

This little treatise has for its object to establish certain relations between the mental and manual organisations, and, we must confess, that if the author has failed to establish a science, he has certainly succeeded in writing a most interesting, lucid, and instructive book. Clear and concise, and full of his subject, the author, by a process of inductive and comparative reasoning, based upon established science, shows the relation between the character, habits, and physical organisation of animals, rising in the scale to man. He argues, that as there are five elementary races of men, four species of temperament and so on, so in parts of the human being there are distinct types of form and characteristics conforming to the whole nature of the person. By a simple and beautiful process of analogy, in which the functions of the lower animals are determined by the form and character of their extremities, we are led to the hand of man.

'The general habit of body, and the kind of temperament, we determine from certain general signs deduced from the hand. We observe the structure of the skin—whether it be fine or coarse in its texture, whether it be hard and unyielding, or soft and elastic. We note the quantity of fat and of cellular tissue; and this enables us to form a judgment respecting the degree of *embonpoint*, and we have already abundantly proved that a man of a soft, lax habit, with an abundance of cellular and fatty tis-

* The Hand Phrenologically Considered: being a Glimpse at the Relation of the Mind with the Organisation of the Body. London: Chapman & Hall.

sues, differs in mental tendency and disposition from one of firm, tense fibre, in whom the bones, muscles, and articulations, are strong and prominent. Thus, a soft, thick hand, loaded with fat, denotes little energy of character, and a soft, yielding, inactive disposition; while, on the contrary, a thin, firm, bony, or muscular hand indicates a rough, active, energetic nature. With respect to the texture of the skin—a hand possessing a delicate and highly-sensitive skin is accompanied by a similar structure of the tegumentary envelope of the entire body, and is always associated with an excitable organisation, with a highly sensitive mobile disposition. A coarse dry texture of the skin denotes a preponderance of muscular force over sensibility, and a character more remarkable for solidity and resolution than for imagination or vivacity of conception. The hand partakes of the nature of the whole body; when the latter is gracefully and symmetrically formed, with its several parts in nice adaptation and co-ordination, the former shares its perfection, and is constructed after the same general plan; and we accordingly find that a powerful athletic individual is furnished with a large hard hand, with its joints or articulations strong and prominent, and a delicate sensitive person, with a small narrow hand, with its joints small and but slightly prominent.'

The discussion of the general form and attributes of the hand, leads to the more particular classification and division of the kinds thereof—in fact takes us to the author's subject or theory. It is a most ingenious one, and is supported without any conceited pretension whatever. As simple matters of fact, his observations are highly interesting.

'1.—*The Elementary Hand.*—Fingers thick, and without flexibility, palm large, thick, and hard, thumb rudimentary, and frequently bent somewhat backwards, skin coarse in its texture, nails short and thick. In countries where such hands abound, the people obey habit and instinct rather than reason. The sensations are dull and inactive, the imagination is without force, and the character apathetic; for the extremities of the nerves being deficient in sensibility, the impressions conveyed to the brain are wanting in intensity, and the ideas to which they give rise are consequently neither clear nor vivid. Elementary hands abound in the north of Europe. The individuals characterised by them are always superstitious; witness the Lappes, the Finns, and the Icelanders. By misfortune they are overwhelmed. In India, where they do not naturally exist, they have been artificially produced in a particular caste—the Pariahs—by political and social institutions. They have been abundant among every people at the dawning of their civilisation; they raised the pyramids in Egypt and the Cyclopean structures in Italy, and are described as existing in a rude state of society in the literature of various nations: witness the Polyphemus of the Greeks, the Meliboeus of the Latins, the Caliban of Shakspeare, and the Sancho Panza of Cervantes. This form of hand can unquestionably be produced by premature hard labour, but it is found among the upper classes likewise, where manual labour cannot be supposed to have given rise to it. Physiologically it must be looked upon as an arrest of development, its main bulk, like the member of the lower animals and of the human fœtus, being made up of the solid palm. It must hence be regarded as a primitive form of the member, as a rudimentary, and consequently an imperfect organ. Transitions from the elementary to other forms of hand are frequently met with. Thus, when the fingers become elongated and somewhat thinner, and the texture of the skin finer, the hand may be said to be intermediate between the elementary and sensitive type, while long, hard, bony fingers indicate an approach towards the motive type. And thus it is that intelligence is more readily to be attained by persons with elementary, than a fine sensibility by those furnished with a motive hand, or great energy in objective action by those provided with a sensitive.

2. *The Sensitive Hand* is rather below than above the average size, palm soft and narrow, fingers thin and delicate, with the extremity plump, rounded, and cushiony, thumb thin and small, skin fine and very vascular, nails narrow and semi-transparent. This type of hand may be looked upon as essentially feminine. It denotes a highly-sensitive frame, and a delicately-organised nervous system. The nervous ramifications distributed to the surface of the body being covered only by a thin layer of cuticle or scarf-skin, are easily excited by impressions from without, and as readily transmit their excitement to the central organs, thus occasioning a prompt and vivid flow of ideas. *The Artistic Hand* of D'Arpentigny is a variety of this type. It is characterised by a moderately-developed palm, long tapering fingers, very flexible, and a small thumb. It has for its object the worship of material beauty, is disposed to view things through a romantic medium, is fond of leisure, of liberty, and of change; is at once bold and timid, humble and vain, exalted and depressed, enthusiastic and desponding. The charms of a quiet, regulated, domestic life possess but little attraction for such persons, who, with much originality, have equal fickleness of character. A gradual transition is afforded from this to the motive type by means of the *Spathulate Hand*, which partakes both of the motive and sensitive character. The *spathulate hand*, when fully developed, is furnished with smooth fingers, with a rounded, cushiony termination, and a large thumb. It denotes a love of corporeal movement, and of active occupation—of horses, dogs, and field-sports; it prefers the useful to the agreeable, and is not content, like the elementary hand, with the merely necessary, but demands abundance. It is distinguished by an appearance of simplicity and frankness of character, and likewise by its chastity; so that Diana or Cyrus the Younger may be said to be its representatives. It is a native of the North, is more common in Scotland than in England, in England than in France, and in France than in Italy or Spain. Wherever it is the prevailing type, as in England and America, the political institutions are free. It is essentially Protestant. So that it may be truly said that the people of the north are physically Protestant, and those of the south Catholic. It must also be remarked, that before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the Protestants of France were likewise its chief manufacturers; for the same spirit that led them to embrace Protestantism impelled them to the cultivation of mechanical and scientific pursuits. It prefers size and regularity to beauty, opulence to luxury, and that which excites astonishment to that which pleases. In private life its motto is, 'Every one for himself.' *The Motive Hand*—Above the mean size, fingers with prominent joints, of an average length, and strong, thick, and bony, with a square tip; palm of a mean size, hollow, and tolerably firm; thumb large, with the muscular root strongly developed. This form of hand cannot exist without a strong massive development of the bony and muscular system. It is essentially the hand of man, as the sensitive is that of woman. Hence, in the female sex, it indicates a masculine energy of character: witness the hardy peasants of Switzerland and the Tyrol. In both sexes it denotes a preponderance of the masculine or reasoning mind over the imaginative faculties. Hence it loves form and arrangement, possesses a strong instinctive feeling for right and authority, and a profound respect for established forms; prefers an aristocracy to a democracy, and the known to the unknown; takes a delight in organising, in classifying, in systematising, in subjecting thought to opinion, and man to his fellow-man. Devoid of originality, and with but little imagination, it moves only in the old beaten path, and its belief is limited to that which it is capable of comprehending. Partaking of the character of the motive and psychical type, we have a mixed intermediate form, termed by D'Arpentigny 'the philosophical hand.' *The Philosophical Hand* is somewhat smaller than the motive; the fingers have large joints, and are somewhat tapering at their tip; the palm is large and elastic, the thumb also large, with its two phalanges nearly equal in length. Such was the hand of Locke, of Condillac, of Descartes, Malebranche, and Leibnits. It denotes a love of absolute truth for its own sake, and of speculations respecting the nature of life and the origin of things. It

adopts opinions only upon a careful investigation, and reason is its only recognised guide. *The Psychical Hand* is at once the most beautiful and the most rare. Compared with the stature it is small and delicate; the fingers are thin, without articular prominences, and long and tapering; the palm is of average dimensions, the thumb well formed and but of moderate size. Persons with such a hand are led by ideality; soul is for them everything; great interests alone move them; in religion and politics they are tolerant. In literature, Milton, Klopstock, and Goethe, are their representatives. Loving the ideal and the sublime, they oppose to the school of Voltaire and Hume that of Lamartine and Chateaubriand. Among the Greeks, Plato is their type. This form of hand is met with among all classes of society, but is rarely the prevailing one among any people. In Asia, it is most common in India; and in Europe, in Germany. Thus to the spathulate and motive hands appertain matter and reality, the useful and necessary arts, the action and theory of things, and the knowledge of facts; to the sensitive and psychical hands the boundless ideal world—the fine arts, sublime poetry, and abstract intellectual philosophy.'

Ideas of themselves apparently ridiculous have been fruitful of the most important benefits to society. The pursuit of the philosopher's stone led to splendid discoveries in chemistry The dream of an Eldorado opened the way to the New World. Whether the niceties of the hand's form, &c., are derived from the character of the mind, we cannot pretend to judge. But this we know that the author of this book has compiled a succinct and popular treatise upon comparative anatomy and physiology.

Page for the Young.

THE DISCONTENTED MOLE.—A FABLE.

A young mole having crept out into the sun one day, met with its mother, and began to complain of its lot. 'I have been thinking,' said he, 'that we lead a very stupid life, burrowing under the ground and dwelling in perpetual darkness. For my part, I think it would be much better to live aboveboard, and caper about in the sunlight like the squirrels.'

'It may seem so to you,' said the wise old mole, 'but beware of forming hasty opinions. It is an old remark, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Some creatures live upon the trees; but nature has provided them with claws, which make it easy and safe for them to climb. Some dwell in the water; but they are supplied with fins, which render it easy for them to move about, and with a contrivance by means of which they breathe where other creatures would drown. Some creatures glide through the air; but they are endowed with wings, without which it would be in vain to attempt to fly. The truth is, that every individual is made to fill some place in the scale of being; and he best promotes his own happiness in following the path which his Creator has marked out for him. We may wisely seek to better our condition, by making that path as pleasant as possible, but not attempt to pursue one which we are unfitted to follow. You will best consult your interest by endeavouring to enjoy all that properly belongs to a mole, instead of striving to swim like a fish, climb like a squirrel, or fly like a bird. Contentment is the great blessing of life. You may enjoy this in the quiet security of your sheltered abode; the proudest tenant of the earth, air, or sea, can do no more.'

The young mole replied: 'This may seem very wise to you, but it sounds like nonsense to me. I am determined to burrow in the earth no more, but dash out in style like other gay people.' So saying, he crept upon a little mound for the purpose of looking about, and seeing what course of pleasure he should adopt. While in this situation he was snapped up by a hawk, who carried him to a tall tree, and devoured him without ceremony.

This fable may teach us the folly of that species of discontent which would lead us to grasp at pleasures beyond our reach, or to indulge envy towards those who are in the possession of more wealth than we. We should endeavour to fulfil the duties of that situation in which we are placed, and not to grumble that some other lot is not assigned to us. We may lawfully seek to improve our fortunes, but this should be done rather by excelling in that profession which we have chosen than by endeavouring to shine in one for which we are unfitted.

THE CHAMELEON AND PORCUPINE.—A FABLE.

A CHAMELEON once met a porcupine, and complained that he had taken great pains to make friends with everybody, but, strange to say, he had entirely failed, and now he could not be sure that he had a sincere friend in the world.

'And by what means,' said the porcupine, 'have you sought to make friends?'

'By flattery,' said the chameleon. 'I have adapted myself to all I met; humoured the follies and foibles of every one. In order to make people believe that I like them, I have imitated their manners, as if I considered them models of perfection. So far have I gone in this that it has become a habit with me, and now my very skin takes the hue and complexion of the thing that happens to be nearest. Yet all this has been in vain, for everybody calls me a turn-coat, and I am generally considered selfish, hypocritical, and base.'

'And no doubt you deserve all this,' said the porcupine. 'I have taken a different course, but I must confess that I have as few friends as you. I adopted the rule to resent every injury, nay, every encroachment upon my dignity. I would allow no one even to touch me without sticking into him one or more of my sharp quills. I determined to take care of number one; and the result has been, that while I have vindicated my rights, I have created a universal dislike. I am called old Touch-me-not, and, if I am not as much despised, I am even more disliked than you, Sir Chameleon.'

An owl, who was sitting by and heard this conversation, putting his head a little on one side, remarked as follows: 'Your experience ought to teach two valuable lessons. One is, that the world looks upon the flatterer with contempt and aversion, because he seeks to secure some selfish object by making dupes of others; and the other is, that he who resents every little trespass upon his rights and feelings is sure to be shunned and dreaded by all who are acquainted with his disposition. You, Sir Chameleon, ought to know by this time that honest candour is far better than deceitful flattery. And you, neighbour Porcupine, ought never to forget that good-humour is a better defence than an armoury of poisoned quills.'

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Mark that parent hen, said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons. Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs—has rejoiced in your innocent delights—has administered to you the healing balm in sickness—and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

The white bear of Greenland and Spitsbergen is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is not only seen upon land in the countries bordering on the North Pole, but often on floats of ice, several leagues at sea. The following relation is extracted from the 'Journal of a Voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole:'

'Early in the morning, the man at the masthead of the

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Carcase gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of the approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid up every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had gotten at some distance, she looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning; but still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.'

Can you admire the maternal affection of the bear, and not feel in your heart the warmest emotions of gratitude, for the stronger and more permanent tenderness you have so long experienced from your parents?

SLOTH CONTRASTED WITH INDUSTRY.

The sloth is an animal of South America; and is so ill-formed for motion that a few paces are often the journey of a week; and so indisposed to move that he never changes his place but when impelled by the severest stings of hunger. He lives upon the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itself, when nothing besides is left for his subsistence. As a large quantity of food is necessary for his support, he generally strips a tree of all its verdure in less than a fortnight; and being then destitute of food he drops down, like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground. After remaining torpid some time, from the shock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to some neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with a motion almost imperceptible. At length arrived, he ascends the trunk, and devours with famished appetite whatever the branches afford. By consuming the bark, he soon destroys the life of the tree; and thus the source is lost from which his sustenance is derived. Such is the miserable state of this slothful animal.

How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the industrious beaver! This creature is found in the northern America, and is about two feet long, and one foot high. The figure of it somewhat resembles that of a rat. In the months of June and July, the beavers assemble and form a society, which generally consists of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of a lake or river; and, in order to make a dead water above and below, they erect, with incredible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps fourscore or a hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick at the base. When this dike is completed, they build their several apartments, which are divided into three storeys. The first is beneath the level of the mole, and is partly full of water. The walls of their habitations are perpendicular, and about two feet thick. If any wood project from them, they cut it off with their teeth, which are more serviceable than saws; and by the help of their tails, they plaster all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare of dry grass and clay, mixed together. In August or September they begin to lay up their stores of food, which consists of the wood of the birch, the plane, and of some other trees. Thus they pass the gloomy winter in ease and plenty.

These two American animals, contrasted with each other, afford a most striking picture of the blessing of industry, and the penury and wretchedness of sloth.

INTEMPERANCE.

Cyrus, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. 'No,' replied Cyrus, 'I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor; for not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king.'

EPITOME OF WAR.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other awhile in silence, with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow.

'What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?'

'What's that to you, Donald? I'll look whar I've a mind, an' hinder me if you daur.'

To this a hearty blow was the return; and then began such a battle! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general. At first they fought at a distance, with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length, coming hand to hand, they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received.

I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one party, I asked, 'What are you fighting those boys for? What have they done to you?'

'O, naething at a', maun; we just want to gie them a gude thrashin'—that's a'.'

My remonstrance was vain; at it they went afresh; and after fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between the combatants, himself covered with blood and his clothes all torn to tatters, and addressed the opposing party thus:—'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—*if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*' There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scampered away to their play.

That scene was a lesson of wisdom to me. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that this trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out for themselves the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after an immense waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' condition—'*if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*'

PERSONAL LAWS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The great migration of the nations, which overthrew the Roman empire, lasted more than a thousand years, reckoning from the departure of the Helvetii from Switzerland to the conquest of England by the Danes. But there is reason to believe that the nomadic spirit was a strict element of the northern life; for we have many instances of their migrations, long before the date of the departure of the Helvetii. In modern times, the means of subsistence are so strictly connected with the soil that this spirit has disappeared. If it were not so, nothing could be more likely than a nation would go on its travels in search of novelty and excitement.

The history of Europe, while it was at the mercy of these travelling nations, presents nothing but confusion and misery. Nations were here to-day, and there to-morrow, or perhaps nowhere; for there are instances in which a whole nation was annihilated in battle. Robertson says that there never were such miserable times; and Machiavelli, the illustrious secretary of Florence, bears witness to the confusion of names, languages, laws, and religions, which came from such continued and violent shocks and intermixtures. But the most singular result of this migratory confusion was the system of personal laws. The travelling nation carried its laws with it; and what was law to-day, on the banks of the Rhine, was no law there to-morrow, because the administrators and subjects of it were both vanished to another region. The consequence of this was, that no particular territory had its fixed law, but was guided by the law of its successive possessors. We say the law of England, the law of France; but we can only say the laws of the Salii, or the law of the West Goths. At last these flying about seeds of nations took hold of the soil and began to grow. They began to inhabit certain and fixed territories. It might be supposed that this was the time for the establishment of territorial laws. On the contrary, it was the period of the fullest development of the system of personal laws. Most of the nations had intermingled in such a manner, that it was impossible to give the ascendancy to the law of any particular race. The conflicting customs and laws of the different races, inhabiting the same territory, forced men to fall back on those eternal principles of right which have given such superiority to modern jurisprudence. But while this jurisprudence was forming in the minds of the thinkers, the the old laws ruled society, as it were, in conjunction. Each man carried his own law about with him. If he was a Frank, then he was under the law of the Franks; if he was a Burgundian, he was under the law of the Burgundians; so that, as Bishop Agobardus said to Louis le Debonnaire, three men may be sitting at the same table, and each governed by a different system of law.

It is asserted by Montesquieu, and it was long believed, that a man might choose what law he was to live under. But it has been shown by Savigny, in his 'History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages,' that the personal law was not arbitrarily chosen, but that it arose, as just explained, from the peculiar situation of the intermingled peoples. When a barbarian race conquered a portion of Roman territory, the Romans and the new-comers lived under their separate laws. When that predominant race was itself conquered by a new invasion, three distinct bodies of law were in force for the three races inhabiting the territory. This is fully borne out by the history of the connections of the various races. Lombardic law never prevailed in France, because France was never conquered by the Lombards. But Lombardic law prevailed in Italy, along with the Roman, because the Romans had been conquered by the Lombards; and when the kingdom of the Lombards was afterwards overthrown by the Franks, the Roman, the Lombardic, and the Frankish laws co-existed side by side in Italy. All this is proved by deeds carefully collected by Marini Fantuzzi, and other antiquarians. The personal laws thus arising out of the peculiar position of victors and vanquished—the law of the father was also the law of the children—the law of the husband was the law of the wife. All ecclesiastical persons were under the Roman law, and this circumstance was the principal element in working out the various systems of territorial law which succeeded the personal laws.

Indeed, as the influence of the clergy increased, the personal laws began to disappear. The dignitaries of the church had gradually concentrated in themselves all the elements of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and they now began to influence political society. As the rude Germanic laws gradually ceased to be applicable to the rising civilisation of Europe, society naturally fell under the dominion of the clergy—the depositaries of the matured jurisprudence of Rome. Thus the wants of the middle ages gradually made the clergy great proprietors, city magistrates, and councillors of kings. In this manner, the Roman law formed a ready basis for the territorial laws, and at this moment it quickens, and develops, and intermingles with every body of law in Europe. The establishment of territorial laws was materially promoted by the capitularies of Charlemagne and his successors. These acts were mostly territorial, that is, not intended for particular tribes wherever they should be scattered, but to the people of a particular territory. The capitularies afford indubitable marks of the advancing re-integration of Europe. Indeed, it was Charlemagne's great ambition to revive the unity of the old empire. It was for this he laboured, and allied himself to the pope, who aspired to re-unite the old empire under its pontiff, as much as Charlemagne did to fill the throne of Cæsar.

Not only the Roman law, but many other ancient institutions and ideas survived the shock of the barbarians, and served afterwards as a framework to support and unite the modern civilisations, until they should have strength to support themselves. That time has not yet arrived. Personal laws have indeed disappeared, in the strict sense; but the customs of particular districts, recognised in the law of England, are still proof of the mingled races which once inhabited it, and that the law of England has yet to find its Justinian. Before the great revolution in France, every province had its distinct laws and customs. A certain sub-nationality was induced by this; and the inhabitants of France were not so much Frenchmen as Gascons and Picards. Napoleon consolidated the French law, and at this moment a man may put the French code into his pocket. The present aspect of civilisation in Europe points to codification as one of the wants of our times.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS AIRD.*

Men of genius are distinguished from each other as perceptibly as they all differ from their fellow-men. The rare endowment which separates them from common mortals, is so modified in the case of all its possessors that they are marked out from each other by the plainest peculiarities. Milton could not be mistaken for Shakspeare, any more than he could be mistaken for the most dull and prosaic being. Now, mere talent has only a difference in degree or amount, but not in quality. We could conceive of a thousand clever individuals being alike, provided they had a parity of talent and of culture. And as it is, we can speak of the differences which exist among them with a precision almost mathematical. We weigh or measure them, and say, so much more—or, so much less; whereas, in the case of men of genius, standing distinguished from each other by size, there is also an endlessly diversified expression upon their faces; and, though we could classify them according to degrees of genius, we should yet have to say of the equals—'Alike, but, oh! how different!' *Talent* does not lay hold of a man's complete individuality, it does not absorb his identity along with all the characteristics of his nature and the associations of his life; but *genius* does, and receives into its own constitution the whole being of the man. Through talent, a man's special thoughts may appear; but through genius, his own self, thinking and feeling, comes out. Dugald Stewart could not put *self* into

* Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

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his elaborate dissertations; but the whole soul of Robert Burns was shed forth on the breath of a simple melody.

Mr Aird is a man of high genius, and he stands apart from all his famous contemporaries. Most candid and unenvious, appreciating fully and admiring enthusiastically his brethren, he is yet no imitator. His very garb of words is strictly his own, truly home-spun—its compact texture, gorgeous dyes, and somewhat curious shape quite uncopied; his haunts are his own—grand solitary places where the foot-print of any of his brethren is not, and where he wanders, making his own path; and the mood of his soul does not consist of impressions and emotions produced by intercourse with others, but by the direct influence of nature, working through his own perceptions, sensations, and associations, upon his own consciousness. His idiosyncrasy appears from the profoundest thought down to the slightest fancy; and his individuality is seen from the head to the foot of him. His isolation from others needs no eccentricity; and his independence is native, entire, and constant. He could be shorn of all his mannerism, without losing his strongest characteristics. We know of no living writer who, in his poems, tales, essays, and critiques, displays a mind so thoroughly unique. And this impression of ours is not caused or helped by Mr Aird's personal appearance haunting us in a study of his works. To very loose, general, and undetermined ideas which we may be examining, the *mere person* of the author—if we are familiar with that—often gives a seeming individuality. After having seen the *man* John Wilson, we are apt to regard many pages in his writings, though these may be nowise remarkable, as strikingly characteristic of Wilson. We have caught ourselves, over some very vague and colourless mental product—a product which really had no indications of its nativity, and might have been sent into the world from any quarter, tracing most satisfactorily and confidently all its qualities to the idiosyncrasy of the acknowledged author, and that merely because his image was so vivid in our mind as to reflect a likeness. Many of Lord Byron's pieces were set down as *Byronic*, from readers being conversant with the features and expression of his lordship's face; and even his loose shirt-collar overlaid countless lines, which were not in the least peculiar, and imparted to them the most marked identity. But to us, as yet, Thomas Aird, personally, is nothing but a shade; and our impressions of the singular uniqueness of his genius in all his works, have been entirely produced by these works themselves. Nor can we be deceived; and we challenge any critic to show, out of the vast gallery of British art, the originals from which Mr Aird can be said to have copied.

Indeed, his genius might be that of a new race, so peculiar are its complexion, temperament, and habits. It has one characteristic which places him quite by himself, though, probably, we shall fail to point it out in a few words. He grasps and holds material things with a nervous and most tenacious hand, as if he were to exercise his bare intellect upon them; and then, unexpectedly, from his hard pressure, they pass into pure ideals, imagination having given them a spiritual transformation. As if conscious of the charm of his poetic touch, he bestows a strong framework and an ossification as of iron on his theme, ere he seeks to float it off into the region of beauty. None of his contemporaries unite such a hard and literal graphicness with their idealising powers. They have not dared to handle, divide, and dissect the *material* with such closeness and minuteness, before transmuting it into the *spiritual*. Crabbe did not lay hold of the literal with such a firm grasp as Aird, who yet changes it into loftier ideals than Shelley ever executed from mist and moon-shine. Indeed, nowhere, save in the grand poem of Dante, shall we find such a union of the literal and the ideal as Aird exemplifies. Occasionally, our poet fails to shoot into the dense and rigidly defined body sufficient spiritual energy to pervade and quicken it. He is sometimes defective in the latter part of the process, and his creations remind us of 'the tawny lion pawing to get free his hinder parts.' This fault is, however, more conspicuous in his prose than in his poetical writings; and there, of course, it is less objectionable.

Mr Aird is, both by nature and culture, a genuine poet, for 'the vision and the faculty divine' characterise his very slightest efforts. In his essays, he ever thinks poetically; his logic, by means of which he professedly arrive at any truth, has intuition within it; the '*wheels*' on which he advances are full of far-seeing '*eyes;*' his fancy is but the playfulness of a noble imagination (just as *beauty* may condescend to pass for mere *prettiness*), and his humour is but the muse,

> 'In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
> And by men heart-easing Mirth,
> Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
> With two sister-graces more.
> To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.'

We are glad to see that at length Mr Aird has collected his scattered poems into a volume. He has subjected them to many improving touches, and has added some new pieces introduced by a tragedy of the highest poetic merit, and distinguished by more of dramatic art than he had previously proved himself to possess. It is a precious volume, the pictures fulfilling his own fine description of the cartoons of Raphael; 'Violent pain, mental or bodily, is tempered by heroic resistance, by grandeur, by native sweetness; pity waits upon horror; horror is quenched in beauty; and 'calm pleasures there abide majestic pains.'' In it we have the noblest landscapes of the earth that ever inspired poetry, patriotism, or piety, exhibited under every variety of aspect in the sky of day and night, associated and harmonised with whatever is grand, tragic, mournful, or lovely in the strange developments of human life, and traversed by appearances and influences from the two opposite realms of the spiritual world.

The volume begins with a long drama entitled 'The Tragedy of Wold.' And it *is* a tragedy, according to the severest standard; not, like some modern things of that ambitious name, consisting of a group of several people, breaking up to run to and fro, occasionally crossing each other's path, and meeting at last to superintend one or more murders committed upon the company. It is a development of FATE, wrought out with masterly skill, in many an incident and crisis, thickening and becoming more distinctly prophetic of the inevitable tragic issue. The *curse* resting upon the proud house of Wold makes the thunderbolt of the sky its playful minister to lead Lord Wold into the castle of the fair Lady Mervyn, the orphan of a race that had long maintained a deadly feud towards his house. The two love each other, and plight their troth, but the curse has now more potent and dreadful agents than the thunder, and rules the malice of Lord Wold's rival and the unappeasable wrath of his own stern mother, who weaves for him the wedding-garment of the grave. Various circumstances have transpired to persuade her that it is her solemn duty to sacrifice her own, and her only son; and he comes out from the dangers of many a bloody battle, and from the snares of all his enemies, to prove the clasp of his mother's hands, that had often fondly soothed, healed, and blessed him, far less merciful. By her orders, and within her castle, he is put to death. His young bride falls lifeless beside him; and his mother meets her death when, all alone and unseen, she was kissing her sacrificed son's lips, on which a subtile poison had been placed by one of the villains of the drama.

We have not attempted any abstract of the incidents of this tragic and powerful piece. They are worthy exponents of the doom, and are very artistically managed. Perhaps the stern old Duchess of Woldshouldn't have died by poison, though, if this were to be the plot of her death, it was in fine keeping with the *fate* of the drama, which had selected love, both filial and conjugal, as the medium of vengeance, that she should reap death from the lips of her son. We rather think, that after, as judge, she had seen her sentence executed, her motherly heart (for hers *was* a woman's loving heart, and it throbbed with unseen violence of anguish under the necessity of duty which she had laid upon it) might have burst. Even a man's iron

cords of existence would have been rent by the terrible inward revulsion when the judge of the living became again the parent, and now the parent of the dead. Besides, the lofty fate of the drama should not have stopped to an apothecary's secret in despatching the heroic woman. Fate might have been passive for a few moments, and the aged mother would have sunk almost immediately under the burden which her conscience had placed upon her heart. Yet, with this exception, the incidents are most effectively arranged. The 'silent and gloomy' Lord of Wold is stricken by a thunderbolt, to rise from the ground as the pledged husband of Lady Mervyn—a seemingly happy occurrence, but really fatal—fatal. Instead of being hewn down as a traitor, he is led kindly by old servants to be the captive of his own loving mother—a situation seemingly the most enviable, but really the most fatal to him. Lady Mervyn has fallen into vindictive and brutal hands, and most unexpectedly she is rescued by Wold; but immediately she follows Wold to his doom. Thus fate chooses to place its destructiveness in the very refuges from evil.

The characters of the tragedy are boldly yet delicately drawn. The 'Duchess of Wold' is a grand type of the chieftainess of feudal times—implacable to her enemies if she subdue these; unyielding to them if she fall into their power; the very fury of war, when war has a *cause* in her bosom; pious, in a certain fashion, even to fanaticism and superstition; a doating mother, yet alike ready, with kisses or with curses, to hound her only son on to vain and desperate strife, and without extinguishing a mother's love or a woman's tenderness; yet, suppressing these with more than a man's iron will, she will doom her own son to death, providing for him a shroud with a mother's sorrowful care. Compared with such a grand, yet not unnatural character, how poor and tame does Scott's 'Flora M'Ivor' appear!

Her son, Lord Wold, is the hero of the drama; and his pre-eminent bravery, magnanimity, gentleness, and sombre mood, qualify him to be the victim of fate—the quiet lamb to be sacrificed on the altar by his own mother. Born after the slaughter of his father, drinking in grief but not revenge, along with milk from his mother's troubled breast, growing up through youth without gamesome scenes, leading his manhood bravely through the wars of the kingdom, his brow, his mind, were always darkened by the shadow of coming fate. When he is doomed to fall by his mother's judgment, he is as meek for the sacrifice as tender Isaac walking up to Mount Moriah. The scene in which he intercedes, that he may be allowed to go for the deliverance of his bride, brings out the kindred features of character in son and mother. Let readers notice the grand calmness of Wold, as indicated by the simplicity of his language, when he says, 'Touch not the doom, let the doom stand.'

> 'WOLD . . . Save her life and honour—
> And, to fill up and magnify the quittance,
> Make me the instrument?
> DUCH. The doom's pronounced.
> WOLD. Touch not the doom: let the doom stand.
> I'll do my work stern quick. I'll be back here
> Before the sun be up, and don these chains again.
> The doom shall not be touch'd.
> DUCH. What guarantee
> Have I for this?
> WOLD. I'm sure you'll ask no oath
> If I but pledge my word.
> DUCH. I meant not that.
> But you may hold your blood cheap, and defraud
> The judgment here.
> WOLD. Not so. Let me but forth;
> I'll be as chary of my blood, as hitherto
> I've been unsparing o't: I'll guard my life
> As a most precious thing—not mine, but yours;
> I'll bring it back to you. And then, see how
> This mutual trust of ours adds to the doom,—
> Making and showing it no quick rash act,
> But a calm sacrifice, due and paid to
> Heroic principle and magnanimous will.'

We should far exceed our limits, were we to comment upon the admirable way in which the poet has sketched the other principal and all the subordinate characters. But 'Afra,' the old prophetess, cannot here be quite overlooked. She is the energetic chorus, almost a supernatural agent in accomplishing the doom of Wold, for she curses out of a soul boiling with old personal wrongs, as well as prophecies with the earnestness of a sibyl. Mr Aird has, we think, rendered her the most thoroughly poetical of all the characters, and her lips open in thunder. Here is the burden of her soul, delivered with terrible imaginative force:

> 'AFRA. Yonder!
> Lo! the old cloud's on Wold; all's sunny elsewhere.
> Well done, thou bellying blackness! Leap on it,
> Vengeance, with thy fierce feet; crush, tread it down,
> Till it be dense; tread down the burden'd gloom,
> Till it be solid black on the doom'd towers
> And battlements: there let it rest. Now, now!
> Is the time come? Merlin, I'm here!
> There's a grim waiting in the heavens for something,
> As if yon cloud (hush! now!) would burst asunder,
> Riven by the flaming wedges of the thunder,
> And out of its womb leap the fulfilment. No:
> 'Tis passing off; heavy and slow, yet off.
> The time's not yet. 'Twill come. Not in vain, Wold,
> Have I gone round about thee, winding the curse
> Close round about thee. The dread tissue
> Comes not from my own brain: the wizard spun it
> From the black head of fate, standing far back away
> In the infinite abyss—there fixed.
> I walk around thee, Wold,
> A seeming simple thing; but serried spears
> Of ranged men, nor walls of brass with towers
> Of blue-ribb'd steel, could better hem thee in
> Than does the coil of these poor naked feet,
> Going around thee thus, and shutting thee
> Close up with the doom: not a child's innocent head
> Of all Wold's house—not a mouse could get out.'

Yet, though we should regret to see the poetry which Afra utters cut out from this drama, we are convinced that Afra herself is a very superfluous character. *Fate* is indicated with such terrible clearness in the course of the incidents, and so visibly shadows the brows of the hero and his mother, that an articulate voice denouncing it takes away from the effect. Fate, in spite, nay, by the help of perfect free-will, is coiling itself around them so perceptibly, that the narrow and narrower circle which Afra's feet form around the doomed house might have been omitted. We hold that fate is best expressed without signs or ominous voices.

On the whole, we regard this performance as a dramatic triumph, the most decisive achieved for many a year.

'A Mother's Blessing' has nothing of a dramatic character, though it is put into a dramatic form. Not only are the incidents highly improbable, but they run through a great many years, and almost all of them have taken place before the poem opens. Nor are the characters of this dramatic poem other than common-place. But for luxuriant descriptions of scenery, and beautiful pictures of domestic life, it will be studied with love and admiration. How profuse with pastoral riches is the following sketch:—

> 'The rocks of the wild goats; the simple flowers,
> Spilling the clear dew o'er their delicate brims,
> The silver drops of rain; the twinkling woods
> That dry their green wings in the glossy breeze;
> The snowy cygnet by the borders dwelling
> Of lucid waters; to the sight upheaving
> Aye the fresh swelling sea; the sunny hills
> Dappled with shadows, as the cloudy heavens
> Go bowing o'er them; bold cataracts
> With weeping trees fringed, glorified in one
> Tumult of glory by the setting sun,—
> These all are mine; then hush'd and decent eve,
> Spirit-tempering stillness, or the sound of winds
> Going among the high tops of the trees.
> Then, with her moon, forth comes the old solemn night,
> Or starry-studded in her dark apparel.'

From 'A Mother's Blessing' we pass to a piece on *him* 'for whom no mother e'er hath wept—an outcast from above.' The 'Devil's Dream' is a poem of terrific sublimity, and worthy to be the night-picture traced on the soul of the sleeping fiend. Poetry had represented the devil fighting, plotting, tempting, and also lying prostrate in the dreary confusion of total defeat; but it never represented him as *dreaming*. The very idea of the infernal agent and sufferer wrapping himself up for a little from his agonies and his crimes in gentle sleep, closing those eyes which ever burn like the flames of hell, and becoming passive under the charm of a vision of the night, is one of those grand originalities, which, after we see executed, we

wonder that we ourselves had never conceived of. There are but two *human* states in which the imagination can place the fallen angels without seeming to incarnate them. The first is that of them *loving woman*, and Byron's 'Heaven and Earth' thus sketches them; the second is that of *sleeping and dreaming*; and Aird's dark genius has prepared 'Mount Aksbeck' as a couch for Satan, and melted the awful being of Satan into the imagery of a dream. Yet the dream is no roseate cloud; it is the smoke of perpetual torment. We repeat that a stranger conception could not be than that of the devil revisiting our earth, which his wicked triumphs have desolated, yet sharing in the slumbers of mortals, his inward being forming for itself unreal pictures, in the same way, and at the same time, as the fancy of beautiful maidens' works. At midnight, midnight's charm comes down upon him as upon the babe pillowed on its mother's bosom. If the poem be an adequate embodiment of the idea, it must be one of the noblest performances ever made by art. We shall afterwards show wherein, as our opinion goes, Mr Aird has done amiss. We may at once, however, state that all the parts of the subject that have been taken up by the poet, have received a most worthy representation; and that, while he has given the slip to some essential points, yet those to which he has attended, have been treated with transcendent force and vividness. Daring and pre-eminently difficult as his object was, he has accomplished it with signal success. He has gone down into the devil's soul for a sight of hell; and the picture which he draws is terribly sublime. The versification of the piece is of broad compact and thundering strength, like the sweep and fury of the dark archangel's wings.

The poet, at midnight, sees the 'grizzly terror' darting upwards through the sky, and his form and flight are described by lurid and glaring imagery, and in lines of stormy majesty. Satan, aloft o'er the Syrian wilderness, heads the soldiers of Mahomet. They follow the comet of hell illuminating the north, as the magi did the star in the East. But the fiend soon disdains to look complacently on the 'Arab swords.' The poet here has guarded himself against what would have been a sound objection to his description. Had he represented the devil as exulting with entire and protracted satisfaction in the human ruin, which he had accomplished by means of the false prophet, it would have been reasonably urged—*this* cannot be the fiend, who, without human voice, human creed, or human weapons, has destroyed men everywhere. Satan's proudest victories have been won by *himself as a spirit in the heart of man*. Mr Aird, therefore, properly represents him as soon becoming careless and even scornful about his Moslem agents:

> 'With scorn he look'd to west away, and left their train to die,
> Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.'

The fiend alights on Mount Tabor, but not to tarry, for he has no memory of triumphs there; and the scene is intolerable, as if the hill still retained the consuming fire of that glory which had once crowned it, and as if it were now waxing wroth against the intruder upon its sacredness. In haste to be gone, he rises not, but sweeps down 'over Tabor's trees,' as if to avoid the cloud which had, long ago, descended on the summit to curtain the strange interview which Moses and Elias held with the transfigured Jesus. Westward, he tracks his way along the shadowy earth, until the form of African slavery meets his eye. Mounting aloft once more, he reaches 'the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white.' He there rests, and the following is his dream:—

> 'In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
> Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave,—
> A place of still and pictured life: its roof was ebon air,
> And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there:
> It seem'd the grave of man's lost world- of beauty caught by blight.
> The dreamer knew the work he marr'd, and felt a fiend's delight.
>
> The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,
> And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung;
> In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there,
> Their heads for ever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air;
> From woods the forms of lions glared, and lusty tigers broke;
> The harness'd steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.
>
> All creatures once of earth are there, all seal'd with death's pale sea
> On Lethe's shore. Dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal:
> O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,
> The silent river slowly creeps, and licks them all away.
> This is the place of God's first wrath—the mute creation's fall—
> Earth marr'd—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.
>
> Small joy to him that marr'd our world! for he is hurried on,
> Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne:
> Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
> Wherein clear spirits of tinctured life career in prisoned wars,
> Down on the second lake he's bow'd, where final fate is wrought
> In meshes of eternal fire o'er beings of moral thought.
>
> A giant rock, like mineral stone, instinct with dull red glow,
> Its summit hid in darkness, rose from out the gulf below,
> Whose fretted surf of gleaming waves still broke against its sides.
> All serpents, as if spun from out the lashings of those tides,
> Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damned cliff amain,
> Their bellies skinn'd with glossy fire: but none came down again.
>
> These be the cares, still coming cares, that hang upon hell's throne,
> And live with him, nor leave him, who has rear'd it on that stone.
> Clouds round it are, that he at will may hide his haughty wo;
> But, ah! no fence has it to stay those comers from below.
> The dreamer heard a kingly groan: his own voice ill suppress'd
> He knew, but could not see himself on his high seat distress'd.
>
> Far off, upon the fire-burn'd coast, some naked beings stood;
> Down o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to brood.
> At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,
> An angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.
> And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break;
> Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the welt'ring lake.
>
> And ever, as with grizzly gleam, the crested waves came on,
> Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
> Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purged by the flame;
> And sore the salted fires had wash'd the thin immortal frame;
> And backward, in sore agony, the being stripp'd its locks,
> As a maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.
>
> High tumbling hills of glossy ore reel'd in the yellow smoke,
> As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.
> Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
> Till, like a red bewilder'd map, the skies were scribbled o'er.
> High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard
> The must'ring stores of wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.
>
> Wo, wo to him whose wickedness first dug this glaring pit!
> For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.
> In vision still to plague his heart, the fiend is storm'd away,
> In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day;
> Away beyond the thund'ring bounds of that tremendous lake,
> Through dim bewilder'd shadows that no living semblance take.
>
> O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that tow'ring visions seem,
> Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;
> Till down, where feet of hills might be, he by a lake was stay'd
> Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unalloy'd—
> A mirror where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,
> Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.
>
> The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,
> But never holy light hath touch'd an outline with its gleam:
> 'Tis but the eye's bewilder'd sense that fain would rest on form,
> And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.
> No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature crost,
> No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.
>
> Here all is seldom idleness: no music here, no jars,
> Where silence guards the coast, o'er thrill her everlasting bars.
> No sun here shines on wanton isles; but o'er the burning sheet
> A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat;
> As, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight
> The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.
>
> Oh! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
> The last lake of God's wrath, where he his first great enemy brings.
> Deep in the bosom of the gulf the fiend was made to stay,
> Till, as it seem'd, ten thousand years had o'er him roll'd away:
> In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space;
> But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling-place.
>
> O! for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,
> Him from that fast fixed lethargy impetuously to urge!
> Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave
> Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave!
> The strokes of wrath, thick let them fall! a speed so glorious dread
> Would bear him through, the clinging pains would strip from off his head.
>
> At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
> A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
> And, oh! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
> A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
> A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrill'd through his inmost soul,
> And these the words that bow'd his heart with softly sad control:
>
> 'No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
> No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;
> No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face;
> No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race:
> But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
> And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blister'd feet;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.'

So spake the unknown cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the dreamer kiss'd till his lava breast was cool.
In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,
And sprang a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know:
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scatter'd shores of night,
So turn'd he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

The vision of this last stern lake, oh! how it plagued his soul,
Type of that dull eternity that on him soon must roll,
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguiled,
And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild:
Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,
But passive fix'd endurance, all eternal and the same.'

Sublimity could rise no higher. And how startlingly beautiful is the idea that, after the fiend has been appalled by the dreary stillness of Hades, the first lake, and by the fierce storms and surging waves of hell, the second and last lake of God's wrath, a low voice whispers hope through repentance. It is the 'still small voice' of the blessed Gospel haunting the dreamer, who, when awake, knows that that gospel is not for him, and strives to make it useless to those for whom it was sent to earth! How must the fiend be penetrated by the matchless grace contained in the scheme of human redemption, since we see that, when his being is passive in sleep, that grace has an echo from his inmost soul! How far within him must the notes of divine mercy have gone, since their melody stirs his dreams! How all-lovely must have looked the robes washed in the blood of the Lamb, since the thought of them, accompanied with the wish that they were his, to wrap around his weary and accursed frame, gives rapture to his dreams? We are not sure, however, that the poet specially designed the soft voice, which whispered illusive hopes to Satan, to be the utterance of those evangelical ideas which must have penetrated the dark soul of the fiend; but we are sure that, had he taken this view and distinctly brought it out, he would have rendered this part of the poem, touching as it is, more sweetly and wildly pathetic. Satan's nature *must* have the finest and keenest perception, and the fullest and deepest impression, of the unspeakable tenderness of the Gospel; and if we conceive of him as a dreamer, we may imagine that his ideas of the Gospel will be so modified by the magic of dreaming as to hold out hope even for himself.

As we have already hinted, the dream, in our opinion, has one serious defect; and we wish that we could persuade Mr Aird yet to supply what is lacking. Why was there no glimpse, far back through ages, of the heaven which he had lost, in the dream of Satan? A guilty man frequently dreams of his innocent and glad childhood; and why has Satan no momentary recurrence to his heavenly days? Along with the two lakes of God's wrath, why was there not the sea of glass before the throne of God, imaged in the soul of the dreamer? The scene, changing from the abodes of hopeless misery to the seat of happiness and holiness, which had once been his, would have been both natural and sublime. The dreamer awakes at the tender and pathetic voice which whispers hope through repentance; but a still more potent charm to arouse him from slumber, would have been the music of heaven—the minstrelsy of angels and archangels, in which he had once joined. We are convinced, that if Mr Aird had introduced into the dream of the fiend scenes of glory which must be ineffaceably traced on the fiend's memory; and if he had represented the dark dreamer at midnight as feeling himself once more a 'son of the morning,' this poem would have been still more magnificent as well as complete. We will not, however, insist longer on the defect, much less sketch an outline of the scenes which ought to have passed through the dream.

The description of the dreamer awaking and banishing all the tender thoughts from his soul is noble. He lashes himself into rage, resolves once more to defy God, looks up to the sky for some glaring sign that God has accepted the challenge; but the stars smile as benignantly as ever, and their very calmness is intolerable, and drives him to madness.

'He saw the heavens above his head upstayed bright and high;
The planets, undisturb'd by him, were shining in the sky;
The silent magnanimity of nature and her God
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his hell abroad.

His pride would have the works of God to show the signs of fear,
With flying angels to and fro to watch his dread career;
But all was calm: he felt night's dews upon his sultry wing,
And gnash'd at the impartial laws of nature's mighty King;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn or little grassy blade.'

Had Mr Aird produced no other work than 'The Devil's Dream,' this grand poem would still have entitled him to rank with our foremost poets. The 'Christian Bride' is a romantic tale, with the usual incidents of ignominious captivity for the hero, and final deliverance from his dungeon. The descriptions, imagery, and sentiments, are of far too lofty and transcendental a kind. To suit the story, these should have been merely graceful. Mr Aird's genius is too sublime and earnest for the pleasant lays of a troubadour. The same objection applies still more strongly to 'The Captive of Fez.' But when he quits the scenes of foolish chivalry, and roams through old Judea, the scenes are congenial. He absorbs the thousand peculiar charms which belong to that renowned land, and especially that one grand charm which it has received from the Redeemer, whose every step was a lasting consecration to the spot, and whose every look left unfading sunshine on the object, so that the mountains and plains trodden by the God-man might fill up every other footprint, and lose the shadow of every other form. We have not leisure to characterise Mr Aird's Hebrew pieces—his best productions. The 'Tales of the Siege of Jerusalem' are grand melodies, idealising the memorable sounds of angry heaven and mad earth—the prophet's wild voice—the yell of the famine-stricken—the shriek of the hapless virgin—and the various noise of the most bloody battle, which came from the doomed city. But more appalling and pathetic even than these are the sketches of almost superhuman agony in 'Nebuchadnezzar' and 'The Demoniac.' Aird's genius seeks the dark and the tragic to depict a devil's dream, a demoniac's 'hour and power of darkness,' and the metamorphose of a mighty and proud king into a beast of the field. Yet the terrible is always veined with the beautiful. In 'Nebuchadnezzar,' the young and lovely prophetess 'Cyra,' and especially the 'milk-white companion' of the fallen king, his favourite war-horse, give a fine relief to the sketches of the royal maniac; and in 'The Demoniac,' the face 'unutterably sweet' of Jesus chastens, subdues, and pervades all the horrors.

The pastoral pieces occurring in this volume, such as 'A Summer Day,' 'A Winter Day,' and 'Frank Sylvan,' are exquisite. Mr Aird's perception of the various and ever-changing beauties of nature is unusually quick and vivid. He is a rapid interpreter of the flux of nature's meanings. The finest pastoral poetry has a character of reality about it, so far as scenes are concerned; but it has often been observed, that it is unreal in the human beings whom it sketches. But the fine *humour* which pervades Mr Aird's pastorals has imparted to them truthfulness. The birds which sing in rural haunts, and the beasts of the field, are described with genial mirth; and all the acquaintances and friends of Squire Sylvan have their peculiarities of character and habit humorously illustrated. Mr Gilfillan, in his eloquent criticism on 'The Devil's Dream,' fancies a strong resemblance in the genius of that poem to the works of Jean Paul Richter. We beg to differ about the instance of resemblance; but we do see in these pastoral pieces, and in many of Aird's prose writings, some of the peculiar combinations of fancy and humour which are so noticeable in the works of the German. Let our readers turn to Mr Aird's description of 'Miss Kitty Wren, with her cocked tail, cocked like a cooper's thumb,' and of the cottager's cow made mad by the heat and insects of a summer meridian, and they will think that Jean Paul might have been the author.

We are fervent admirers of Tennyson; yet, in *conversa-*

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tion, we should not hesitate a moment to assert Aird's superiority of genius, nor should we fear any failure in showing reasons for the judgment; and we anticipate the day when, without contradiction, the judgment will be declared from the periodical press. Nor can we refrain from expressing the satisfaction, amounting even to triumph, which we have in the thought that Mr Aird's genius is baptised into the Christian faith; and that, whilst other great men have repudiated all the Christianity which is worthy of the name, he finds, in the very strictest and most rigid system of religion, ample, even boundless scope and inexhaustible materials for his genius. A believer in the very letters of the Bible, his genius is yet as much unfettered as if he were a Pantheist. An honest subscriber to the 'Confession of Faith,' he has as full an intellectual freedom as is enjoyed by Thomas Carlyle. We take leave of him with the profoundest admiration of his original and *sanctified* genius.

DOMENIC ZAMPIERI.

'PINCH his ears, Lanfranco, and set him adrift with a kick,' cried Pietro Colloni.

'Tie his hands behind his back, and pan the ragged dog; all the dogs of Bologna will howl him home if you do,' shouted Michaelo Sanzio.

'Bring him into the studio and impale him; we want just such a model for death alive,' exclaimed young Nilo Pina.

'You have got a rueful enough subject at last, Lanfranco, my boy. We are in honour bound to help you to paint it,' cried Ribera, with a derisive laugh, and he drew with his pencil a blue line across the brow of the little captive.

'Yes, we must paint him—we must paint him,' cried the students, right clamorously, as Lanfranco, holding the poor passive lad by the ear, dragged him into the vestibule of the academy.

'Yes, paint him—paint him; and here goes a black stroke for the nose that is always thrust in at our gallery door!' cried Pietro Colloni, and he dashed his pencil, heavily charged with varnish and ivory black, into the face of the poor youth.

'And two magnificent circles of blue for the eyes that are always peeping in at my antique and classic models, to the desecration thereof,' shouted Sanzio, as he drew two dark rings round the tormented boy's eyes.

'And carmine blushes for the chalk-cheeks, that remind one of the cheeks of Pietro Timenosi the biscuit-baker,' cried Ribera, as he plastered the face of the bewildered boy with the red fantastic figures which are painted on those of buffoons and clowns.

The captive, who was clad in the poorest and meanest of Italian habiliments, and whose person was small and attenuated, made no resistance to his tormentors, who were the younger students of the Caracci. He was as silent and passive as if he had been a lay figure, instead of a sentient being; and nobody would have supposed that he felt the insulting and cruel usage to which he was being subjected, had it not been for two large tears that glistened in his lustrous and sad eyes.

'Hurrah!' cried the thoughtless youths, as a young man of engaging appearance and frank manly bearing entered the lobby of the gallery, and threw his cloak and rapier to the janitor. 'Hurrah! here comes Denis Calvart; we shall leave ragged Robin's sentence to his decision;' and so saying, they forcibly dragged the object of their jesting towards their fellow-student, with shouts and loud laughter.

'Hillo, my masters, what is this?' said Calvart, first looking at the meek and suffering face of the boy, and then turning with a darkening eye and lowering brow on young Lanfranco, who still clung to his ear, and to the mischievous youths who still continued to daub his countenance with paint. 'What is this, I say?'

'Oh, it is not much, you may see,' cried Nilo Pina, 'save rags and mud; but if it continues long under our hands we'll make it a juvenile Momus;' and all the gay young painters laughed right merrily at this sally.

'What has he done?' said Calvart, sternly, as he disengaged the hand of Lanfranco from the youth's ear, and pushed him forcibly backwards.

'Why, he comes here daily and stares into this gallery,' cried all the youths simultaneously.

'He opens the door, and lets in the draught upon me until my bones ache,' cried Lanfranco.

'And he fixes his evil eye, through the keyhole, upon me, so that I forget my subject,' cried Ribera.

'Come, come, my masters, this is neither seemly nor manly,' said Calvart, with feeling; 'it is not thus that ye at least should treat one who loves the beautiful.'

'I know the lazzaron,' cried Nilo Pina, 'to be the son of Domenic Zampieri, who makes and mends shoes, in the Strada Valambrosa; let him go home and help his father.'

'I do help my father,' said the lad, meekly; 'but he allows me two hours of each day for rest and play, and I come here to gaze upon the beautiful statues and the lovely pictures instead.'

'Drive him hence! away with him! never mind Calvart! out into the street with him!' cried the young artists, rather incensed than mollified with what he had said; and Lanfranco, who was a sturdy little fiery Parmese, rushed upon him to cast him out.

'Back there—back, I say,' cried Calvart, as he seized the boy by the arm, and, placing himself before him, threw himself into a threatening attitude, which immediately restrained the assailants. Denis Calvart was a Fleming, and his noble features possessed not only the traits of genius but those lines of firmness and decision which mark the man of clear judgment and of conscious independence. He was younger in years than some of the volatile Italians who now stood regarding him with threatening looks and flashing eyes, but he was older in thought and steadier of purpose than any of them, and his moral influence was greater over them than even themselves supposed. 'You shall not lay a finger upon him, if I can prevent it,' said the generous Fleming. 'I believe he has more soul than you all.'

'Let him go home, and help his father to mend the soles of the lazzaroni's boots,' cried Ribera; 'and perhaps he will take yours under his special protection, as a work of gratitude.'

'Viva Denis Calvart, the patron of cobblers and lazzaroni!' cried the mocking clique; and their laughter was yet echoing through the gallery, when a man of benevolent mien and noble bearing suddenly appeared amongst them. 'Husb, here is Agostino,' was quickly whispered from one to another, and suddenly a silence as profound and still as their clamours had been noisy settled down on the hitherto excited students.

'Come, young masters, to work,' said the gentle and accomplished Agostino, as he bowed to the respectful salutes of his students. 'Play never makes painters; and he who dallies in the vestibule shall never be master of the palette and easel. But whom have we here, and why do you look round so sternly?' he said, as his eye fell on the young and trembling Zampieri, and on the face of the indignant Denis Calvart.

'Lanfranco or Ribera can tell you all about it,' said Calvart, modestly.

'Much to tell,' said Ribera, who was forward and quick of speech. 'A cobbler's lazy apprentice comes to idle his time by playing bo-peep through the keyhole of our gallery-door, and by staring at the Venus de Medicis and Apollo Belvidere; we seize him, and daub the young lazzaron as you see, which mightily offends a certain Flemish Quixote, who must needs champion the fair boy and brave his own friends and companions.'

These words caused the companions of Ribera to laugh, but they produced no visible emotion in the master. Agostino Caracci was one of the greatest of Italian painters, and, luckily for young Zampieri, he was as noble as he was accomplished. If Zampieri was the son of a shoemaker, Agostino was the son of a tailor; if Zampieri had as-

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sisted his father to mend old boots, Agostino had helped his own industrious parent to renovate the worn doublets of seedy cavaliers. The great painter remembered the time when he and his brother Annibal were poor boys, and used to run about Bologna as young Zampieri did; and it was to the shops of the goldsmiths and the sculptors' yards that they also were always attracted. It was with considerable interest, and an expression of extreme kindness in his face, therefore, that the master turned to Calvart and his protege. 'You have done well, Denis,' he said, in a low tone, to his pupil; 'you have acted according to the impulses of a generous genius, and rescued your master's school from a deep disgrace. You will pass through life not only with a brilliant fame, but with singleness of heart enough to bear it and generosity enough to share it; these shall never be tormented with a mean sense of rivalry and selfishness. And so you love to come and peep at the models and pictures in our school,' said Agostino, as he patted the boy's face, which was now totally besmeared with his vain attempts to free it from the paint so liberally bestowed on it by the pupils.

'Yes,' said the young Zampieri, looking up, and smiling gently, 'I love to see them, they are so beautiful.'

'Why do you love to see them?' said Agostino, bending down, and looking in the boy's eyes.

The ragged urchin remained silent and thoughtful for a few seconds, and then, laying his hand upon his breast, he replied, 'Something here impels me to seek for all beautiful things. It is a sentiment stronger than myself, for in my dreams it fills my soul with beautiful pictures, and statues that move and breathe.'

'Would you not wish to be a painter, boy?' cried Agostino, taking his hand and warmly pressing it.

'Oh, I would sweep your gallery, grind your colours, clean the pencils and palettes of the young masters, and place their easels for them,' cried the lad, warmly, 'only that I might have the privilege of looking at your beautiful gallery.'

'And that you shall have,' cried Agostino, as he threw open the folding doors, and led the poor ragged Zampieri into the temple of art, into which he was followed by the manly Calvart, and the humbled Lanfranco, and Ribera, with their companions.

The sun seldom looked down upon a nobler gallery than that of the Caracci, and it was no wonder therefore that young Domenic Zampieri started and held up his hands with delighted amazement as its glories burst upon his sight. The rays of the morning shone in soft and chastened radiance through the stained dome that roofed the lofty studio, and the rich flesh tints of a magnificent piece of drapery were reflected upon the models of polished marble, investing them with the warmth and colour of life. Columns and pedestals of the most beautiful and elaborate workmanship supported statues which seemed to breathe. In niches in the walls were groups or blocks of cariatides, figures supporting magnificent vases, and portions of splendid cornices. Pictures by Ludovico, Annibal, and Agostino Caracci, in frames of the boldest and richest styles of Greek and Roman carving, adorned the gallery; and arms of every age and character, and musical instruments—in the use of which Agostino was a most accomplished adept—were hanging around on every side.

When the paint was washed from the face of Domenic Zampieri, and his ragged jacket and small clothes were exchanged for a new doublet and proper nether habiliments, nobody would have believed him to be the same lad whom Lanfranco had pinched and Ribera had coarsely insulted; and those who witnessed his demeanour to these two impetuous youths would not have supposed that he had ever been subjected to their rudeness. With a gentleness that knew no change, and an assiduity that never seemed to grow weary, he patiently performed the drudgeries that were exacted from him by the proud and capricious students, and suffered their taunts without a murmur. He was satisfied if for one hour in the day he was allowed to listen to the eloquent and profound anatomical discourses of Agostino, and to receive during another the kind and patient instructions of his friend Calvart. 'Let them moc me and chide me as they please,' Domenic would say wit a smile, 'they can neither destroy the instructions of Ago tino nor the heart of Denis Calvart.' Of all the student of the Bolognese school there were none who treasured th instructions of their master so faithfully as the poor shoe maker's son, and none so diligently practised the lesson that he taught. Zampieri's father was poor, and dwelt i a hovel which beauty never visited save in fitful visions and where art never came save in the heart and soul c young Domenic; but Calvart's studio was open to hi friend, and the smiles of Denis ever welcomed him there Night after night found Domenic tracing with his pencil his ideals of the beautiful, and revealing to his sense th forms that haunted his fancy; night after night found Cal vart instructing and encouraging the humble lad, and re joicing in the indications he gave of genius.

'Neither Lanfranco nor Ribera has so bold a hand o correct an eye as thou, Domenic,' Denis would say. 'Witl practice, boy, you will outstrip us all;' and then Zampieri would smile gratefully in Calvart's face, for dear to the humblest hearts are the praises of those they love and esteem.

Suddenly all the young painters in Bologna were thrown into the most marvellous state of industrious agitation that ever was known in that famous city by the announcement that Annibal Caracci, who was engaged in decorating the Farnesian Gallery at Rome, would come at a given time to choose as his assistants in that noble and immortal work, the two students who should produce the best designs after his own bold and vigorous style.

'I'll bet a scudi to a drop of nut-oil, that Lanfranco bears off the palm,' said Nilo Pina, to Michaelo Sanzio, as he threw himself into an attitude of fence, and made a lounge at the statue of Minerva.

'That plodding Fleming, Calvart, will carry the day, you shall see,' muttered Sanzio, in reply, as he adjusted his cloak and smoothed his moustaches.

'Ah, ha! you may as well say that that good-natured, soft-hearted Domenichino will,' cried Nino, with a loud laugh, as he threw the foil aside, and, catching his companion's arm, walked out of the gallery with him, evidently tickled at his own conceit.

Domenichino heard the laugh and taunt, and a smile, bright and glorious as a beam of morning, played on his fine and intellectual face, as he turned his eyes upwards, with a look of high resolve, and then busied himself in arranging the articles which his haughty contemners had confused.

'The colleague of Annibal Caracci,' muttered Domenic, as he seated himself at the foot of the Apollo, and leaned his pale cheek on his hand, 'assistant to the great and gifted master who rivals Michaelo Angelo in the boldness of his conceptions, and Raphaelo d' Urbino in the unity of his designs. Oh, what a glory! Alas, I am but a cobbler's son,' he continued, sadly, 'and even the canvass necessary for my trial-picture I cannot obtain. Ah, what a sad thing it is to be poor at such a time as this!'

Domenic Zampieri felt more depressed and disconsolate that evening than ever he had done since he entered the school of the Caracci, and less disposed to mingle with his companions or to leave the gallery. The waning sunbeams fell softly through the high transparent dome, and shed a melancholy lustre upon the rigid statues, and upon the disconsolate youth who sat upon the pedestal of the Apollo, and then they slowly retired, leaving the magnificent atelier haunted by a hundred shadows, and tenanted by only one slumbering living youth, who was dreaming of fame and glory.

'To sleep in such a place as this is to die, boy,' said a harsh voice in Domenic's ears, suddenly interrupting his reverie, and, as he sprung to his feet, he felt the heavy hand of a man upon his shoulder.

'Better to live amongst beauty unconscious of its being than to suffer like me,' replied Domenic, in a sad voice.

'How suffer?' said the stranger, abruptly.

'To know that fame and honour are denied me, because

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poverty denies me a vehicle, is agony,' exclaimed Zampieri, infected by his unknown catechist's abrupt frankness.

'You would compete with the more favoured students of this school for a place at the side of Annibal?'

'I would.'

'Then, go and strain thy genius to its utmost,' exclaimed the liberal stranger, as he placed gold in the bewildered Zampieri's hand, and then, opening a side door that led into the dwelling of Agostino, he was gone.

The great academy of Bologna never looked gayer nor brighter than on the day of trial; for all the painters, and critics, and amateurs, and folks who had pretensions to taste, were there. The young men in their gayest doublets and richest cloaks gathered in groups and discussed every thing but the competition, although they cast their eyes ever and anon towards the wall where hung the rival pictures in their elegant frames. Old gentlemen, who had been to Rome and Venice, gave a few supercilious squints at the exhibition; and young ladies, who were great in pencil-sketches and portfolios, were most severe in their judgments. Virtuosi and amateurs made a plentiful use of technicalities, and spoke highly of sciaro-scuro, perspective, breadth, and effect, in a way that did not seem to have much effect upon the senses of their hearers; while Jacopo Maer, the carver and gilder, was disgusted with that presumptuous picture that hung beside its fellows without a frame.

Domenic Zampieri sat alone that day in the vestibule of the gallery where Calvart had first protected him, and his eyes became suffused with tears, as he sadly reviewed the years that had flown since then. Subject to those gloomy forebodings incidental to a timid nature and sensitive soul, nursed in neglect and poverty, even the bustle, gaiety, and hope of the competition, could not now arouse him nor elicit a smile. Crushed in spirit and dissatisfied, he sat and gazed vacantly at the visiters as they passed in to the competition, of which Annibal himself was to be the judge, and seemed to take no interest in what was taking place within.

'Ah! there he is—there he is,' said Pietro Colloni, seizing Lanfranco by the arm, and dragging him forward to the spot where the eccentric brother of Agostino now appeared amongst a knot of friends, rolling his dark eyes over the paintings which hung before him, while not a motion and scarcely a breath was heard in the now interested and expectant throng.

There hung the martyrdom of San Sebastian painful to look upon as life. There a St Christopher bold and magnificent as that of Caravaggio. Side by side with the raising of Lazarus was the Apostle of the Gentiles preaching at Athens; and above the frameless picture of the Holy Family was the widow's son of Nain. A delighted expression danced in the bright enthusiastic eyes of the bold and impetuous Annibal, as he looked at the splendid manifestations of genius that now hung before him, and gave such promise of future glory to his native city. Then, suddenly stepping from the midst of his friends, he took the sealed billets from the picture without a frame, and its companion one, and shouted out in loud and abrupt tones the names of Denis Calvart and Domenic Zampieri.

'The cobbler's son of the Strada Valambrosa!' cried some in amazement, and not a few in hatred and despite. 'Who would have thought it?'

'Yes, the cobbler's son of the Strada Valambrosa,' said Agostino, as he led the pale and trembling Domenichino and the blushing Calvart towards his gifted brother. 'I congratulate you, Annibal, for these youths have generous hearts as well as genius.'

'Genius and generosity are twin sentiments,' said Annibal, in deep rapid tones, in which Domenic recognised the voice of the generous stranger who had enabled him to compete by his timely bounty.

'Viva Domenichino—Viva Annibal Caracci!' cried the crowd, smitten with a sudden impulse of generosity, as they beheld the great painter embracing the poor despised cobbler's son, and heard him declare him to be one of the brightest stars in the future of Italy's fame.

In the church of St Jerome at Rome is a splendid altar-piece representing the communion of that saint. Nicolas Poussin declared it to be one of the three best pictures in the capital of art. It is the work of Domenichino, the poor cobbler's son.

GERMAN ATHEISM AND FRENCH SOCIALISM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

It would have been scarcely consistent with the last emanation of the Young Hegelian school, 'That every man is to himself a god,' if Proudhon and Grün had been exactly one in the development of their ideas. To preserve intact the originality of the proposition of the German, it seemed necessary that the Frenchman should surpass him in the originality and brutality of his blasphemies. Proudhon and Grün are the Pluto and Jupiter of their own proper spheres. They agree in the nature and philosophy of things, but they preserve their own peculiarities, just as if it were to illustrate the individuality.

Proudhon is styled the philosopher of the new moral world, as Louis Blanc is its mechanician. The former sits in his closet, and resolves new laws of metaphysics and of physics, which he applies to universal nature, and from which, with the calmest assurance, he makes his own deductions; the latter is an economist who is content with science, as already interpreted, but who is not content with the conditions that exist in despite of it. There is a wide difference between the speculative and the practical socialist in the extent and application of their views. Proudhon's system of economical contradictions extends through all extent; Louis Blanc fixes his eyes on the misery of humanity, and would cure it, he says, 'by an organisation of labour.' We do not know what particular ideas of religion Louis Blanc maintains; it is possible that they may be Christian. Proudhon, however, is an atheist; and one of the most fearful and defiant in his blasphemies. It is to this philosopher, Proudhon, more than to the practical Blanc, that we have to direct our eyes. The suffrages of humanity will, in future, deal with the propositions of the latter, as these suffrages have governed the external world hitherto. They may be advanced, and may occupy the minds of the Platonists in and through all time; but if society does not want them, she will not have them, and if, on the other hand, she finds that she requires them, the declamations of political economists will not prevent her from adopting them. Against the sophisms of Proudhon, however, the soul of man rises up in repulsive disgust. Universal nature cries aloud against the blasphemies of this man, and the voice of humanity, distracted though it be, utters a deep amen.

M. Proudhon resides in the Rue Mazarine, at which domicile M. Grün visited him. He describes him thus: 'When I entered the chamber of Proudhon, I beheld a man of large form and nervous temperament, about thirty years of age, with his body clad in a linen under-vest, and his feet in wooden shoes. His study contained a bed, a few books upon shelves; upon his table some numbers of the 'National,' together with several parts of a politico-economical review. This was his room's furniture. Five minutes had not passed before we were engaged in the most cordial interchange of ideas, and the dialogue glided on so openly and briskly, that I had scarcely time to think how much I had been mistaken in my imagination regarding the foeman of Rousseau and of Louis Boerne, whom I had here found. Proudhon has an open countenance; a brow marvellously plastic; his brown eyes are extremely fine; the lower part of his figure is a little massive; but altogether, his form and features harmonised into a whole in keeping with the strength and majesty of his mind. His pronunciation was energetic, full, and pleasantly rustic, especially when compared with the gracious chirping of Paris. His language was close and concise, with a choice of expressions of mathematical correctness. His heart was full of calmness, of assurance, and at the same time of gaiety; in a word, he was a man excellent and fearless against a world.' His panegyrist, after expressing

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his own sensations while with this extraordinary man, continues: 'Proudhon is the only Frenchman completely free of prejudice whom I have known. His mind is the most sagacious and penetrative that has been in the world since Lessing and Kant!'

This, then, is Proudhon, the Bacon of the new socialist era. He is not, like the majority of the socialists—like Fourier, Papa Cabet, or Owen—the enunciator of a social reverie. He is a calm, penetrative, methodical philosopher, according to M. Grün's showing, who sees things not through the mirage of deranged benevolence and self-love, but through the severe media of mathematics and metaphysics. Proudhon, in his 'System of Economical Contradictions, or Philosophy of Misery,' does not confine himself to the subject of political economy. It is towards this particular science that all his prelections tend; but he renders the entire universe, the finite and infinite, subject to the laws which he applies to it. A universal history and its philosophy are taken captive, analysed, and directed towards this social problem. Logic, metaphysics, theodicy, and psychology are embraced and examined, and their laws applied to society, by this daring thinker. Proudhon bases his philosophy upon a proposition, which is not, however, original, but which he derives from the Germans: 'The infinite, ignorant of himself from the beginning, divided himself, in order to know and determine his own powers; by this scission he placed beyond himself his opposite, who is the finite. Here then are the thesis and antithesis, which must disappear in a superior synthesis. The world is full of contradictions and antagonisms from a necessity of nature. The oppositions without number, which constitute the universe, are indispensable conditions of the unsolved but motive problem of the infinite. They shall, however, cease in an universal conciliation, forming that unity which they are constantly striving to attain, although they produce suffering and strife in their necessary attrition. We have the thesis and antithesis—how then are we to re-establish the unity, how repair the harmony? Unity, the harmonious synthesis of the infinite and finite, is the absolute mind, which, proceeding at first from the infinite and indeterminate, and remaining for a long time captive in the perishable forms of the created universe, acquires at last, after thousands of years, a consciousness of itself, and resumes, over the ruins of nature and of man, its own laboriously-conquered divinity.'

In his system M. Proudhon acknowledges a God; but only, he says, 'as an hypothesis, without which he could not proceed with his argument and be understood. The necessary contradictions which M. Proudhon discovers in universal nature he terms antinomies. These he views with philosophical complacency as inevitable, wherever he sees them, because he has discovered that their end is harmony, to which they all tend. When, then, one studies the evolutions of the laws of society, he perceives continual antimonies, or principles from which emanate their opposites; influences followed by inevitable reactions; in a word, sacred principles with other principles equally momentous, although altogether opposed, approaching little by little to the combat. Thus one of the fundamental principles of industry is the division of labour. It is a fruitful law. Without the division of labour there would have been no progress, no veritable industry; social life would have languished and withered. But this principle, so excellent at first, soon produced the most disastrous results. The division of labour, pushed to excess (and excess is here a consequence from which he cannot escape), reduces man to a passive state, and by degrees brutalises him. When it takes five workmen to make a pin, each of these, employed at one part of the work, performs no more than the functions of a hammer. He is a stranger to what is produced; the sacred power of labour disappears. In proportion as the division of labour receives a more complete application, the workman becomes more feeble, more abject, and more dependent; as art makes progress the artisan retrogrades. This grand principle of the division of labour, at the same time fruitful and fatal, involves a necessary reaction. The incessant appearance of machines is the antithesis of the division of labour; it is the incessant protest of industrial genius against this participal and homicidal division. What is a machine, in fact, but a manner of reuniting those diverse particles of labour which division has separated? Every machine may be defined as a *resume* of several operations, a simplification of expedients, a condensation of labour, a reduction of means. Under all these definitions a machine is the counterpart of division. By the machine there has been a restoration of parcellary labour, diminution of difficulty to the workman, a fall in the price of production, a movement of relative values, progress towards new discoveries, and increase of the general well-being.'

The nature of the machine, then, is either to make man's labour worthy of him, or reduce him to a function of an inferior order; and still the evil complained of by Proudhon, in the division, is thus not cured; man now becomes the servant of his machine; the engineer who constructed sinks down into the fireman, who merely flings coals into the furnace. The problem yet demands solution. Proudhon discovers, however, a new stimulant in this—labour and wealth are multiplied—the industrial revolution prognosticated by Turgot, and decreed by the spirit of '89, still progresses. The incessant motion of the antinomies are still tending towards the absolute good. Proudhon appreciates, according to his own views, the advantages of the division of labour and of machinery; but he also discovers fearful evils resulting from them, and his accusations of these principles are as sombre as his panegyrics are brilliant. In monopoly he discovers the same features, an institution necessary to society, and, at the same time, the source of gross injustice. Monopoly, however, produced imposts, which were established to arrest the excess thereof; and, these again, according to the author, originally a beneficent reaction, have become a new iniquity. Thus evil has always resuscitated, and always become greater; each victory of the apparent good has been no more than a deeper deception, and suffering is prolonged. In his dramatic history of social evolutions, in his diabolical picture of contradictions, painted by despair, M. Proudhon stalks through the mazes of his metaphysics, until he proposes this notable question: 'Wherefore this evil? Who is the culpable in this dark drama? Is it man? No, man is not to blame. We have seen him struggle with all his powers to produce the good: ceaselessly has he renewed his endeavours, and as ceaselessly has the deceitful hope escaped him, and become a greater misery.' 'C'est donc Dieu qui a commis le crime?' 'Oui,' replies the daring blasphemer, 'si quelqu'un a merité l'enfer, c'est Dieu.'

To this atrocious blasphemy, then, does the philosophism of Proudhon lead. The audacious ravings of Faust and Manfred are reduced by him to the dispassionate propositions of methodical thought; and the atrocious deeds perpetrated by men are attributed to an overruling necessity, which, in spite of their endeavours towards good, has made them do evil. This man predicates an essential opposition between God and man, the infinite and finite. They have no coincident principles, they are in nature different and opposed to each other, they will struggle on, as Israel wrestled with the angel; and man, as in that case, shall prevail, and shall establish from his own inherent instincts, and by his own independent powers, the *summum bonum*. It would be preposterous to imagine that the masses on the continent could even understand the simplest proposition in the syllogisms of Proudhon; but we can easily see how the lisping arrogants inoculated with the smallest modicum of their poison, could easily construct from them missiles with which to attack the foundations of all order and all sense of duty. Young Hegelienism creates a universal pantheism. It destroys all belief in the unity of God; and Proudhon only acknowledges him hypothetically. Young Hegelienism declares all religion to be a robbery. Proudhon discovers all property to be theft. 'Man shall only be happy when he fully appreciates his own divinity,' say the Young Hegeliens.

'Community is a necessity in social economics, and viewed from the present is apparent justice,' says Proudhon. According to the Hegelien blasphemy man is individually his own god, can do no wrong, is irresponsible. According to Proudhon's philosophy, everything that man attempts is towards the good, springs from the good in him, and is only frustrated by an opposing inert power, which he terms God, in order that he may be understood. And so between the German atheism or pantheism, and the socialism of Proudhon, all eternal principles are destroyed; virtue and vice, duty and licentiousness, good and evil, become mere ideas of the supreme, independent man, or antinomies evolved from the same power and equally respectable.

Thus it is, and thus it has been through all ages. The prestige of egotism, the arrogance of humanity, deplored by the prophets of old, and mourned over by the saints of to-day, will pass in pride over the imperishable instruments of goodness and virtue, furnished to humanity in the Gospel of God, and will create for itself a vain system in which it becomes tangled and lost. Vain and presumptuous finite being, canst thou by searching find out the infinite? You can not, the seal has been set upon your being and power. But God in his infinite mercy has revealed to us his perfect moral will, and has commanded us to make that will our law. We, being perverse and evil, have not accepted his will. We have rejected the good, and have accepted the evil with our eyes open. Man by the fall of Adam became corrupt, and dissociated from God. 'The word became flesh and dwelt among us,' in order to reconcile man once more to God. Here we have thesis and antithesis of which God the Father is the unity or superior synthesis. As a philosophical proposition the dogma of Christianity is simple, consistent, and perfect, while the syllogistic propositions of these atheistical schools are contradictory. As a vital, active faith, Christianity is imperishable as virtue, and invulnerable; the syllogisms of Proudhon, like all those of his independent predecessors, shall pass away as the moanings of the hurricane. Look, ye distracted sceptics, at the rich and beautiful, who go down into the dark homes of the poor to minister to and to pray with them! These are they, who, inspired by the love of God, and full of gratitude to Christ for the imperishable gifts of redemption, are compelled, by a sense of duty, to do good to all men. The independent egotistical prescription of men has created wo, and want, and misery, which they in vain seek to repress by punitive forces; but an Elizabeth Fry, filled with the true faith, goes down into the dens of crime, armed with the love of God, and, lo, religious laws, administered with religious earnestness, bring tears from the heart which vicious human laws could only harden.

Oh, little do they know the evil they do who passively accept Christianity, and rolling themselves in the sacerdotal garments, step aside from the bleeding body of humanity, which, having fallen among thieves, lies prostrate in their path. Wide are the arms of our holy religion, and warm and glowing is its heart; it has vineyards for those who stand idle in the market-place, and it will not begrudge the labourer his hire; it has a platform of inviolability for freedom and man, not because of himself, but through the mercy and goodness of God; it has an eye for the poor self-debased inebriate, and for the weeping slave; it has bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, drink to the parched throat; and, above all, it has eternal felicity and glory for him, who, worshipping God in spirit and in truth, loves his neighbour as himself. The world shall be regenerated, but it can only be through a divine morality, the fruits of a divine religion.

MODES OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.

The elephant is the largest of living animals, and appears, from his huge stature and vast strength, to be capable of defying all the efforts of man for his subjugation. Yet this creature, so powerful and so sagacious, was, almost from time immemorial, taken from its native wilds, and subjected to human dominion. Perhaps the first Europeans who ever saw this animal were the Greeks who marched into India with Alexander, and brought accounts of its nature and mode of capture to their countrymen, which Arrian, a historian of the second century, has transmitted to us in an embodied form. This creature was scarcely known to the Romans during the republic; and when Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, sought to impress Fabricius with a full sense of his power, one of these magnificent creatures was suddenly presented to the apparently unmoved but really wonderstruck Roman. As the dominion of Rome extended, and the brutalities of the empire were exhibited in the amphitheatre, the elephant, the lion, and even the stately giraffe, were brought from India to yield to the depraved appetites of the luxurious spectacle-loving Romans. Commodus, who, in his character, was the most beastly of men, esteemed it an imperial privilege to slay this great creature, and would have considered any man a contemner of his royal dignity who had drawn his sword against an elephant in the Colosseum.

These huge animals were much esteemed objects in the train of Indian princes, and they were also proudly exhibited to the Romans, to whose city they were sometimes brought from India in the trains of triumphant conquerors.

The ancient Indian elephant-hunters having found a piece of level ground open to the sun, dug a great circular ditch round it, about thirty feet deep and twenty-four feet wide, the earth of the excavation being piled up on either side of it as a well. One entrance only was left into the enclosure; and this was by an arched bridge covered with earth, grass, and other herbs, over which several tame females were led, and left to graze in the circle, while the hunters hid themselves in caves which they had formed in the outer walls, and watched the wild elephants from apertures left for that purpose. The elephants, anciently as now, never approached inhabited places during the daytime, but at night they roamed about, and, having reached these enclosures, they were soon attracted by the females, and rushed into the circle. As soon as the hunters observed them to have entered they took down the bridge, and thus left them securely confined in their prison, where, finding neither food nor water, they soon became weakened and dispirited. When the hunters supposed them to be sufficiently brought down by hunger, they mounted their tame elephants, put up the bridge, and, entering the enclosure, led the animals which they rode against those which they sought to capture. A fierce contest ensued, in which the wild animals were always worsted, and then the hunters, slipping from the backs of the tame ones, tied their feet while they were exhausted by the struggle. Having secured their feet, they then caused the tame elephants to beat them with their trunks until they sunk down. The next process was to put ropes round their necks, and to mount them as they lay upon the ground, and this was effected in a very cruel way. An incision was made all round the neck of the captive quadruped, into which was inserted a rope, and the rider holding this kept himself fixed on the back of the huge animal, and, as the ligature galled him, he thus prevented him from working any mischief. The pain and a sense of compulsion soon reduced the starved creatures to submission, and, being tied to tame ones by ropes, they were led away in triumph to the villages, where the people offered them green reeds and grass to eat, and sought to cheer them by singing songs, clashing cymbals, and beating drums.

In this ancient mode of catching elephants, tame ones were made the instruments of decoying the wild ones, and in modern times they are made even more effective agents to the same end. During the times of Alexander and Darius this treacherous brute was the means of subjugation to its own species; and at this day it manifests even an anxiety to subdue its wild brethren to the dominion of creation's earthly sovereign man.

Elephants are gregarious in their habits; yet, from some circumstance unknown to naturalists, individual males are often found in a state of monachism. The Indians suppose that there are two species—those which are

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gregarious, and harmless in their dispositions, and those which live a life of individuality, and are very ferocious. This duality of species is supposed to be a fallacy; those which feed in herds being the females and young, and those which roam about alone being those full-grown males whose great tusks make them objects of the hunter's especial notice, and of the hatred and jealousy of the other males, by whom they are driven from the herd. They are the finest elephants, and are followed by the hunters with indefatigable zeal. By day and night they keep cautiously on their track with three or four trained females, called 'koomkies,' who are to decoy and bind him to captivity. If it be dark, they hear the wild elephant striking his foot against his fore-legs in order to clean it, and then they approach very near to him; in the day-time they are more cautious in their advances. The traitor 'koomkies' approach the wild 'goondah' in the most careless complacent manner, and they soon discover whether he is likely to be entrapped by their arts. If, when they press round him, he submits himself to their caresses, his capture is almost certain, for, during the period when he abandons himself to the seductions of pleasure, the hunters glide cautiously under him, and fasten his fore-legs with a strong rope, while the wily females not only divert his attention, but assist with their trunks to fasten the cords that bind him. His hind-legs being also secured in this manner, he is left by the hunters, and then by the females which have entrapped him. If there is a large tree at hand, he is fastened to it immediately; if not, his feet are only tied together, and he is abandoned to a sense of his ignominious condition, of which he soon becomes cognisant. When the 'koomkies' forsake him, he quickly discovers the shackles that bind him, and seeks to retreat to a covert in the forest, but his movements are completely impeded, and long ropes, attached to that which binds him, and fixed to a tree, soon stop his progress. He now becomes infuriated, and throwing himself upon the ground tears it up with his tusks. Should he break the cables that fasten him and escape into the forest, pursuit is never thought of; but if the ropes are strong enough to hold him his fury soon exhausts itself. Hunger is next left to operate upon his strength; and then he is escorted by his treacherous kindred to a station, where he is tamed and sufficiently trained in a few months.

The elephant is an animal that lives upon herbs, and, as may be anticipated, it requires an immense tract of fertile land to sustain the lives of a herd of these huge creatures; they are therefore found in Borneo, Ceylon, and other tropical countries, where the vegetation is most luxuriant; but, strange as it may seem, the body of an elephant was lately found embedded in ice, in Siberia, in a complete state of preservation—the natives cutting in pieces and carrying away the flesh that had been hermetically sealed up and preserved in the ice-block for ages, fresh as when this herb-eating animal had been laid down in its icy bed by some wonderful convulsion and revolution in nature. Fossil bones were found about 1829, in a cave near Wellington, Australia, one of which that celebrated comparative anatomist Cuvier declared to be the thigh-bone of a young elephant; which demonstrates that these huge creatures have also roamed over the plains of Australia.

Elephants were anciently objects of great veneration to the Brahmins; and they are yet esteemed of great account in the islands of Polynesia, a white elephant being regarded as sacred by the Bornese.

It is curious to observe that the modes of catching these creatures have varied so little essentially for two thousand years—a system of decoyment, and a process of hunger and exhaustion, being the media of their subjugation to the will of man. How truly does the mastery of man over this mighty quadruped illustrate the majesty of humanity, and demonstrate his dominion over the beasts of the field and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; for not only can he subdue the mighty elephant to his power, but he can bend it to his will, making it an instrument of his dominance and might, even to the subjugation of its own species!

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

A ROMANCE IN OUR VILLAGE.

CHAPTER VI.—FRIENDS, ANONYMOUS AND OTHERWISE.

As the only confidant Patty had, and the one seeming to her of any service in the matter, was Tom Halliday, she, though at first not willing to mention her meeting with Julius Thurling and its results, felt constrained to tell him of it. She told him part, and part Tom guessed. His brow darkened and his hands clenched as he heard of the insult offered her, and he would have sworn then and there to punish the villain, no matter what the cost or hazard, had not Patty soothed him, and advised him first to see Mr Styles, as he perhaps would find a better way of doing it. Tom was calmed, but still indignant; his blood boiled at the thought of the proposal made to Patty; had Julius been within reach, no persuasion or remonstrance would have kept him from thrashing him within an inch of his life. He never paused to think of how he came to possess the ring, or supposed the possibility of mistake. He saw nothing in it but a base conspiracy, originated by Mrs Balbirnie and Thurling, to ruin Patty; and the punishment of Thurling was the only remedy conceivable by him. To his proposal of accomplishing this, by going up to the Hall and taking the hopeful son in hand, which he unfolded to Mr Styles, that gentleman gave a decided negative. The lawyer was much surprised at the turn matters were taking, but he viewed it in a different light from Tom altogether.

'See,' said he, 'here's a note I got to-night, by the help of which I hope to get at the bottom of the mystery.' He lifted a scrap of whitey brown paper, ruled with deep pencil lines, and containing the following questionable orthographical contents:—'Sir, i noes something of a Ring, of which Paty primros has ben brot to trubble, an if what i ixpicts bes tru, as yu wil best Beleev when yu cum to noe, Yu must examin that bruit of a fello cald bombizeen Briks, who can tel all about it, as Hee had it. Yore obeedt Servt, A frend. to Mr Stiles, Esquire, Writter.'

'That came anonymously to-night,' said Mr Robert Styles. 'I understand from it that Bombazine Breeks has had some hand in the matter. He must have been bribed by Thurling to steal the ring for purposes too obvious. Our best plan is to get this chap first, and see what he knows; we can think of the other afterwards.'

'I know his mother's house,' said Tom. 'It is a little out of the town, and I am sure to get him there. I will bring him down to you by the neck, the vagabond.'

'Oh, no, no, my good sir; that's not the way to bring him down. He would be certain not to come. Here, Billy!' He shouted a stout pawky-looking clerk out of another room. 'Run up for Bombazine Breeks. Somebody wants a guide to the Hall, or other excuse, will do. You understand?'

The clerk perfectly understood, and departed. He was gone about half-an-hour; then returned, bringing the luckless Breeks along with him, whom he ushered into Mr Styles's room.

'Whaur's the gentleman, sir?' said he, touching the rim of his hair. Breeks knew nothing of the train of evils accompanying the loss of the ring, so his mind was quite easy on that point.

'Sit down a minute,' replied Styles. 'I want to speak to you first. Have you seen Thurling—young Mr Thurling lately?'

'Ay, it wasna lang since—within the feck o' eight days maybe.'

'Oh, it was not to-day, then, you gave him the ring?'

'What ring?' inquired Breeks, in some amazement.

'The emerald ring—ring with a green stone in it.'

'Feint a ring I ever gied him,' said the half-witted, with the utmost stolidity of visage. He felt something was wrong, and determined to brave it out.

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'It's strange how he should mistake the person. You've no brother, have you, Breeks?' inquired Styles, meditatively, looking hard at a letter, and reading 'fellow called Bombazine Breeks.'

'It's verra strange. I ne'er gied him a ring,' continued the other, with a queer expression of countenance, as if sifting the lawyer's purpose.

'It does not matter for that. You had the ring; now, tell me what you did with it.'

'Wi't, sir? Toot, toot, I did naething wi't. It's a' a mistak',' replied Breeks, with the most complete nonchalance.

Styles glanced at him. He knew better than believe this, however. He pursued angrily—'Don't tell more lies.'

'I'm tellin' nae lees, sir, sure's death.'

'Now, sir, you stole that ring—you've done something with it. Unless you confess all about it, and why you gave it to Mr Thurling, I'll have you hung—hung by the neck till you're dead, for a thief.' Breeks shook at the dire contemplation. He had not viewed it in this light.

'Billy!' shouted Styles, 'go down for the policeman.'

'Oh, sir, it's a mistak! I'm innocent—innocent,' said the unfortunate.

'Hung by the neck till dead—a warning to all future thieves,' pursued Styles, threateningly. 'You wont steal any more rings, my fine fellow, I assure you.'

'Man, I didna steal't, man.'

'I don't care; I'll have you hung. The policeman will be here directly.'

Breeks was now thoroughly alarmed. 'Oh, Mr Styles, hae some pity! I'll tell ye a' about it.'

'Go on, then. Mind, I'll know from this if you tell me a word of a lie; and if you do, the judge, with the black cap on, will sentence you without mercy.' Styles lifted up a paper, as if to check any flaw in Breeks's statement, while the latter proceeded to narrate how on the eventful day beginning this narrative he had been walking through the village, had been chaffing at lazy corner, had looked up at Mrs Balbirnie's as he left; that he saw the window open, and 'Dicky' the tame daw on the sill; how Dicky came down at his call, and dropped the ring at his feet; how he had kept it, in the view of presenting it to the cook at the Hall; but how Julius Thurling had made himself master of it. Bating the five shillings received for the article, Breeks told the facts as circumstantially and correctly as he could. When done, Styles said, 'Now, mind, I don't believe above half of that, and unless you come here to-morrow at ten o'clock, and tell me it over again, that I may see whether it's true, I'll have you hung yet.'

'I'll tell't a score o' times if ye dinna gie's to the polis,' said Bombazine, beseechingly.

'Mind you come here then,' said Styles. 'Now, go.'

The knave hastily shuffled out of the room, glad of escape, and glad, when he got to the door, that the policeman did not plunge a hand on his collar, and drag him off to execution.

'So far all's well—better than could be expected. The next point is to get at Thurling. How can that be managed? I have it. He said he'd meet Patty to-night, didn't he?'

Tom assented, in hope of an opportunity then of thrashing him.

'Well, Patty must keep the appointment.

'Must what?' said Tom, in amazement.

'Keep the appointment,' pursued the attorney, gravely. 'If you wish to convict Thurling of his baseness, and effectually clear her character, she must go. Stop a little; don't look so angry. My lad Billy must go too. You can easily conceal yourselves. Get Patty to introduce the subject of the ring, ask to see it. You can take it and keep it—only use no violence, remember, and leave the rest to me.'

'I don't half like that plan,' said Tom.

'Neither do I; but it's the best we can fall on just now. Put yourself in the way of Patty, and explain it all to her. She'll see how to manage it. There, now, go, like a good fellow.'

It was with a cheerful heart Tom Halliday went whistling home that night, and eke a glad spirit had Patty Primrose. Something told her that she should triumph over her disgrace yet; a consciousness of deliverance at hand filled her eyes with tears; and perhaps, too, a sense of grateful regard to Tom Halliday brightened her smile, and called a blush of colour to her cheek as he bade her good-night.

CHAPTER VII., AND LAST.

Like most people who act rashly under the impulse of hasty anger, Mrs Balbirnie had sorely repented of her conduct to Patty ere this. She would have given anything to have proceedings withdrawn against her, but this she could not do. A consciousness haunted her of the poor girl's innocence; indeed, she felt assured of it. Everything she knew of Patty—her candour, honesty, and carefulness, and her hitherto irreproachable character, confirmed this view. It was true she could not account for the still-missing ring, or form any plausible reason for its disappearance otherwise than through Patty; but that idea was now become so insupportably untrue, that she was fain to leave all conjecture at rest. The spectre helpmeet she would have disdained, even in the most dreadful exigency, to consult or advise with on the subject—she despised him too heartily for that—and was therefore compelled to resort again to the worthy Mrs Cleek. From her, however, she found but little sympathy in her repentance; for that lady would have regretted above all things to believe in Patty's innocence. A little opposition was only needed to kindle up the lambent flame in Mrs Balbirnie's glowing bosom, and as Mrs Cleek chose to dispute the probability of Patty's guilt, her first accuser became all the more determined in opposing it, till words waxed so fierce betwixt them, that the warm hostess called Grizzy 'an auld fule—a stapid auld fule,' and Grizzy in return accused the other of being 'an ill-natured vixen—a verra tyrant in her ain hoose an' oot o't.' The result of this was that they dissolved company for ever, and perpetually disavowed each other—Mrs Balbirnie coming home to spoil the broth for the navies' dinners, and Mrs Cleek going inwards to take each of the olives out of the coops, box their ears soundly to make them cry, and box them to produce quiet, and return them to their confinement again.

The morning of the trial drew on, however, without Mrs Balbirnie arriving at any satisfactory opinion in the matter, when it behoved her to dress herself in her Sunday gown and go to the court-hall, which she did in a very bitter frame of mind. When she arrived there, she found the hall crowded with all lazy corner, and whoever else had nothing to do and curiosity to impel them thither. Patty was there too, pale still, and trembling. Tom Halliday sat a little way off, and near him Mr Styles in confabulation. A brisk lively air pervaded Styles that morning, and a meaning smile hovered perpetually about his features, the foreshadowing of something good to come. Old Thurling and another justice were on the bench, the clerk read over the complaint, witnesses were ordered to retire, and the fiscal led the evidence against Patty. It consisted simply of the statement of Mrs Balbirnie regarding the ring being left by her in the parlour, on a little table near the window. Patty alone was in the room. She had not left long, not above ten minutes, when Mrs Balbirnie entered it in search of the article, and found it missing too. The next witness was a little girl—a witness obtained by considerable exertion on the part of the public prosecutor—in whose mother's house Patty had been shortly after leaving Mrs Balbirnie. This girl stated that Patty had, on drawing out her pocket-handkerchief, pulled something along with it, which fell upon the floor, and rolled a little bit. Witness saw it to be a ring—thought it had a stone of a dark hue in it. Patty stooped, and, with a very red face, lifted it, and put it in her bosom. Witness was certain the article that fell was a ring; should know one from a button, she thought, in answer to an inquiry by Mr Styles; could not be certain if the stone of dark colour was green; didn't get time to examine it.

Mr Styles whispered a few words to Patty, inquiring if such had been the case. Patty said it was, and drawing

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from her neck a silk guard, showed attached to it an old-fashioned ring with hair set in it. 'It was my mother's, and had got loose that day,' whispered Patty. Styles produced it, to the manifest surprise of the court, and asked the little girl if that were anything like the ring, to which the little girl said she thought so, but was not sure.

The next witness was the policeman who had apprehended Patty. He knew nothing beyond her confusion and guilty appearance when he first formed her acquaintance. He had not seen the ring in her possession—thought it possible she might drop it on the way. This closed the prosecution, and Styles was then allowed his evidence in exculpation.

Amid the suppressed laughter of the court, Bombazine Breeks, with the most forlorn and wo-begone aspect, mounted the witness-box, his large wide garments quite incapable of concealing the trembling of his limbs.

'I object to that person being sworn,' said the public prosecutor. 'His evidence is incompetent, being a fatuous person.'

Styles contended that he was quite competent in such a case as the present; and eventually, after considerable wrangling, the justices agreed to hear his evidence without swearing him. A difficulty arose, however, with his name, it not being more or less than an alias, as maintained by the prosecutor, while Styles contended it had become, through prescriptive enjoyment, a real name, and the individual was known by none other. During this colloquy, Bombazine looked from one party to another in the utmost perplexity. At last, mustering courage enough, he turned to the justices and inquired at them, as the only apparently impartial persons, 'Whether they thocht it likely they wad hang him,' to which a roar of laughter from the gallery responded. Difficulties being at length got over, Bombazine was requested to tell what he knew of the ring, which, on assurance from Styles that if he told the truth he would not be hanged, he proceeded to do with considerable alacrity in his own fashion. A buzz of surprise was heard through the court when Bombazine mentioned the meeting with Julius Thurling, and his taking the ring. Old Justice Thurling was observed to change colour, and become much agitated; his compressed lips, a few moments later, showed that this had passed away; and the voice which had faltered slightly while putting a few cross-questions to Breeks, recovered its wonted clearness. It was a painful position for the old man to occupy. He felt it to the full, but he felt, too, that this was a situation where paternal feelings must not sway the administration of justice. The struggle passed from his countenance but raged in his heart still.

At the conclusion of Bombazine's story a movement was heard as of some one struggling to get forward, and presently Julius Thurling, with a face bound up with a handkerchief and his arm in a sling, made way to the table. 'I've heard part of that fellow's story,' said he, 'and I beg to corroborate it. I got the ring from him. I've lost it now though. The girl is quite innocent.'

A burst of applause followed this speech through the hall, more because it conclusively proved Patty's innocence than did honour to Master Thurling. The father looked at his son, seeming struck with his appearance, and not understanding why the confession should thus be made.

'I meant to have kept the ring till to-day,' pursued Julius. 'With the view of preserving it, I took it from Bombazine; but I've lost it.'

'Is that it?' said Mr Styles, quietly producing the article in question.

'Ay; I—I—suppose so,' said Julius, with a sort of desperate calmness, which the bandaged face greatly aided.

Old Thurling seemed much perplexed; some unsolved doubt lay upon his mind still. He could not understand his son's appearance there at all; neither did many of the spectators; only to Patty, Tom, and Mr Styles, was it clearly known. We may explain, that, following Mr Styles's advice, Julius had been entrapped. Patty met him, asked a sight of the ring, obtained it, and immediately handed it to Tom, who came out of his concealment. As might be expected, words ensued betwixt Tom and Julius, and Tom, still burning with anger, had soundly thrashed the villain—a mode of procedure far more satisfactory to him than legal redress. This accounted for the damaged state of Julius's head and bandaged arm. He had managed to crawl down to the court, suspecting that the events of the past night would be brought out against him. He had heard Bombazine's statement; an idea occurred to him, by execution of which he thought further inquiry would be stayed; so he adopted the course we have seen. It answered his object; for the agent, unwilling to grieve the father by revealing the son's baseness, when this was no longer necessary, did not enter more fully into particulars; but, after a very short summary of the evidence, and a touching appeal or two on behalf of Patty, claimed a verdict of not guilty. This, after a moment's consideration, the justices gave—Mr Rogers, old Thurling's companion on the bench, animadverting very strongly as he did so on the rash and unwarrantable proceedings of Mrs Balbirnie, the fatal consequences to a poor girl's prospects in life they might have led to, and expressing his extreme satisfaction at the result the proceedings had arrived at. Patty and her friends then left the hall, amid the cheers of the gallery and the heartfelt congratulations of every one, saving the cynical Mrs Cleek, who, as she went home to box the ears of her olives, said, 'she couldna see what was the use o' tryin' cases gin somebody wasna fand guilty.'

Our narrative now draws to a close; its various facts and circumstances are nigh exhausted; but as three great events sum up human existence—birth, marriage, and death, it may be needful, for our proper conclusion, to arrive at some such terminus.

It was not long after the events recorded that Tom Halliday found opportunity to ask a certain question at Patty, upon which seemed to depend much of his happiness and peace of mind. Whatever the answer was we cannot positively tell, and were we to write down an answer for Patty we fear that, in our thorough ignorance of even what such answers usually are or should be, our female friends would feel indignant at it; therefore we adhere to the simple result of the question, which was that the session-clerk, some month or two agone, proclaimed the bans of marriage betwixt Thomas Halliday and Patty Primrose, both of this parish; and that no one objected to this very natural proceeding we are assured, having been present at the ceremony succeeding it. Nay, even Patty's former enemies rejoiced, fhasmuch as Mrs Balbirnie sent a handsome present to the bride, which was duly delivered by the spectre who haunted her premises, accompanied by the expressed hope that the young couple might forgive the past, and believe in the future friendship of the fiery-faced hostess.

Were we writing a fiction, we should bring some punishment upon Julius Thurling. We are not, however. Villany lives often unpunished in this world. Julius has abandoned his more glaring vices, and become what is called a respectable man. In heart he is unchanged; his life is altered for the better, because he finds it more convenient to maintain an outward morality, and more profitable to himself. He does not find the change to yield much happiness—indeed, how can it? Alas! how many in this world are moral and miserable, because doing homage to virtue with no higher motive than convenience sake!

THE SAXON LANGUAGE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Our last paper on the Alphabet of our Saxon sires, so largely instrumental in founding the existing language of nearly the entire British isles, came to a close with the letter *p*. The force of that letter was pointed out, when in conjunction with another initial consonant, or when followed by peculiar terminations. The letter *q* is in rather a singular position in one respect, being, as it were, inseparably wedded for the natural term of its existence to the vowel *u*. This is rather a slight to the poor consonant, though the two letters agree well enough matrimonially as

far as the hearing can judge. However, if we were to set down *quit* as *qit*, we should like to know if the proper sound of the *q* by itself would not make out the word just as well without the *u*? Try it, by uttering the letters successively. But in these cases, it is true, the spelling has descended to us in books, while the ancient mode of oral pronunciation has been lost. There may have been a purpose in coupling the *q* and the *u* originally, and that purpose may have been evinced in the utterance. The words beginning *quh* were endowed of old with a very peculiar force now so far assigned to the letters *wh*, as in *where*, *wherry*, and many other words, though the *quh* appears to have begun as with a *k* sound. But, as observed, we must look on pronunciation as having been arranged, as well as spelling, by custom, and as having sustained many variations. We recollect of hearing aged people give a force, for example, to the *w* in certain words, now entirely lost. The term *wright* might now be spelled *rite*, being so enunciated exactly. But the *wr* and the *gh* had each its special use and strength of old. The sound was nearly that of *wurricht*. We have nearly lost the primitive use of the *gh* altogether, as we have done of many conjunctions of consonants. Hence the idea of a revision of our language, with the view of conforming the orthography to the modern pronunciation, has always appeared to us a very commendable one, if it were but practicable. The difficulties in the way, however, it is to be feared, are insuperable. For example, how are men to contra-distinguish the words *wright*, *right*, and *rite* from one another, if they are all set down alike, as they would of necessity be according to their sound? Innumerable cases of the same kind might be quoted, and seem to present unsurmountable obstacles to the reconciliation of the spelling of our tongue, at this time of day, with the pronunciation. It has been actually tried, in printed works, by men of no mean talents. Ritson, the antiquary, carried out the principle in his works to his dying day. More lately, Alfred Tennyson made some attempts at a similar innovation; but as he only altered one word here and there, in place of applying the rule generally, he merely laid himself open to the charge of ridiculous affectation. To change the pronunciation to suit the orthography would be even more easy than to accommodate the pronunciation to the orthography. And yet what a strange species of discourse people would hold, if they made the essay! The change of wright to *wurricht*, and right to *richt*, would be nothing to the great consequent and necessary revolutions. In short, we must say, nearly in Cowper's words—'*English!* with all thy faults we love thee still!' And we must stick to thee, partly for want of a better form of speech, partly because it would not be easy to mend thee, and partly, and not leastly, because thy defects do not prevent thee from being the noblest tongue spoken by man on the face of the whole wide globe!

It is odd enough, that the languages which seem to us the most rude, unformed, and difficult of pronunciation, actually surpass our own vernacular tongue vastly in regularity of formation and grammatical exactitude. The language of the Poles, for example, may be so characterised with justice. We laugh at their barbarous-looking *offskis* and *ouskis*, but there is not one single instance, in their entire national tongue, of the same arrangement of letters being pronounced in two different ways; and—let us whisper in the ear of British vanity—they look with some scorn on our *leftenants* and *curnels*, our *bows* and *boughs*, and all the other countless instances of confused pronunciation and spelling which our daily converse exhibits. *They* pronounce by uniform and fixed rules; *we* pronounce chiefly at the bidding of custom and caprice. Though Sam Johnson set the example, the man who gave to *heard* the same sound as *beard* in good society now-a-days, would be sent to Coventry as surely as if he had used his knife in eating green peas.

We have digressed from the subject of *q*, or rather of *qu*, since they are inseparable cronies. The effect of the letters, at the commencement of monosyllabic and radical Saxon words, is not very strongly marked, though they have so far a peculiar effect. The best example lies in the word *quick*, which has an essential rapidity of sound and sense, such as the art or lips of man could not give, for instance, to the counter term, *s'ow*. *Quirk* is also very expressive of a sort of slight-of-hand celerity in trickery. These words depend largely on the terminations for their effect, certainly; and so do *quell* and *quash*, though the starting *qu* has its quickening influence on the utterance. To '*queer* a person' was to make a fool of him, in our old vernacular acceptation; and, so viewed, the word has all the effect which we before pointed to as peculiar ever to the same terminative letters, as in *fleer*, *jeer*, *leer*, and other vocables. Above all is it seen in *sneer*, which we defy any mortal to pronounce without turning up his nose more or less, and in short suiting 'the action to the word, and the word to the action.' *Quaver* and *quiver* have a good deal of appropriate force, but it rests mainly on their tremulous terminations. There are no other words beginning with *qu* which it is necessary to *quote*.

R is a consonant not permitting of a combination with other consonants at the commencement of words, the aspirate *h* being the only letter with which it is so found in juxtaposition; and, even when there, the *h* is never enunciated sensibly to the hearing. The force of the *r*, as an initial letter, is therefore less marked than that of *c*, *d*, *f*, and all the consonants, in short, that are capable of combining with others in the opening of words. Yet the *r* is not without a meaning to the ear and mind—not without a degree of expressive power of its own. Though always modified by the terminations, we should say that the *r* was used by our Saxon sires, the inventors of the tongue which we now speak, to give to words a peculiar species of force, not strikingly rapid or weighty—as in other cases already noted—but sufficiently rude and rough, as it were. There is action of this description implied in all the radical verbs commencing with *ra*, not one so formed having a soft signification. *Race*, *rack*, *rage*, *rail*, *rain*, *rake*, *ram*, *ramp*, *range*, *rant*, *rap*, *rasp*, *rate*, *rave*, *raze*—these are the whole of the radical and monosyllabic verbs beginning with *ra;* and the reader, we imagine, will allow that there is an affinity of meaning, of the kind described, common to them all. The peculiar effects of the different terminations need not be dwelt on in detail, as every one must see how admirably these suit the actions severally signified, as in *rack*, *ram*, and *rasp*. Indeed, some of them are wonderfully expressive. A postman's knock, or a smart admonishment on the skull, lies in the very sound of the word *rap;* and, as illustrative of the peculiar and *roughening* effect of the *r*, we would beg our readers to note how much that effect is softened, in a word of congenial sense, by merely substituting a *t* for the *r*. *Tap* is the stealthy application of a rustic lover's knuckles to the window of his sweetheart; *rap* is the angry summons of a dun, or the loud and self-assured rat-a-tat of a nobleman's flunkey. In short, *rap* may be called a word masculine, and *tap* its mate feminine. But we have *erred* far enough on this theme at present.

There is still a degree of forcible action in the verbs commencing with *rea*, as in *reap*, *reach*, and *rear*, but the double vowel has somewhat of a softening influence. Old associations perhaps influence us in deeming *reek* an expressive term; but we will own no such thing in the case of *reel*, which seems to us as significative of the action of reeling as a word could well be. *Rest* is very different in sound as in sense, the tongue being compelled to repose markedly, as it were, on the heavy closing consonants. *Ride*, *rise*, *rig*, and *rid* are still verbs of smart action; but much more cannot be said for their expressiveness. There is one *ri* verb, however, which is the very action which it indicates. Utter *rift* emphatically, and you—*rift*. Your lips are caught at the close as if by the convulsion itself. We do not think ourselves overstraining the matter, to say, that, in the word *rill*, containing three *liquids*, our grandfathers have well embodied the sound of a purling mass of liquidity; and what collocation of letters could convey more perfectly the tinkling of metal, be it silver on the counter or bell in the lobby, than the word *ring*? By

the way, the metallic sound is intrinsically a peculiar one, and the Saxons of old imitated it well, every term almost, referring thereto, being formed with the essential *nk* or *ng*; and even betwixt these there is a nice discrimination. *Clang* and *clank* are weightily sonorous, and finely distinguished from the light *chink* and *clink*, in sound as well as in sense; and so should they be distinguished. The respective heaviness and sharpness of these terms are modified, again, with great appropriateness in *ring*. Nothing could better prove, than such examples, that the Teutonic race was a primitive one, and left to their Saxon and other branches a language framed on the natural principle of denoting and expressing actions by imitative sounds. All the art of the most cultivated of mankind, in our own or any other age, could not raise up an edifice of the kind, with a tithe of the perfection which the work displays as accomplished in the comparative infancy of our race. We admit the polishing which it received in the course of time; but that polishing bore mainly on its written, not its spoken forms. In truth, it may well be alleged, that what it gained in one way was so far lost in another; that is to say, that the fine original aptitude of sound to sense became gradually impaired by the perfecting of the grammatical construction. Observe the consequences of the 'polishing' hand of time on other languages. The Greek tongue descended largely to the Romans, and from the Romans it has come to—taking one instance—the French. The consequence is, that it has been improved, and improved, until all vestige of a connection between sound and sense have nearly if not entirely disappeared. But, indeed, why need we dwell on this point? Has not our whole purpose in these articles been fully stated already? And is not that purpose to convince our readers, and above all our rising generation of *writers*, that, in discarding our simple Saxon vocabulary, we have lost in pith more than we have gained in finish, and that, though an absolute retracing of our steps be an impossibility, we would yet do well to cultivate the good old vernacular of our sires. There was but one writer of the last generation who seemed fully alive to this consideration, namely, William Cobbett. There is but one living writer of note who acts habitually on the same principle, and that is Thomas Carlyle. That singular writer has other peculiarities, assuredly; but one main source of his power is his free use of the Saxon tongue in all his compositions.

We find that it will be impossible to restrain our subject within the space of three articles, and especially as the letter *s* would of itself almost require a volume. Trusting that the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are not wearied of the theme, we will therefore give at least one other paper on the Saxon tongue.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

GRATITUDE.

When you receive a kindness and return it in some kind of equivalent, you perform a reciprocal service, and such services constitute the bond of society. When you receive a kindness, and it is not in your power to return an equivalent, you feel a lively sense of the obligation—this sentiment is termed gratitude.

Gratitude, as it is a proof of an ingenuous mind, meets with general commendation; ingratitude, as it is an indication of a depraved mind, excites general reprehension. He who is not sincerely grateful to man for benefits he receives, cannot be devoutly grateful to the Almighty, who confers on him life and all its blessings.

Gratitude, like many of our social virtues, is of a delicate nature, and it may be deserved, but it cannot be demanded. Demand gratitude by your manner, and mark the consequence; the selfish and ungrateful will deny it, and the generous and grateful will not surrender the esteem of the heart in exchange for an interested obligation.

Perform your beneficent deeds from principle as acts of moral duty. If those whom you oblige are ungrateful, you will have the high satisfaction of having done your duty; if they are grateful, you will have the exalted pleasure of having inspired the sentiment of gratitude, which has a natural tendency to diffuse itself through society, and in this manner your beneficence is extended.

Every evil we escape is a cause of gratitude, every good we enjoy is a subject of praise. Gratitude and praise, as they are modified in their relations to man and to the Deity, are the distinguishing qualities of a benevolent and pious mind.

A beneficent act is enhanced by its motives and its effects. The more self-denial it costs, and the more kindness it expresses, the greater is the merit of the kindness. The more it is needed, and the more pleasure it communicates, the greater is the value of the benefaction.

Can a person inspire a feeling of gratitude by a series of kind offices? He can, for our social affections are attractive and reciprocal, but with respect to gratitude, two conditions are requisite to its attainment. The motives of the services must be disinterested, and the character of the benefactor respectable; for we bestow our cordial gratitude on him only who is worthy of our esteem.

Humility, though the ornament of gratitude, is not always its attendant; and gratitude, though due to a benefactor, is not always cheerfully paid. One who gains the heights of greatness in his lofty prospect, is apt to overlook the level from which he rose, and the hand by which he was raised. There cannot be a stronger proof of an ignoble mind.

Ingratitude shows itself under various forms, and all are equally reprehensible, for all are repugnant to the virtuous sympathies of human nature. Unquestionable obligations are received by different individuals, and mark their several modes of ungrateful return. We divide them into three classes, each comprising a few varieties: The first class, from avarice or selfishness, undervalue a benefit, and are ungrateful. The second are warm in their expression of acknowledgement, but it is not for what they have received, but for what they expect; and when their benefactor ceases to give, they cease to praise. The third have too much self-importance to acknowledge an obligation, and they either forget it, or deem it a tribute paid to their merit.

Much ingratitude is certainly prevalent in the world, but in many instances may we not trace the cause to the mode of conferring kind offices? If a person does a favour with reluctance, he takes from it the grace of kindness. If he does it with incivility, he deprives it of its very essence—the spirit of benevolence. If he does it in upbraiding language, necessity may receive the favour, but the heart will refuse to acknowledge it. If he does it, not to oblige another but to serve himself—an interested service deserves not the homage of gratitude.

If gratitude in a generous mind is lively to man, how ardent must it be to the Omnipotent whose character is perfect, and whose goodness is unbounded. The sentiment is elevated by the grandeur of its object, and transformed into devotion and love.

SLANDER.

Slander is destructive to the peace of society, yet, by our conduct, we often become its accomplice. We will not practise it ourselves, but we will graciously listen to it in others; and to appease conscience we profess to hate it, while we gratify our envy and detraction by smiling on the slanderer.

To smile on slander, however disguised by pleasantry, is to encourage it; to rebuke it openly and severely, especially by youth, may irritate without correcting it. On such an occasion, the prudent course of a young man is to turn on the slanderer the eye that reproves, and then to turn from him the ear that refuses to listen.

Be cautious in believing an evil report of your neighbour, for the one half, if not the whole, of it is sometimes false; and why would you load yourself with the reproach of being unjust to the character of another? If the report concerns you, soon will you know more of the truth; if it concerns you not, why would you indulge the dissocial and unamiable qualities that love to dwell on the faults and

weakness of a fellow-being? Who would rather look on the dark and cheerless morass than view the beautiful and smiling landscape?

One who perverts truth into calumny, or rears calumny on fiction, evinces a malignant mind, and is disqualified to live in virtuous society. But calumny increases in strength as it extends in circulation, and those who repeat it are scarcely less culpable than the original inventor.

A good action may proceed from a selfish or a benevolent motive—from a regard to interest, or from pure and generous principles. The motives are open to the Omniscient, to whom the heart is disclosed; the action is to be judged by mankind, to whom it belongs. It is therefore highly censurable to impute unworthy motives to laudable deeds, unless the express language or general deportment of the agent justifies the unfavourable judgment.

Do we complain of slander? Let us not complain of what is in our power to correct. No man will speak to one who is unwilling to listen, and no man will express opinions to one by whom they are condemned. Shut the ear against the language of the slanderer, and he is silent; reprobate the habit, and the principle is repressed.

The prevention of slander in virtuous society may be resolved into two sentences: Permit nothing that is false to be said of character, and you protect virtue from calumny. Permit everything that is true, with the openness and fairness of candour, to be said of character, and you shame vice into silence or amendment.

It may be pronounced as a general truth, that one will not allow to another motives which he does not feel. The selfish cannot conceive that the actions of the benevolent are ever purely disinterested, and hence slander more frequently arises from the mind of the slanderer than from the conduct of the slandered. Were this assertion, which is accordant with truth, to be generally received, what slander, defamation, and calumny would be expelled from society.

FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing is of more importance to the young than the cautious and prudent selection of friends. Our manners and sentiments are assimilated to those of our associates, and our pleasures are increased, and our sorrows alleviated by the communication of the kind affections.

Be discreet in your choice of friends. Hasty friendships are like plants reared in a greenhouse, that rapidly grow to maturity and rapidly decay. True friendship is of slow formation; contract it with prudence and deliberation, and maintain it with fidelity and honour.

In your intercourse with those who may become friends, ascertain their principles and character; for one who violates the rules of virtue cannot be supposed to respect those of friendship. Then discover whether they are attached to you by esteem and affection, or whether they adhere to you from selfishness and interest.

Friendship can rest only on the basis of honourable principles. The moment one asks anything inconsistent with virtue, the ties of friendship are dissolved. The moment friends engage in any iniquitous plan, the alliance ceases to be amity.

The companions of our frivolous amusements are regarded without esteem, and, when departed, remembered without regret. The accomplices of licentious pleasures are the enemies of virtue—the destroyers of our peace, and they are remembered with painful feelings. It is our associates in the walks of virtue and honour whom we embrace in cordial friendship, and whose memory we hold in cherished remembrance.

It is not necessary that the characters and sentiments of friends should be similar, but it is necessary that their principles and conduct should be imbued with the purest honour, and converge to mutual confidence and esteem. Amity, as every other intimate alliance, is sustained by a fine sense of decorum; homely manners mar its delicate intercourse, formal manners chill its native warmth.

It is the duty of friends to correct each other's faults, but this is to be done in privacy, with the delicacy of affection that precludes offence. He who thus admonishes us discharges one of the highest offices of friendship, and while he renders us, if we listen to him, more worthy of his esteem, he secures us from the ridicule and censure of the world.

Friendship is subject to estrangement. Two friends, after amicable intercourse for some time, separate, move in different walks of society, and form respectively a circle of new friends and new manners. This estrangement is the natural consequence of their different positions; and if they are sensible men, when they occasionally meet, though they meet not with the warmth of friendship, they will meet with the civility of good-breeding.

Many are the causes that dissolve friendship. Friends are competitors for distinction and rivals for fame: they feel estranged, they disagree, and their union is dissolved. In this case, if they are prudent men, they will be silent, and not degrade their characters by publicly proclaiming their mutual envy and jealousy.

Your friend has deceived you, he is unprincipled, and you renounce all intercourse with him. In this case also, as a wise man, you will be silent, suppress every angry emotion, and not publicly announce your folly in having conferred your friendship on one whose character you had not proved.

Whatever is the cause of the dissolution of friendship, a prudent man, as he values his character, will not yield to anger and invective. A man of true elevation of mind will do more; with noble forbearance he will pity and forgive, and with generous magnanimity consign to the grave of extinct friendship every feeling of resentment.

THE POET.

'The poet, like the Indian wife,
Oft lights his own funereal pile.'—*Montgomery.*

Askest thou what it is to be
A poet? I will tell thee what—
And show the thoughtless world and thee
His weary lot.

It is to sacrifice each good
That fortune's favour'd minions share,
And in unheeded solitude
Her frowns to bear.

It is to nourish hopes that cheat,
Which when he felt his hopes beat high,
Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,
They could not die.

It is to feel foreboding fears,
And fancy them unfounded too,
But last, with pangs too deep for tears,
To own them true.

It is to nourish in the heart
Feelings the warmest, kindest, best—
To wish their essence to impart
To every breast.

And then awaking from such dreams,
With anguish not to be controll'd,
To find that hearts which warmest seem'd
Are icy cold.

It is to pamper vicious tastes,
By spurning virtue's strict control,
Then be with fame and riches graced,
And lose his soul.

Or, while his humble verse defends
Her cause; her loveliness portrays,
To win from her apparent friends
Cold, cautious praise.

But soon this gloomy path is trod,
From man he has no more to crave;
Grant him thy mercy, gracious God!
Thou, earth—a grave. BERNARD BARTON.

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WHAT IS CHOLERA?

If the question were to prove the negative as to the nature of this fatal epidemic, it might possibly be met in a more satisfactory manner than can be claimed for the contrary proposition. Perhaps, indeed, it were best to state at the outset, that we do not know, not the wisest of us, what cholera really is; but we know to a large extent what it certainly is not, and, by a successive application of negative arguments, we are able to reduce the nature of the disease to a few simple but still undiscovered principles. We can strip the terrible spectre of a large proportion of the clouds upon which popular ignorance has enthroned it; but itself eludes our apprehension. True philosophy will cast these vexed questions into the lap of the future, and patiently abide the issue. Nevertheless, a measure of present benefit may be obtained, and the evolution of the concealed truth may actually be hastened, by a calm and careful consideration of the facts at present known to us; and such is the object of the present article.

From all that has been published, and from the most anxious and careful considerations which have been given to the subject by competent authorities, it appears to be now a tolerably established fact, that cholera is not a *communicable* disease from man to man. If it ever is so, the case must be considered as exceptive, nor does its occurrence interfere with the truth of the general proposition. Striking, and indeed even fool-hardy, experiments have been made to settle this question. Thus, during the last occurrence of this terrible visitation, some continental physicians slept between cholera-stricken patients, inhaled their breath, wore their clothes, and, in short, did everything they could to catch the disease, but remained in perfect health notwithstanding. It is recorded of one of these cholera-enthusiasts, that he even drank a portion of blood drawn from the arm of a cholera patient without ill effects. It has also been noticed that the medical attendants, nurses, and friends of the sick, have not suffered disproportionately to the rest of the community. This great point, then, as to its character, may reasonably be considered settled, although it is confessed that the advocates of the opposed theory quote some remarkable examples of the disease, which lend some colour to their opinions; granting that these belong to the class of exceptions, which is to grant more than the majority of medical authorities will admit, we may still accept the general truth of the proposition, and believe to our inexpressible comfort and ease of mind, that cholera is not ordinarily a communicable or contagious malady.

Next as to its habitudes. One of the most recent and valuable contributions to this portion of the history of the epidemic, has been the fact elicited by the inquiries of the Sanitary Commission, that cholera follows the same track or path as typhus fever; in other words, that where typhus has been accustomed to rage, there cholera will first pick out its unhappy victims. Some of the earliest cases of the appearance of this fatal disease amongst us, took place in those courts and wynds of Edinburgh, and in the pest-producing lanes and alleys of London, where typhus fever was as certainly to be found in ordinary seasons, as the co-occupiers of its throne, misery and filth. It has also become a matter of painfully familiar observation, that cholera loves the damp and sickly air which enshrouds the habitations of the poor near the oozy margins of rivers. Upon the theory lately advanced by Liebig, the atmosphere of such places is fatal to health, in consequence of the excessive moisture it contains, restraining surface evaporation from the human body, and thus keeping down the powers of life below par. Whether we are on these grounds to believe that the human frame becomes predisposed to the disease may perhaps be questioned, but the fact itself is unquestionable. Probably mere moisture is not the only cause which keeps down and ultimately prostrates the vital energies in these situations; but that its sure companions, decomposition and the evolution of lethalic gases and vapours, are also concerned in the matter. Cholera, also, with unerring finger, marks for its own the persons who have, with self-immolating hands, spent a large portion of their lives in excesses of various kinds. Drunkards and gluttons go first; and, as we should naturally be led to expect, the infirm and feeble are more within its range than the strong and vigorous. The most numerous facts exist to show, that cholera will proceed *against* the wind. The simooms of the Arabian deserts have not had the least influence in checking its career, and the most fearful hurricanes of the east have offered no obstacle to its steady advance. It is also uninfluenced, or at least unhindered, by climate. It devastated the hot and damp jungles of the provinces of India, and fell with equal virulence upon the parched plains of Egypt and Arabia. Extremes of heat and cold appear to exercise but little effect upon it, although this is contrary to a delusive popular opinion. The cholera track has been from east to west, and by north, but its lateral diffusion has been very great also. In analysing the statistics of cholera deaths, we have obtained some curious results, which, in the hands of those who have more time to devote to such subjects, may prove valuable. From a number of numerical data, it appears that there is what we will term a *cholera wave*. The disease enters a district; for a week or two only destroys four or five victims, gradually attains a summit of mortality, then declines, and passes off. Sometimes it appears as if the tide of pestilence flowed in one long equable swell, very gradually thinning off at its termination; again, it bursts with all its force suddenly upon an ill-fated district, and reaches in a day or two its highest death-point. It is also remarkable that the fatality of the disease has a wave-like aspect, only the advanced portion of the wave is very abrupt: thus it has been universally noticed, that when cholera first attacks a district, its mortality is several-fold larger than when it is declining. From these two facts, valuable general laws as to the type of the disease are capable of being deduced; and we again invite the attention of the scientific to them, in the persuasion that an attentive study of them will ultimately reflect some amount of light upon the perplexing question 'What *is* cholera?' The rate at which the disease has travelled is very variable: it has been set down at ninety miles a month. M. Moreau de Jonnes, in his statistical report to the French Council of Health, estimated its advance in that country at upwards of a league in four and twenty hours. It has been known to spread over two miles in twelve hours. It has also displayed a remarkable capriciousness as to the places it has attacked, as it were entirely skipping over some, while it fell with a redoubled violence upon others. This was not, however, due to any human restrictions, to quarantine or sanitary *cordons*, for, spite of the opinion of a celebrated physician, who said, could we build a great wall round Britain we should be able to shut the epidemic out, cholera overleapt all such barriers, and it is now very properly believed unnecessary as it is useless to renew these imaginary defences. This may be considered a condensed account of the habitudes of this fearful disorder.

But, alas! all this, and volumes more that might be written, afford us no answer to our inquiries, and leave us just as much in the dark as ever. It cannot, however, be said, that we have not enjoyed the flickerings of a thousand speculative *ignes fatui*, which have attempted to relieve our obscurity, and some of which have certainly shed a dazzling brilliancy around them, but have sunk quenched into the mists of ignorance so soon as they have undergone a rigid examination. One gentleman declared it all arose from eating bad rice, which some little insect had perforated and made its home. Another, and one of pre-eminent talent, laboured under the sad delusion that the 'general air' was full of pestilential insects; and some fellow-advocates of his hypothesis declared that they had brought down some of these deadly little creatures on the tails of kites! But an opponent had gone up six thousand feet into the air in a balloon in search of them, and could not apprehend so much as one. Leaving, however, to their respective advocates the propagation and defence of these curious theories, it becomes our duty now to state the case as it appears to lie in our own day. Two princi-

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pal opinions prevail respecting the nature of this disorder. and it is a difficult matter to say which of them has the greatest probability of truth. Both are interesting, and are capable of support by many ingenious arguments. These opinions respectively are—First, that cholera originate in a peculiarly disordered condition of the atmosphere; Second, that it is due to electrical disturbances. We shall shortly consider these in the same order.

The atmospheric theory, then, first. It is believed by the supporters of this opinion, that a peculiar poison is infused into the air when cholera prevails, which, operating upon the bodies of those susceptible to its influence, or so debilitated by various causes as to be unable to resist its operation, brings on the train of symptoms known to medicine as cholera. In illustration of this theory, it may be remarked, that some very singular facts are related, which, if they do not point actually to this cause, nevertheless indicate the wide diffusion of one equally general. It has been, for example, a recent observation in Russia, during the last visitation of cholera in that country, that persons who were otherwise unharmed by the pestilence, suffered during its prevalence an indescribable sensation of uneasiness and lassitude—a general feeling of ill being accompanied with lowness of spirits, tightness of the chest, and peculiar dyspeptic symptoms. Even the cattle looked dull and out of sorts, many of them lost their appetite, and a large number actually died. More singular still, even *vegetation* experienced the general depression occasioned by the presence of the cholera; plants lost their lustrous green, and all their freshness of aspect, and continued to wear these mourning features, so long as, from day to day, fresh and numerous victims sank under the destroyer's finger. As, however, the cholera declined, all these symptoms vanished both in man and beast, and the plants perceiving the absence of the enemy, soon recovered all their beauty and bloom. In the former visitation in 1832, a curious occurrence took place in France, at a little town called *Choisi le Roi*, situated on the banks of the Seine, about five miles distant from Paris. Here were most extensive poultry-yards, where all kinds of poultry were raised for the supply of the tables of the metropolis. Cholera, alas! did terrible work among the chickens; leaving geese, ducks, and turkeys in their usual condition of health, it seemed to spend its fury upon the hens and their broods. Strange to say, the poor birds were afflicted in precisely the same manner as the human subject, and in four or five hours succumbed to the deadly influence of the disease. Altogether, we are told, about five hundred fowls died in a very short space of time! An Indian anecdote may be thought possibly to confirm this view of the question. The officers of a regiment encamped near one of the stations of Eastern India were suddenly called out to witness an extraordinary phenomenon in the distant horizon. Light clouds of a dusky red hue appeared to be rising into the burning sky, and were borne swiftly towards the military station. In a little time they reached it, and enveloped the whole in their ominous folds. The sun went down, and the phenomenon, strange as it was, was beginning to be forgotten, when reports of several sudden attacks of *cholera* were made! The mystery seemed now unravelled, for before the next morning the hospital was full of the pest-stricken soldiers, and hundreds of them died. Malarious diseases, such as ague, intermittent fevers, &c., have been commonly supposed to have their seat in the air, and it has been found that a forest is a great protection against them, the air seeming to undergo filtration through the leaves and branches. Now, it is remarkable to find, from the report of the French embassy in Russia, that when cholera visited St Petersburg in the former calamity, that the island of Kristofsky, in the midst of the islands of that capital, which is densely wooded, was totally exempt from the calamity, while death reigned all around; and, more remarkable still, the French government had a map drawn of the track of cholera, and, on investigating the character of the countries and districts it occasionally left untouched, found that the immunity was apparently due to their being densely wooded. Add to these, that Dr Prout informs us, in his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' that he found a sensible increase in the weight of a given measure of air so long as cholera prevailed, and we may consider the theory to have received sufficient illustration for our purpose.

Let us then 'hear the other side,' and pay a little attention now to the electricians. It is perhaps unfortunate for the exclusivism of both theories, that almost all the arguments just adduced might be explained *as well by one as by the other!* With the exception of Dr Prout's observation, so far as we know yet without its parallel, and the exceptional instance of the appearance of red clouds, we have brought forward nothing on the part of the first theory which may not and with equal justice be claimed for the second; yet, to the best of our knowledge, no more striking facts could be mentioned than those we have given. Thus the whole of the feelings and symptoms experienced during cholera's presence in Russia *might* be attributed to electrical disturbances in the air, or electric emanations from the earth. To these may we also attribute, if we choose, the effects on vegetation, animals, and fowls; and, as the meteorologist well knows that trees exercise a decided electrical influence on the air, conducting down its electricity to the earth, to this, then, properly might be ascribed their preservative influence against cholera. Although the theory is no novelty, it is again coming strongly into notice; and whether we are disposed or not to admit the conclusions to which the facts to be mentioned have been made to indicate, it cannot be denied that they are of a very important nature and bearing. Many of our readers must have observed in the principal public journals in the course of this year, the curious anecdote that was related of a circumstance noticed during the prevalence of cholera lately in Russia. A powerful magnet—equal, we believe, to sustaining a weight of many pounds—suddenly lost about five-sixths of its power, being only able to support one-sixth of its former load. This observation was only discovered just when the cholera was at its height, and was daily numbering hundreds of victims. The magnet continued thus shorn of its strength during the whole period of the prevalence of the disease. As cholera declined, its strength progressively returned, and by the time the disease had departed it was itself again. A more anomalous fact still is mentioned in a recent number of the 'Lancet,' related by a medical man, who states that it was first brought under his notice during the former visitation of this fearful disease in the metropolis. 'It was indeed singular to notice,' he says, 'the quantity of electric fluid which continually discharged itself on the approach of any conducting body to the surface of the skin of a patient labouring under the collapse stage, more particularly if the patient had been previously enveloped in blankets. *Streams of electricity, many averaging one inch and a half in length*, could be readily educted by the knuckle of the hand when directed to any part of the body, and these appeared in colour, effect, crackling noise, and luminous character, similar to that which we are all accustomed to observe when touching a charged Leyden jar. I may remark the coincidence, that simultaneously with the heat of the body passing off the electricity was evolved.' To this statement, it is just necessary, or at least expedient, to add one word of caution. The collapse stage is that period of the disease when external frictions are most vigorously employed. This being the case, and the patient lying in a non-conducting material, it is just possible that occasionally sparks of electricity might be produced from the discharge of the fluid accumulated on the surface of the body by means of the frictions employed to restore the heat. The narrator must, however, we should suppose, have taken this fact into his consideration in stating the account of the phenomenon. Another fact of importance on this side is a statement which has been made, to the effect that in districts where cholera has been raging the electric telegraph has refused to act until the great destroyer has passed by.

The history of this disease also presents some striking circumstances apparently favourable—to what extent let

others decide—to the electrical supposition. It is the experience of a talented writer on this disease, that it has always been accompanied with violent disturbances of atmospheric electricity. All those hydrometeors, in the occurrence and production of which the electric energy is so confessedly concerned, have developed themselves with extraordinary violence and frequency during its career. Hailstones, rain, and thunder-storms, have been observed to be unusually severe at such times. Early in 1881 was seen a most extraordinary appearance of the zodiacal light stretching across the heavens. A short time afterwards, one of the most beautiful *auroræ* ever beheld was visible during the whole of one night in England. It was of a blood colour, and stretched out a long way in the north-eastern sky, while yellow, blue, and green streamers were vividly displayed in the south-east and east. An appearance somewhat similar, and quite as brilliant, was seen on the continent later in the same year; and during several hours one evening last month (November, 1848), while cholera was raging in Edinburgh, the heavens were lighted up with an arch of fire, spanning from east to west, every way as striking and brilliant as that of 1831—the most noticeable phenomenon connected with its appearance at the time being, that communication by means of the electric telegraph betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow was for a time suspended, the needles being strongly deflected. Sir James Murray, who is reviving the theory in great force, states that while he was abroad he frequently observed that goat and sheep-herds who wore clothing of the skins of animals, the worst conductors of electricity, escaped, while others were attacked. He has also remarked, whenever nocturnal lightnings have been unusually frequent, he was sure to be applied to the following day by a number of poor people with diarrhœa. It has also been remarked that cholera, when in England, fell with greatest force upon the coal and iron districts. The mortality in England was greatest at Bilston, in Staffordshire, a place full of iron forges. It is said, too, that the town of Merthyr Tydvil in Wales suffered more than the adjacent towns, in consequence, as it is supposed, of its iron furnaces: and the question has been put, 'May there not be mineralogical strata taking the course of the cholera in the interior of the earth?' on the supposition that the currents of terrestrial electricity would pass principally through them, and that where these strata were nearest the surface there the most rapid interchanges might take place between terrestrial and atmospheric electricities. Proceeding upon these principles, Sir James Murray has proposed to construct insulated chambers for the treatment of the cholera-stricken, and indeed for general habitation. He states that this plan has actually been tried on the former occasion of cholera's presence in the midst of us, and that, while men fell by dozens around, those who were enclosed in these places escaped with entire immunity. The method of insulation was to build the house or room on a platform of asphalte, with a layer of dry lime beneath. While we consider it our duty to state these facts, we beg to guard against the supposition that we accept the inferences to which they have been supposed to lead.

Although there is probably none of the ills to which our 'flesh is heir' upon which there has been a greater exercise of thought and talent, and that of the most powerful minds of the most enlightened era, the true nature of this terrible malady is still in its obscurity. Do we say it is in the air? There meets us then the inexplicable fact that cholera penetrates a hurricane, and bids defiance to the wildest atmospheric disturbances. Do we say it is in the earth? Why, then, does it pick out one side of a street or a river, or pounce upon one house out of a district, or upon one individual out of a family? Can no answer then be given, and if so, no rational remedy be suggested, to the inquiry, 'What is cholera?' We fear not, or at least none against which some staggering fact cannot be brought forward. Yet bearing strongly in mind the history of former epidemics, of a dissimilar class it is true, and connecting it with those extraordinary phenomena, known to meteorologists poison and electrical disturbances appear to meet, it may be asked, is not cholera the result of a poisoned and electrically-disturbed condition of the air, although we miss the ordinary hasy manifestation, which is the visible testimony to the existence of a 'dry fog?'

While it is our lot, however, to be in reality ignorant of the cause and nature of this great and fearful epidemic, it is our peace and privilege to remember at whose command it originated, and to know that, whether sent on a mission of punishment or not, the disease follows the track it pleases God to point out, and at his command its proud waves may be arrested, even after they have begun to roll over our beloved land. Should cholera be permitted to raise again its dark proportions and sweep across our country, may it be met in a Christian spirit by Christian men; and if to humble us be its work, may that end be fully accomplished! Meanwhile, the common duty of all is to adopt those general precautionary measures which experience points out, and upon the right use of which a blessing may be generally expected.

BOB RASPER'S PARTY.

BY O. G.

It is one of the most agreeable of the social duties of life to entertain our friends occasionally to a little physical and mental pabulum, circumstances permitting; but the propriety of such evening indulgences becomes questionable when domestic resources are adverse, and we see the application of this proposition very palpably in reference to a Christmas-gathering, which our volatile friend Mr Robert Rasper had with a few acquaintances one stormy night in December some ten or twelve years ago. At the time of which we write, Bob exulted in the situation of managing and confidential clerk, there being only one gentleman in the establishment of Mr Stephen Wheeler—a member of the legal profession, whose chambers were in the vicinity of the Register House. Bob's situation yielded him the remunerative salary of thirty-five pounds a-year, out of which, of course, as is customary in the profession, he had to defray the cost of his own quills, but which formed a very trifling deduction, seeing that he invariably absconded with the stumps to which Mr Wheeler had a possessive right. To a stranger, Rasper's exterior was by no means attractive, neither was his manner of a very prepossessing kind; but a closer intimacy with him proved that his intellectual properties, like the coat that covered him, had the merit of being at least peculiar, if remarkable for nothing else. Our friend's progenitors lived somewhere north of the Tay; but to be more minute in this particular would make our readers sceptical of our topography, their names being no 'household words' with Bob, and his filial affections were at all times very rusty—a cause to be chiefly accounted for by the irritating fact that his official income, after primary deductions, was inadequate to meet the expense of a northern journey, which, by the way, was a more costly indulgence in those days than it is now. Saving the arrival of a small rustic-looking box from home, at rare intervals, containing a few indescribable indispensables for personal comfort, he had no communications with any relations, and his whole society consisted of a few gentlemen of his own profession, equally needy as himself, and whose outward habiliments indicated that the contest betwixt the plebeian and the superior ranks, as to which of these classes they belonged to, remained still undecided. We must confess ourselves to be disciples of the science of physiognomy, and in being guided by this principle of our faith in externals, we have never yet found our judgment at fault. We hold it to be an undeniable fact, that the sear and yellow leaf is a symptom of decay, that the prolonged visage of indigent paternity is frequently an ancestral right of hereditary descent, that the dilapidated coat of dubious dimensions, and the hat exuberant of concave indentation, intimate that neither the wants nor wishes of their proprietor have been consulted; and finally, it must be conceded, that

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close of the week's labours and making visits—accidental as they were alleged to be—to Mr Wheeler's country clients, and which visits were friendly enough to detain the visiter until the beginning of the following week, signified that he did not practically believe in the musical sentiment of there being 'no place like home,' whatever his theoretical opinion on that subject may have been. Judging therefore on this principle, Bob's outer man was a pretty correct index to his private means. His wardrobe consisted for the most part of those articles of wearing apparel, so much in demand by those Jewish gentlemen who exercise their calling in the most frequented parts of the streets, and which are also to be found in the denser parts of the city hanging pendulous from pins. His hat occupied a perched pre-eminence on the crown of his head (the mental poverty of which within was, *entre nous*, alleged to be as great as its physical qualities without), which contrasted somewhat incongruously with the ecclesiastical appearance imparted by the neckcloth of whitish tendency which formed the boundary betwixt the intellectual and the animal parts. In justice to our old associate, however, we must say that it was not his to assume or aspire to a station higher than that in which he was placed; on the contrary, he very frequently in his more mirthful moods, alluded in a playful manner to the slight tenure by which he held his domestic comforts, his occupancy being simply that of a tenant-at-will, subject to the capricious notions of his burly landlady, to whose good graces there was only one way of admission, that of wiping off the debit side of his account at short intervals—a friendship which Mr Rasper could not possibly avoid forfeiting at times, in consequence of Mr Wheeler's inconvenient disregard of punctuality in matters pecuniary.

At the period of which we write, our friend had frequented the Parliament House upwards of eight years, with a regularity worthy of better reward than his had ever been; and still the fickle jade FORTUNE lured him onward with her fascinating smiles, and laughed maliciously at Mr Wheeler's confidential clerk whenever his hopes were within reach of the point of realisation—another convincing proof of the vanity of Rochefoucault's maxim that 'Fortune *gives* not her favours, but *sells* them.' She was therefore no profitable trader for Bob. We have read somewhere that 'the *pinions* of one goose are taken to express the *opinions* of another;' but whether this opprobrious saw bore any application to Rasper's labours, we cannot, without incurring obloquy, set down as a settled question. According to his own admission, his whole life had been rather too intimately associated with the *pen*, or words having that noun for its first syllable. When under parental rule, the juvenile predilection of self-appropriation rendered the expiatory *pen*ance of a supperless sleep necessary—his *pen*-niless condition had furnished him with many abstract reflections about the rights of 'equality,' now so much in demand both on this and the other side of the channel; and a perpetual vision of *pen*-ury, in the form of a grim being making a hearty dinner with a tumbler of water and a tooth-pick, haunted his imagination with a restless activity; but, notwithstanding all these adversities, Mr Robert Rasper was one of the most courageous although unsuccessful pilots that ever navigated the stream of life. The great palladium of all his griefs, was a thankful spirit that bad was not worse; and the roistering reckless Rasper was as sweet an emblem of internal serenity and happiness as was ever known amongst the most felicitous of the fairer portion of creation.

But we have been erratic in our desire to do justice to Robert's personal character, yet, as our periphrastic wanderings are 'not lost but gone before,' we rely upon our readers for forgiveness. To the subject then. A friendly limb-of-the-law, whose smithy was directly opposite to that of Mr Rasper, had kindly invited a number of kindred spirits to sup with him a few nights previous to the Christmas of 183–, in which invitation the names of Rasper and Teuchaton, among others, were included. It was of course a bacheloric assemblage, where the hypocrisy and coquetry essential in the society of the opposite sex were unnecessary, and every man was held to be at free quarters, empowered with unconditional liberty to forage for enjoyment. Rasper had been detained by 'Old Steffy Wheeler,' as he was facetiously pleased to dub his governor, to catch the London mail, or do some other such bit of errandism, so that he was too late for supper; and as the fragmentary residue thereof would have tended more to provoke than allay a naturally keen appetite, his only alternative was to chew the cud, and inwardly irrigate his corporeal frame with the dew which is said to have its origin in the mountains, of which there was an unusual supply before him. During the evening there were the usual excessive expressions of friendship, general invitations reciprocated; and, at a farther stage of the proceedings, arguments were raised, the discussion of which was conducted without any regard to order or decorum, it being found that the understanding was not more obtuse when all spoke at the same time. We cannot account for it either philosophically or otherwise, but on the occasion of Mr Rasper emitting some unintelligible professions of *fraternity* and friendship, and denouncing avarice and all manner of exclusiveness, in an unqualified yet very husky voice, he requested all present, host and guests, to do his 'humble crevice' (so he termed it) the honour of their presence on Christmas-eve at half-past eight.

'Harmony Hall and its lord will be but too happy to see you all there,' finished Bob, with many hiccups and insidious winks.

'Rasper and Harmony Hall for ever!' shouted one, while the animate member of his exclamatory well-wish gave the speaker an unmeaning look of obscurity.

'Here's to old Rasper,' cried another, and he sent the contents of his crystal down the aperture whence the voice was heard.

'May—Grasper—never—die—!' was the wish of a third, expressed in short instalments, and innocently conferring a very tenacious appellation on the object of his regard by prefixing the letter G to that gentleman's surname. This, however, might have been either overlooked or pardoned, had not the invocation, in its above unfinished state, caused Mr Rasper some anxiety about the probability of his being left as a sublunary monument of his race, when the gentleman, after a pause, appended the word 'alone' to his sententious exclamation, which immediately removed our friend's fears.

Many similar incoherent blessings were showered on Bob Rasper's oblivious head, and after some fugitive snags of recitation, of which 'There was a sound of revelry by night,' was the most rapturously received, this brotherly congregation separated, to meet again on Christmas-eve at 'Harmony Hall,' the private residence of Mr Robert Rasper. Just as the last mentioned gentleman had begun a precarious method of locomotion homewards—a side-run and halt alternately—he was charged to be sure of having 'a good stiff rabbit, and as much sap as swim it;' but no man can do two things properly at the same time, and Bob heedlessly pursued the *un*-'even tenor of his way,' as being the most important of the two considerations.

The following day found Rasper in that unsettled state which is always the *sequitur* of a night's over-indulgence, an inheritance which might well be dispensed with; but we all know, and Rasper would likely be aware of the botanical fact also, that 'there is no rose without its thorn.' The liquid doctrine of eschewing all things edible, and imbibing frequent draughts of the 'invigorator,' which he so perseveringly exemplified on this occasion, indicated a disqualification for the due discharge of his official duties to Mr Stephen Wheeler. This was even a passable state of matters, but what would his feelings have been had his memory proved faithful in regard to the invitation of the previous evening; for the innocent Rasper was wholly oblivious of the hospitality he had promised his friends. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' is a proverbial sentiment of more beauty than truth, and for Rasper to remain in this blissful state of ignorance of the hospitable responsibilities he had incurred in aberrative moments, was only heaping up mischief for the evil

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day. His memory, however, was soon enlightened on this subject.

'Ho, Raspy!' was the morning salutation of one of the future revellers at Harmony Hall, as he overtook that unfed remnant of humanity, on his way to the Parliament House, in a deep state of despondency a day or two after the evening scene before described. 'What's particularly the matter now? *Man* was made to mourn, but a writer's clerk has no claim to that privilege. You look by all the world as if you had made your breakfast of prepared wormwood. Anything unpleasant?'

'Nothing—nothing *uncommon*,' replied Mr Wheeler's deputy, reflecting at the same time on the merciless conduct of Mrs Ruggles, who had, but an hour before, threatened to stop the supplies unless Bob immediately enlarged her treasury.

'Glorious fun on Christmas-eve—eh? Mistletoe-bough, Bob!' and here the speaker warbled forth some 'wild notes' about 'a good old country gentleman, all of the olden time,' by which he obviously meant that Robert Rasper, Esq., of Harmony Hall, was a singularly happy representation of that picture of rustic retirement.

Bob's gratification at this bit of mirth was testified by an unsuccessful attempt at risibility.

'Where are you to have your Christmas goose?' inquired the latter in a vacant mood.

'Where! at your own lodgings I believe, and according to your own invitation too.'

Bob emphatically denied having behaved so extravagantly.

'Very accommodating principle that of yours,' replied the other; 'but it wont exactly suit. Do you not remember something of a long interlocutor having been wound up at Freeman's feast the other night, with a kind invitation to the meeting to sup at Harmony Hall on Christmas?'

The mist which had clouded the proceedings of that evening from Rasper's mind, began rapidly to clear away, and, before the two gentlemen separated, he was too firmly convinced of the indiscretion he had committed; and of this he had abundance of corroborative proof during the course of the day, from several others who had also been included in the general invitation. He soon discovered the awkward position in which he had placed himself, for his larder was never stocked except for immediate wants, and his cellarage was not at any time extensive. These circumstances, in connection with Mrs Ruggles' unpardonable incivility before alluded to, were obstacles which made him dubious of the propriety of hazarding an entertainment on the most moderate scale. Mr Rasper, however, prepared himself for the task he had undertaken. A draft upon Wheeler's resources, applied towards payment of Mrs R.'s account, served to appease that lady's wrath, and a promise to pay in a very short time, although of less weight, was received with an abrupt injunction to be sure that that promise should be duly honoured, otherwise a notice to quit would be the result. With a little wheedling and finessing he succeeded in winning her consent to a Christmas feast of modest pretensions; and, in this state of domestic comfort, he awaited his engagement with considerable anxiety, and, at this pause in Mr Rasper's arrangements, we may take the liberty of describing the interior of his domicile in which he was to wassail with his friends.

Mrs Ruggles' moveable property having been the furnishing of a previous generation, and the legacy of her progenitors, the antiquity of Rasper's conveniences would have been of greater importance in the estimation of Jonathan Oldbuck's antiquarian fraternity than any other qualification they possessed—indeed, they had the near prospect of public exposure under the attractive influence of three golden balls. The lodger's taste for the fine arts had been consulted by the adornment of the walls, at wide irregular intervals, with a few fiery-coloured full-length portraits, twelve inches by five, of tragediennes in favourite characters, some of which, however, had been decapitated and otherwise mutilated in the course of time, while a large literary resemblance of the 'Tree of Drunkenness' (!) occupied a prominent position above the fire-place. The visible part of the inmate's private property consisted of an old hat-box of doubtful age, with a label outside, purporting that there was a 'Chapeau a Paris' within; but, had the visiter's curiosity prompted him to raise the lid, the proprietor's tailoring apparatus, and certain nondescript articles of linen wear, very much soiled, would have met his look. The library was composed of a few well-thumbed works of fiction, an old almanack of a bygone year, with a corresponding Street Directory to match; and the theological section consisted of a fragmentary balance of the Shorter Catechism, and a couple of clasped volumes, which should have been his pocket companions once a-week at least, but which were of more seldom requisition. The most of those volumes had another name than Mr Rasper's written on the fly-leaves. When we lengthen the inventory with sundry items of tobacco machinery, and a slender walking-stick, not unlike a carpet-switch, we have enumerated the chief articles of Bob Rasper's household property. Such, then, was the place where that gentleman was to figure as the presiding genius of a Christmas feast.

Mr Wheeler's chambers had been earlier closed on the evening of the 25th of December 183– than usual, for the governor had gone to recreate his person with a feast—will we add—'of reason and the flow of soul?' We do not know, and we care as little. The confidential clerk had also vacated his seat, and was now at Harmony Hall preparing to receive company. 'All went merry as a marriage-bell,' at least, hitherto, this had been the case; Mrs Ruggles being in a very gracious mood, and this was the principal screw that Bob hinged upon.

'A merry Christmas to you, Rasper,' rung repeatedly through the welkin of that gentleman's apartment as his guests arrived, while a raking fire of small artillery was kept up at intervals about 'single misery' and 'double bliss,' 'old files and young Raspers,' with all which Rasper seemed very much delighted. The guests having all arrived, the cloth was laid, and, in a short time afterwards, Bob's Christmas cheer was in the speedy process of being numbered with the things that were. Pharoah's lean cattle could not have shown better digestive powers. The cloth removed, Bob's O. P. (we forget how many stages of reduction it had undergone) was produced and plied with friendly energy, so much so, indeed, that the host found it necessary to make a second investment in fire-water to supply the demands. Health, wealth, and prosperity, and much more, had been invoked with great perseverance in favour of each individually and all collectively, and the spiritual influence of the bowl was manifesting itself in a very noisy manner, when the gentleman who occupied the end of the table opposite Bob, rose, at the general request of his friends, to beg an additional favour to the many they had already received from their worthy host, and that favour was to be a musical one. They were all aware of Mr Rasper's acquirements in melody, and—

'Rasper's song!' cried one, enforcing his demand with a reckless smash at the table, that nearly annihilated the cracked crystal.

'We wont go home till morning,' suggested another, who appeared to be a recumbent fixture to the chair he sat upon.

'Begone dull care,' bawled a third.

'Happy land,' was the recommendation of a seemingly *happy* gentleman, whose chief god was Bacchus; and the call for bacchanalian minstrelsy had become so deafening, that Rasper had to signify his acquiescence with their wishes. His vocal machinery having been properly cleared and moistened, he sung in a shrill dolorous voice, the following original snatch of versification, titled

THE SONG OF THE CLERK.

AIR—'The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers inky and cramp'd,
Scribbling for threepence a sheet,
A *gentleman* sat in a sleeveless coat,
Upon a three-legged seat.

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Write! write! write!
Gammon, quibble, and plea,
Work through the livelong night,
Wearied and worn though you be.

Write! write! write!
Your midnight vigils keep!
And write! write! write!
Three hours are enough for sleep!
It's O! to be a slave
In 'the free-est nation on *yearth*,'
It's O! for death and the grave,
Or that we had ne'er got birth!

Write! write! write!
Till midnight's past and gone,
Write! write! write!
Till your daily bread is won!
Seedy, weedy, and worn,
Ready to fall down and die,
This harnessing cannot be borne,
The heart cannot always sigh!

O! lords with bonded estates,
O! men who would fight for a straw,
'Tis a hazardous game that you play,
FORTUNE's less fickle than LAW.
Write! write! write!
Externals give signs of decay,
This coat now so seamy and white,
Was erst the most handsome and gay!
.. ..

Rasper's feelings had been so much touched with the painful burden of his song, that he could proceed no farther; and, despite the urgent entreaties of his auditors to finish it, he settled down into an abstracted mood of melancholy, in which he was allowed to remain undisturbed for a considerable period. The reaction, however, soon followed, and the mercurial Rasper was again dispatched on a mission to supply the 'flowing bowl' (*flowing*, did we say?—*may have been* is the grammar tense we should have used) from the exciseable stores of the 'Wanderer's Rest' across the street; and it was during his absence that Mrs Ruggles contributed her part towards the evening's enjoyment, behind the scenes. The guests were deeply engaged in a critical dissection of their host's song, when the gas, which had lighted up the festive hall during the evening, was suddenly withheld, to the wild amazement of the invited gentlemen, who were left in a horison of pitchy darkness. It was, perhaps, as well that the respective visages of these children of darkness were invisible at this juncture of their enjoyment, otherwise the perplexity and vexation depicted there might have given cause for ridicule. As it was, however, their only remedy was to feel for and address each other through the gloom, and patiently await the arrival of their host, who, they had no doubt, would give a satisfactory reason for the sudden withdrawal of light, and reinstate them in their former state of illumination and happiness. Vain hope! They never stood in greater need of an extra allowance of Bob's attribute. Not less was Bob Rasper's dismay on his return, to find a stop put to his entrance, in the shape of a locked and bolted door, one of the best preservatives from midnight familiarity we have ever yet found.

Rasper's pass-key was gently insinuated into the key-hole, but the door declined compliance with such mild treatment, and all his wheedling and screwing went for nothing. His situation was provoking beyond human endurance, a fact which presented itself very vividly to his fertile imagination. An exposure was a ruinous calamity, and the thought of it almost overwhelmed him in despair. His rage at this dishonourable deed was excessive, but, after calming his troubles with a personal application of the inspiring contents of the bottle, he applied his ear to the key-hole to ascertain how matters within were progressing, but an ominous silence prevailed.

'Sally, Sally,' hissed Bob through the opening before spoken of, to the little blear-eyed domestic of the house; 'Sally—there now,—do,—just once more—and I'll——'

Here he stopped, for he did not positively know what he might, could, or would do, and he was seldom guilty of false promises. He had been occupied for a considerable length of time in baiting Sally with all manner of persuasive expedients to induce her to 'open Sesame,' but with no success, and the sounds of impatience and turbulence, from the imprisoned birds within, had prompted him to open a foot-battery against the door, when a heavy tramp was heard coming down stairs, and, on turning round, Rasper was enabled, by the glare of a small lantern that flashed vividly before him, to find that a muffled gentleman with the characters '73 A' exhibited on the collar of his outer protection, had come to his assistance, and that at the special request of Mrs Ruggles, although Bob was ignorant of the fact. The door now opened as if by its own accord, and Sally, formerly so impervious to sound, now lighted these two worthies into the dark chamber, whilst the amiable Mrs R. held the room-door ajar by the handle, and grinned maliciously upon the crest-fallen revellers within. The truth now revealed itself very clearly. No sooner had her lodger gone out for his spiritual supply, than that lady resolved, in charity to Bob's pecuniary wants, and in consideration of the lateness of the hour, to put a stop to the carousal, by extinguishing the light and fastening the door against that gentleman's return, and it was only when her ire was excited by the threats of disturbance, that she called in the guardian of the night to her aid.

Rasper's friends were by no means satisfied with this summary mode of dismissal, and, when preparing for their journey homeward, they vented their spleen upon that venerable lady in very disrespectful terms.

'Never mind, Rasper—better luck next sitting,' was the parting consolation he received as his friends took their leave; 'and a tinker's blessing to you, 'old Mother Sinful.'

'A merry Christmas to you all, gentlemen,' retorted the lady, 'and many *such* may you see;' and with this charitable wish the door closed upon the retiring revellers, and the Christmas feast was over.

Mr Rasper has never since had any domestic splores; and when hospitable inclinations trouble him, he wisely suppresses them, under the conviction that there is a time and place for everything—the time for which has not again arrived, and the place is certainly not 'HARMONY HALL.'

THE CHAMOIS.

OF all the animals that make their home amongst the barren wastes and wilds of the most rugged mountains, this agile and handsome creature seems most to be at home. Timid in its nature, and tremblingly afraid of the approach of man, it, nevertheless, bounds amongst the most jagged peaks of the perpendicular rocks upon which it picks up its mossy food, with the most free and fearless confidence. The deepest chasms do not scare this active creature from throwing itself across them towards the narrowest ledges of rock, upon which it poises itself with the most exact precision. It is wonderful to contemplate this creature's nature, and to observe the apparent incongruities of its disposition—so fearful of its living enemies, yet so fearless in circumstances that would fill the most hardy human being with dismay—a wild mountain goat, yet gifted with the most surprising innate power of measuring and deciding distances—a quadruped of some bulk, whose body is not altogether of the lightest form and dimensions, and yet possessing the ability of throwing itself from one crag to another, perhaps twenty or thirty yards below, and alighting upon the smallest possible space fit to allow it to place its feet, and immediately finding the centre of gravity and maintaining its position. The extraordinary powers possessed by this creature, which inhabits the more inaccessible parts of the wooded Alps, are instinctive and immediately available whenever the young chamois has strength to bring them into action. Active, fearless, and cautious as this creature is, however, and capable as it is by nature of bounding safely beyond the reach of the wolf

or bear, its arch-enemy man, by perseverance and study, can circumvent it and slay it when it browses in its most remote and apparently safe retreats. The various pursuits of man, in relation to the lower animals, furnish us with many striking illustrations of the difference between the rational and bestial natures. Man can adapt himself to the capacity of all classes and kinds of animals; the inferior irrational animal remains in the finite, unprogressive condition which God has originally assigned it. The chamois-hunters of the Alps are remarkable for their courage, hardihood, and great physical agility and powers of endurance; and as they pass a great portion of their lives among the Alpine wilds, in studying the habits and tastes of the beasts of the chase, and in applying the knowledge thus acquired to the capture of those animals, they become so expert as to deceive and gain upon their game, in despite of the utmost vigilance of those animals. It is to the knowledge acquired in this way that we are indebted for the clear light that shines on several of the natural sciences. The bee-hunter of America will follow his little humming guide over the prairie, and into the pathless forest, to find in the hollow of some tree the luscious treasure of which he is in search, and in this pursuit he is assisted by a knowledge of the habits of the bee. The Indian, wild and savage though he be, knows more of the character and habits of the creatures that dwell in the vicinity of his bark hut, and which he subsists upon, than does the most illustrious naturalist. The venomous serpent's nature is best known to the bushman, who squeezes with his bare foot the venom from its throat; and the naked Cingalese diver descries the pearls of purest water, as well as does the most accomplished mineralogist. We are dependent for much of our knowledge and much of our luxuries upon the rudest and most savage of men, who, by devoting themselves to the pursuit of animals, become completely cognisant of their dispositions and habits, as well as of their haunts.

Chamois-hunting is one of the most romantic and exciting of pursuits; and the nature of the employment is such as to superinduce a sort of free majesty in the character of the simplest peasant who engages in it, which has often been alluded to in poetry. Byron, in his 'Prisoner of Chillon,' makes a beautiful allusion to the second brother, when, after naming him a hunter of the hills, he exclaims that

> 'The dove may brook the cage—
> The prison'd eagle droops and dies;'

and Samuel Rogers immortalises the courage of one of these daring hunters of the hills, who, having fallen into one of the dark chasms of the glaciers, found himself in a spacious cave, from which he emerged after a long and anxious sub-glacierial passage, by an unseen roaring torrent that led him to the blessed light of day. The chamois-hunter, after preparing himself for the undertaking, sets out upon his path at night, and proceeds towards the highest pastures, amidst which it is needful that he should be at the break of morning, for then the chamois visits those parts, in order to snatch a hasty repast, before the Alpine shepherd drives his flocks towards them, morning and evening being the only periods at which this wild mountain animal indulges in eating. When the hunter approaches the haunts of his game, he commences to reconnoitre with a telescope, and if he does not perceive a herd, he wends upwards on his dangerous way towards the more inaccessible retreats. In approaching the chamois, however, the greatest of caution is necessary, for they are as vigilant and wary as the wild horse of the desert, and place one of their number as a sentinel upon some prominent outlook, whence it can behold the approach of enemies from a great distance. When the least appearance of a hunter or beast of prey is seen, the warder emits a sharp hissing sound, at which the whole herd rush towards him, behold and judge for themselves of the danger that menaces them, and if they deem the occasion momentous and the circumstance sufficiently grave, they dash away headlong towards some place of safety. When the hunter observes a herd, his great object is to get above them and to have the wind of them. With his loaded rifle carefully before him, and crawling on his hands and knees over rocks and through briars and stunted bushes, he cautiously draws near to his vigilant but unsuspecting victim, until he can descry the tips of the small, round, hook-shaped horns, and, steadily aiming at these he fires, when almost inevitably the victim falls. He then rushes upon it with his hunting-knife, and, cutting its hamstrings, he throws it over his brawny shoulders and fastens it to his body with a belt, and then begins his long, toilsome, and dangerous route to his cottage home, with this proud trophy of his skill and daring. Should he not have succeeded until he had involved himself amongst a labyrinth of chasms, across which he can scarcely carry himself again, he skins his prey, bearing away the skin and horns, and leaving the carcass for some hungry lamargeyer, or adventurous wolf.

When the hunter surprises his game, the toil and excitement of the chase are comparatively nothing; it is when the startled chamois takes to the more remote cliffs that the hunt may be said to begin. The chamois-hunter's love of his voluntary calling is an enthusiasm, and the fascination of the chase immense. Every minor object, every danger, every consideration, forsakes the hunter's mind, save that of success in taking his game. He plunges into the deepest snowdrifts, and leaps from crag to crag with the fearlessness and agility of the creature he pursues, in order to attain his objects, and often involves himself in dangers from which there is no return. Neither day nor night intermit his travels; for the indomitable man is sustained by a feverish excitement that supplies him with a strength superior to that sustained by his hard barley bread and goat-milk cheese, which frugal aliment he is often constrained to break with his hatchet. He pillows his head on the mountain snow, with the cliff for his couch and the blue cold heavens for his covering. He climbs on his uncertain mission over broken rocks; he cuts a ladder by which to ascend the bold crags of the glaciers, and shelterless, lonely, and sustained by almost nothing, save this insanity of the chase, he continues, perhaps for many days, despite of biting cold and howling wind, the dangerous game that too often results in the death of the hunter and the despair of his family. It is not cupidity which tempts the Swiss to engage in this wild pursuit, for the profits are scarcely adequate to recompense him for a tithe of the time devoted to it. It is just the development of that principle of dominion or conquest which animated Napoleon and Alexander. Circumstances merely change the direction of the individual desires. The emperors of Macedonia and of France enlisted minor agencies in their ambition, and desolated the world in order to be glorified; the Alpine hunter risks his life, and suffers the most incredible hardships that he may satisfy his own egotism. Napoleon and Alexander were devoured by a restless desire to compass something that had never been compassed; the hunter is the same, and the pertinacity with which beast-hunter and man-hunter pursued their objects, resulted in the same thing. The earth's population diminished before the homicidal destroyers, and the mountain chamois has almost become extinct from the unwearied zeal of the mountaineer.

Few who devote themselves to chamois-hunting escape the dangers incidental to so perilous a course, and yet the oft repeated warnings which men receive have no effect in deterring them from adopting it. The son who finds his father's mangled corpse at the bottom of some jagged crags, or entombed in some rocky rift that the thunderbolt has split asunder, takes up his rifle and powder-horn, and betakes himself to the path which he has perished in pursuing, and in pursuing which he too perishes. Yet on comes the grandson, fascinated by the heroism of his parents, to adopt their ambition and like them to die. Few reach senility in this wild vocation, and those who do, wear on their rugged fronts the impress of its solitude and gloom. Their faces are tanned and furrowed with wind and storm. Their eyes are full of the wild restless

daring of the eagle's; and upon their compressed lips and open nostrils there sits an expression of haggard anxiety, as if they were ever on the outlook for death. The simple dwellers in the Alpine valleys look upon those hunters with superstitious dread; if one should cross the path of a goatherd or travelling merchant, the startled man would make the sign of the cross and mutter an *ave*, for they believe that unless the hunters were sorcerers and held communion with the arch-enemy of man, they never could be tempted to sojourn so much in the mountains; and that it is in consequence of selling themselves to Satan that they are hurled from the mountain crags. These hunters make the boldest and most trusty guides, however, in the explorations of the great Mont Blanc. They are hardy, brave, adroit at expedients, and well acquainted with the appearances of the weather, and of the snow and ice amongst which they tread, and without their assistance and knowledge, it would have been impossible to have attained to a knowledge of the character of the wonderful phenomena of these grand and sublime mountains. In Switzerland of old, there existed a law somewhat akin to the law in America, which interdicts the hunting of the deer during certain seasons. These were allowed to become obsolete, and the chamois has fast disappeared before the constant pursuit of its energetic and indefatigable enemy.

THE HERMIT OF WESTMORELAND AND OTHER POEMS.*

Poetry, when presented to the public in a printed form, can claim no exemptions from condemnation, nor any consideration from a critic upon account of the position of its author. Education, and wealth, and the downy couch of ease are not attributes of poets; therefore the man who does not know Greek or Latin—who is poor, and who has to sustain himself by toil, cannot plead these in mitigation of sentence upon the character of his prelections. All our great poets have been so, in spite of the latter conditions. Shakspeare was a woolcomber boy, Milton a poor scrivener; Akenside subsisted on the bounty of a friend, and so did Coleridge; Burns was a ploughman, Bloomfield a journeyman shoemaker; Chatterton was a poor writer's clerk; Dr Leyden was a shepherd-boy; John Keats was an apothecary's apprentice; Tannahill a weaver; Samuel Johnson was a poor schoolmaster, and so was Oliver Goldsmith. The poets have risen by the elasticity of their genius from amongst the masses of common men, and have written their names in the temple of fame in spite of circumstances. Circumstances, therefore, have no influence in determining a man's position in the republic of letters. Byron and Shelley were aristocrats by birth, Cowper and Henry Kirke White were not; but the world, nevertheless, while it admits the superior ideality of the two former, places greener wreaths of honour and glory on the brows of the latter.

As a subject of study, there are few superior to that of poetry. The heart and intellect are elevated and refined by it, and the hours of weary labour are sweetened by its echoes. There are few who cannot feel its power and enjoy its sweets. But while there exists this almost universal poetic sympathy—this power of feeling and appreciating—excellence in development is as difficult to attain as it is rare. There have been but few great poets in all this world of millions, and these seem to have left few jewels for posterity to pick up.

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of Mr Todd's little volume of poems. The author is a working man, self-educated, and of a laborious profession. The pursuit of poetry is honourable to him, and this publication bears honourable testimony to his literary diligence. It would be well if such tastes and tendencies were multiplied amongst the people. We doubt not that Mr Todd's lucubrations will be esteemed amongst his friends. We wish him every success in life and poetry: and that our readers may estimate his talents, we extract—

THE MANKSMAN'S GRAVE.

'When far sunk in the western sky, the sun
Proclaim'd his daily race was nearly run,
Beside an old grey ruin'd church I stood,
Whence eastward hoarsely moan'd the ocean flood;
And westward far the gloomy mountains frown'd,
Whose lofty tops with misty clouds were crown'd;
The balmy southern breeze swept gently by,
And o'er the meadows stole with mournful sigh.
Around me lay the rudely sculptured stones
Where weeping friends have wail'd in rending groans;
Now o'er these tombs no burning tears are shed,
Mourners and mourn'd have long been with the dead;
But raving winds, among the long rank grass,
O'er these lone graves sing dirges as they pass.

See where the red earth soils the flow'ret's breast,
A grave is there more recent than the rest:
Hard was the fate of him who lies below,
'Twould make the hardest heart with grief o'erflow
His brief but mournful history to know.

To troubles born, nor e'er from troubles free,
His days were spent upon the stormy sea.
When but a stripling his fond parents died,
And he for refuge to the ocean hied;
To far off climes his vessel never went,
So oft the winters with his friends were spent;
Brave was his heart, and strong his youthful arm,
His form was tall, his features wore a charm,
Which every maiden own'd, for all him praised,
And sigh'd as on his countenance they gazed;
He noticed none save one fair girl alone,
Whose heart was knit from childhood with his own;
When children they together often stray'd
Along the shore, and through the woody glade;
But forced at length to seek a foreign strand,
Far from his own beloved native land,
He wept, and poor Matilda's heart was sore
To think she ne'er might see her lover more;

Their vows were plighted constant to remain
Till he return'd unto his home again.
He left that home, and went to climes afar,
Where never shines the lovely polar star.

Years pass'd away, the gallant ship once more
Rode o'er the waves that bound Britannia's shore;
But as she near'd the port the storm raged loud,
Hoarse thunders moan'd far in the bursting cloud;
Red lightnings flash'd athwart the midnight sky,
And the sea billows rose like mountains high.
Past his loved isle the stately ship was driven,
He saw his home shine 'neath the bolts of heaven;
Soon furiously upon a sandy bank
She struck, to pieces went, then quickly sank.
Into the boats the brave but hapless crew
For their alone remaining succour flew.
Morn came, but far beneath the ocean's breast
The sea-beat mariners had sunk to rest.

Weeks pass'd away, and 'neath yon frowning rocks,
Round which the various sea-birds scream in flocks,
Matilda's lover, the young Manksman, lay:
'Tis he who sleeps beside this ruin grey,
Nor e'er shall wake till time's remotest day.'

GALLERY OF LITERARY DIVINES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

No. VI.—WILLIAM ANDERSON, GLASGOW.

Amid our profusion of sketches, we have never yet permitted ourselves to draw a likeness of our venerable father, Samuel Gilfillan of Comrie. We feel at present a strong impulse to do so shortly; and we know Mr Anderson too well to doubt that he will stand aside gladly for a little, till we limn a yet dearer countenance than his, and analyse a character equally upright and sincere.

Our father was indeed a very remarkable man. He was not what this fastidious age would call a man of genius, learning, or eloquence; but for genius he had a genial and impulsive heart—for learning, extensive information—for eloquence, unequalled ease of plain effective address. His form was erect and manly—his brow lofty and marked—his eye quick to restlessness—his hair, as we remember it, tinged with grey—his whole aspect denoting the utmost activity of mind and ardour of character. Though naturally impetuous in his temper, and hasty in its expressions, he was one of the most delightful of companions. He was frank to excess—guile had been forgotten in his composition; he

* By Adam B. Todd, Cumnock. Edinburgh: J. Menzies.

had a childlike gaiety and warmth of manner, from which he rose gently—not, like some, rebounded violently—into dignity; he was full of talk, and especially of anecdote and allusion, culled from a wide extent of miscellaneous reading; he had a knack, altogether his own, in bringing in his religious views, not like staring strangers, but like welcome and respected guests, into any company and any conversation. He was admirable, too, at adapting himself to all kinds of persons, and had one manner for the peasant, another for his brother-minister, a third for the literary man, a fourth for the religious and high-bred lady, and a fifth for the mere man of the world—yet all natural, easy, and ranking themselves gracefully under the one idiosyncrasy of his character. As a husband and parent, he was affectionate to indulgence. His beaming eye betrayed his deep love—his faltering tones in his Sabbath-evening addresses to the little circle—the warm pressure of his welcoming hand, when any of his family came home from the distant city—his all but last look to us as, a few days before his death, he met us returning from the village-library with a precious volume of 'Plutarch's Lives' in our hand—his walks with us through the ripe corn-fields of autumn, pouring out the while a stream of information and interesting comment on the objects around—the hope and preference, but faintly disguised—even his occasional inequalities of temper, shall all be dear 'while memory holds a seat on this distracted globe.' As a preacher, he was plain, earnest, serious, always animated, sometimes vehement. All this is true of many preachers besides him: but few possessed the inexpressible charm, the naiveté, the exquisite power of adapting his discourse to every little incident which occurred in the history of his audience, to every smallest surge which took place in its stream. He did not stand up before them as a sublime orator, to fulminate, and fiercely and contemptuously sway—as an eager aspirant for their favourable suffrages, to tickle and to soothe—as the primed mouthpiece of an elaborate discharge—as a being piercing a lonely way through the thick of his hearers, wondered at, looked after, but not followed (a description this last which some will know how to fit on); but as a plain, honest, well-informed, warm-hearted man, conversing on the level of his people, solemnly yet easily, about the matters of their eternity; and, as the conversation went on, allowing himself the widest range, now beseeching, now threatening, gathering illustrations from every remarkable aspect of the sky above, or any singular incident in his audience below—here quoting a verse of poetry which evidently occurred at the moment, there applying an anecdote from his multifarious stores, and here again snatching a shaft from the newspapers of the day, watching the while every countenance, and obliging every one to return the eager glance; and doing all this with such perfect mastery, and in such evident good faith, as to secure undivided attention, when he did not, as was often the case, awaken deeper emotions—the tears of penitence, the thrill of conviction, the spasm of remorse, the eager light, forming itself on the upturned countenance, of the 'joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.'

As a writer, he enjoyed more extensive and valuable popularity than perhaps any man in his own body. His works, consisting of papers printed in the 'Christian Magazine,' and occasional small volumes on religious subjects, were read from Maidenkirk to John o'Groat's, welcomed in many an humble cottage as monthly messengers of gladness, and, besides passing through a multitude of impressions in this country, translated into French, Dutch, and Russ. Nor was their popularity to be wondered at, considering their unostentatious and pleasing merits. They were somewhat loosely and illogically composed; but so easy in their style, so lucid in their meaning, so short in their structure of sentence, so child-like and Bunyan-like in their tone, so evidently the effusions of an earnest spirit, and sprinkled so knackily with anecdote, and allusion, and verse, and bits of historic lore, all steeped in genuine Gospel-savour, that we can at once account why readers of all classes and intellects perused them with pleasure and profit. They had no pretension to acute argumentation, or original imagery, or searching thought; but, full of Gospel-marrow and affectionate earnestness, won their way to thousands of pious hearts, and lighted up a *lowe* of delight on many a cheek, bending at once over the ingle-*bleeze* and the pleasant page of *Leumas*. This was his favourite signature, consisting of the letters of his Christian name reversed.

His death we do well remember, and frequently roll over with melancholy pleasure. He had gone from Comrie to a country hamlet, on a *diet* (as those occasions were then called) of pastoral visitation. The good people had provided a basket of *sloes*, knowing his partiality for them. Of these he ate largely, and had scarcely reached home till they affected his system in the shape of severe inflammation. This was on Wednesday, the 11th of October, 1826. All Thursday and Friday he was in violent anguish, absolutely shouting for pain, expecting immediate dissolution, and giving advices to his family with all the earnestness of a dying man. On Saturday there was a delusive pause in the tragedy; his pains subsided, though the foundation of the disease was not reached; and he spent the day reading in bed. It was a quiet grey autumn day, and we see him still, self-propped on his pillow, and with eager eye reading 'Hervey's Letters,' and the Bible. On Sabbath the 15th the dark disease returned to his charge, and would now permit no farther delay. Severe was the struggle, dire the tossings, deep the groans, of this strong man caught in the embrace of one stronger than he. The medical men did their utmost. We remember seeing a basin of a father's blood, which they had drawn; we remember overhearing a consultation among them, the result of which was they could *do no more;* we remember the sad silence with which they left the house; we remember the entrance of members of the family, who had been summoned from a distance to see him ere he died, coming in with red eyes to swell the general grief; we remember his last exclamation to his nearest earthly relative—'You will be a widow, and a poor widow!' and her look of calm speechless sorrow, like that of one seeing from the shore a friend rushing down a remorseless rapid, and his answering glance, expressing, long after he could not speak, a deep interest in her he was leaving, as if even more than his wonted love were glowing in his eye; we remember the awful hush which reigned throughout the chamber till the presence of death was authentically proclaimed, and the wild sobs which burst out afterwards; we remember turning round from the death-bed, and looking with a sick and strange emotion to the golden autumn day, the stubble fields, the lonely hills, the solemn silence of the Sabbath, which seemed to lie in sympathy without; we remember our first feelings, dreary and desolate beyond expression, on awakening the next morning, and finding ourselves *fatherless;* and a burst of wild grief at the coffining, which shook our young being to its foundations; and of turning round, in our agony, and gazing through a window northwards, and praying for and almost expecting to see his spirit appearing amid the still moonlight. We need not record how that tumultuous grief gradually subsided into a pensive recollection, seated in the heart as much as in the memory, of his dear image—an image which a thousand sunbeams, and showers, and shadows, and sorrows, and joys, have left uneffaced upon the soul—'It trembles, but it cannot pass away'

Samuel Gilfillan, though classed and coupled (by a recent scribbler, whose gift consists partly in 'damning with faint praise,' and partly in praising with feeble power) with one of the feeblest and most conventional of old-world minds, was in reality a broad-minded, kind-hearted, and thoroughly Christian being. To a greater extent than almost any contemporary in his own church, he had swallowed formulas, forgotten points of distinction, and fastened on points of resemblance between various bodies. Add to this a love for literature, then, as now, rare among Scottish dissenting ministers—a knowledge of many departments of the arts and sciences—an impetuous yet holy philanthropy—a generous, self-forgetting enthusiasm—a sympathy with the poor, the neglected, and the forgotten—the principles of a 'Whig and something more'—the head,

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heart, and life of a man and a Christian, and you have the outline of *Leumas*.

The parish kirk, near where he lies, is rather a striking object. It stands on a small knoll above the river Earn. It is a white-washed structure, and its churchyard commands a noble prospect. This churchyard, however, would be greatly improved by a circle of trees around it; for although we do not greatly like the modern style of taste in burying-places—a taste transplanted from the country of Victor Hugo and Voltaire—a taste which has converted graveyards into gardens, sought in vain to disguise death and his horrors, and would allow Hervey, were he alive now, to carry on his 'Meditations on a Flower-Garden and on the Tombs' in the same place, yet we do stand up for a diadem of trees as the crown of the departed, for a living company over the congregation of the dead, for a speaking as the guardians of a silent multitude—their very murmur in the wind, and the ever-renewing green of their spring garniture, preaching better than a thousand homilies the truth of resurrection, and returning to the question, 'Shall these dead live?' an emphatic and everlasting 'Yea.' Would that Comrie kirkyard had its synod of trees to whisper this over *his* dust, whose memory is still cherished amid those pastoral regions with an enthusiasm which is attested by the beaming eye and kindling countenance with which his name is uttered—of one who in all respects realised the poetical pictures of 'the good minister'—of one to whom we feel in his sepulchre all the tenderness of filial affection, and all the reverence of profound esteem—of one who, 'having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever.'

William Anderson, like the author of this sketch, was born and brought up under the roof and amid the influences of a quiet country Dissenting manse, with this difference, that his excellent father is still alive, and that we lost ours while yet a boy. In Kilsyth, under the shadow of the Campsie Hills, Mr Anderson first breathed the air of life.

Mr Anderson is a man who has many eccentricities, but all whose oddnesses are cognate with his nature, and do only slenderly disguise it. It is vain to object to the *queerness* of the attitude or action by which the strong man levels you to the dust. In such a case, the smile of laughter might contend with the grin of death. All Glasgow has felt and owned in William Anderson the presence of a strong, simple-minded, clear-visioned, and earnest man, at whom fools might laugh, but whom cold men wondered at, ardent men admired, and wise men understood.

The Germans were wont to say of Jean Paul Richter that he was 'Anzig,' the *only one*. Among his class, connection, and contemporaries, William Anderson is the *only one*. He stands beside or collaterally—quietly, collectedly, and modestly himself. There are in Glasgow many men who imagine themselves original (as though a riotous bubble, detached by the wind from the wave and reflecting the sun, were in its brief moment to dream itself *the* sun); but perhaps, with three or four exceptions, there is there no decided unique save the subject of our sketch. Nor is he a mere made original, a modern antique; he is one through whose mind all things and thoughts, as they pass, receive a distinct and peculiar tinge, just as light flowing through a painted window accomplishes the prophecy of the medium, and becomes something finer than itself. Be it that some say that his mind is bended, it is no bend sinister—that his brain is *cracked*, it is neither the crack of *duncedom* nor of *doom*—save to his opponents.

William Anderson possesses the rare quality of power. If he does not *make*, nor seek to make, he *moves*, often without seeking to move. There is sometimes a stormy force about him, which seems superfluous whenever you witness the calm of his better and higher manner, which seems to fold around his audience as completely, irresistibly, and tenderly as the blue sky of spring over the mountains and the clouds. Artistic polish or beauty is not often *his*, but there shines out not unfrequently a stranger and a rarer beauty, that of holiness, from his pages. Something of the sacred fervour, and boldness, and fierceness of the ancient Hebrew mind breathes and burns about him. He has more of the vehemence of the Baptist than of the charity and mildness of the new dispensation, save ever and except when *children* are concerned. Then the old love, which shone in the eye of the Saviour as he said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' sparkles in his; and lo! it is one weaned child discoursing to other weaned children, and from the mouths of babes and sucklings seeking to perfect praise.

When we speak of Anderson as having more of the old than of the new dispensation, we refer not so much to his views as to his spirit. His views are singularly wide and catholic, so far as the dark and disputed questions in theology are concerned. His heart, too, is warm and generous to a degree. But somehow or other, whether owing to the intense purity of his nature, or to the fervour of his temperament, he has fallen at times into outrageous and violent extremes of abuse and invective against those unfortunate men who have been led astray by error or vice, particularly if they have published the results of their perverted powers, and has not unfrequently, instead of leaving them and their sins in the hands of their 'Father and their God,' burst across the limits of the world, anticipated their dooms, and sought to stir into fiercer energy the surge of Almighty vengeance, as if it were slow, sleepy, and reluctant in its movements. He loves, as Charles Lamb says of Southey, 'to paint a given king in bliss, and a given chamberlain in torment, even to the eternising of a cast of the eye in the latter;' loves to stand by the burning bedsteads of Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Burns, and Byron, and interpret the wild Babel of their confused blasphemies and piercing lamentations, forming out of the vague clamours the treble, tenor, counter, and bass of the music of hell. Now, this you might have expected in a fierce inquisitor, forgiven in the worn and desperate Dante, pitied in the narrow and stung Southey; but in the robust, liberal, and kind-hearted William Anderson, you, or at least we, cannot account for and cannot away with.

Let us grant, however, that in thus dealing round damnation, he is quite impartial. Southey's Vision of Judgment is just a monstrous binding up of the 'Court Calender' with the Book of Life. Our hero does not go over the 'Directory' of his city, and jot down his candidates for destruction or salvation, according to their streets or squares. He does not spare the rich transgressor for his wealth, nor the poor sinner for his poverty. Much as he adores genius, he will not permit its painted screen to stand, when it would shade the fierceness of the unquenchable fire—he hurls it down straightway. Since Edward Irving died, there has not been pouring from any pulpit such a stream of *purged perdition*. 'It is fire and brimstone *from the Lord out of Heaven*.' Still we much prefer, what Mr Anderson also often distils upon his hearers, the soft-dropping dew of the Gospel Hermon.

In many points, Anderson bears a resemblance to Edward Irving. His rich scripturality of quotation, his antique cast of phraseology, his long unmeasured sentences, his personal appeals, his sudden short bursts of eloquence, his fearless and sometimes fierce spirit blended with much gentleness, his mixture of *cajolerie* and real simplicity, his occasional wildness, his sincere and burning enthusiasm, not to speak of his millennial views, render him a striking though smaller similitude of that 'Shakspeare of preachers'—that embodied flame of meteoric fire, who, like the wondrous tent or temple of electric light we saw lately suspended in the sky, hung, broadened, fluctuated, shivered, faded, went out in darkness—the pride, wonder, and terror of our ecclesiastical heavens.

One quality Mr Anderson possesses, the want of which in Irving was pernicious—we mean strong manly common sense. An old divine was wont to say, that if you wanted learning—if you wanted even the grace of God—if you wanted anything else, in short, you might get it; but if you want common sense, you will never get it. The most splendid endowments do not compensate for its want; the most extensive and bitter experience does not communicate

it. This *pocket-map* of man Mr Anderson always carries about with him; and next to the inestimable divine chart, which no man values more, it has been his most valuable directory, and has saved him harmless where many have sunk to ruin, either been inflated and burst by vanity, or stiffened into salt statues of pride, or gone down the steep places of semi-spiritual semi-sensual destruction. In reading Mr Anderson's works, and particularly his volume of sermons issued a few years ago, their main characteristic appears to be akin to this—vigorous, independent, yet cautious judgment. The volume contains in it, besides many artistic merits and literary beauties, some highly finished passages both of reasoning, of fancy, of sarcasm, and of practical appeal. There is, for example, a description of the hypocrite, which might have come from Foster's pen. Passages of similar power has he sprinkled throughout his 'Good Works' on the 'Duty of loving God,' on the 'Evil of Sin,' and on the 'Reunion of Christian Friends in the Heavenly World.' From this last, throughout a piece of fine fancy and feeling, we quote the following touch of real genius:—'Many a mother will not find her son in heaven, and yet the Saviour will make her happy; there can be no *grief* in the Paradise of God, no not even for a perished son. She could not now endure him, and Christ will bring her some other woman's child, who has been seeking for his *mother* in vain, and He will say 'Woman, behold thy son,' and to him 'Behold thy mother,' and the wounds of the hearts of both will be healed.' Nothing can be a simpler, yet nothing a finer application of our Saviour's dying words.

We think, indeed, that if Mr Anderson, in his published works, had been less of a controversialist, and more of an utterer of sweet, musical, and poetical thoughts, such as this we have now quoted, his fame as a writer had been greater than it is. How soon polemical writings die! No one seeks to preserve them, after a certain date, any more than to prop up a fallen thistle or thorn; but let a flower or a hedge of roses begin to totter to its fall, every passing beggar will become its patron, and discover that there is in his heart some dim instinct of beauty unknown even to himself. Thus Clarke's *a priori* argument (supposing its credit to fall) would fall amid utter silence, while an attack on the 'Romeo and Juliet' of Shakspeare would make thousands eloquent, whose very tongues had been problematical before. Many even of Protestants would mourn less the want of Chillingworth's work than that of some of the sublime hymns of the Catholic Litany, such as the *Dies Iræ;* and so we would cheerfully have wanted some of Mr Anderson's defences against those who thought him heterodox on the points of the 'organ' and the 'personal reign,' rather than those numerous tender and beautiful passages, which illustrate in an uncommon way points common to all Christians.

Mr Anderson, as a writer, is noted for nerve, contempt of conventionalities, and daring selection of all the words, thoughts, and images which will serve his purpose, culled be they from whatever quarter—from earth, air, sea, heaven, or that 'other place.' He knows that a true thought, like a true prism, will reflect lights of all kinds and from every quarter. You occasionally find him *recol'ecting* but never imitating other writers. They are *in*, but not *on* and *over* his eye. Strong and startling as he is sometimes in his expressions, he is seldom wrong in his conclusions. We hear of writers—

> 'Ne'er so sure our favour to create,
> As when they tread the brink of all we hate.'

Mr Anderson is one of this class. He drives his chariot along the brink of a whole chain of precipices, with a success as perfect as the way is perilous. He seems to love that border-land between truth and error—loves the giddy excitement of looking down profound gulfs, and those few but precious flowers which bloom and tremble over the abyss. As you are about to call him an Arminian, he turns round and throws a *blash* of Calvinism in your face; as you are about to charge him with leaning to 'universal salvation,' he so paints perdition that you seem to hear the roar of its sleepless fires, and the tossing of the victims on the unmade beds of despair. He does not consider himself bound to reconcile apparently opposite truths, though he is bound to believe both. *He* cannot cast a bridge between Ayr and Arran, but he knows that some god or giant yet may.

Mr Anderson, as a preacher, has a great variety of styles and manners. He can be, and is, either practical or profound—either minute or abstract—either too plain to be pleasant, or too rich and powerful to be plain—either calm or vehement—either commonplace or original. We assisted him lately, and were much interested in the whole services of the day. His congregation is very large, and is almost—thanks to him—the best *singing* congregation in Scotland. It was thrilling, almost to the sublime, to hear their morning psalm. His prayers were minute, comprehensive, and earnest; his sermon, though not in his highest vein, was interesting and forcible. But the most striking part was his table-service. During the consecration prayers he holds the elements in his hand. While holding the cup and praying for the coming of Christ—dark, solemn, swarthy as he stood—he reminded us of the '*King's* cupbearer.' The large assembly seemed eating and drinking consciously under the shadow of the coming chariot; and if the morning psalm approached the sublime, the evening anthem, sung by the whole congregation standing, exceeded it, and rose to the sublime of dreams, when our vision of the night is heaven.

Mr Anderson's delivery does not add at all to the impression of his matter. It is rather slow and drawling; his accent and pronunciation are of Kilsyth in the last century; his tone is rather nasal, his gesture ungraceful. When he rises, however, into his true power, all this is forgotten in the animation, the forceful bursts, the impassioned truth of a genuine natural orator. The air of eld, too, which breathes around his style, language, appearance, and address, adds a tart peculiarity to the whole, and you are carried back to the days of Cameron and Renwick. What a hill-preacher would he have made, as the enemy was coming up, or as a thunderstorm was darkening over the heads of the assembly!

As a public and platform man, William Anderson exerts great power in Glasgow. Every one believes him sincere, and every one knows him to be one of the ablest, readiest, and raciest of speakers. Here, too, all his strength, impetuosity, and earnestness, are under the control of discretion and sound judgment. His appearance is singular, if not fine. His features are plain, his face is slightly marked with the smallpox, his complexion is dark, but his eye, from its expression of blended sagacity and benevolence, redeems the whole. In private he is homely, social, kindly, full of matter, especially of anecdote and incident illustrative of life and character—proner to praise than blame—and, with all his sagacity, simple as a child. Music and infancy are the two mild hobbies he loves to ride, and long may he ride them! Like many other men of mark, he has had to fight his way. He was long a wonder unto many. The foolish laughed at, the malignant defamed, the hypercritical underrated him, and from his peers he received little sympathy or support. But, like all the brave, he struggled on, and was rewarded with victory. His popularity, at first excited by the eccentricities, was at last allowed calmly to rest on the excellence of his preaching and character. 'Those who came to laugh remained to pray,' personal and party prejudice was gradually subdued, his oddities mellowed and softened with time, and we may now as safely as we can conscientiously declare, that the United Presbyterian Church, with all its host of talented men, possesses scarcely one who equals in genius, and very few who surpass in talent, plain, strong, gifted William Anderson.

We may just add that Mr Anderson, although not distinguished for pastoral visitation, is most exemplary in waiting on the sickbed. We heard recently a rather amusing anecdote of him. Some person called, complaining that he had been eighteen years a member of his congregation and had never been visited by his minister. 'You should be very thankful,' replied Mr Anderson. 'How that, sir?' rejoined Mr B. 'I never visit any but those in whose

houses God has entered by affliction. It seems you have been eighteen years without affliction in your family; few are so highly privileged. I trust other eighteen years may elapse ere I be in your house, sir. Good morning, Mr B.' So may all querulous B.s or blockheads be treated!

CHRIST-LIKE.

BY MRS CHILD.

To-day is Christmas. For several days past, cart-loads of evergreens have gone by my windows, the pure snow falling on them, soft and still as a blessing. To-day churches are wreathed in evergreen, altars are illuminated, and the bells sound joyfully *in Gloria Excelsis*. Throngs of worshippers are going up to their altars, in the Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman, and English churches. More than 1800 years ago, a poor babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming 'peace on earth, and good will towards men.' Earth made no response to the chorus; it always entertains angels unawares. When the HOLY ONE came among them, they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars, in their midnight course, listen to millions of human voices and deep organ-tones struggling upwards, vainly striving to express the hopes and aspirations which that advent concentrated from the past and prophesied for the future. From east to west, from north to south, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love!—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept, *only* to swear by, that gospel which says 'Swear not at all.'

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have 'ushered in our brief to-day;' and *is* there peace and good will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, 'This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice *now*; men are not yet prepared for it.' The same spirit says, 'It would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom.' As if slavery ever *could* fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother who declared that her son should never venture into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologised for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! 'The men carried arms,' said they, 'and therefore we did not *know* they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards.' The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. 'They carried arms,' said they, 'and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God.'

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, 'We will not fight, under any provocation—if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen,' think you that any nation would *dare* to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilised world would cry fie upon them, and, by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptation of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol, I think), and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they *will* take it, they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in, with colours flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No; we are all Christians.' Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he; 'it is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned.

The doctrines of Jesus are not beautiful abstractions, but living, vital truths. There is in them no elaborate calculation of consequences, but simply the divine impulse uttered. They are few and simple, but infinite in spirit, and of universal application. Like the algebraic X, they stand for the unknown quantity, and, if consulted aright, always give the true answer. The world has been deluged with arguments about war, slavery, &c., and the wisest product of them all is simply an enlightened application of the maxims of Jesus. Faith in God, love to man, and action obedient thereto—from these flow all that belong to order, peace, and progress. Probably, the laws by which the universe were made, are thus reducible to three in one, and all varieties of creation are thence unfolded, as all melody and harmony flow from three primal notes. God works synthetically. The divine idea goes forth and clothes itself in form, from which all the infinity of forms are evolved. We mortals see truth in fragments, and try to trace it upwards to its origin by painful analysis. In this there is no growth. All creation, all life, is evolved by the opposite process. We must reverence truth. We must have that faith in it, of which action is the appropriate form; and lo, the progress which we have sought for so painfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the seed into blossoms and fruit.

I did not mean to preach a sermon. But the evergreens, and the music from neighbouring churches, carried me back to the hill-sides of Palestine, and my spirit involuntarily began to ask, What response does earth now give to that chorus of peace and good will?

It matters little that Christ was not born on that day which the church has chosen to commemorate his birth. The associations twined around it for many centuries have consecrated it to my mind. Nor am I indifferent to the fact, that it was the old Roman festival for the birth of the sun. As a form of *their* religious idea, it is interesting to me, and I see peculiar beauty in thus identifying the birth of the natural sun with the advent of the Sun of Righteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense, en-

lightens and vivifies the nations. The learned argue that Christ was probably born in the spring; because the Jewish people were at that season enrolled for taxation, and this was the business which carried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem; and because the shepherds of Syria would not be watching their flocks in the open air during the cold months. To these reasons, Swedenborgians would add another; for, according to the doctrine of correspondence unfolded by their 'illuminated scribe,' spring corresponds to peace—that diapason note from which all growth rises in harmonious order.

But I am willing to accept this wintry anniversary, and take it to my heart. As the sun now begins to return to us, so may the truth and love which he typifies gradually irradiate and warm the globe. The Romans kept their festival with social feasts and mutual gifts; and not a few of our windows are to-day filled with various forms of luxury and splendour, to tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas boxes for family and friends. Many are the rich jewels and shining stuffs this day bestowed by affection or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I were as rich as John Jacob Astor, and not so fearful of poverty as he is said to have been, I would this day go direct to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artist, purchase all he has, and give freely to every one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hidden in that small obscure workshop some little gems of art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verd de Prato. There is something that moves me strangely in those old Grecian forms. They stand like petrified melodies from the world's youthful heart. I would like to buy out Baronto every Christmas, and mix those 'fair humanities of old religion' with the Madonnas and Saviours of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine, who has no money to spend for jewels or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his action, there is more angelic music, than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out, 'This little boy has had no cake, sir!' Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretences; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine outpouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle, who stood by, rubbing his head, exclaimed, 'Did eyes ever see the like o' that? A jintleman giving cake to folks he don't know, and never asking a bit o' money for the same!' Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathising kindness astonishes the poor!

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe, three days old, without food or fire. In another very small apartment, was an aged, weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and tape, as she said, 'For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm, through the streets of New York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a loaf of bread to eat or not.' Seeing the bed without clothing, her visiter inquired how she slept. 'Oh, the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow frequently come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap.' As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say, 'Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?' 'To be sure, I will, dear,' she replied, in the heartiest tone imaginable. She would have been less generous had her fork been a silver one. Her visiter smiled as he said, 'I suppose you borrow your neighbour's knife in return for your fork?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have.' The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels have in heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

I have said that these families, owning a knife and fork between them, and lending their bedclothes after a day of toil, were always compelled to pay their rent in advance. Upon adding together the sums paid by each, for accommodations so wretched, it was found that the income from that dilapidated building, in a filthy and crowded street, was greater than the rent of many a princely mansion. This mode of oppressing the poor is a crying sin. A benevolent rich man could not make a better investment of capital, than to build tenements for the labouring class, and let them on reasonable terms.

This Christmas tour of observation has suggested to my mind many thoughts concerning the present relations of labour and capital. But I forbear; for I see that this path, like every other, 'if you do but follow it, leads to the end of the world.' I had rather dwell on the perpetual efforts of Divine Providence to equalise what the selfishness of man strives to make unequal. If the poor have fewer pleasures than the rich, they enjoy them more keenly; if they have not that consideration in society which brings with it so many advantages, they avoid the irksome slavery of conventional forms; and what exercise of the benevolent sympathies could a rich man enjoy, in making the most magnificent Christmas gift, compared with the beautiful self-denial which lends its last blanket that another may sleep? That there should exist the *necessity* for such sacrifices, what does it say to us concerning the structure of society, on this Christmas day, nearly two thousand years after the advent of Him who said, 'God is your father and all ye are brethren?'

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

The operations of the Spirit of God on the hearts of men are of immeasurable interest and importance. Many seem not to realise the nature of the Spirit's operations, the possibility always of resisting, and the great danger of quenching that light of God in the soul. How many young men could I name here, once thoughtful, now stupid! Where are those young men who were so serious, and who attended the inquiry meeting in our last revival? Alas! have they quenched the Holy Spirit? Is not this the case with you, young man; with you, young woman? Have not you quenched the Spirit until now your mind is darkened and your heart wofully hardened? How long ere the death-knell shall toll over you, and your soul go down to hell? How long before you will lose your hold on all truth, and the Spirit will have left you utterly? But let me bring this appeal home to the hearts of those who have not yet utterly quenched the light of God in the soul. Do you find that truth still takes hold of your conscience—that God's word flashes on your mind—that heaven's light is not yet utterly extinguished, and there is still a quivering of conscience? You hear of a sudden death, and trembling seizes your soul, for you know that another blow may single out you. Then, by all the mercies of God, take care what you do. Quench not the Holy Ghost, lest your sun go down in everlasting darkness. Just as you may have seen the sun set, when it dipped into a dark, terrific, portentous thunder cloud, so a benighted sinner dies! Have you ever seen such a death? Dying, he seemed to sink into an awful cloud of fire, and storm, and darkness. The scene was fearful, like a sun-setting of storms, and gathering clouds, and rolling thunders, and forked lightnings. The clouds gather low in the west—the spirit of storm rides on the blast—belching thunders seem as if they would cleave the solid earth—behind such a fearful cloud the sun drops,

and all is darkness! So have I seen a sinner give up the ghost and drop into a world of storms, and howling tempests, and flashing fire. Oh, how unlike the setting sun of a mild summer evening! All nature seems to put on her sweetest smile as she bids the king of day adieu. So dies the saint of God. There may be paleness on his lip and cold sweat on his brow, but there is beauty in that eye and glory in the soul. I think of a woman, just converted, when she was taken sick—brought down to the gates of death—yet was her soul full of heaven. Her voice was the music of angels, her countenance shone, her eye sparkled as if the forms of heavenly glory were embodied in her dying features. Nature at last sinks—the moment of death has come—she stretches out her dying hands and hails the waiting spirit-throng—'Glory to God!' she cries, 'I am coming—I am coming!' Not going, observe—she did not say, 'I am going,'—but, 'I am *coming!*' But right over against this, look at the sinner dying. A frightful glare is in his countenance, as if he saw ten thousand demons! As if the setting sun should go down into an ocean of storms—to be lost in a world charged with tornadoes, storms, and death! Young man, you will die just so if you quench the Spirit of God. Jesus himself has said—'If ye will not believe, ye shall die in your sins.' Beyond such a death, there is an awful hell.—*Finney.*

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. XIV.

ANOTHER SAIL UP THE HOOGLY—HOMEWARD BOUND—PASSAGE DOWN THE RIVER—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.

With a notice of a second excursion up the river, I shall close my reminiscences of Calcutta. A young gentleman of our acquaintance having hired a bolio for the purpose of going by water to Kishnagur, the captain and I determined to give him a convoy a part of the way. We started one afternoon about the time of high-water, and, with the help of a fair wind and eight oars, our boat stemmed the ebb-tide till near Serampore, where, the wind having died away, we anchored to await the flood. Before midnight, we were again under weigh, and the boatmen kept up such a noise, by singing at their oars, that I could get no sleep—the hard benches of the bolio not being, at the best, very favourable to repose. Early in the morning we anchored at Chinsurah, formerly a Dutch settlement, but now in the possession of the English, and at daybreak we landed and had a walk through the town, while our servant was looking out for something to eat. Returning to the boat, we breakfasted on bread, milk, and eggs, which last we bought at the rate of fourteen for two annas (threepence), from an old woman that was sitting selling them under a tree. At nine o'clock, set sail with a fair wind and tide, the captain and I having engaged a dinghy to follow and take us back when we should leave our companion. Two miles above Chinsurah we passed Hoogly, and, a little farther on, Bandel. The sailing was delightful. The smooth surface of the river was enlivened by numerous boats, from the light dinghy and handsome bolio to the great unshapely *bhur*, or cargo-boat of the up-country. The banks presented Hindoo villages with their picturesque ghauts and *mundeels* (small temples or pagodas), with crowds of natives at their daily semi-religious ablutions, the females being conspicuous from their light floating drapery and the profusion of ornaments about their wrists, ears, and noses. Occasionally a fine English residence was seen beside a sugar or indigo factory; and lining the river on each side was the luxuriant tropical vegetation, among which lofty palms, wide-spreading shady banyans, feathery tamarinds, ragged-leafed plantains, clumps of slender bamboos, leafless trees covered with large red flowers, and others not known to me, were chiefly distinguished. Then the clear sunny sky, and the gentle cooling south wind, made our voyage extremely pleasant. At a place called Terbonee, we saw an elephant standing in the river and throwing water over his body with his long trunk. Farther up we passed Nya Serai, where a chain bridge is thrown over a tributary of the river. Near this place, and at one o'clock, the 'bore' passed us, that is, the flood-tide advancing with great velocity in the form of a large wave, or series of waves. Bores occur only at spring-tides, and are worst about the equinoxes and during the south-west monsoon, when they are sufficiently strong to break large ships from their moorings, and do much damage. I afterwards ascertained that this one passed Calcutta at a quarter past eleven, and Nya Serai being about thirty-five miles from Calcutta, the tide wave must have advanced at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

As we proceeded upwards, the country became more open, and presented fields of sugar-cane, indigo, &c. Still farther up, the banks were bare and sandy, and there were many indications of the changing course of the river; for example, we saw a village at some distance from the water, with a ghaut or landing-place attached to it, which the river at some former period must have washed. Beyond this, we came upon a very barren region; towards the left a bare sandy track, evidently subject to inundations, extended nearly as far as the eye could reach. About sundown, we passed the mouth of the Matabhanga, one of the three rivers that leave the Ganges and unite to form the Hoogly, the other two being the Jellinghee and the Bhangaruttee. During the rainy season, the inland steamers from Calcutta get up to the Ganges by the Bhangaruttee, but, for seven months of the year, they have to go down the Hoogly, and thence by sea to the Megna, the easternmost branch of the Ganges flowing past Dacca.

About seven o'clock the wind died away, and, the tide being against us, we brought up below Santipore. The night was clear and beautiful, and after some music (our friend having a violin with him) and a supper of bread and cheese, we wrapped our greatcoats about us, and stretched ourselves on the seats and boxes in the bolio; but, before we could compose ourselves to sleep, the scene changed. A small cloud, that was just visible in the south west when we turned in, had spread rapidly over the sky, emitting abundance of silent lightning. At length a peal of thunder was heard, and our boat was struck with a blast of wind so fierce and sudden that it seemed the contact of a solid body. This was the opening note of a most terrific turmoil. The rain poured in torrents; lightning flashed incessantly, illuminating the black heavy sky, and seeming to run along the ground in every direction. The furious gusts of wind raised such waves that the boat was in great danger of being swamped, and, the cable having parted, we drifted over the river. The Mussulman boatmen cried out to 'Allah' for aid; and the crashing thunder so mixed itself up with the noise of the wind, and rain, and waves, and cries, as to make a most chaotic sound. Very soon, however, it all passed away, and left the sky clear and the water calm as before. Early next morning we resumed our voyage, and went up to near Culna, where, the captain not being able to afford more time, we left our companion and betook ourselves to the dinghy in order to return. In repassing Santipore, we sent on shore for something to eat; but the people being Hindoos, and our servant a Mussulman, he had to wander about for an hour before he could get so much as a jar of milk. Fortunately, we had some bread with us, and on this, with the milk, we made an excellent breakfast. About the middle of the day we were overtaken by a heavy squall, in which, as the dinghy afforded but indifferent shelter, we got a good wetting; and although the wind was fair, there was too much of it for us to take advantage of, and we had to make fast till it moderated. Whirlwinds of sand, contrasting strongly with the black clouds beyond, were raised from the banks, and the rain fell so bitterly cold, that our poor dinghy-wallahs were almost benumbed. When the squall was over, the tide being then against us, we got a rope fixed to the top of the boat's mast and towed her along—a common method of navigating wherever the banks of the river are sufficiently open and level to afford towing-paths. Walking past a place called Sooksaugar, we came upon a party of Hindoo fe-

males drawing water from the river, and, on seeing us, they scampered off as if our proximity had been dangerous; had we touched their jars, they would have looked upon them as polluted and unfit for further use. At this village there was an indigo factory, and a beautiful little temple among the trees, and near this we saw a large elephant plodding along with two men on his back, and stopping occasionally to pull down branches from the trees with his trunk. About eight P.M. we anchored off the little town called Hoogly, and spent the night on the bare boards of the dinghy—a bed hard and comfortless enough. The night was clear and calm, but very cold. Before daylight, next morning, we again set out, passed Chinsurah without stopping, and at seven o'clock arrived at Chandernagore, a town belonging to the French, as seen by the tri-coloured flag waving over a square tower in the centre. Here we stopped an hour, and got some bread, milk, and rice, for breakfast. Between Chandernagore and Serampore (ten or twelves miles) the river is very winding, and the banks are covered with native villages and English houses. A little below Chandernagore, on the east side, there is a splendid Hindoo temple covering with its various buildings a large space of ground. When we had got six or seven miles below Serampore, the tide-bore came up, and our dinghy-wallahs made all haste into a small creek at Bali-Khal, until the roaring foaming wave passed by. The noise of the bore was heard long before it reached us, and crowds of natives came hurrying down to the river-side, some to get boats into places of safety, and others simply to witness the fine sight. The wave seldom breaks in the middle of the channel; and hence, if boats are brought out from the sides, and kept with their bows towards the advancing mass of water, they commonly get over it in safety. Small boats are sometimes dragged up the banks, or into any convenient creek, but everything left within high-water mark is swept away with violence. After the tide-wave is past, the water continues to rush up with great velocity for some time, but, in our case, we had to wait only about an hour till the ebb commenced along the sides; we then set sail, and arrived at the ship a little before sunset. It appeared that the squalls and bores had been felt very severely among the shipping, several vessels having dragged their anchors and got foul of each other; some boats had also been upset and people drowned; and the officers of our ship had been so alarmed for our safety, that, had we not 'cast up' when we did, they were to have sent a boat in search of us in the morning.

Shortly after this excursion I fell into bad health, and, not being willing to risk a hot season in India, I was reluctantly obliged to give up my original projects, and seek a passage home. Disappointed and unwell, and therefore anxious to get away from Calcutta, I felt the days as if lengthened to weeks, until the ship was ready to sail; and when at length the word was passed forward early one morning, 'All hands unmoor ship,' the clank of the windlass was to me the sweetest music. Not being able to procure a steam-tug, we could do no more the first day than drop down with the tide to Garden Reach, and bring up there for the night; but, at six o'clock next morning, we proceeded downwards in tow of the steamer 'Dwarkanauth.' Before we had gone far, they happened to approach too near the banks with us, and the ship grounded, having twenty-seven feet water on one side, and only thirteen on the other, the ship's draught being nineteen feet three inches. Of course she heeled over a good deal to one side, and, as we were sitting below at breakfast at the time, the first intimation we had of the accident, was the tea-cups sliding off the table, and the cabin doors falling open of their own accord. The towing-ropes had parted, but strong warps and chains were immediately got out to the steamer, whose full power was then exerted to drag us off; and, to make the ship lie over more towards the deep water, the large guns were rolled over to the lee side of the deck. Fortunately the tide was still rising, and, after an hour's work, the steamer got us off again. We brought up in the afternoon a little below Fultah. Next day we crossed the 'James and Mary' sand, one of the most dangerous in the river—we had only four fathoms on it at the top of high water; passed Diamond harbour at noon, and, when the tide failed us, anchored off Culpee. On the fourth day, the steamer took us down as far as Cowkolly lighthouse, opposite Saugor, and there left us. The following night we anchored near the upper floating light; and, on the sixth day from leaving Calcutta, we passed the outer floating light, and discharged our pilot into the 'Fame' pilot-brig.

The pilot establishment for the river Hoogly is very extensive, the staff, consisting of about 150 members, arranged in five grades, thus:—12 branch-pilots, 36 masters, 50 mates and second-mates, and 50 volunteers. Eight brigs, of about 200 tons each, are employed in the service, and four of them are kept constantly cruising about the sand-heads, on the look-out for ships. These brigs are commanded by the branch-pilots. The master-pilots live on board ready to take charge of vessels in their turn; the mates act as officers of the brigs, and pilots, when necessary; and the volunteers act as leadsmen until they become sufficiently acquainted with the river. The sand-banks in the river are so changeable that they require to be surveyed every year, and a vessel is constantly employed in this service, and in making alterations in the buoys.

In eight days we got only 300 miles from the sand-heads; for, being the commencement of the south-west monsoon, the wind was light, and consequently ahead; but worse luck followed, for, in the succeeding ten days, we had no wind at all, or only occasional light flaws from all points of the compass, and we made but 230 miles of southing. After this came a period of fifteen days, in which we had light puffs of southerly and easterly winds, interspersed with frequent and continued calms, and although we made out 490 miles of southing, yet part of this was due to favourable currents. This was a very harassing time for the sailors, as they had to pull about the yards, set studding-sails, and haul them down again, for every change of wind; and this, too, under a burning sun, with the thermometer ranging from 84 to 90 deg. in the shade, and never below 82 deg. even during the night. As a natural consequence of such a state of things, fever made its appearance in the ship, and, although in most cases it was ephemeral and comparatively mild, in one or two it was prolonged and rather serious. After treating eight or ten cases, I took it myself and got reduced very much.

In thirty-eight days from the mouth of the Hoogly, we crossed the line—a distance that, with good winds, can easily be done in a week. After this there were a few days of showery weather, with light variable winds and calms, and then, in 5 deg. south latitude, we fell in with the south-east trades, which we carried, with a slight interruption, to 30 deg. The wind was strong and squally, and the heavy sea kept the deck constantly flooded, and made the ship tumble about very much; but, after the stagnation in the bay of Bengal, we were willing to put up with anything, so that we might get on. In one week we sailed upwards of 1500 English miles.

From the time that we lost the trades in the Indian Ocean, till we got them again in the Atlantic (more than a month), our voyage was almost a constant fight against heavy seas and westerly gales, relieved now and then by a brief calm, or a puff of favourable wind. When south of Madagascar, we had a strong gale one night, by which our main-yard was broken asunder in the middle, although the main course had been stowed and the topsail reefed. The spar was sixty feet long, and fifteen inches diameter in the middle. Not having another of such a length on board, one end of the old one was *tongued* into a spare topmast, and the junction secured by iron hoops. During the few days it took to get ready, the ship was rolling and plunging dreadfully, and taking on board immense quantities of water, the carpenter and his assistants being frequently deluged by the heavy seas, and then, as soon as it was finished, it was sent up, and all its tackle adjusted

by moonlight; but the ease with which seamen handle the heaviest spars of a ship under any circumstances is surprising.

The night before we made the coast of Africa we had a specimen of a 'white squall,' or one not preceded by any gathering of clouds. The day had been fine, though cloudy, and we were going about eight knots an hour, with a steady northerly breeze; the barometer, however, was falling rather fast, and, confiding in the instrument, the captain towards night made them shorten sail and prepare for a change. After sunset, a curious spot of orange-coloured light hung for some time in the north-west; but the general cloudiness began to disperse, the moon shone out, and the evening was so mild and settled that we could not help thinking that for once the barometer had made a mistake! About nine P.M. I was walking the poop with the chief mate, when all at once the breeze freshened up and felt parching hot as if from a furnace: I felt also as if fine sand were blowing into my eyes. We were just remarking how strange the wind was, when it drew more ahead, and the sails began to shake. The men were immediately called aft to the braces, but, before anything could be done, the ship was taken flat aback by a hard squall from the west. The captain was out instantly: 'Hard up with the helm,' 'clew up,' 'haul down,' 'let go the topsail haulyards,' 'brace round the yards,' 'call the hands up,' 'reef the topsails,' were some of the orders heard amidst the din and bustle. Fortunately, the sea was pretty smooth, and the ship, having had good way upon her, gradually 'paid off,' or else the consequences would have been serious. Sail was taken off her as rapidly as possible, till nothing remained but the topsails double-reefed. At daylight next morning, the gale having moderated, we tacked ship and stood northwards, and at noon we were within six miles of the African coast, between the Great Fish River and the Keiskama; the shore, bare and sandy with hills in the background, and white clouds of smoke rising from the level plains. This was on the 8th of June, and, the season being therefore winter, we had nothing to expect but a hard buffet in getting round this 'cape of storms;' the royal yards were accordingly sent on deck, the studdingsail gear unrove, and everything made snug. For a day or two we derived much assistance from a current flowing in a south-westerly direction fifty or sixty miles a day, but as this strong current was opposed to the prevailing winds, it had the effect of raising the most magnificent waves that I had ever seen; and, as we could make little headway against such huge seas, we kept pretty close in shore all the way round. On the 10th we stood into the mouth of Algoa Bay, and had a sight of Elizabeth Town, a cluster of houses built on the sloping shore of the bay—a bare unsheltered-looking spot. On the 11th we had a few hours of favourable wind, and as we sailed along parallel to, and not many miles off, the coast, we had a good view of the shore and the craggy mountains inland. After dark we saw several large fires on the heights, and, as similar fires had been visible almost every night, we puzzled ourselves much at the time to account for them, but afterwards we met with a sufficient explanation, which I shall mention by and by. On the evening of the 12th we encountered a strong gale from west, and the ship had to be hove-to under double-reefed main and mizen topsails; at night, the immense waves were crested with luminous foam, giving to the sea a very wild appearance. Working slowly along the coast other six days, we then got an easterly wind, which took us round Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of Africa, a low sandy tongue of land projecting from a bluff rocky coast. In passing, we saw a ship's mast, the remains of a wreck standing out of the water near it. Spreading our wings to the utmost for the fair wind, we sailed rapidly along the coast, and in the evening, just after the sun had set behind the hills of Africa, we got a sight of Table Mountain and the high land of the Cape of Good Hope—the rugged outline of the hills, and the perfectly horizontal summit of the 'Table,' being strongly relieved against the rich orange light of the western sky. It was a fine sight, and everything conspired to put us in a proper mood for enjoying it. The beautiful evening, the fair wind and smooth sea, the rapid progress of the ship, and the belief that here we would bid adieu to foul winds and stormy weather, and, with a straight course homeward, have nothing but pleasant sailing for the remainder of the voyage, all tended to raise our spirits and excite sanguine expectations that were, however, to be grievously disappointed.

The fair wind lasted only one day. Next forenoon we lay becalmed a few miles off the Cape, and in sight of the houses at the top of Simon's Bay. The day following, we still had Table Mountain to gaze at, and after this a breeze sprung up right ahead, so strong that we had to take it under reefed topsails. A few days after passing the Cape, we came up with a schooner, and finding, by means of signals, that she had just come from Table Bay, we sent a boat on board and got some newspapers. From these we learned that on the day we first made the coast of Africa, and on the land we first saw (the district between the Great Fish River and the Keiskama), a battle had been fought with the Kaffirs, in which about five hundred of them had been killed. The clouds of smoke that we noticed rising from the plains must have proceeded from the scene of action, as the time and place exactly corresponded. From the frequent mention made in the newspapers of signal-fires and burning houses, it was very probable that the large fires seen by us nightly along the coast and on the hills, were some of those. We found also that the wreck off Cape Agulhas was an American ship, that had been lost on her way home from Calcutta about the beginning of the month, and in which seven people had lost their lives.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Romans what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He pass'd; for nought
Told what was going on within:
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was list'ning unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given:
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

A. Domett

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ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

Old Father Time, with one foot on the apex of this terraqueous ball and the other on the borders of Lethe, hath struck another blow upon the bell whose pealings echo the knell of years in the great abyss of eternity. Another wrinkle has been added to the plastic brow of our old mother earth; another link has been welded to the chain of annual circumstances, whose first ring was forged when chaos died, and long before Tubal-Cain essayed his cunning skill. Eighteen-forty-eight has gone! He was born in pain and sorrow; he was cradled in snow, and rocked by howling Boreas; he has tottered from being, over a black and slippery path, and has sunk into the gulf of ages on a revolution. Strange fact! This great world and all that it inherits, revolving in its chainless might—coursing on in the eccentric path, which zodiacal signs and wonders point out by glittering starlight, brought eighteen-forty-eight, the last-born son of Time, to the point where he began his reign, and then hurled him from his throne. Eighteen-forty-eight has passed away, and another year, arising from the sleep of the future, has caught his robe and diadem as he fell, and seated himself upon his throne. The Pleiades sparkle in the New Year's crown, and Orion's belt is bound around his loins; the pole-star dances hopefully in his young eyes, and the planets sing anthems of joy at his advent; but is eighteen-forty-eight forgotten, although he is gone? Ah, no! for, despite his young and hopeful air, there is trouble in the eye and tremblings at the heart of his successor. The quivering agonies of hopes and fears live still; the mournings or triumphal shouts of events are vital yet; the trials, cares, and sorrows of men have not departed. Humanity still does, and feels, and suffers, and ages yet unborn shall often revert to the terrible and eventful year that has just fleeted away.

January, 1847, saw a young Arab chief pass from conquest to conquest, and bear the silver standard of Moslemism triumphantly over the plains of Algieria and Tunis; and cunning politicians shook their heads and predicated a north-western African empire, of which this second Ismael should be chief; but in January, 1848, the crescent had fallen before the lily of France, and Abd-el-Kader, the prince of ten thousand thousand spears and soaring hopes, bent down a captive before the throne of the crafty old man whom the world styled King of the French, and who glorified himself because of the stability of his power.

On February 9, scarcely more than the revolution of a moon from Abd-el-Kader's fall, he to whom Mahhi Eldin's son had done homage, stood up like a proud Canute, and commanded that his people should not assemble together at a feast; but the people, like the ocean's waves, heard him not, and they came on and on, and they surged and roared around the foundations of the throne of France, and they swept it at last away; and the old man fled like some poor frightened one, and fierce men, that would not have harmed him, broke up the seat on which he had sat, and cast it into the flames. The phantasmagoria of events in 1848 made one monthly revolution, and France was a republic; and kings, and princes, and prime ministers fled away from that land where they had laughed to scorn the voices of history and men.

February, 1848, has written upon its broad phylactery strange sentences of wonderment and change. On the 11th, Tuscany, which, since the days of ancient Rome's disruption, had been a lordling's fief, became once more a free nation, and the grand duke a responsible monarch. On the 11th of February, 1848, was granted to Tuscany a representative government; and the fires of hope and reform blazed up, after its long sleep of ages, in the heart of Italy; and Sicily caught the flame as it rolled southwards, and she too would be free. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, the cannon of the royal Neapolitans played upon revolted Messina, in answer to her cry for freedom, and the ashes and ruins of her buildings buried up the corpses of many people, and covered over £400,000 worth of property. It will take busy fingers, and long vigils, and aching limbs, through long days and nights, to restore the wreck and ruin of these three days of warlike game; but kings must reign though nations should perish!

Eighteen-forty-eight made one other monthly turn upon her axle, and brought us boisterous March; and with the first streak of its first day the little mountainous canton of Neufchatel declared herself independent of Prussia; and on the 3d, M. Guizot, who had risen from obscurity, through his free genius, to be first minister of a mighty nation, landed in Britain, a fugitive from the land of his birth; and on the same day Louis Philippe set foot upon the same shores, an exile for the second and last time in his eventful life. On the 7th, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha endeared himself to his people by voluntarily granting to them a representative government, freedom of the press, and trial by jury. On the 13th, Vienna arose, after thirty years of mental bondage and imprisonment, and the arch-chancellor Metternich left in fear his broken web of tyranny, and the weak emperor fled away, but bore with him his greatest enemy, his own dotard cowardice; and blood was shed upon the streets like water, and men with loud cries of hope upon their lips lay down and died at the feet of liberty. On the 18th, the fiery Huns, from the Carpathians to Sclavonia, rose up in their anger, and shook their battle-blades at Austria's throne, and the feeble old emperor conceded to them the freedom which he could not withhold. His hand that day had scarcely signed the imperial missive of constitutional liberty to Hungary, when the burghers of Berlin rose up also against despotism, and six hundred of them lay weltering in their blood, before the sun went down, although the living ones rejoiced over a promised constitution. And on that day, too, the Milanese lighted the fires of revolution upon the Adriatic, and by the waters of Como and the Po; and they drove the remnants of their Austrian conquerors from their city, after two thousand of them lay weltering in their gore. On the morrow, the cities of Venice, Vicenza, and Padua, were in open insurrection. On the 23d, Venice had declared herself once more a republic. The banners of San Marco were once more shaken out to the breese of the Adriatic. Europe, trembling in all her parts, sent mutterings up from her bosom of liberty, and individuality, and fury, and fanaticism; and Germany's diverse dialects were heard highest in the warlike din. Holstein, on the 24th of March, threw off the cable of Denmark; and Hungary, too impatient to parley with her late monarch, declared herself her own mistress on the 30th, while, to seal the works of March and inaugurate the idea of German unity, a grand national congress met on the 31st at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to discuss the question of a united German parliament.

April, that month of sun and showers, was full of wars and fightings, and the fear of them filled the public offices of London with armed men and munitions of war: but it did not fill the souls of legislators with wisdom and plans for the melioration of a starving nation. On the 9th, Danes and Germans met in fierce conflict on the plains of Schleswig, and on the 21st that city was taken by the German confederation. On the 26th a new constitution was granted to Austria, whose government was to be composed of the king, senate, and chamber of deputies; and on the 4th of May the French National Assembly met and proclaimed the republic of the 24th of February, with its motto of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;' while on the 6th, Piedmontese and Austrians met each other again in the deadly rift of battle at Verona, and slaughtered each other in hatred because of some old feud.

The heart grows sad and weary as it recounts the wars and fightings of men made after the image of God, made to dwell in peace with each other upon the earth, and it turns with a sense of relief to other events and scenes. On the 11th of March, 1848, the ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of Sir James Ross, departed to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin. Science, calm amongst the revolutions of nations, turned her eyes to the far-off regions of the earth, and, leaving our hemisphere in the turmoil of change, the savant departed for the unexplored regions of nature.

When we look back on 1848, the first glance of its prominent aspect is terrible—the disruption of states; the overthrow of dynasties; the upheaving, on-rushing of frantic men, long unused to breathe the thoughts that stirred them; and the base, callous, fiendish vengeance and hatred of reactionary tyranny. Events wild and dissimilar mingle in the same horoscope. On the 13th of May, in the city of Massaniello, Ferdinand, false to every principle and promise of honour, lets loose upon his people his mercenary Swiss guards and the brutal lazzaroni. 'Viva el rey!' cried the murderers, as they bore the image of the Prince of Peace in their left bosoms, and the dagger in their right hands. 'Viva el rey!' cried the mountain republicans, as they lent their hired blades to one of the foulest massacres that history records upon her blushing pages. On the 17th, the erratic Austrian emperor suddenly departs from his palace at Vienna, and, posting westward, takes up his residence at Innspruck, amongst his Tyroleans. More recently, the Austrian emperor has abdicated in favour of his nephew; and the King of Prussia has taken upon himself the responsibility of dissolving the constitutional assembly, at the same time issuing a new constitution of his own framing, by which freedom of religious worship is secured, and the right of the general education of the people is guaranteed. On the 19th of May, Mexico and the United States shake hands in peace; the one a wounded duellist, the other a robber and bully. Eighteen-forty-eight shall be remembered through time as the crowning year of the United States' disgrace. She trampled on a weak sister-republic in the lust of her power and cupidity, and placed a man who buys and sells his brethren in her presidential chair; but it also shall be remembered as her year of hope, for from the darkness of her disgrace comes forth the cry, 'Slavery is falling!'

In 1848 the baleful fires of insurrection blazed on the mountains of green Erin, and men looked on aghast as they watched their mysterious, portentous glow; and the eyes of her sons caught the reflection of their light, and they muttered words of deep and direful meaning; but on the 27th of May, John Mitchell was sent beyond the seas to dwell a convict for fourteen years, by the law which he had defied and scorned. On the 29th of July his countrymen rose in Tipperary, with William Smith O'Brien, M.P., at their head. On the 5th of August, William Smith O'Brien was a prisoner in Kilmainham Jail; and on the 23d of October, he, and Terrence Bellew M'Manus, Patrick O'Donohoe, and Thomas Francis Meagher, were prisoners, condemned to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. The wheel of fate revolved, and the leaders of a nation's insurgents were in chains, and doomed to die.

But still 1848 was not cured of her travail-pains, for the angels of wrath were hanging over the world, as they did in the Apocalypse, and the vials of wrath were poured out upon her, and blood filled all her corners. On the 21st of June, Paris was a battlefield, and on the 24th it was a lazar-house. Ten thousand men lay dead amongst the ruins they had made, and 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' wailed over their mangled bodies, as a military despotism placed its foot upon their graves.

Raging and roaring from the Indus to the Atlantic shores, still came the howls of inhuman war, while the birds of summer sung peace and love on every bush, and the flowers of summer sprung in beauty on every green lawn. Britain tracked her Indian way with the blood of the Moultanese; Austrians and Italians destroyed and slew each other in sunny Italy, and still the cry was 'Kill!' The former, in her imperial pride, would keep her heel upon the neck of Italia, and yet, in her democratic heart, she would be free. On the 6th and 7th of October, Vienna was in insurrection, and the people and a portion of the military murdered Count Latour. In November, Vienna was besieged by Windischgratz and Jellachich; and Blum and Messenhauser, two popular leaders, were murdered in cold blood by the savage Croats, at the command of the imperial chiefs. And, to add to the din of human conflict, came the elements of nature in their power, and the fierce winds and waters lashed the rocky shores of Scotland on the 18th and 19th of August, and there was wailing over the bodies of ninety drowned men when their fury was expended.

On the 24th of August, the Ocean Monarch, laden with men, and women, and little ones, set out from England's shores for the world's asylum of the west, and full of hope the proud ship flew over her ocean way; but the hills of Carnarvon were illumined that night by another light than that of moon or stars, and the wails of drowning, burning human creatures filled her night winds. One hundred and twenty victims perished in the waves, and the blackened hull of a mighty ship was their monument.

On the 27th of September the National Assembly of France decreed that there should be but one legislative chamber; and on the 7th of October it decided that by the universal suffrage of the people shall be elected the chief of the republic.

In the sixth century, Gregory, bishop of Rome, established a mortal, visible unity in the Christian Church, which gradually stretched out its long, ambitious arms, and with fire, and faggot, and pains, and penalties, and self-abnegation, and craft, and labour, built up a universal hierarchy, before which kings bent the knee and nations trembled. For long centuries she stood with one foot on the Vatican and the other on the summit of all political systems, and waved the sceptre over the world. But on the 25th of November, 1848, the Pope, the head of the Roman Church, fled secretly away from the Quirinal, and took refuge at Gaeta, while his indifferent Romans scarcely deplored his flight. Wonderful 1848!

But 1848, stained with blood and full of agony as it has been, has also been fruitful of high resolves and glorious hopes. The dawn of a new era has at last begun to tinge the horizon of the world's better morning. The song which angels sung by night on Bethlehem's plains, when the star of the east adorned the horizon of Judea, and Christ the Lord was born, has been heard in 1848, pealing its soft sweet refrain above the cries of battle and the groans of pain. When democracy and aristocracy were grappling at each other's throats, and the fingers of the *ouvrier* were tightened round the paralysed limbs of the satrap; when political ideas had rent asunder the chords of humanity, and divided this world into hating and hated sections and classes; the angel, flying over the earth, chanted the eternal song, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men!' And there were men on earth who heard the song rising high above the crash of thrones and the upheavings of a troubled world, and they answered back a grateful amen; and on the 22d of September, nearly two hundred men and women, from our own dear Scotland, so famed in warlike story; from England, land of green meadows and sweet hedgerows; from Cambria, with her verdant fells; and from Ireland's lovely borders, went forth, with the white banner of universal peace displayed, to bear their testimony in Christ before a blood-dyed, weeping world; and regal Belgium opened her arms and welcomed the peaceful strangers to her kindly breast; and the legislator, and the lowly priest, and the savant, and the grandee, and the workman, and doctor of laws, and the matron, and the maid, came from France, and Spain, and Italy, and Holland, and Germany, and Liberia, and America, and they clasped hands together and planted the standard of universal peace at Brussels, the city of Waterloo.

In October, 1848, Lord Ashley, honoured be his name, met 182 thieves in the Minories, London, who begged for a distant home, in order to escape the misery of crime. The world never saw so wonderful or sad a spectacle. It startled us, and startled the tears from our heart. In a future number we shall give our readers a full account of this wondrous meeting, and of other strange things connected with it, that live in the deep shade of London. The thief-meeting in the Minories shall be one of our longest memories of 1848.

Eighteen-forty-eight, when the sun rose upon the cold, frowning morning of thy birth, who would have conceived of the mysteries that lay hidden beneath the deep cerulean of thy eye? Dark, impalpable, and quiescent were the

vents that were revolving in thy womb. But a revolution f this great sphere hath made thee and all thy mysteries memory, a retrospection. We hear the wailing of thy oice, however, as it sounds from the eternal abyss; we el the trembling of thy agonies, as they thrill with the lectric element of thy vitality, the coming year. A joyous reeting can we give to our readers, however, albeit the orld is mourning. May the world's worst year and theirs e past, may plenteous harvests make the plains to groan n 1849, and may the swords of warriors be bent to hooks o reap them; so that peace and plenty may abound, and over with the veil of Ceres the hecatombs piled up by lars in 1848.

THE CANNON OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

UPON a beautiful forenoon of spring, when the sun was cattering abroad its brightest and most splendid rays, a roop of juvenile idlers was playing in the garden of the 'alais-Royal. They hung suspended by the hands upon he iron rails which surrounded the parterres; they leaped ike squirrels down upon the grass, threw stones at the lowers, and now and again contrived to discover some new orm of mischief whenever the gardeners had turned their acks. In such circumstances, indeed, everybody knows hat the imagination of a mischievous Parisian gamin is never at fault. The Germans, who used to twit the French with ranting couplets and sarcastic refrains, expressive of he latter's inability to cross the Rhine—the Germans, who refused to sell their horses to the imperial cavalry, and who would have refused them spurs and stirrups to boot, have now, however, generously illuminated France with he brightest works of their national industry, that is, with those German lucifer-matches, which, unlike their solid manufacturers, blaze up with a little friction. The gamin of Paris, especially, has taken advantage of, and makes a great use of that bright and flaming invention, and always carries in his pocket a supply, with which he contrives to work all sorts of mischief. The leader of the little band in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, seizing a favourable moment when no person observed him, nimbly scaled the balustrade, and glided on his hands and knees towards the cannon which the sun at mid-day causes to be discharged. It was no more than half-past eleven now; but between the finger and thumb of the young artilleryman beamed a chemical match, which took upon it to play the part of the sun, and the cannon accordingly made its official detonation. At the same moment, and at all parts of the city—in the lanes, galleries, coffeehouses, and places of business, everybody pulled out his watch to verify its exactitude; and this simultaneous operation was followed by a general movement of surprise, which was accompanied by the following tacit reflections:—'Well, that is singular!' 'I believed that my watch was a good goer!' 'Eh, what! am I half an hour behind, and my watch a warranted one, which ought not to have varied a minute in a month?' 'Ay, this is the first time that my Breguet ever fell into the same mistake.' The horologers were more astonished than anybody else. Nevertheless, the majority of them yielded to the force of the cannon's evidence, two or three daring spirits only having hardihood enough to advance the audacious proposition, that it was the sun which had gone wrong. Saving these rare exceptions, everybody who had heard the report of the cannon—makers of time-pieces as well as those more simple folks who kept time according to their pieces—gave the long handles of their clocks and watches one half-hour's turn forward on the dials, and went about their business again. Of course, there were not many people who could be found bold enough to impeach the infallibility of the sun.

At the first glance, nobody would believe that anything very serious could accrue from this mischievous trick of a child with a match; but the consequences were nevertheless very grave and important. People cannot with impunity break off half an hour from the circle of time; and everybody knows that a watch which is addicted to an erratic course of procedure, and is not very scrupulous about its character for veracity, has frequently involved people in errors which were the preludes to numerous accidents, and adventures more or less momentous.

'Already mid-day! Waiter, hand me my bill.' These words were pronounced by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Vefours, and who appeared to be a prey to perplexing thoughts. It was M. D——, the banker, whose affairs were supposed to be in a flourishing condition, but who had himself for some time been seriously alive to the reverse fact, and who knew that now he could no longer maintain his credit. M. D—— left the coffeeroom with eager and hasty steps, and, as he walked along, drew from his pocket-book a letter, which he now and again regarded with an anxious look, and which he had read for the twentieth time. It ran thus:—'My dear friend—You have acquainted me with your disastrous position, and you have told me that your only hope is in me. Alas! my own resources are insufficient to meet the exigency, but I shall endeavour (with little hope, I avow) to find some one who shall assist us in this matter. It is possible that I may be successful; and, depend upon it, I shall endeavour to the utmost of my power to save you from failure. If I am to succeed in realising the sum absolutely necessary at this time, I shall do so this morning, and shall bring it to you exactly at twelve o'clock, in the Orleans Gallery, where you will please to wait on me. I do not wish to call at your house with it, because I wish to spare you the pain of a somewhat embarrassing visit. If I am not there precisely at the hour, the game is up; I shall have failed, and you must consequently lose no time in carrying out your design of departing. When you have gone out of the way, your creditors will be more accommodating. You understand why I do not wish to be myself the bearer of bad news. I do not wish to be seen with you in the critical moment, lest my uncle, to whom, I believe, you are due some twenty thousand francs, should hear of it, and whose avarice would prompt him never to forgive me, if he supposed me to have aided in your flight. In case of misfortune dispose of me. Thy friend indeed, LUCIEN B——.'

'Here I am now, at the fatal moment when my fate must be decided,' said M. D——, as he walked hastily up and down the gallery. 'I have reached the middle of that rapid current down which has glided so many fortunes, nothing can now arrest me. I have achieved my ruin by that vanity which impelled me to conceal my situation when I had still time enough to resign myself to an honourable fate. All my plans to sustain myself are crushed under foot, if Lucien's intervention is impotent. If he does not bring me a hundred thousand francs, which I am compelled to pay to-day, then I am gone.' Whilst he made these cruel reflections, the banker looked twenty times at his watch, for the hour seemed to glide slowly on, notwithstanding his sufferings, and although the departure of each minute was to him the flight of hope. The indicator marked the hour at last—the fatal term which sealed the fate of the unfortunate man; and as he beheld the inexorable sign he felt a cold perspiration burst from his aching brain. 'The hour, and Lucien not arrived! Then it is now accomplished.' Still the despairing man walked from one end to the other of the gallery. He looked at all the passages, seemed anxious to leave the place, and still his footsteps lingered. It was only when his watch marked twenty-five minutes past twelve that the unfortunate D—— hurried from the Palais-Royal. At the same moment his friend entered the Orleans Gallery, five minutes before the time fixed; for it was really five minutes less than twelve, but the banker had regulated his watch by the report of the cannon.

As D—— walked from the Palais-Royal, he stepped into bankruptcy. A post-chaise had been hired, as a precaution in case of failure, and he sprung into it, and dashed off at full gallop, just as Lucien, who had carried him a cheque for a hundred thousand francs, was puzzling himself to find some motive for his absence. Would Lucien have believed the secret to have lain in that lucifer-match, the first effect of which had been a commercial disaster!

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At the same hour a beautiful lady, in most elegant attire, swept gracefully into the passage Delorme. She made two or three very quick turns, and as she did so, an observer might easily have remarked upon her charming face an expression of mingled surprise, impatience, and anger. 'It is very singular,' said she, in a tone of evident vexation; 'my watch is correct, since I have just received it from my watchmakers in the Palais-Royal; it is ten minutes past twelve. M. Leopold ought to have been here, to have accompanied me to the museum, and yet he has not made his appearance.'

The surprise, impatience, and anger of the lady redoubled each moment, and truly they seemed to have sufficient cause to do so. Young, beautiful, rich, a widow, and surrounded by admirers, Madame de Luceval had especially distinguished from the crowd of her adorers M. Leopold de Versy. She had led him to hope, a little before today, that she might consent to resume for him the chains of Hymen, and in the meantime she had very willingly accepted his arm to visit the exhibition of the Louvre—a precious and enviable favour, which Leopold had accepted with gratitude; and yet, at the hour specified, he had failed to meet her.

'I expected to be outdone in punctuality,' added Madame de Luceval, in a tone of vexation, 'but I am mistaken He has indeed a sufficiency of presumption!' she exclaimed, tossing her head. 'He does not pride himself upon exactitude certainly; and if he puts off this way, at this point of our correspondence, what shall it be when he has assumed the title of husband? M. Luceval had this same fault, and I know what I have suffered. My re-marrying only to fall into the same meshes would be rather a monotonous succession of events. I vow that my second husband shall differ from the first somewhat, and if it is our fate that we must suffer all sorts of wrongs and neglects from the haughty messieurs, I shall desire at least the benefit of variety.' It will be seen that Madame de Luceval was not very exacting. The watch, consulted for the last time, marked eighteen minutes past twelve. 'My patience is exhausted,' said the beautiful widow. 'The most rigorous politeness only accords a quarter of an hour to your lagtardies, and in this case, where I ought to have found eager impatience, it is too much of me to have exceeded that space. To wait any longer would be a loss of time indeed.'

Having said this, Madame de Luceval walked home, and Leopold, who arrived, all impatience, ten minutes before the hour appointed, had plenty of time to cool himself in the passage. It was now his turn to indulge in bitter reflections. 'Has she forgotten? Will she come? Is she playing with me? Is some other than I the happy he? But no, it cannot be——.' Leopold paused and pondered for a few seconds; then shaking his head dubiously, he exclaimed, 'Ah, these widows! with them a person never knows how to reckon; they have so much experience, and so much latitude of action.' Four o'clock at last sounded at the Tuileries. 'At least,' said Leopold, with a very faint smile, 'I shall find her again at home, where she invited me to dine. I shall not have lost more than a part of this precious day after all. A dinner, too, almost in *tete-a-tete*, for we shall have nobody with us but her deaf old uncle.' Leopold accordingly walked briskly to the house of Madame Luceval.

'My mistress has gone out,' said the maid-servant, as she held the door in her hand.

'Indeed! Then I shall wait for her; I have done so since morning,' said Leopold.

'But madame may be very late before she returns home,' said the *femme de chambre*, looking down at her pretty foot, as she beat lightly on the ground with it.

'She always comes home to dinner,' said Leopold.

'Not always,' said the girl, saucily. 'Madame went out just about an hour ago, and she said that she would dine in the city.'

'Gone to put the finish to me!' thought Leopold, as he walked rapidly and angrily away.

Each was as much piqued as the other, and, instead of explaining fully, they shut themselves up in the silence of wounded dignity, which very often destroys the flowers of love. And what was the result of this little quarrel? Just this—that the projected marriage was irrevocably broken up, and that Madame Luceval sought from that moment a husband whose exactitude would be secure from every light suspicion. Who would have anticipated such results from a cannon discharged before its time—not the signal-gun of two hostile armies lying grinning at each other, or of two fleets ranged in order of battle, but the insignificant little cannon of the Palais-Royal, fired by an urchin who wanted to mystify the sun with a lucifer-match!

A countryman who had breakfasted that morning, and at the same time regulated his watch at the Palais-Royal, was invited to dine that day at the house of a young lady whom he designed to make his wedded wife, and to whom he had promised himself that he should propose the momentous question that same evening. He had every reason to believe that her consent was not a very doubtful matter, for he combined in himself all the pre-requisites of an eligible match. The letter of invitation was for six o'clock, and the provincial, who thought that he would lose his character for politeness if he was not at table a quarter before the time, presented himself at the house of his future father-in-law, at ten minutes past five. They certainly never expected him to arrive so soon, for upon the stair he encountered the good-father coming from the cellar, with a basket in one hand and a candlestick in the other, whilst overhead his wife railed at him in a sharp loud voice, which did not say much for her good-nature. The wife showered down the stormy attack, and the husband hurled back the stormy defence; and thus the dispute went on, the adverse words increasing in tone and sharpness as the connubial pair drew nearer to each other. At the turn of the stair, where the provincial stood, he found himself between the wedded adversaries, at the very spot where they met in the crisis of the conflict; but he had from this spot another view of a quarrel which was no less lively, which, after several apostrophes and replies, ended in a grand crash of broken porcelain—it was the daughter of that loving pair—the damsel to whom his hand was on the point of being for ever pledged—who was doing the amiable with the servants. Taken suddenly thus unawares, the actors of this family drama appeared to the love-sick swain in all the abandonment of private life. The young lady, who had not had time to hide her agitation, nor to restore her disordered toilet, appeared before her intended with such accessories and indications as convinced the young provincial that dinner was being prepared by the hands of the graces. They had told him that Miss Aglae was very amiable. 'I believe that she is furiously so,' thought he, as he looked at her stormy visage.

Half an hour later, and the storm would not have left a trace behind; all would have been calm, sweet, and attractive; but the warning gun had sent our young hero too soon into the melée, and henceforth Miss Aglae, when she had any one to dinner, assumed at the sound of five o'clock the grace, modesty, and becoming attire of a damsel to marry. But never to her returned the same necessity for smiles and winning tones.

Doubtless the report of the cannon of the Palais-Royal produced other consequences as serious and dramatic as those which we have recounted; but we have nothing more to advance than a petition for pardon in favour of the artilleryman, for certainly the urchin knew not what he did.

DAILY MIRACLES.

'They lie beneath our feet, and the rude clown
Treads daily on them with his clouted shoon.'

In an essay, remarkable at once for the originality of its views and the practical good sense which it contains, John Foster recommends the propriety of every man writing memoirs of himself, not as an exercise of ingenuity—not as a means of drawing the world's regard—but to fix in a man's own mind a sense of the progress he has made in

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moral and intellectual ideas, to mark the change in his sensations which a prolonged experience of life produces, and to excite a feeling of gratitude for those many providential interpositions which the most careless observer can scarcely fail to recognise as exercised in his behalf.

Considered in this latter point of view, few processes of mind can be more interesting than this retrospect which a thoughtful person is apt to take at certain seasons of his past life. The trite observation, that man is the creature of circumstances, is in one sense strikingly illustrated; but, in a higher and more important meaning, he will feel that

> 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough hew them how we will.'

Why he is in this position rather than in that, is to him a moral puzzle; and as he runs his memory along the thread of circumstances—many of which at the time appeared trifling and insignificant, but which are now discerned to have exercised a deep and important influence upon his fate—he cannot but feel that his destinies are in the hands of a higher power than his own will; and that, though far from being altogether powerless in the battle of life, he is acting under superior orders, mysteriously but unerringly conveyed to him; and that he cannot, if he would, separate his lot from that grand scheme of universal providence which binds in one the whole complicated, involved, and apparently irreconcilable interests of the universe.

Is such a survey of the past, calmly and reverently pursued, likely to conduct a man to the conclusion of sitting down in despair, or even of careless apathy, as if his destinies were in no sense in his own hands, or as if, a mere atom in the immensity of creation, no account were to be taken of him? By no means. It is more likely to elevate him in the sense of his own dignity, and to stimulate him to put forth more vigorous effort. True, he can neither foresee the future, nor control those elements that make it—the varied current of events in the present and the past; but while he feels that he is not self-sufficient, that he cannot separate himself from that mighty whole of which he is a part, his self-love may well be satisfied by the compensating thought, that of that whole he is no insignificant, no uncared-for portion. This is proved, with the power of demonstration, by the fact of the care that is taken for his preservation, as well as by the influence, gentle as irresistible, with which he is impelled along the course of action. He is evidently no vulgar instrument in the hands of the universal Agent; for the motives which are addressed to his nature, mighty as they are, are seen only in their effects. So secretly, so softly, so delicately are they applied to the springs of his volition, that he is unconscious of their existence, and he moves with a freedom and an elasticity as complete as if the sources of his action were all his own. Neither dragged as an inanimate piece of matter, nor goaded like a wild beast, the influence exercised over him is aptly and felicitously described in Scripture as 'the cords of love.' In all cases his reason has full scope for action; and though he cannot see the important consequences which may hang upon his decision, even in matters of comparatively insignificant moment, yet to the extent of its range he has full permission to go, as well as a course of duty laid down, kindly meant to assist his limited vision, and in adhering to which he is infallibly assured, that, whether for time or for eternity, 'he that walketh uprightly walketh surely.' He is thus not only comprehended in the incomprehensible schemes of a universal providence, but he is farther honoured in being permitted in some humble but yet important degree to take an intelligent and rational part in their accomplishment. True, it is but little of their nature, a mere point in their extent, that he can discern; but he sees enough to satisfy him as to their general scope and design; and as he discerns those influences of divine power ceaselessly but noiselessly at work, exerting themselves in him as well as everywhere around him, he feels himself impressed with the overwhelming thought that in this sense he is 'a fellow-worker with God.'

And not only is our observer sensible of the operations of a universal providence, in which he bears a part; he will also feel that along with this there is at the same time a providence particularly interested in his own behalf, as tender, as minute, as careful, as if there were no being in the universe but himself, no interests requiring attention but his own. It may safely be affirmed that there is no man living who has pursued the course and arrived at the position which on his first setting out in life he had proposed for himself. In every case some thwarting influence has been exerted, traversing his schemes, or pushing him beyond what he had designed; but whether in the one case or the other, forcing upon him the conclusion that his own strength or sagacity has had little to do with the position which he now occupies. He has been led gently but irresistibly along the course which he has come, often against his own will, seldom with the motives which actuated him at his first setting out; and the place he occupies, if he ever thought of it in the beginning of his course, has been reached by paths which he never would have voluntarily trod in.

But a retrospect of a man's life supplies food for farther reflection still. It is not only that the general course of events has been different from that which the man expected, or which he intended to bend to his will, though that alone might convince him that he is in higher hands than his own; but there are abundance of illustrations of the same general principle to be derived from particular incidents, with which the experience of every man will supply him. How often do we meet with cases where a man commences life with the most brilliant prospects, which he pursues with exemplary patience and unwavering perseverance, yet ever as he advances the gay scene seems to elude his grasp; gradually the clouds gather, the views darken, until at length the whole disappears like the illusion of a dream, and the individual, instead of basking in the prosperity which on reasonable grounds he had promised to himself, finds that he has to struggle against a succession of adverse circumstances, which drive him out of his course, and impel him into new scenes and different associations which he had never before contemplated, or thought of only to avoid! And yet it is usually found that, as he enters along this new and undescried path, its gloom gradually lightens and its ruggednesses smooth. The difficulties which he anticipated are found to diminish as he advances towards them, the scenes which looked so bare and bleak at a distance are found to bloom with unexpected beauty on a nearer approach, and in many cases it is experienced that the individual has attained a situation more advantageous for his interests and more suited for his powers than that which he first set forward to reach, and confidently counted upon attaining. Under any circumstances, he has attained that which is better than any worldly advantages—firmness of mind and resolution of will, nerves that are strung to encounter danger, and an equal soul that is not unduly depressed by adversity—such a discipline of the mind, induced by ungenial fortune, as is well described by our northern bard:

> 'They gie the wit of age to youth,
> They let us ken oursel':
> They make us see the naked truth,
> The real guid and ill.'

Or take another case. A man steadily pursuing his course, following on in the path of duty, is met by unexpected, and, as it seems at the time, by insuperable obstacles, which stretch across his line of vision like some Alpine chain, that frown upon his path and seem to forbid his approach; and yet, if he proceed, nothing daunted by these threatening obstacles, he usually finds that, in the very heart of them, a narrow path is found. Some pass through the hills, which, winding here and there, present a course, rugged indeed, steep, and adverse, but yet such as will enable him to make way, and finally extricate him from the hindrances which at first seemed impenetrable. So common are these occurrences, so much is the history of every individual life made up of them, that we are too apt to pass them by as things of course. And yet can

there be plainer indications of a divine guidance than these facilities of access, opened so unexpectedly, and always at the right time, afford to every thinking mind—indications so plain and marked that the pillar of cloud and fire which led the chosen people in ancient days are hardly less miraculous? True, there is not the visible putting forth of the Almighty arm which so frequently signalises the inspired records, but is it not as palpable and as decided? Miracles indeed! To one who thinks aright of the course of man's history, the interference with the course of nature, as indicated by the parting of the Red Sea waves and the daily supply of manna, are but (to speak it with reverence) mere clumsy contrivances, compared with the higher and finer manifestation of power and wisdom which consists in so arranging the order of nature that its general rules shall all be made to work for the good of individuals, and the immensely complicated concerns of individuals are cared for with the utmost precision and minuteness by the same instrumentality that guides and regulates the general welfare of the whole.

It is to be observed, too, that, whether in prosperity or in adversity, no man has any assurance that his position will be the same for any length of time. This is so obvious and so trite, that the ceaseless mutations of fortune have formed the theme of poets and moralists in all ages, and many are the complaints that have been issued by both of the instability of human affairs. We are not about to dispute the correctness of these complaints; but at the same time it is well to remark that, viewed in another light, this arrangement of Providence is another instance of the principle we are endeavouring to illustrate. For what is it but this, that God reserves man's affairs in his own hands, and deals out to him the incidents of his life only in the most minute particles at a time? The blessings that make man's life worth living for may be regarded as laid up in a vast treasury or storehouse, of which the keeper is God himself, and to him must man come for each and all of them. But it is worth notice that he can carry away no more at each application than will serve him for the present time. Man may come as often as he will—the oftener the more welcome—and he is never denied a supply; but yet, even in the most profuse distribution of these favours, there is this presiding economy observed, that nothing is given to him beyond that which is needful for the present demand. In this respect every man's life resembles the condition of the Israelites, when their supplies of food lasted only for a day, and every returning morning required a renewed supply. It is not intended to insinuate here that men are not sometimes favoured with blessings more than they need for the present, or that opportunities never occur when a man may say, like him of old, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' Such an idea is of course contradicted at once by every man's experience; but, on the other hand, it will not be denied that such provision often proves illusory and disappears, so that, even while hoarded in earthly storehouses, the owner of them has in reality no certain possession. 'Riches often make to themselves wings and fly away,' or health fails, and with it the power of enjoying them; or, lastly, that dread event comes, which happened in the parable already referred to—'the soul is required'—and all earthly possessions are left behind.

This latter consideration reminds us that, uncertain as earthly possessions are held, the tenure of life is no surer. The possession of both, indeed, depend upon precisely the same security. We cannot call our blessings our own beyond the instant we are enjoying them; we have no hold upon life beyond the moment we retain it. Life and the means of living are dispensed together in the minutest particles, as if to impress us at once with a sense of our own dependence, and of the never-ceasing fulness, as well as the never-wearying care, of Him on whom we depend. In realising this exquisite arrangement, at once bountiful to prodigality in the amount, while economical to niggardliness in the duration, the heart is left calm and humble in prosperity, brave and hoping in adversity, and in both freed from a load of cares with regard to its worldly interests, while it calmly and resolutely pursues its prescribed duty, so that it may enter into the language of the poet—

> 'Knowest thou yesterday, its care and sorrow?
> Hast thou rightly weighed the duty of to-day?
> Then fear not thou what clouds may lower to-morrow,
> But humbly to thy God commit thy way.'

THE MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

> 'The man of the moon
> Came down at noon.'

Perhaps these lines occurred to some of the individuals who witnessed the disappearance of the man from the moon one balmy summer evening. There must have been at least one astronomer, poet, lunatic, and pair of lovers; and how many more may not easily be ascertained. But the moonshine still came down so gently, and the space vacated by that ancient man was filled with such calm brightness, that little was said and no commotion caused by his withdrawal from that place where he had been an admired fixture. Had he dropped down among any of the evening watchers, doubtless there would have been great excitement—especially among children and nurses, with whom this man had been an object of greater interest than any other class. And, as every body was once a boy or girl, there might have been a revival of affection, which would have manifested itself in waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and clapping of hands, perhaps in ringing of bells, and firing of cannon; and who knows what fine dinners might have been given him, and concerts also, in which a few particular nursery rhymes might have been set to music by Vieux Temps, or Ole Bull, and the stranger almost paralysed by the excess of joyous sensibility. But those who knew that he was gone could not of course tell whether he had started upon a journey to the Sun, or to Venus, or to Herschel, or to some other place among the stars; and perhaps a few of them dreamed that he had come on a pilgrimage of love to the moon's great satellite, earth. But, upon the same principle that 'little boats should keep near the shore,' the inexperienced traveller had wisely resolved that his first voyage should terminate at the first landing-place. Whether those were moonstruck who first saw him

> 'Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Where a fair lady, throned by the west,'

held state upon a little island—whether they were moonstruck or not, matters little; but certainly no skylark ever fluttered into nest more unregarded, no eagle ever descended into its nest more untroubled, no snowflake ever fell into its deep dingle more unnoticed, and no leaflet ever nestled under its shadowing rock more quietly, than the man from the moon came down, when he alighted under the broad shadow of a noble elm, in a ducal park.

The deer turned upon him their large lustrous eyes, and darted away to their leafy coverts; the rooks slowly wheeled around above his head, and sailed upon the breezes of their leafy homes; and the watch-dog met him at the portal with a fawn of affection. At the porter's lodge had gathered some of the juvenile nobility, and with the utmost courtesy they received unquestioned the remarkable stranger, and invited him to their princely home.

'How beautiful is earth,' said the man, as, a few days afterwards, he rambled to the spot where he first pressed its soil, 'and how happy are her children! Before I came here I thought that peace was more common than bliss, that quiet was more frequent than joy; but hitherto I have investigated at a disadvantageous distance, and here I find that my ignorance was proverbial. Nevertheless, I have the will and capacity to learn, and the duke himself shall not know more of his neighbours than I will ascertain.'

He bounded over a sweet-briar hedge, and wended his way to a little hamlet, which nestled between the grove and upland at a short distance. He entered the nearest cot, and the first sound which reached his ears was a cry for *bread*.

'*Bread*—BREAD!' repeated he, 'I saw it given to the

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dogs this morning. Bread! there is enough at the castle. Go to the duchess, my child, she will give you enough of bread.' The child ceased her cry, but looked at him wonderingly, and an elderly sister shook her head, yet said nothing. Then the man heard a moan from a low pallet, and looking into the dark recess, he saw stretched upon it the emaciated form of a woman. She called the girl to her side.

'Is there not a little more wine in the phial?' she asked.

'Not one drop,' was the reply. The woman moaned more faintly.

'Wine! wine!' repeated the man; 'we drank last night at the castle until our heads ached, and some of the company were carried away drowned by it. *Wine and bread!*' he repeated, as he turned upon his heel, and flew towards the castle.—He entered the drawing-room, and a servant passed him with a silver salver, upon which were refreshments for the ladies, and the sideboard was covered with various wines. He grasped a bottle, and snatching the salver from the waiter, he turned to go. But the astonished domestic made such an outcry, and vociferated, 'Thief! robber!' so lustily that he was soon overtaken. The duke came to learn the cause of the tumult.

'He was stealing your silver,' repeated the servant, 'after all your kindness to him.'

The duke looked at his mysterious guest with a penetrating eye.

'I saw a child almost within a stone's throw of your mansion,' replied the man, 'who cried for bread. I saw also a woman fainting for a cordial, and here I knew that there was enough of bread and wine. I ran that they might the sooner be relieved from their misery.'

The duke blushed as he heard the simple reply of the man, and almost doubted for the moment whether he himself were a man. Bread and wine were instantly despatched by the servant, and the duke took the stranger into his closet. What he told him there is what my readers already know—that want and misery stand even within the sunshine of plenty and prosperity; that sickness, pain, and death are in the daily paths of the rich and powerful; that all these things are looked upon as necessary evils, and not allowed for a moment to interrupt the usual course of business and amusement. But he could not make it appear to the man out of the moon as it did to himself. The more common it is, the more dreadful it seemed to this wanderer from another sphere. The more difficult it appeared to find the remedy, the more earnestly he thought it should be sought. It seemed to him that the great fault was in the government, and at its head was a lady as young, as kind, as compassionate as the duke's eldest daughter. He left the castle, and hastened to the capitol. He lingered not by the way, but sighs obtruded themselves upon his notice which gave him much pain. He sought the palace; he asked audience of the queen. He brought no references, no introductions, and could not be admitted to the young sovereign; but his earnestness gained him an interview with one of her counsellors. He had so much to say, and knew so little how to say it, his ideas were all in such confusion, that it was some time before the minister could gather aught from him.

'To the point,' said he at length. 'Tell me, stranger, what you want.'

'I want RIGHT!' said the man. 'I came a stranger to your land, and at first all appeared to me very beautiful; but I soon found hunger, destitution, and death. I inquired the cause, and asked for the remedy. I was told there was none; but I found that if relief could be obtained this was the place to look for it. I left for this city. I hurried on my way; but unless I shut my eyes, I could not but see wrong. I have seen huge heaps of grain converted into liquid poison, and starving men drunk of it that they might drown all sense of want and misery. I have seen broad fields lie waste as pleasure ground, while squalid crowds were faint for food. I saw a mighty ship filled with brave men; and their garments glittered with beauty, and gushing strains of music stirred their noble hearts. I thought it a glorious sight, but I learned that they were sent to kill or be killed of their fellow-men. I saw a high and narrow structure spring upward to the sky; and they brought out a man and put him to death between the heavens and the earth. Crowds of men gazed upward at the sight, and think ye not that God looked down? I went into an old moss-grown church, and there I saw the man who prayed at the gallows; and all the people said with him, 'Be ye also merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful. For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, how will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses?' But the more my spirit was pained within me, the more I hurried to this place. And when I was come I saw mighty palaces for the accommodation of a few, and I saw also men herding together in filth and wretchedness; and those who had not where to lay their heads. I have seen warehouses filled with clothes for raiment, and stout men passed by them with scarce a rag to cover them; yet touched they nothing. I have seen bakeries full of bread, and storehouses filled with other food; and savage-looking men proved that they were not fiends, for they did not strike dead those who withheld from them these provisions. Even here I have seen dogs and horses receive the attention denied to man. You ask me what I want; I want to know if you have known aught of this; and, if so, why stand you here idle?'

'Who are you?' rejoined the astonished courtier.

'The man out of the moon.'

'Aha, aha! a lunatic! I thought as much. Now let me see if we have not a nice place for you which you have not yet espied;' and calling the servants, he ordered them to take the man to the hospital. But he slipped from their grasp and was soon out of the way.

He strayed to the sea-side, for there was there less of the misery he could not relieve. He found a man sitting upon a solitary rock, and gazing far out upon the waters. There was that in his eye which told the lunarian that there he might meet with sympathy. So they sat together, while the sea-winds moaned around them, and talked of wrong and oppression.

'But why do the people bear all this?' asked the man. Why do they not rise in their strength, and demand clothing, food, and shelter? Why do they not stretch out their hands and take it, when almost within their grasp? Why at least do they not die as men, rather than live like beasts?'

'They are *enchanted*,' was the reply of the philosopher.

Then the man thought how impossible it would be for him to disenchant them, and he sighed; and when the philosopher had gone he unrobed himself, and spread his wings, and flew across the channel till he came to another land.

We will not follow him, as he strayed through various cities, towns, and villages, along the Mediterranean. But he heard of it everywhere—he had heard of it before he crossed the channel—of a happy land, far across many wide waters—a new world, where tyranny, oppression, and corruption, had not found time to generate their train of evils. He yearned for this better land; and one night, when the sky was dark with sombre clouds, and no one could witness his flight, he left the old for the newer continent.

He alighted at the plantation of a wealthy gentleman. With manly courtesy he was received, and entertained with chivalrous generosity, which asked no questions of the stranger, and knew nothing but that he needed rest. He was truly weary, and spent some quiet days in the family of his host, for whom he formed quite an attachment. But one day, as he was walking in the grounds, he heard the voice of piercing lamentation. He looked around, and saw a negro woman, with her young child pressed to her bosom, and sobbing as though her heart would break. He inquired the cause of her sorrow, and heard that her husband had just been taken away to be sold to another master. Her children had been taken from her long before—all but the babe upon her breast.

The man could not understand this at first, but after long questioning he learned some of the evils of slavery.

He returned to his host. He was sitting with his wife at his side, and his child upon his knee. He caressed them both with affection. The man looked at him sternly.

'How dare you love your child?' said he; 'how dare you adore your wife? when you have separated mother and child, husband and wife, and consigned them all to misery.'

'Who are you?' replied the host, 'that you speak thus in my own house, where, as yet unquestioned, you have been honoured and cherished as a stranger and a guest.'

'I am the man out of the moon.'

Then the host laughed heartily. 'Ah, moonstruck, I see,' said he, carelessly; and touching his head he nodded to his wife. After this they would neither of them heed what he said, but treated him good humouredly, as a maniac.

In the neighbourhood, however, he met not with this consideration, for he would not hold his peace while he believed a great wrong was calling for redress. They called him an Abolitionist, and proposed assisting him in his departure from a place which did not seem to suit him very well. They would provide feathers, if not wings, and attach them to him with tar, as the best artificial method. They would not furnish him with a horse, but they found a rail, and this, with the aid of their own locomotive powers, would assist him greatly.

The man felt as though he would rather continue free of all such obligations, and on the night when all things were preparing for his exit, he spread his wings upon the darkness and flew away.

He had heard the negroes speak of a land to the north, where they were no slaves, where oppression, cruelty, and selfishness did not exist; and he thought that must be the better land of which he had so often heard. He came to its far-famed city—that where morals, intelligence, and prosperity are more nearly connected than in any other. He was pleased at first, but soon became dissatisfied, because it fell far short of his ideas of social perfection. Here were also wealth and poverty—here were misery, selfishness, and pride. He saw a wealthy lady roll along in her carriage, while a feeble woman could hardly totter across the streets. 'The carriage would have held more than two,' said he to himself. He followed the faltering footsteps until he came to a cellar. The woman approached a bed, upon which two children were gasping for breath.

'Can nothing be done for them?' asked the man.

'I have just called a physician,' replied the mother. In a few moments he came in. He looked tenderly at his little patients. 'They are dying of want,' said he. 'They want everything they should now have; but first of all, is the want of fresh air.' The man started from the house, and ran to a street in which was the residence of an eminent philanthropist. His questionings had already led him to a knowledge of the good. He came to the house. The master was not at home—he had gone to his country-seat, and his mansion was vacant, with the exception of one servant, who was left to open the windows each day, and see the cool air breathed through the deserted rooms. And, as he looked at the lofty, well-ventilated, and vacant apartments, he thought of the children who were dying in a neighbouring cellar for want of air.

The man was wearied, disappointed, and vexed. 'If this is the happiest spot on earth,' said he, 'then let me go back to the moon.'

It was a lovely starlight night. The moon, like a silver crescent, hung afar in the blue ether, and there was one bright solitary cloud in the clear sky. The man spread his wings, and, bidding farewell to earth, he turned his face upward to a better home. As he passed the bright cloud he thought he saw, faintly delineated as though in bright shadow, the outlines of a human form. He approached nearer, and the cloud seemed like a light couch, upon which an etherealised being reclined. Lofty intellect and childlike mildness were blended in his pale spiritual countenance, but there was a glance of sorrow in his deep eyes which told that, if an angel, he had not forgotten the trials of earth.

The man said to him, 'I have just left earth for the moon, but I would gladly leave it for any other world. You seem to have returned to it from heaven?'

'It was my home,' replied the spirit. 'There I first received existence; there I first drew the breath of life. It was my first home; and though I know it is full of sin and sorrow, yet at times I leave heaven that I may view it once again.'

'And did you know, while there, that it was filled with guilt, ignorance, or pain? or did you neglect the great interests of humanity for selfish pleasure?'

'I did *not* live for myself alone. I endeavoured to live for my kind, and to find my happiness in trying to promote the well-being of others. I see now that I might have done more, but I saw it not then. God had given me a feeble frame, and I might not go forth actively among my brethren. But I sent my voice among them. I spoke aloud in behalf of the wronged and downtrodden. I spoke not of one evil, but of that which is the source of all evil. I spoke to the young, knowing that they would soon be the middle-aged to act, and then the aged to die. I sent my voice among the ignorant, and invited them to come to the tree of knowledge. And my bliss is now in the assurance I have received, that my words will not be forgotten.'

'But if you were doing good,' said the man, sternly, 'why did you go thence?'

'I was called,' replied the spirit, gently.

'And is there any who may take your place?'

'I hope and believe there are many noble spirits, who are as earnest, as able, as faithful, and more active, who are labouring for their brother man. But there is another agent. Would you witness it?' and, drawing aside a drapery of cloud, he disclosed a shining volume. The night breeze gently wafted its leaves, and, in letters of brightness, were written upon them such words as these: 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'The labourer is worthy of his hire.' 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.' 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

The man glanced at them, and then said, 'Is this book there?'

'It is there,' replied the spirit, 'and there it will remain until its words are embroidered upon the hems of their garments, engraved upon the bells of their horses, and bound as frontlets between their eyes. Yea, even until they are impressed upon the hearts of all men.'

The spirit veiled the book again in aerial drapery, and disappeared himself in the bright cloud.

The man turned away, with a spirit less sad; and ere morning dawned he looked down again from his 'old accustomed place,' with his usual placid smile; and none would now know from his benign expression, that we, poor erring mortals, had ever grieved and angered the Man in the Moon.—*Lowell Offering.*

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

REV. HENRY COOKE, D.D. LL.D.

Professor of Sacred Rhetoric for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

It is now more than two hundred years since Presbyterianism planted her standard in the province of Ulster. The worthies from the 'land of mountain and of flood,' by whom that standard was first erected, had felt the tossings of the tempest of persecution; and they loved their religion as the parent loves the child who has shared with him 'the night of peril.' This is not the place to record the trials and triumphs of Ulster Presbyterianism, or to trace its varied fortunes through cloud and sunshine. One feature, however, belonging to this section of the Christian church, may be particularly alluded to, inasmuch as it appears with marked prominence in the subject of the present sketch. The church of Knox, in common with its illustrious founder, repeatedly encountered the frowns

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of royalty; yet the church of Knox quailed not before the wrath of an incensed throne. In the year 1649, when Presbytery in Ulster was weak, and the turn of events had left it utterly without protection, civil or military—when the monarchy to which, in spite of the weakness and duplicity of Charles, it clung with unabated attachment, was quenched in blood, and its enemies, everywhere in the ascendant, ruled the destinies of the kingdom, the sons of the covenant shrunk not from unfurling the blue banner, though in a cause apparently crushed and hopeless. The recorded protest of Irish Presbyterians* against the trial and execution of King Charles, exhibits a noble specimen of moral courage; while the vigour of its statements and reasonings may be estimated by the fact that on the very day of its presentation to parliament (March 28, 1649), no less a personage than John Milton† was appointed to prepare an answer.

In a church, among whose members the spirit of manly independence is cherished and honoured as their birthright, Dr Cooke found a worthy and congenial sphere of action. Forty years have passed away since the ordination of this distinguished divine, and it is about a quarter of a century since he first took a decidedly prominent position in the deliberations of the Synod of Ulster. For the vast influence which he speedily acquired among his brethren in a free assembly, characterised by complete parity of office and rank, he was indebted to no superiority of wealth or hereditary distinction. Grasp of mind, wisdom in counsel, sustained by consummate ability and courage in execution, and a bold and commanding eloquence which often startled even the witnesses of its former achievements, conquered for him the post of honour, and doubtless, on occasions not a few, exposed him to the shafts of envy and detraction. The circumstances of the Presbyterian Church furnish a satisfactory account of this mixed state of feeling, as they also largely contributed to the development of Dr Cooke's extraordinary powers. Arianism having silently gained some footing in the Synod of Ulster, and its advocates, though small in number, being generally respectable men, possessing very considerable tact, and well versed in the noble watchwords of charity and liberality, when the pervading orthodoxy of the body, through Dr Cooke's instrumentality rendered more vital and vigilant, constrained the Arian party to speak out and declare themselves, the synodical debates, which ensued in 1824 and ran through several successive years, displayed an amount of ability, research, and eloquence, seldom surpassed in any public assembly, political or ecclesiastical. During this stormy period, Dr Cooke rode upon the crest of the billow. His perfect mastery of the great theological question, both in its salient points and minute details—his amazing readiness in combating the arguments and dissecting the sophistry of opponents—his ardent and exertive zeal in the cause of evangelical truth—his firm determination, by the blessing of God, to deliver the church of his fathers from the incubus of Arianism—all contributed to crown him as the leading and triumphant champion of the Bible orthodoxy taught in the *Confession* of the Church of Scotland, and the *Articles* of the Church of England. The result smiled on his sanguine hopes, and blessed his unwearied toils. Freed from the small Arian party, who now constitute a separate organisation under the name of Remonstrants, the Synod of Ulster, with renovated spirit and activity, entered upon a prosperous career of devoted and prayerful effort for the support and extension of our common Christianity.

The next subject of public interest which enlisted the energies of Dr Cooke, was the government system of national education for Ireland. Upon the success of this system, the powerful ministry of Earl Grey had set its heart. Lord Stanley, from whose statesmanship the plan emanated, and who then filled the office of chief secretary for Ireland, betrayed an earnest solicitude for its adoption by the different religious denominations, as the only effective means of carrying out the comprehensive design of the legislature. Of all this, the Synod of Ulster was intimately cognisant; yet state connection and state support did not prevent that reverend body from repeatedly and solemnly condemning the system, as in their view fettering the free use of the Scriptures in the education of youth. Nor did they abandon the attitude of staunch opposition till the national board conceded to them the right of local influence, especially that of parents and guardians, to determine the periods and the amount of Bible instruction in schools, under the superintendence of Presbyterians. With the right or the wrong of this procedure, on the part of Dr Cooke and the Synod, it is not requisite for us to intermeddle: we simply record it as one out of many illustrations of the strong uncompromising spirit by which Irish Presbyterianism is animated; while the subject gave rise to debates in which Dr Cooke gathered fresh laurels, his forensic powers having easily distanced all competition.

In the year 1836, Belfast was the theatre of a discussion on Voluntaryism, in which Dr Cooke maintained the principle of Church Establishments, and which we notice here, merely for the purpose of quoting a passage referring to Lord Castlereagh, whose unhappy fate one of his opponents had made the subject of harsh animadversion. 'I have advanced,' said the doctor, 'as a second part of the proposition, that the state has no right to order anything inconsistent with or contrary to Christianity. Great Britain committed a great blunder in legislation, when she compelled a man, under penalties ranging perhaps from ten to a thousand pounds a day, to *break* the Sabbath. I am happy in the consideration that I was the humble instrument of bringing the case before the legislature. Through my humble means, a communication was addressed to the prime minister of the day, that great man whose slumbering ashes have been so unfeelingly disturbed. Oh! is there no lapse of years will wear away the perennial hate of party? Will the coffin and the grave afford no protection against its vampire appetite? Will the stroke by which mysterious Heaven extinguishes the lamp of reason, extract no tear of pity from the eye of iron-hearted man? Will it form the very text upon which theological partisanship shall utter its unfeeling commentaries of exulting sarcasm and unappeasable hate? Charity, charity! where is that mantle with which thou hast been wont to *cover* the multitude of a neighbour's transgressions? Is it now the office of thy loudest advocates to tear that mantle aside, and expose to the rudest gaze the errors of both the living and the dead—the errors of a mind exhausted with the toils of thought—the error of the frenzied hour when reason reels and lunacy is ascendant? Oh! might not the act of that unhappy hour be consigned to the recesses of oblivion, or charitably be supposed to lie beyond the verge of accountability? Might not, in such a case, 'the accusing spirit, as he flew up to heaven's chancery with the account, blush as he gave it in, and the recording angel drop a tear upon it, and blot it out for ever?' In heaven it might be so, where mercy tempers justice. And on earth shall there be no mercy? Shall the commissioned advocate of reform, who assumes all humanity for his client, not only assail the errors of the living, but, hunting amidst the tombs of the dead, shall he, like another 'Old Mortality,' be seen with steel chisel and incessant mallet, deepening those records of human frailty or of mysterious judgments, which the winds and the rains of heaven were mercifully labouring to obliterate?'

But, though renowned as a polemic, and 'invincible in debate'—though Daniel O'Connell, when challenged thereto, declined the perilous honour of measuring syllogisms with him, on the subject of the repeal of the legislative union—it would do Dr Cooke flagrant injustice to represent him as shining merely amid the strife and the struggle of theological or general discussion. In the committees of the church, far from the excitement of a public auditory, his words are weighty and wise. In her judicatories he has been observed as 'the first to arrive, and the last to depart'

* Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, vol. ii. pp. 178–180.

† See Milton's Prose Works, pp. 266–270. His reply, with the exception of a few redeeming passages of great beauty, and conveying fine sentiments, is nearly unmatched for scurrility and violence. 'The Presbytery' contrasts favourably with the poet.

—patiently and vigorously transacting her business through the most protracted sederunts. Nor are the instances few in which he has proved himself possessed of a heart to feel, as well as of a head to plan and hands to execute. Let a legitimate demand be made upon the church's tender sympathies, and what bosom will heave with purer, stronger emotion—and from what spirit will the generous fellow-feeling gush forth with equal power to soften and subdue?

As a pulpit orator, Dr Cooke is so widely known and so thoroughly appreciated over the United Kingdom, that a minute description or critique were superfluous. We have always considered him greatest and happiest in the public ministrations of the sanctuary, particularly in the department of exposition. In the illustration of Scripture, he lays all nature, all history, all the arts and sciences, under varied and heavy contribution. As he proceeds with his discourse, the meaning of God's word assumes a distinctive form, and is made to *stand out* in attractive or terrible self-manifestation—wooing or warning the hearts of a riveted audience. Sinai clothes itself in the thunders of old—the soft whisper of mercy is heard from Mount Zion. The preacher evinces deep insight into the mind of God and the soul of man—unfolding the inexhaustible treasures of revelation, and morally extorting from the hearer the admission of their perfect and exclusive fitness to enrich our bankrupt humanity 'with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus.' Tearing to shreds every cloak of hypocrisy, and pitilessly storming the refuges of lies by which men strive to screen conscience in the neglect of Christian duty, he fails not to urge home the claims of the truth by mingled motives of awful and alluring enforcement. His pulpit addresses partake plentifully of the strong, argumentative, sometimes scathing eloquence of John Knox; yet are they not wanting in tones of sweet affectionate tenderness, characteristic of 'the man that hath seen affliction,' and whose soul melts for the stricken and bereaved of his flock. On more public and exciting occasions, his preaching realises the boldest flights of sacred oratory, displaying peculiar brilliancy, and expatiating in extensive ranges of thought, while depth and massiveness are never sacrificed on the altar of popular effect. It was the observation of an able and learned clergyman of the Established Church in reference to one of his own brethren—'In the discourse of Mr —— you have no doubt enjoyed the a, b, c, of gospel simplicity; but had you come to the service of Dr Cooke, you would have been feasted with the x, y, z, of Christian philosophy.' We merely add that the utterance of the doctor is seldom marked by rapidity: the onward march of his eloquence commonly suggests the idea of a slow and measured tread, but it is the tread of the honoured veteran on the field of his fame.

Through life, Dr Cooke has evinced an extraordinary appetite for knowledge, not only in his own chosen department, but in all the branches of science and literature. Some years after his ordination, having made a satisfactory arrangement with his presbytery and parish, he repaired successively to Glasgow and Dublin, to pursue his studies in the medical sciences, particularly those of anatomy and physiology. This knowledge he has frequently turned to good account, both in improving the minds of young men by courses of popular lectures on scientific subjects, and presenting more forcibly and vividly the argument supplied by natural theology for the being and attributes of God.

In private, the society of Dr Cooke possesses a charm for all who come within the circle of his acquaintance; and the greater the intimacy, the spell becomes increasingly powerful. On every topic of conversation, his ample resources enable him to instruct, while his kind consideration for others takes away all intrusive appearance of superiority. Some men are tickled or impressed only by their own wit or wisdom; Dr Cooke sails happily down the general stream of conversation, whether his own tributary may chance to be large or small. With these qualities, need we add, that in the bosom of his own family he is beloved as a companion, and revered as a Christian parent.

The present position of Dr Cooke is full of interest to the church. At the age of sixty—a fine venerable erect figure, strong-minded, and hale in constitution—he has just resigned his pastoral charge, that he may devote his still fresh and unimpaired energies to the education of candidates for the presbyterian ministry. How appropriate, too, the chair which he fills—that of sacred rhetoric, of which he is one of the greatest living masters! and what benefit must accrue to the students who shall be animated by his example as a minister, and enriched from the abundant resources embodied in his prelections as a professor!

Original Poetry.

A FATHER'S VISIT TO THE NURSERY AT NIGHT.

Oh, how mysterious 'tis to view
That group by slumber's spell entranced!
Where is the merry-hearted crew
That lately laugh'd, and sung, and danced?

All earth-born frolic's hush'd—and now
A holy, heav'nly calm is shed
O'er ev'ry marble, cherub brow.
But whither has the spirit fled?—

Each, by its angel led the while
To fairer bowers, and brighter streams?
O, yes! O, yes! that raptured smile
Is kindled by celestial beams.

All of vile earth has pass'd away—
A glory to each sleeper given;
While soft the Saviour seems to say,
'Of such my kingdom is in heaven.'

Next to the wish that would restore
My innocence when life was new,
Give me, kind Heaven, at such an hour,
The sleep of innocence to view!

MAJOR VEITCH.

CHIPS FROM MY LOG.

No. XV.

ARRIVAL AT ST HELENA—JAMES' TOWN—WALK OVER THE ISLAND—NAPOLEON'S TOMB—SANDY BAY—CONCLUSION OF THE VOYAGE.

FROM the Cape we were three weeks to St Helena, a very long passage; but instead of the strong south-east trades that commonly blow in that locality, we had nothing but calms and light winds all the way up. It was clearly not the ship's fault that we were so long about it, for when there was any wind at all she sailed beautifully, and got to windward better than any vessel we ever happened to keep company with; in fact, we had passed several during the passage, and only one, a smart Danish brig, had beaten us, and that was when we were disabled by the loss of our mainyard. One day that we were lying becalmed south of St Helena, a large whale treated us to a curious exhibition. He first rose pretty close alongside, and after blowing several times, and exhibiting above the water his huge back, mottled with grey spots, he turned himself slowly round, passed under the ship's bottom, and rose to spout on the other side. The nostril, or 'blow-hole,' seemed large enough to hold a man. After a few evolutions, he again wheeled round his massive bulk, dived down, and re-passed leisurely under the vessel. This was repeated five or six times, and the water being quite smooth and transparent, afforded us an unusually good opportunity of seeing his form and movements.

On the morning of the 10th July we came in sight of the island of St Helena, and so correctly had we determined our position and course the previous day, that when it first became visible, at the distance of about forty miles, the ship's head was pointing directly towards it. This may seem a very trivial fact, and not worth recording; but really, when we think of the erratic groping voyages of former days, when a ship had difficulty in shaping a direct course for a *continent*, let alone a small island, the certainty of modern navigation is surprising. Great ignorance

no doubt yet prevails among seafaring people, and many disasters flow from that source, but instruments are now so perfect, and rules so simple, that even in unskilled hands the results are wonderfully accurate. Knowledge and skill are, however, highly necessary for many points in seamanship besides marking a ship's track. Navigation is a beautiful and noble art, and in its exercise the highest qualities of man—mental, moral, and physical—find ample scope.

On reaching the north-east corner of the island, we sailed west along the base of a cliff from eight hundred to a thousand feet high, till we came to Sugar-loaf Point (a lofty conical rock with a battery on the face of it), where the topsails were clewed up, and in a few minutes more the ship was anchored abreast of James' Town. The appearance of the town from the anchorage is very striking. It lies in the bottom of a narrow valley, whose rocky precipitous sides rise to the height of eight hundred feet and upwards, and the houses being all plastered with white lime, contrast strongly with the bare black rocks around. The cliff on the right hand (called Ladder Hill) is crowned with an extensive fort, and batteries bristling with cannon are seen on every side. We landed at the base of the left-hand cliff, walked along a causeway much broken up by a late remarkable irruption of the sea, crossed a drawbridge, and then turned to the right along the front of the town, having a row of huge cannon, mortars, and piles of shot on the one hand, and the town-wall, lined with trees, on the other. Passing through a gateway guarded by soldiers, we entered a sort of square, or wide street, which contained a church with a tall spire, and some large white houses, one side being bounded by a public garden. A broad street, filled with plain white houses, ascended from this square with a gentle slope for a little way, and terminated by dividing into two narrow lanes, which passed up the sides of the valley and back into the interior. We dined and passed the night on shore; but the profound stillness was so unusual that I could scarcely sleep, the only sound being the sentry's hourly cry of 'All's well!' echoing among the rocks.

Next morning I got up at daylight and started for the chief point of attraction in the island—Napoleon's empty tomb. I was strongly recommended to take a horse and guide; but as I consider both to be great nuisances when examining an interesting place, I set out alone and on foot. Taking the path on the left hand, I proceeded up James' Valley, gradually getting on a higher and higher level, till I came to 'Side-path,' about a mile and a half from the town, and the residence of Napoleon when he first landed on the island. Looking down the valley from this point, I had a beautiful view of the town and shipping, and right opposite to me a small stream of water formed a cascade of several hundred feet in height. Before reaching the bottom of the chasm the water was quite broken up into rain, which was blown in different directions by every puff of wind. The sides of the glen were steep and rocky, but covered with large patches of geraniums and prickly-pears. The path now took a sharp turn up the side of the hill, and soon brought me to the summit of the ridge separating James' from Rupert's Valley. Here I found a stone with an inscription intimating that the place was one mile and two-thirds from the town, and 1180 feet above the level of the sea—at least so I interpreted the initials and figures. The ground was here covered with scanty herbage, on which some sheep were grazing. Keeping along the top of this ridge, which gradually increased in elevation, I came upon a fir wood and a clump of whin bushes, which brought me up, as sailors say, 'all standing.' Firs, to be sure, I had seen plentifully on the heights in China, but whins—there had I been twenty-five months wandering over the earth's surface without ever seeing a bush. I was delighted beyond measure. A feeling of home rushed strong upon me, and even Napoleon's tomb I would have held cheap beside this despised but familiar shrub. I pocketed a couple of fir cones, and enclosed in paper some of the yellow whin blossoms to serve as 'beads in memory's rosary,' and then, while I trudged onwards over the wooded heights of St Helena, imagination indulged in a ramble on the banks of the Dee.

On emerging from the fir wood, I found myself on the top of one of the highest ridges in the island, about 2200 feet above the sea-level. Beneath me was a deep ravine, and beyond it was a series of lofty rugged cliffs, with the sea stretching away and blending with the clouds towards the south-east. Turning to the right, the path led me along the side of the glen, which was covered with furze and brambles, and after a gradual descent I came near the upper end or head of the valley, where a young Creole pointed out to me the site of the tomb. All that I could see was a white cottage with an oak-tree at one end, a drooping-willow in front, and a clump of firs behind—a lonely spot for the grave of a man that made such a stir and bustle. I entered the cottage where the old lady that owns the property resides, wrote my name in the visiters' book, paid the usual charge of three-and-sixpence, and was then allowed to inspect the empty vault. It occupies a grassy spot behind the patch of firs, and a few cypress and willow trees are planted around it. An old serjeant, who had been in charge of the tomb for about thirteen years, went down with me into it, and poured into my inattentive ears a full account of the removal of the body, and the state in which the various parts were found. But my thoughts were otherwise engaged, for I had never felt the truth that 'all is vanity' so strikingly exemplified. 'What profit had this man of all his labour under the sun?'

> 'When that this body did contain a spirit,
> A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
> But now, two paces of the vilest earth
> Is room enough.'

And this, too, in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world—a sequestered valley of a remote island of the sea, far from his admirers and the scenes of his former exploits. Here he should have been left, that coming generations might learn an impressive lesson. When a great man dies and is consigned to the family-vault or to a public burial-place, we think it all right and proper, and as we read his name and actions on the 'storied urn,' or recall his features by the 'animated bust,' we are by no means apt to be struck with the utter emptiness and uselessness of earthly fame to its departed possessor; but a case like this is not to be mistaken, and the cry of 'vanity of vanities' rings in the ears of the most indifferent.

Close by the grave a spring of clear cold water wells out from the rock, and from this Napoleon had his daily supply. He conceived a great liking to the spot during his residence at Longwood (about a mile and a half distant), and chose it himself for his burying-place. His daily rambles used to terminate here, and then, like the traveller at the well of St Keane,

> 'He drank of the water so cool and clear,
> When hot and thirsty was he,
> And he sat down upon the bank,
> Under the willow tree,'

there, no doubt, to think of his fallen fortunes, and brood over his hopeless imprisonment.

Before leaving the place I breakfasted in the cottage with a party of Frenchmen, and then struck across towards 'Sandy Bay,' on the west side of the island. The road wound through valleys and over ridges, and there were so many by-paths and crossings that, in spite of frequent inquiries, I several times went astray. One person pointed out how I might save a considerable distance by climbing over a hill, but, like most other 'near cuts,' it was a bad bargain at any price. The path was often so narrow as not to afford room for my foot; the hill-side was steep, and rendered slippery by a recent shower; and it was only by holding on to the grass and bushes that I could effect the precarious ascent. But on surmounting the last ridge, I was fully repaid for all my trouble; indeed, the extraordinary scene that burst upon me made me feel quite excited. I had never seen nature in such a mood. Beneath me lay a deep, irregular valley, or large hollow, the bottom covered with green knolls and little hills, surmounted with white houses. Sheep and cattle were grazing on the grassy

slopes below me and to the left, but towards the right the sides of the chasm were clothed with trees. Looking seaward, and beyond the valley, was a mass of bare brown rocks, thrown up, as if by volcanic agency, into lofty peaks and crags, smooth precipices, and many fantastic forms. A deep cleft in the middle disclosed the sea and the bay from which the place is named. It would be impossible, and therefore I shall not attempt, to convey an idea of the general effect produced by the contrast of the green and wooded hills, with the quiet sunny cottages and grazing herds, on the one hand; and the desolate grandeur of the rugged mountains, their tops often hid among the driving clouds, on the other.

From this point I commenced my return, and, after passing a few more valleys and ridges, the road led me to the fort on the top of Ladder Hill. From this dizzy height I looked right down upon the town and shipping as if upon a plan drawn on paper. There were about a dozen large vessels in the anchorage, besides a number of captured slavers, some of them perfect models; and, observing that our ship was getting her topsail-yards hoisted, I perceived the necessity of bringing my excursion to a close. The cliff on which the fort stands is 628 feet in perpendicular height, and it may be ascended from the town either by a zig-zag road of one mile and 170 yards in length, or by a wooden ladder of 630 steps, right up the rock from the square or principal street. I took the latter way, both for its novelty and its shortness, but had not descended far till I had reason to repent of my choice. The steps were far apart, and the unusual action of the muscles was so hard to maintain, that I had to rest nearly a dozen times by the way, and when at length I reached the bottom, I was obliged to sit a while on the last step before my limbs would support me on the level ground.

Going up the town, I found the captain with a party of others at dinner, and, while inviting me to join them, he presented me with a letter from home that he had got in the post-office. Let him who wishes to appreciate such an event just go for twenty-five months without any word from friends, as I had done, and then I guess, as Sam Slick would say, the way he will fall upon his first letter will be a caution.

About four o'clock we went on board; our fine ship was already under weigh; so, squaring the yards and making all sail, we left the island rapidly behind us. St Helena, being placed right in the way of homeward-bound ships, and presenting a safe and convenient anchorage, is much frequented. About one hundred vessels, on an average, call every month, and in the shipping list for March I counted as many as sixteen in one day, and nearly a hundred and fifty for the whole month. Water of excellent quality is pumped on board from tank-boats with great expedition, and vegetables are furnished at moderate expense. Beef and mutton were dear (one shilling a pound), being brought with other articles from the Cape, and at that time there was a scarcity on account of the Kafir war.

From St Helena we reached the line in nine days. The south-east trades then gradually merged into a steady southerly wind, which carried us through the tract called the 'variables' without failing us a single hour, till one night, in about 12 deg. north latitude, it began to veer northwards with squalls and rain, and next morning the ship, having fallen off to E.N.E., was put on the starboard tack, and then she came rapidly up to her course of N.N.W., the sky at the same time clearing up, and the north-east trades setting in steady. On the 1st August I passed underneath a vertical sun for the sixth time. After losing the trades we had fifteen days of calm, hot weather, during which, by the aid of occasional light airs, we made only 560 miles of northing. A shoal of dolphins came alongside one morning, and, by means of hooks adorned with white rags, we caught a dozen. Some of them while dying showed beautiful metallic tints, but not equal to the fine play of colours they exhibited in the water. Another shoal appeared two days after, and of these we captured about a dozen and a half. They were in prime condition, and we relished them very much.

After passing the Azores we had squally, variable winds mostly ahead; the thermometer gradually fell, and the watery, cloudy skies gave unpleasant evidence of our approach to northern regions cold. In spite of all hindrances we gradually crept nearer home; ships became more numerous around us; and one day, when about 300 miles from the nearest point of Britain, two small birds from the land paid us a visit, rested their weary wings a while upon the rigging, and condescended to pick some biscuit-crumbs from the cabin floor.

Early in the morning of the 7th September, five and a half long months from Calcutta, the captain roused me up to see the lights on Kinsale Head. We thought to have made Cape Clear, but our chronometer was at fault, and so it turned out to be Kinsale; and well for us it was that we were able to identify the light, for the day was thick and squally, and we got no further observations. After dark we shaped our course northwards for St George's Channel, and about eight P.M., passed the Tuskar light. We made a famous run during the night,—the wind being right aft and blowing hard,—and by eight in the morning were abreast the South Stack Rock off Holyhead. About five P.M., when off Little Ormes Head, we got taken in tow by a steamer; and while they were making fast, a gentleman came on board of us from another vessel, for the purpose of getting a quicker passage up. He was the master of a Liverpool ship that had taken fire spontaneously, and been burned at sea, on her way home from Calcutta. The crew had taken to the boats, and after three days landed on the island of Rodriguez, where they found the captain and crew of the vessel in which I sailed from the Mauritius,—that ship having been wrecked on the island on her way from Calcutta to the latter place. After being some time on the island, an American whaler happened to pass, and by her they sent word of their situation to the Mauritius, whence a small vessel was despatched, and relieved both crews from an imprisonment of more than two months.

After some detention at the mouth of the Mersey, on account of low tide, we got up rapidly with the flood, and at midnight were safely lodged in dock. So ended my voyage: the yielding deck was exchanged for the tread of solid ground, and the sounds and sights that were so long familiar to me are now become unusual and strange.

We have now chipped the log pretty bare. Little of it remains but details of winds and weather, and trivial incidents,—interesting enough to me, as tending to recall many recollections both pleasant and sad, but which to the general reader would be 'dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' You have borne me company over nearly 57,000 miles of ocean; we have scanned some pleasing features of nature's fair face; we have together heard strange tongues, and looked upon countenances of diverse hues; and I cannot but regret that I have been able to take so little advantage of my position, and have imparted so little solid knowledge. I don't want to get sentimental over it; but yet, while I have your attention, I would fain give utterance to a few thoughts that the writing of these notes has suggested, and which now come crowding thick. But I know not where to begin, and after all, I believe, that anything I could say has been better said before, so I shall give you a speedy release.

Captain Marryat gives it as his opinion, that 'much as travel by land may enlarge the mind, it never can be expanded to the utmost of its capabilities, until it has also peregrinated by water; that not only the human intellect, but the instinct of brutes is enlarged by going to sea.' This is taking high ground, and any one commencing a cruise with such elevated notions of its results, will likely conclude it with a firmer persuasion than ever, that

> 'The ample proposition hope makes
> In all designs begun on earth below,
> Falls in the promised largeness.'

The degree of improvement, indeed, must depend in a great measure on the individual himself, and a man may derive as little advantage from the circumnavigation of the globe, as from a holiday trip in a steamer. Much preparatory training in fact is necessary, before full benefit can be de-

ived from this or any other sphere of observation; but till there is much truth in the above remark of Captain Barryat, and, apart from any distinct, tangible increase of knowledge, a voyage seems to exert a most beneficial influence on the mind. A familiarity with the great ocean itself, in its various moods, can hardly fail of producing some degree of intellectual expansion; while an acquaintance with the novel operations of nature in foreign lands, and some intercourse with different varieties of the human species, ought to lessen our conceit, lead us to a juster estimate of our country and ourselves, and make us feel a more benevolent interest in all the members of the great human family.

But the continual change of scene, and consequent excitement attendant on voyaging, is apt to induce a restless spirit, and a dissatisfaction with the cold details of everyday life. The desire of travelling seems insatiable. Indulgence but increases it; and the wise man might have added it to the three things that are never satisfied, and the four that say not, 'It is enough.' Such has been the feeling in my own case, though, doubtless, it may yet wear off, and I may be content to settle down into a sober citizen. For the present, however, the latent desire often breaks forth and urges its gratification in the teeth of all prudence and reasonable economy. While the bleak, cold days, and long, dark, stormy nights of winter last, I may feel contented enough, but with summer comes a pilgrim-spirit, and I long to be out on the wide world. Of course, I am expected to conquer this disposition, and I do not fail to be reminded among other things, that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' No matter: let me keep rolling bright and smooth,—mental rust and asperities all rubbed off,—the moss may grow where it will. But such an erratic tendency is suitable only for one that can afford to shape his own course in the voyage of life; and although I happen to be favoured with a pretty fair wind at present, it may soon become necessary to 'to brace sharp up,' and prepare for adverse gales on this uncertain sea.

The voyage of life!—how deeply expressive the phrase to one familiar with seafaring experience. Of the multitude of things to which human life has been compared, it has often struck me that none affords a closer parallel than this similitude to a voyage, wherein every phase and accident of human existence may find an instructive counterpart. Take an illustration suggested by the common history of followers of the learned professions. A fine ship is constructed with every care; much expense is lavished on her outfit; and as she leaves port with her sides nicely painted, her rigging taut, her sails trim and neat, her fancy-work all freshly polished, and her proud flag displaying its bright colours in the breeze, many look upon her with envy and admiration, and anticipate for her an illustrious career. But soon the sky lowers,—the bleak cold wind whistles dismally, sail after sail is taken in, and the tall masts bend under the passing squalls. So passes many weary days and nights,—sometimes a propitious breeze and a little sunshine to revive her sinking energies,—till at length, when the voyage is far spent, and a steady fair wind does come soothingly over the blue waters, her sails are all ragged and patched, her rigging slack, stranded, and knotted,—her sides, once so clean and bright, now slimy with green ooze, and begrimed with rusty streaks, and her sheathing so rough with barnacles and other marine abominations, that, with all her canvass spread again, she moves but sluggishly. Is not the experience of any one sufficient to afford the parallel?

But I must have done; for however pleasant it may be to see one's self in print; yet when one comes to have nothing to say, decidedly the best plan is to take Punch's advice, and say so at once.

PANHOE PAN AND HER SEVEN SUITORS.

['Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany for 1849' appears amongst the host of diaries, remembrancers, and pocket companions, which the season produces, serving as *sticksticks* to mark the onward progress of that unwearied reaper, Time. It is one of the best of its class. Externally, it is well got up. The original contributions, by various well-known authors, are vigorous, and the selections are tasteful. An interesting addition not common to works of this class, is the collection of charades and enigmas, many of which are very ingenious. We extract the following somewhat caustic morceau, by one of our own contributors, Miss Frances Brown.]

The ancient though unprogressing civilisation of China possesses not only its peculiar arts, but a numerous and distinguished succession of philosophers, poets, and novelists, with the greater portion of whose wit and wisdom Europe has made but slight and casual acquaintance. There are those who believe that familiarity with them, as in the case of certain buttoned-up individuals among ourselves, would not repay the trouble of cultivation; others insist that their range is limited to that of the Chinese mind, which never rose higher than the ninth storey of the Porcelain Tower. We are not prepared to put either assertion to the proof, being apprehensive of attendant difficulties, but we are aware that Chinese literature had its authoresses also, though few they were in number, as those of the classic world, and quite as celebrated in their own far eastern regions, at a period when ladies of similar pursuits were still more rare in Europe.

The most renowned name in this notable list is that of Panhoe Pan, whose novels are yet the delight and edification of the more sentimental beaux and belles of China, and have been placed by an imperial decree among the works requisite to be read by all aspirants to the honours of the golden buttons or the peacock's feather. She flourished, according to the accredited chronicles of her native city (Nankin), in the thirty-ninth age of mortal government in China, or about the close of our seventeenth century, and was believed to have been the most learned and accomplished woman that ever appeared in the Celestial Empire, on which account the Bonyas discovered, but not till after her death, that her soul must have belonged to a star that lost its way and fell to the earth, or was one of the three hundred thousand inferior deities condemned to expiate some offence against the great Tien, by sojourning among men for a season. In the zenith of her fame the renowned Mantchoo Emperor Keen Lung commanded three thousand critics throughout his dominions to bring each an essay on her works to his summer palace at Pekin on the first day of the following year, on pain of losing their heads on the second, that his majesty might ascertain from their different remarks what was the novelist's most striking excellence. With such incitements to punctuality the essays were duly delivered, and on the reading of the whole before Keen Lung and his council—a process which occupied three consecutive months—it was found that, though not so much as two of the critics agreed on any other point, the three thousand were unanimous in admiring the lady's knowledge of the duties of her sex, and commending in particular the rules she laid down for the conduct of their matrimonial lives. As it was also observed that all the essayists were married men, the emperor regarded the case as fully made out, and enjoined the same opinion on his subjects by an ordinance which still remains among the statutes of the empire; yet the seven mandarins and twenty-one chief scholars appointed to write the biography of Panhoe Pan unite in deploring that no opportunity was ever afforded to the lady of practically illustrating her extraordinary wisdom, and those writers all concur in accounting for the lamentable fact by the following story.

When the 'Disobedience of Goe Hang,' the 'Unprofitable Deceit,' and the 'Propitious Marriage' (productions unrivalled in the proper distribution of robes of honour and blows of the bamboo), were in the first flush of their popularity, the gifted authoress was still unwedded and residing with her brother Lien Shang, in the second street of Nankin. Her father had been a mandarin of the third class, and held the office of chief tea-taster; but, manifesting a peculiar desire for adorning his house with looking-glasses and handsome slaves, he was one day found guilty of bri-

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bery, and hanged by the viceroy of the province, to the inconsolable grief of his widow, who spent the first year in visiting his grave, selling his slaves, and marrying his children, with the exception of Panhoe Pan and her brother, the former being still a child, and the latter having made a vow to study the divine sciences for seven years; and then the esteemed lady was conveyed in a sedan-chair, with the usual ceremonial, to the house of the salt-distributor, over which she continued to preside.

The seven years of Lien Shang's study served, as was intended, to make him a scholar of the first class; he received the degree of long-nails from the college of Nankin, and was soon after appointed to his father's office of tea-taster with a suitable admonition against bribery from the new viceroy; but what chiefly recommended him to public respect was the fame of his accomplished sister. Lien Shang's pride in her was as great as the public expected. She had been the unwearied companion and zealous assistant of his studies; and, though something more than astonished at first to find her genius outstripping his own, yet when her second tale was printed in silver letters for the perusal of the Empress' Mother at Pekin, he lighted fifty-two joss-sticks in honour of the dispenser of souls, and ever after none could be more polite in acknowledging the lanterns lighted on her birthday, or more hospitable in entertaining the sages who came to converse with her through the screen of painted lattice-work set up for that purpose in his hall of reception. But latterly a more important consideration occupied the brother's attention; he suddenly recollected that his sister's youth was passing, and the duty which devolved on him regarding her settlement in life. There were those in Nankin who suspected his anxiety arose from a laudable desire to provide his house with a new mistress, which he might well despair of accomplishing when a lady of such critical discernment as Panhoe Pan remained to direct his choice. Indeed, the last mentioned quality was the only apparent obstacle to her own disposal, as, besides her extraordinary distinction, she was known to possess a considerable amount of Chinese attractions, in the form of broken feet, small eyes, and black teeth; and that peculiar merit of her works on which the critics were afterwards so remarkably unanimous, had already produced a deep impression on the more prudent part of the community, from whom eligible offers, indicated as usual by blue duck's eggs and verses written on porcelain, poured in thick and many. The mistress of such gifts and graces was not to be easily won. Panhoe Pan had too fine a sense of conjugal duty to step into it without deep deliberation and inquiry, in the course of which one was found to be extravagant, a second to have a violent temper, and a third to be most shamefully poor. In short, the wisdom which fascinated her suitors was further exhibited in refusing the greater part of them, till, as Lien Shang declared to a confidential friend, in his horror of her never being suited at all, only six mandarins of the first class remained on the family list, concerning whose faults the lady had as yet discovered nothing. The whole family now took alarm; married brothers and sisters, with all their numerous connections, poured in remonstrance, warning, and advice, to which Panhoe Pan listened in the most discreet silence; and then informed them, in a speech of two hours' delivery, interspersed with maxims and quotations from her own works, that if her suitors would assemble in the hall of reception on the fifteenth day of the ensuing moon, and declare their pretensions to her brother, she would signify her opinion of each candidate, and select the most meritorious from behind the bamboo lattice.

The propensity of mankind to value things in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them has been observed in more countries than China; and this fact may explain why the six mandarins accepted with alacrity the chance of success politely intimated to them by Lien Shang, and only grumbled that the day of trial should be fixed so distant; but Panhoe Pan had reasons for this arrangement, which were not set forth in her oration. Among the sages to whom she daily discoursed philosophy through the screen, there had lately come a young man wearing a plain silk robe and cap without either tuft or feather. His face was calm and thoughtful as that of Confucius; but his figure was spare and muscular as that of a tiller of the field, and he called himself by the humble name of Tee Sing, a seeker of wisdom. When questioned by the elder philosophers regarding his birth and pursuits, he said he was the only son of the chief mandarin's tenth secretary, and had been sent on a tour of the empire—the new sovereign's example having rendered that proceeding imperative on the youth of Pekin. The inquirers were satisfied with his account of himself and cause of travelling, as it was generally known that since the late emperor had, in the language of the Chinese court circular, 'gone to dwell among his ancestors,' his successor—the then youthful Keen Lung, whose subsequent mode of eliciting sound criticism we have recorded—had devoted himself to a year of travel and disguise in order to hear the wisdom and see the wonders of his vast dominions. Considering that Tee Sing was an humble imitator of his sovereign, the wonders and wisdom of Nankin must have appeared in his eyes to be concentrated in the hall of reception, for thither he came as duly as the sun glanced in on its porcelain tiles and pillars inlaid with looking-glasses, and the admiration of the sages was divided between the frankness with which he answered their interrogations, and the modesty with which he heard their opinions on all subjects without advancing any of his own: but this diffidence increased tenfold when the lady spoke, and such was his anxiety to profit by her observations that he always seated himself as close to the lattice as possible, and kept his eyes fixed on its painted bars. Panhoe Pan had more than once passed sidelong encomiums on his attention; he was even supposed to be the hero of her celebrated tale, 'The Reward of Humility,' and Pe Ping Hoe, the only one of the levee who talked with his eyes open, being under seventy, and therefore regarded as unfit for lofty abstraction, had been heard to observe when rather excited at the feast of lanterns, that her veil was subject to marvellous agitations since the youth made his appearance, as now a hand and then a feature was visible at every sentence. In short, there was some expectation that a seventh might be added to the list of suitors; but the appointed day at length arrived, the household had been for a fortnight previous in the extreme zeal of preparation, and there was a considerable display of new dresses and servants, the former being borrowed, and the latter hired for the occasion, for Lien Shang was believed to be rich, and naturally wished to support his reputation in the cheapest manner. All the family to the utmost limit of affinity were assembled, the gentlemen at one end of the hall with the brother who wore a most self-congratulating look, and the ladies at the other, behind the bamboo screen, with Panhoe Pan seated in the centre, on a pile of scarlet cushions, and dressed in a robe as nearly approaching to the imperial yellow as legal security permitted, a girdle of crimson and gold, a newly written manuscript in one hand, and a fan of painted ivory in the other; it is also recorded that the lady put on her smallest slippers and thinnest veil for the ceremony.

The six suitors came, each in the robes of his rank, with a becoming train of attendants, carrying fans and umbrellas; and, last of all, appeared Tee Sing in his usual modest apparel, with only one servant following him—a grave and elderly man, who might have been mistaken for a mandarin of the empire, but that he carried an ivory box under his left arm; at that sight Panhoe Pan let fall her manuscript and blushed through her veil. The salutations being concluded, and half-an-hour of silent contemplation, as became such polished society, having elapsed, the mandarins spoke according to the order of their application. The first was the overseer of mines. He said that, being young, unmarried, and very rich, his heart was captivated by the report of the lady's beauty, and as he had no particular objections to her wit and learning, especially when combined with such a clear perception of matrimonial duties, he had come to offer her his hand, and her brother one hundred ingots of gold by way of exchange for his sister, as had ever been the custom of the Celestial Empire since

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it rose superior to the barbarism of surrounding nations. When he ceased, there was deep silence in the hall, and all turned towards the lattice; but Panhoe Pan, gathering her veil close around her, exclaimed, 'The overseer of mines is a child in soul, his thoughts rest on beauty which time will wither like the bloom of the tulip-tree; such love dwells only in the eye, and is beneath the regard of a daughter of wisdom.'

The next was the comptroller of manners in the province of Nankin; he opened his declaration with a statement of his high descent, the important offices filled by his relations, and the power and influence which he exercised: he then described the cost and splendour of his new built house, and averred that it only required a mistress worthy of his rank and fortune, and having heard of none so accomplished as Panhoe Pan, he now requested her acceptance of his hand, and her brother to name the sum he would require in her stead. 'Pride is the beginning of all crime,' responded the lady; 'the love of a vain man tends only to his fancied glory, let no daughter of wisdom become the train of a peacock.'

The next was the surveyor of temples; he spoke with dignified modesty of the highly respectable position which the late emperor had seen fit to confer upon him, of his own upright conduct, and the flattering testimonies borne to his character and abilities by men of every class, adding, that though his fortune was not so ample as that of some competitors, he had every prospect of advancement as his talents were known at court, and, being charmed with the wit and wisdom of Lien Shang's incomparable sister, he had determined to make an offer of marriage, convinced that her literary distinction would secure her the interests of his family better than the wealthiest connections. The lady's fan rattled against the bamboo, as she replied, 'The wise look on cunning as the eagle regards the mole. Wo to the wife of a designing man; there is no certainty in her days! Let the surveyor of temples seek some other advantage.'

The chief keeper of prisons then rose; he was exactly sixty-five, and said that, though his pig-tail had grown white in rather unpleasant service, and he had poured out his soul in unavailing sorrow over the graves of three successive wives, yet, having realised a considerable fortune, and being in possession of a large house and fifteen sons and daughters, he sincerely believed, from the sentiments set forth in the lady's works, which agreed in every tittle with his own, that she was the proper person to reverence the sunset of his days, and instruct his children how they should do likewise. 'What do I hear?' said Panhoe Pan, half screaming with indignation; 'the owl saith to the falcon, 'Come and make my nest honourable!' Grey hairs should dwell with discretion, and not a haughty spirit; let all wise women remember that he who exacts much will give little.'

The keeper of prisons looked about to scold; but his kind intent was interrupted by the dispenser of justice, an aged mandarin whose spine defied his efforts to stand straight on that important day. 'Excellent words,' said he, 'discover a lofty mind, and know, oh! Lien Shang, that I admire the resolute soul of your sister even more than her beauty and talents, though they rise beyond comparison; my age seems somewhat advanced, I am rich and childless, for my only son hath proved rebellious, and married the daughter of a tooth stainer, for which I have resolved to disinherit him, and who is there that would assist me in keeping the base at a distance so ably as the incomparable Panhoe Pan?' 'Learn to forgive thine own offspring before thy soul is called to account before the great Tien,' cried the lady in a still louder key. 'Evil will overtake the vindictive man, and she that weds him must expect part of his punishment.'

The dispenser of justice happened to be rather deaf, and his request for an explanation was lost in the speech of the next suitor, who held the office of keeper of archives, and had the smallest train among the six. He declared himself unable to offer more than fifty ingots of silver to Lien Shang, being obliged to support his mother and a large helpless family, of which he was the eldest son, at the same time acknowledging that he had neither descent nor distinction to boast, having obtained his office only two months before through the gratitude of the viceroy, whose son he had saved from drowning; but having read the works of Panhoe Pan, and also caught a glimpse of her once by accident at the altar of the winds, her shadow was cast upon his soul, and he came to ask her acceptance of his home and affection.—Her attendant ladies denied the fact, but it was asserted that at the close of this declaration, the lady's ivory fan rebounded off the keeper of the archives' head, and her manuscript followed it with a shout of 'When will presumption cease? Well may women lament when she that has been called wise and honourable is mocked by a vain pretence; the love that seeks its superior is the child of selfishness and conceit, and wise women despise it!'

Scarce had she spoken when Tee Sing rose. With his wonted humility he had occupied an inferior seat; but the lady's eye brightened as he approached Lien Shang, and the youth, gazing on the lattice, proceeded, 'Brother of the most famous among women, I came a suitor to your sister. I read her works in my distant home, and undertook a long journey in order to learn the full amount of her wit, and knowledge, and beauty; all these I have discovered and found them to exceed report; but I resign my suit and return alone—for Panhoe Pan is a fault-finder, her soul has an eye too keen for blemishes to be the abode of love, but when my house requires a censor I will remember your sister.'

There came neither sound nor sign from behind the lattice, but the veil of silver tissue shook like all the boughs of an aspen in the summer wind; and 'Who art thou?' gasped Lien Shang, almost suffocated with anger, 'that thy house might require such a comptroller?' but at the same moment the grave servant touched a spring in the ivory box, which flew open, and out of it he unfolded a mantle of the imperial yellow, and reverently placed it on the shoulders of Tee Sing.

'Pride is rebuked by truth from the lips of the son of heaven!' cried the keeper of the prisons; 'sound the gongs that Nankin may know that the father of China is among us!' The gongs were accordingly sounded, and that night Nankin kept a regal festival in honour of Keen Lung, but the reception-hall of Lien Shang's house was left silent and solitary, nor was it ever again visited by either sage or suitor, for Panhoe Pan the same night departed to the house of the sisters of celibacy on the frontiers of Mantchooria, and ever afterwards devoted herself to the service of the stars, and the composition of those inestimable works on which the three thousand critics and the imperial decree passed that unparalleled eulogium.

FRAGMENT FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

A PRESBYTERIAN'S THOUGHTS ON MUSIC IN DIVINE SERVICE ON HEARING GRAND MASS.

'Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy: for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts.'—*Luther.*

In Paris pleasure's goddess reigns supreme, and I confess that under her gay and glittering sceptre time rolls rapidly and pleasantly along—the seventh day excepted, which being kept more as a *holiday* than a *holy day*, makes us Presbyterians feel anything but joyful, even though you attempt to join in the universal jubilee. Last Sabbath, however, I went to hear Grand Mass in the celebrated church of St Roch; and the general effect was highly imposing, but the music was sublime, as, amidst eddying clouds of incense, the cadences of a well-trained choir, and the swelling tones of the organ, vibrating through the pillared and vaulted aisles, undulated onwards, in their aerial way, to mingle in eternity's unfathomable and ever-flowing tide, and lifting the soul to higher thoughts, in spite of all the gorgeous spectacle before you. Yes, much as we may disagree with the Catholics, I have ever thought that we have

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gone far beyond the just mean in not using the due influence of music in our services. None can deny that it may often have been even abused, and so has every good in this world; nevertheless, it was doubtless intended to form no mean part in the worship of God. The difference in effect of a verse read in a common manner instead of a solemn and earnest one, shows that there is much even in the tone of voice, and why should not an Almighty Being, who knows every thought, receive the homage and fullness of the soul as well from heart-felt tones as from words? 'We cannot utter all his praise.' Do not the shouts and loud acclamations of an assembled nation proclaim to its king the devotedness of his subjects more than words of deepest pathos can express? and cannot the panting of the exulting or troubled bosom breathe forth to Heaven its unutterable praise or acceptable prayer? Then why is our church-service so much conducted by cold reasoning, and often even without this aid to convince the understanding, but merely by the apparently severe and rugged orthodoxy of Calvinism, all of which, however true and excellent, might at least be much softened and the impression deepened, by elevating the soul to feel that beyond it there is an Omniscience which the mind cannot fathom, an Omnipresence from which it cannot escape, and an Omnipotence which it cannot gainsay? and why should not every emotion that bears in the remotest degree an affinity to so solemn and mighty an end be stirred into active exercise by lawful and most natural means? and does not music, or even the modulation of the voice, yea, even the manner itself, and much indeed the opening sentiments of a discourse, help in producing these effects? and who that has heard men with these talents, or read their various writings, can deny the force and charm of this last—how at once the attention is rivetted, how the melody of their words brings the mind gradually into the field, softens it, and fits it to receive the seed, often retaining it till the young plant is sprung, or watering it, thus sprung, with the showers of salvation. Few men, indeed, have such powers; but does not solemn music, with appropriate words and even without words, from its effect on our minds, have one and all of them, more or less? We at least appear greatly in error in having almost banished its thrilling harmony from our churches. That it has often been carried beyond due limits there is little doubt. This is no apology. Each under its effects must hold the helm of his mind, and guide it to the proper theme, and let the blame, as in other means, rest on himself, should he prefer grovelling on things of earth in preference to those of heaven.

No reasoning, I am aware, can resolve all this into an accurate demonstration, neither can it almost any part or doctrine of Christianity; but truth can be felt. How the mind is sometimes raised from the very dust by the simplest tone struck by accident! how often does the gentle moaning of the wind waft the thoughts from present to more distant realities, or the faintly-throbbing swell of the Æolian, fanned by the fluttering air, lull the tumult of the soul, and 'soothe the spirit to love!' and does not the Almighty himself, in the breathing of the troubled ocean, the tempest, or the lightning's thunder, proclaim the majesty and power of heaven's loud harmony, and make you feel that every nerve of the body and every emotion of the mind can be racked to pain or roused to potent energy by the slightest change of a tone? and if such be the powers of music, and even the modulation of the voice over our wondrous physical and mental frames, why not, in dependence on the Divine aid, cause them to be more employed; and why should we, Sabbath after Sabbath, have our finest feelings marred, and loftiest thoughts stilled, by the harsh discord of unstrung voices, unmellowed by the harmonious choir, or the deep diapason and solemn pealing of the organ, deepening even our holiest emotions, and rolling the soul onwards to eternity? and are we also to go in direct opposition to the commands of the Bible to praise him with psaltery and harp, with timbrel, and instruments of ten strings, with trumpets and sound of cornet? and is it not revealed, that the thousands around the throne itself harp their high and heavenly hallelujahs? Yes; and heaven's wide-spanning and exalted arch shall yet resound with music harmonious, as earthly ear hath never heard, and with the melodious voices well-tuned, such as angel's never yet sung, save which those of this world are, like other blessings, a foretaste of the joys that await us in the 'kingdom' that is to come.'

ARTICLES NECESSARY FOR A LADY'S TOILET.

[*From a little work called 'The Toilet,' now out of print.*]

'What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, to harmony within?—
Say, what's the lustre of the finest eye,
To the calm soothing of a soft reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words and deeds compare?
No!'

I.—AN ENCHANTED MIRROR: HUMILITY.

Should we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could not hurt us. It is a sort of base money, to which our vanity gives currency.

II.—A WASH TO SMOOTH WRINKLES: CONTENTMENT.

To be secure, be humble.
To be happy, be content.—*Hurdis.*

III.—A UNIVERSAL AND GENUINE BEAUTIFIER: GOOD-HUMOUR.

A temper free from passion's storm,
A heart with gentle virtues warm,
Must fix the triumphs of thy face.

IV.—A MATCHLESS PAIR OF EAR-RINGS: ATTENTION.

A dearth of words, dear girls, you need not fear,
But 'tis a task, indeed, to learn to hear;
In that the skill of conversation lies,
Which shows or makes you both polite and wise.

V.—BEST WHITE PAINT: INNOCENCE.

May innocence preserve thee long
From inward and from outward strife—
From doing and from suffering wrong,
Along thy path of life!

VI.—ROUGE SUPERIEUR NE SE VEND PAS A PARIS: MODESTY.

Hail, modesty! fair female honour, hail!
Beauty's chief ornament, and beauty's self!
For beauty must with virtue ever dwell;
And thou art virtue, and without thy charms
Beauty is insolent, and wit profane.

VII.—A MIXTURE GIVING SWEETNESS TO THE VOICE: MILDNESS AND TRUTH.

It is curious to remark how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; sweetened to the warning of friendship, or soured to the severity of reproof.—*Mackenzie.*

VIII.—A FINE LIP-SALVE: CHEERFULNESS.

Come, cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hov'ring cloud of care!
Oh, sweet of language, mild of mien!
Oh, virtue's friend, and pleasure's queen!
Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of home-bred strife—
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene when thou art by!

IX.—MOST SALUTARY EYE-WATER: BENEVOLENCE.

A solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are so entwined,
That he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obtrusive thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smoothes not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

The affectionate Saviour, to sympathy gave
The imperishing charms she wears,
When, as wept the sad sisters at Lazarus' grave,
He mingled his tears with theirs.

Would you the bloom of youth should last,
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From soar reserve or levity;
Good-humour'd mirth, an honest heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties that a friend make known;
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow:—
These shall be yours, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away,
For time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.—*Ed. Moore.*

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THE CURATE OF SANQUHAR.

'was a pleasant day in June, the sun was shining brightly the blue sky, the lark was at his song on high in the and the mountain-bees were booming past on wings of sic; when three covenanting brethren in their wander- had laid themselves down among the tall and feathery kens on the grassy slope of a steep hill. 'These are ary times,' said one of them, 'and were it not the grace Him in whose cause we suffer this wrong, that sustains heart and imparts fortitude, we would utterly sink der the trial.'—'I brood with pain,' said Andrew Clark, ver my poor wife and children, not knowing how they ay be faring while I am wandering in this wilderness; for self, I can bear all and rejoice in it, but my heart bleeds these poor innocents!'—'And I,' said John Wilson, ave a dear father and mother, whose sustenance depended my industry, till I was forced to flee for my life, and ve them to themselves. O how my heart yearns over em! My own privations I would deem as nothing, if I ew that they were provided for; but the God in whom y trust will not forsake them.'—'And I,' said James ay, 'have neither wife nor children, father nor mother, t I have a beloved sister, of a tender and sickly constiion, whom the distress of the times has brought near e grave, and she is all my care. Oh! that I were now th her to minister to her wants! But God will bless r, the God of her father and her mother whom she nded like a ministering angel, till they terminated their rthly pilgrimage; and me she led to Christ. Dear friends, ese are mournful times, but our Master bears us up, and at is enough; to Him be our acknowledgments.' 'Hush!' id Andrew Clark, 'I thought I even now heard a ound issue from the hazelwood in the glen beneath. Hark! o you not hear it?'—'Yes,' replied Wilson, 'it is the oft and suppressed sound of music; there, there it comes swelling, full and loud on the breeze,—it is the sound of praise ascending to the upper sanctuary: a company of worshippers are in that thicket; let us go and seek them out; they are a portion of God's suffering remnant, who, like ourselves, have fled to this solitude in the dark and cloudy day of Zion's affliction; let us go and join them.' 'Stay,' said James Gray, 'what's yon I see emerging from behind the hillock on the moor? a pair of troopers, on my word! but we are safe here.'—'Yes,' said another, 'were it not for these dogs, we might be snug enough, ensconced here among the deep brakens; but then these dogs will as surely find us out as the greyhound scents out the cowering hare. We must move, friends, not from this consideration merely, but for the sake of the poor worshippers down in the thicket there; we must decoy the party from them, for to a certainty they will invade them like wolves on the fold; we are light of foot, and we have the benefit of the height, where it is steepest, and if they pursue us, it will save our friends in the bushes; let us rise, then, and show ourselves.'—'Stay for a minute or two,' said another, 'and let us watch the result.' As they came near, Andrew Clark exclaimed, 'Fear not, friends, these men will do us no harm; the foremost is the curate of Sanquhar, a man who never reveals the wanderers; and the person who is with him will not likely act contrary to his will, if he lay on him the injunction. This curate is a kindly man, and is more disposed to indulge in glee than in cruelty; besides, he considers that he owes me a favour. If all the incumbents in the parishes around were like him, our annoyances would be fewer, and we might sleep securely in our own homes at night, instead of stretching ourselves on the brown heath, or crawling into the chilly caves. I respect this man; he may not indeed be a religious person, but he is generous, and he has done things in kindliness to our suffering brethren, for which we owe him gratitude. But see they take the moss, trusting that, in this fine dry weather, its surface will be so firm as to bear them through; but they are mistaken, for there are sinking morasses and deep wells covered with water-plants that conceal the danger, and if they stumble on one of these they are gone; but we are here to render assistance if needed; they have not heard the singing in the hazel bushes; no, or if they have, they do not wish to notice it.'

As the friends were thus conversing in their concealment among the brakens on the hill, the curate and his companion advanced into the moss, and for a while proceeded with difficulty, when all at once, having come suddenly on one of those deceitful pits in the dark boggy ground, man and horse plunged almost out of sight in a moment. The three brethren sprang from their lair, and were instantly on the spot, and by their united exertions rescued the men from a deep smeary grave in the moss. When they were recovered from their stupefaction, and landed on the firm turf on the edge of the marsh, the curate easily recognised Clark, and thanked him warmly for his prompt assistance in the hour of peril. 'One good turn deserves another,' said Clark; 'you have more than once screened us, and your generous interference must not be forgotten. We seek the harm of none; we wish to live in peace with all. You have seen us now; and all we wish is, that you will not take notice of the circumstance.'—'Tell your friends,' replied the grateful men, 'tell your friends whose voices we heard in the thicket, that they shall not be scathed by me; only look well to yourselves, for you know there are other eyes abroad than mine.'

Long after this occurrence, the good curate had occasion to traverse the same rugged moor in the depth of winter; it was an intense frost, and the face of the moorland was as hard as a board, and wishing to cross the same moss, he directed his mare into the individual track in which she had formerly sunk, but all his efforts could not induce her to advance. On finding that his endeavours were fruitless, he turned away her head with the remark, 'You brute, you have a better memory than a judgment;' and hence the local proverb still used in the district, 'You have a better memory than a judgment, like the curate's mare.'

The curate showed no disposition to molest any of his parishioners for their covenanting leanings, but rather sought to screen them when mischief was likely to befall them. He made it publicly known, that if the people who were inclined to nonconformity would only consent to come within the wall of the churchyard, though they did not enter the church, he would give a favourable report of them when inquiries were made, and that he would shield them as far as was in his power from molestation.

Another anecdote is told of him, which very plainly shows his benevolent disposition. His house was situated on a pleasant green, close by the margin of the silvery Nith, which was skirted with the flowery broom, and shaded with dense copsewood, and was altogether a sweet and picturesque scene, and a residence which a studious and contemplative mind would prefer to occupy. Our curate, it would appear, delighted in the harmless pastimes that were common in the place; and one day he was engaged with a few associates in a game at quoits on the velvet turf, by the river's side, when two men, in breathless haste, dashed into the stream, right opposite the curate and his party, and exclaimed, 'Where shall we run, for we are pursued by the troopers?' The curate instantly perceived how matters stood, and that the poor fellows were fleeing for their lives; and, having resolved to screen them if it was in his power, he replied, 'Doff your coats instantly, and take a hand with me at the quoits.' This suggestion was immediately complied with, and the dragoons, who were a short distance behind, having crossed the stream at the same place in the pursuit of the fugitives, who were now busy at the game, asked, 'if they saw two men in full flight passing by them; they are a brace of whigs,' said they, 'whom we started in the moors, and they have outrun us, and gained ground in passing over the soft moss.' 'The men you are in quest of,' replied the curate, 'we plainly saw, and they cannot be far off; you can cross the field there by the broom, and haste and track them out; the prey will reward the chase.' The horsemen then continued the pursuit, not having the most distant suspicion that the men were standing before them concealed under the curate's wing. It must be admitted that this

was a perilous, and therefore a disinterested act on the part of the honest curate, for had the thing been whispered, he had paid dearly for his generosity. Such a man deserves respect, for his humanity was exercised on this occasion at no small risk to himself.

But we now proceed to the main incident connected with the story of the worthy curate. James Kirkwood was a man of a facetious disposition, and of an easy temper; he possessed a considerable vein of wit, and had a goodly spice of kindliness in his nature. He was settled in his curacy at an early period after the ejection, for documents have been found in his hand-writing, addressed to the magistrates of the burgh of Sanquhar, of a date prior to the battle of Pentland. He was a man who made no slight impression on the popular mind, as the anecdotes and witty sayings that are retailed of him to this day plainly show.

The following story elicits certain features of his character and disposition, which present him before us in what was probably his real character. The Earl of Airley, in his raids through the country, arrived with his troop at the castle of Sanquhar, the residence of the noted Queensberry. This castle, an ancient feudal stronghold, frequently denominated Crichton Peel, from a family which inhabited it for sundry successive centuries, was occupied by the redoubted Queensberry, prior to the erection of the princely edifice of Drumlanrig; here Airley found himself at home, and in the midst of a society congenial to his wishes. It happened on this occasion, that on a Saturday afternoon, the curate, whose humorous and quaint manners had often amused the circle in the castle, was sent for to entertain Airley in the midst of their festivities, and accordingly he made his appearance at the Peel at the appointed hour. He was introduced in his appropriate character to Airley, who found him in every respect to his liking. Having dined, the company continued at wine and wassail till supper, at which late hour Kirkwood probably found that it would have been more to the purpose had he been at home, and in his study, but he was induced to remain, the party finding that his presence was indispensable to their entertainment. Airley, it seems, used a great many freedoms with Kirkwood, who was in all his glory in the midst of the merriment and carousals, and forgot that the Sabbath was stealing on apace, and that he had to officiate to his congregation on the hallowed day. When he found that it was far past midnight, he made sundry awkward efforts to withdraw, but Airley as uniformly prevented him, by exclaiming, 'Come, Mr Kirkwood, another glass and then,' till daylight began to dawn, when he succeeded in releasing himself from the hilarious party, and retreated homeward by the south side of the town, through the broomy fields next the river, and reached the house undiscovered.

Being now safely lodged in his own domicile, he began to bethink himself what was to be done against the approaching hour of divine worship—not that he cared much for the public opinion, but he felt himself utterly unfitted for anything but sleep. Kirkwood, it would appear, was a man of talent, and a ready speaker, who found no difficulty in addressing his congregation at any time, and in this respect he was immeasurably superior to the majority of his brethren around him; and it was probably because he was a man of this cast that Queensberry had located him in his present situation, and as being useful to himself in other respects. On this occasion, our curate thought it probable that the party from the castle might visit the church at the ordinary time of meeting, and more especially as there might exist a certain curiosity on the part of some to see how he would acquit himself after the night's debauch; and therefore, after a brief repose, he addressed himself to his studies, if so be he might be able to command something appropriate to the occasion.

It fell out exactly as he opined, for Airley manifested an unwonted curiosity to see how his facetious friend would acquit himself as a preacher, and accordingly he determined to repair to the church to witness the exhibition. When the hour arrived, Kirkwood, being now refreshed, and having fixed on what he deemed a suitable subject, proceeded to the church with as much coolness and composure as if nothing had happened. He had no sooner entered the pulpit, than, according to his anticipations, the company from the castle took their seats in what was called the loft, in full view of the preacher, and Airley, with some of his troopers behind him, placed himself conspicuously in the front. All this might have daunted another man, but on Kirkwood it made no impression other than to rouse him to greater effort, and to nerve his frame with greater firmness.

In those days the kirks were furnished each with a sand-glass instead of a clock, to measure the time, that the minister might know how to calculate the length of his discourses, and this instrument was placed near the precentor's hand, whose duty it was to turn it when the sand had run down. These glasses were of various sizes, from an hour to half an hour; in the summer season the hour-glass might be employed, and in the winter season the half-hour one, as conveniency might require. Kirkwood had chosen for his text the following words:—'The Lord shall destroy the wicked, and that right early.' This, it seems, he did for accommodating the word 'early' to one of his principal auditors, who, on the previous night, had teased him most and entangled him most in its bewitching debaucheries. As he proceeded with his discourse, and waxed warm on the subject, he made frequent use of the words of the text, laying a special emphasis on the word 'early;' and pointed with his finger to the Earl, as if the subject had its whole bearing on him personally; 'the Lord will destroy the wicked, and that *early* too'—and again he vociferated, and '*that* early,' till he drew the entire attention of the audience to the object at which he was aiming. The people were astonished and amused at the freedom and the boldness which their preacher dared to use in the presence of his superiors, and these redoubted men who were a terror to the country. If the people were astonished, Airley was no less so, when the curate borrowing his lordship's expression, which he used at the board of revelry, 'one glass more and then, Mr Kirkwood,' when he wished to detain him a little longer. 'Jasper,' said he to the precentor, 'the sand is run out, turn it, for we want one glass more and then;' this being done, he proceeded in his dashing and impetuous way, and with great vehemence of action, to declaim against the wickedness of the world, and to denounce the divine judgments on those who persisted in their sins, and casting a glance over the congregation, he cried out, 'The Lord shall destroy the *wicked*,' and then directing his eyes to the place where Airley sat, added, 'and that early,' and 'that right early.' In this fashion he continued till the upper storey of the sandholder had emptied itself a second time, when he called out to the precentor, 'Another glass and then;' and then went on as before, pouring forth a torrent of declamation as continuously as the sand poured its willing stream through the narrow neck of the glass, with this difference, that whereas the sand ceased to flow when it had exhausted itself, he never seemed to fail nor to empty himself of his subject. How long he proceeded in this way is not said, or how many exact times the precentor turned the glass is not now known, but certes, the party from the castle were threatened with a detention which might perchance tax their patience somewhat more than their detention of the preacher on the preceding night taxed his patience,—they were taught that he could ply his glass as freely as they could ply theirs.

Whether they enjoyed the scene or felt displeased, is not said, or whether the curate meant the thing in earnest, or in mere parade, we cannot say, but there can be no doubt that the audience received impressions not soon to be effaced, that there was something in the conduct of these gentry highly culpable, when even one of their own underlings dared to use so much freedom of speech, in directing his remarks so pointedly to themselves. We may easily conceive, that Kirkwood would lose nothing in popular estimation, by his apparently bold and unsparing reprehensions. That the impressions made by this day's exhibition were deep and fondly cherished, is evident from the fact,

that the incident is talked of with great gusto even to this day, and the display seems to be as fresh and vivid on the minds of the people as if it had been witnessed but yesterday. If Airley intended to befool the curate, he reckoned without his host, for he was fully upsides with him in a point which was little anticipated. That there might be more profanity than seriousness in this Sabbath's display, may, perhaps, be justly surmised, but the curate sought reprisals in his own way, and was successful.

CORAL ISLANDS.

The innumerable islands that stud the bosom of the Pacific Ocean may be divided into three classes. The first is mountainous, and ascribed to volcanic agency; the second is crystalline, and rise in dull masses some hundred feet or so above the level of the ocean; the third is low-lying, and rise but a few feet above the waters. Among the mountainous class, there are many that present scenes rich in natural beauty and sublimity. From the rich and fertile plain mountains raise their conical forms, and, towering aloft, lose themselves in the region of the clouds. To a great height, their sloping sides are covered with foliage and flowers of every hue, interspersed with cliffs and broken rocks, presenting a scene of mingled beauty and sublimity seldom to be met with. The soil, with small exertion, yields abundance to supply the simple wants of the aborigines. Here are all the necessaries of life and many of its luxuries. The climate is mild and delightful; the sweetest fragrance breathes in every vale, and the soft breezes from the shore cool and refresh the interior. This class and the second we will pass over, and confine ourself in the meantime to the low-lying islands. This class is of coral origin, and have long engaged the attention of natural philosophers. The coral islands, or formations, known to exist in the Pacific and other oceans, are subdivided by Darwin into three classes, each presenting characteristic features—the *atoll*, the *barrier-reef*, and the *fringing-reef*.

First, *the atoll*. Atoll is the Indian name of a circular mass of coral enclosing an area, no matter what its dimensions may be, of still water, and continually washed without by the powerful waves of the surrounding ocean. These rings are generally a few feet only above the level of the water. They are found from one mile in diameter to many miles; and the breadth of the coral mass generally increases with the circumference of the circle. The surface of the whole ring is not equally elevated; the windward portion is always highest, and the leeward portion lowest. Nor is this last portion only lowest; it uniformly contains a break or passage by which an entrance can be effected, and a calm and safe anchorage obtained within. The surface of the ring is almost in every instance clothed with a soil sufficient to bear a rich verdure and numerous cocoanut trees. The general aspect of the atoll is exceedingly interesting, and unlike any object to be met with in our northern regions. It appears an enormous fairy ring, clothed in green, and calming, as if by some, hidden but all-potent spell, the wide stretch of waters it protects from the heavy swell of the surrounding ocean. As you approach the interest increases. The outer margin of the circle presents a beach of silvery whiteness, which, though it slopes at an angle of forty-five degrees, is seen to a considerable depth. Here the coral insects are at work in myriads, regardless of the incessant dashing of the waves. Within the circle the scene is varied, but not less interesting. Here you have a long sloping bottom, covered with other kinds of polypes, all at work, and, under the sun's rays, giving out the most brilliant colours. Many of the coral stems are of the most delicate and curious construction. Altogether you have spread before you a fairy submarine forest, with its mimic trees, and foliage, and flowers. This peculiar form which the coral mass assumes, has given rise to much speculation. Some were of opinion that the insects raised this rocky barrier to protect them from the violence of the ocean; so that within the sacred enclosure they could build their cells, and produce all that curious and beautiful work which so many of the corals present. This idea cannot for a moment abide before the researches of later years. In point of fact, the polypes that raised the barrier, or their successors, so far from having taken shelter within the bulwarks of their own constructing, are actually engaged at work, night and day, outside the wall. And it is indeed wonderful to know that these diminutive labourers not only sustain the incessant beating of the waves, which come from the far-spreading ocean with tremendous force, but make steady progress in the face of this unceasing opposition. As Darwin well remarks, we have here demonstrated the superiority of organic over inorganic power. Nor is this all; it would appear that the continual breaking of the waves upon the stony mass brings within the reach of these tiny builders the calcareous particles with which the sea-water is loaded, and which compose the material of their cells. The structure to be raised is a coral reef; the builders are the spongy creatures called polypes; the material is spread over the wide expanse of ocean; and the rolling waves carry it forward, and place it, somewhat rudely indeed, within their reach. It is indeed true that inside the circle multitudes of polypes are at work; but it should be known that these are different species from those who raised the barrier. It was long believed by scientific men that these coral rings were constructed on the elevated margins of extinct volcanoes. There were, indeed, some strong objections to this theory; but notwithstanding it held sway till very lately. The following facts were in its favour:—First, the indication of wide-spread, almost universal volcanic action in these regions. Many of the islands, though in distant groups, are undoubtedly volcanic. In some of them volcanoes are still active, in many more cones are distinctly traced, though long since inactive; and throughout almost all the groups certain indications of volcanic matter are traceable. Now, was it not natural to suppose that the coral circle marked the site, and rested upon the edges of a submerged volcano? Secondly, the atoll is in almost every instance circular, with uneven surface—the identical form of an ancient crater. It is believed that the coral insect cannot work below a certain depth—120 or 180 feet.* When the island was submerged so far, then the polypes began their work, which they continued to the surface; and should the depressing process go on, so would the building, so that what was lost in the one way was gained in the other. Certain facts were against the theory:—First, whilst many of the atolls are not larger than the crater of a good sized volcano, there are others sixty, eighty, and even a hundred miles in circumference. Of course, these could not have such an origin, there being no volcanoes of such monstrous size. Secondly, it was asked if these rest on the edges of extinct submerged volcanoes, why do we invariably find a break or opening on one and the same side? A new theory has been announced by Darwin, which seems to account for all the facts existing in connection with the coral formations. The following is a brief statement of it:—That part of the Pacific Ocean, where the coral formations abound, was, at a period far remote, the site of numerous islands, sometimes presenting long elevated ridges, and sometimes presenting dome-shaped and conical masses. The existence of these elevated masses proved the existence of corresponding valleys, which had now become the bed of the ocean. The elevations would not be of one height, any more than of one form. When the whole region was submerged to some extent, the conditions were established for the active existence of polypes. We behold them now at work, a little below the surface, all round the elevation. For the sake of vivid illustration, suppose the elevation a cone 800 feet high. Another depression takes place, and it is sunk 50 feet. In course of time, the polypes work again to the surface, when the submerging process is renewed; and thus, through the continued sinking on the one hand, and the building on the other, the island altogether disappears, whilst the coral belt around

* From certain discoveries by Sir James Ross in the Antarctic regions, this is doubtful. These will be afterwards referred to.

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it remains. When the process has gone so far, the appearance is that of a circular mass of coral, enclosing, not the conical top of the mountain, but a sheet of still water over the mass that is now submerged. Whatever was the shape and extent of the island, so would be the form and size of the coral band. Thus this new theory admits most readily of atolls of all dimensions. But, it may be asked, are there any facts in connection with the islands in the South Seas calculated to furnish support to such a theory?—for if there is not, then it must fall to the ground. We have already stated that it meets the case of all the known facts of the coral formations, and that is undoubtedly strong presumption in its favour. But in addition we have to state, that it is now ascertained that the region to which we are referring is gradually *sinking*, and not *rising* as many fancy.*

Secondly, *The barrier-reef*. This formation consists of a band of coral encircling an island at some distance from the shore. In origin and appearance, the barrier is in every respect similar to the atoll, only it has within it an island of greater or less dimensions, and composed of different material. Between the island and the barrier there is a body of still water, sometimes many fathoms deep, in which every variety of coral abounds, and numerous fishes of various species gambol all day long. The barrier contains always one opening, and sometimes more than one; and this is the only way by which the island can be reached. The power with which the waves come from the deep, and dash against the barrier, raises such a surf, that it is always most dangerous, and frequently impossible, to get over it, even at high water, in a native canoe. The scene presented by the reef and its enclosed island is singular and highly interesting. There is the white band with its patches of green, composed of much more fragile material than the island, and yet protecting it effectually from the powerful and ever restless ocean. Within the coral ridge, the still transparent water presents a wonderful scene of mingled animation and beauty. Along the island shore stretches a frowning precipice, broken at intervals by deep gulleys, and presenting, on more minute observation, a series of romantic masses. Each gulley has its rill or rivulet. Above and beyond the precipice stretches away from the shore a sort of tableland exceedingly rich, and clothed with luxuriant vegetation. Here are the huts, and rice-fields, and fruit-groves of the natives; and among them is now seen the whitewashed school-room and modest chapel. War, and polygamy, and a cruel idolatry, once blighted this fair region; but now there is peace, and chastity, and the simple pure worship of the true God. This change is due, let it be frankly acknowledged, to the labours of the missionary. The centre of the island is frequently occupied by a rugged mountain, whose base is clothed with deep-shaded woods. The bold romantic scenery of these lovely islands is powerfully felt by the intelligent visiter. But to return to the theory of the formation of this coral reef. It is the opinion of Darwin, that the enclosed island is in the act of sinking, though to us by imperceptible degrees; and, of course, the coral reef must be in the process of rising, as the one process is uniformly associated with the other. At one time the island was much higher; and, as ages roll on, it will continue to sink, should no change take place in the direction of the central powers of the earth, till it shall entirely disappear. But, inasmuch as the barrier will still continue to rise, the rate of depression remaining the same, in connection with the island, we can look forward to a time when what is now an island with its coral barrier, will be an atoll, or circle, with its enclosed lagoon, or sheet of still water. Thus, the barrier-reef, with its enclosed island, places before us the process by which nature is forming the numerous coral circles that abound in the Southern Pacific, and which have given rise to so much speculation. But there is still a question to which we must refer, namely, Why is it that both in the atoll and barrier-reef, there is an opening on the leeward side? It is observed that, in fully formed circles and barriers, there is no opening to windward, and also, that the elevation is greater in this direction. This is accounted for on the principle that the dashing of the waves is known not to be unfavourable, but rather the contrary, to the work of the polypes, and is farther known to loosen, by aid of the sun, large masses of dead coral, and throw them upon the barrier, where they lie, and, in course of time, accumulate a considerable mass. It is observed that the openings are opposite those parts of the island where, from their physical appearances, it is obvious rivulets or rivers formerly existed. Now, polypes cannot work—they cannot even exist—in fresh water, nor where sand or any sort of rubbish accumulates. This may account for a breach in the barrier, but it cannot account for it being always on one side. Rivers do not flow on one side only of an island or continent. From the combined effects of the masses thrown up on the windward side, and the continual current of the trade winds, the openings would be at once blocked up, and the flow of fresh water impeded greatly. This would enable the polypes to fill up the breach; and the water accumulated in the lagoon would naturally find an outlet where there were no influences at work to restore or strengthen the barrier. This construction of the coral reef, accounted for on such simple natural principles, has proved frequently of much benefit to the mariner. On the sheltered side of the island he can readily steer his vessel into the lagoon, and at any hour leave his anchorage; but he could not have done this had the opening been on the other side.

Thirdly, *The fringing-reef*. The fringing-reef is a mass of coral stretching along a continent at some distance from the shore, as in some parts of the coast of Australia. But, after what has been advanced on the two former classes of coral formations, we will not dwell further on this.

It is well known that the coral insect is very diminutive and unsubstantial. It appears a formless, glutinous mass, and has its cell on the top of the stalk, which it gradually lengthens by depositing calcareous matter. There are numerous species; and, though the material which they secrete is the same, yet the form and appearance of the stony mass is very dissimilar. To use the words of Lyell—'The more durable materials of the generation that has passed away, serve as the foundation on which the living animals continue to rear a similar structure. The stony part of the camelliform zoophyte may be likened to an internal skeleton, for it is always more or less surrounded by a soft animal substance capable of expanding itself; yet, when alarmed, it has the power of contracting and drawing itself almost entirely into the cells and hollows of the hard coral. Although oftentimes beautifully coloured in their own element, the soft parts become, when taken from the sea, nothing more in appearance than a brown slime spread over the stony nucleus.' Speaking of corals which had been obtained from Keeling Island, possessed of qualities that had not before been observed, Darwin says:—'I was a good deal surprised by finding two species of coral of the genus Millepora, possessed of the power of *stinging*. The stony branches or plates, when taken fresh from the water, have a harsh feel, and are not slimy, although possessing a strong and disagreeable smell. The stinging property seems to vary in different specimens. When a piece was pressed or rubbed on the tender skin of the face or arm, a pricking sensation was usually caused, which came on after the interval of a second, and lasted only for a few minutes. One day, however, by merely touching my face with one of the branches, pain was instantaneously caused—it increased as usual after a few seconds, and, remaining sharp for some minutes, was perceptible for half-an-hour afterwards. The sensation was as bad as that from a nettle, but more like that caused by the Portuguese man-of-war. Little red spots were produced on the tender skin of the arm, which appeared as if they would have formed watery pustules, but did not.' Stinging corals have also been found in the West Indies. This is a quality which seems to be possessed by many sea creatures and plants. How wonderful the provisions of nature, and how delicate and appropriate is this simple weapon of offence and defence! Many jelly-fish and sea-

* Darwin's Journal. Second edition, chap. 20.

slug have this power; and it would appear that the sea-anemone and a flexible coralline have the same provision. It is said that in the East Indian Sea a stinging sea-weed is found. The growth of those corals which construct reefs of solid stone is confined to warm regions. They very rarely extend beyond the tropics above a few degrees, except under peculiar circumstances. The Pacific Ocean is extremely prolific of coral—as also are the Arabian and Persian Gulfs. It is also abundant in the sea between the coast of Malabar and the island of Madagascar. There is a reef of coral on the east coast of New Holland, described by Flinders, as extending to the length of about 1000 miles, and as being unbroken, in one part, for some hundred miles. This is an enormous mass of matter deposited by such small and slow-working creatures. There are groups, or fields, of coral islands in the Pacific, from 1100 to 1200 miles in length, by 300 or 400 miles in breadth; as, for example, the dangerous Archipelago, and what Kotzebue calls Radack. But these by no means constitute a continuous mass; they are rather small points and patches, surrounded by extensive fields of water. The rate of growth of coral seems to be extremely slow. In Captain Beechy's expedition to the Pacific, no evidence could be discovered of any channel having been filled up within a given period. From the investigations of Professor Ehrenberg, no facts have been derived in support of its rapid growth. On the contrary, in speaking of the corals of the Red Sea, he tells us that he observed single corals, of a gobular form, of the genus Menandrina, which must be of immense antiquity, probably several thousand years old; so that Pharaoh may have looked upon the same individuals as did the professor. But, in all probability, the rate of growth is greater than has been hitherto believed; the whole region in the Pacific being in a state of subsidence, the upward growth will appear much more slow than in reality it is. The masses of coral in the South Seas, and other regions where it abounds, must be very thick, as well as far-extending. 'It is curious to reflect,' says Lyell, 'that if the bottom of the equatorial seas, where atolls abound, were upraised and laid dry, we should behold mountain-peaks and ridges, composed fundamentally of volcanic, granitic, and other rocks, on which tabular masses of limestone would repose. Some of their calcareous cappings would be continuous over an area three miles, others above 300 miles in circumference, while their thickness might vary from 1000 to 10,000 feet, or more. They would consist principally of corals and shells, in some places entire, in others broken. In the lower regions of the same continent, and between the high tablelands or mountain ridges, there would often be no contemporary deposits, or, where exceptions occurred to this rule, the calcareous strata would differ in their nature as much as in the species of fossils which they enclosed from the tabular masses of coral.' When we think that the coral insects have been at work, in inconceivable numbers, in epochs of this world's history long since past, as well as in the present, and know that vast masses of the earth's crust owe their origin to these creatures, then, however insignificant they may appear, they must be viewed as agents of no mean power and importance in the construction of the globe. Impressed with this conviction, we were led to devote this article to a popular statement of their present doings, believing that it will be an acceptable offering to many readers. Our remarks would have closed here, but for certain facts ascertained by Sir James Ross in his voyage to the Southern Seas, which strike at the root of an opinion almost universally held at the present time, though doubted by some of the earlier investigators. The point to which reference is now made, is the depth at which corals can live and work. The prevailing opinion is that corals do not exist in an active state at a greater depth than between 120 and 180 feet. In the last century, Forster, the German naturalist, who accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, was convinced, after his investigations, that corals worked at great depths. The same notion was adopted by Captain Flinders. From the facts discovered by Sir James Ross and others, it would appear that these naturalists were nearer the truth than their successors. In latitude 33 deg. 32 min. south, longitude 167 deg. 40 min. east, in soundings of four hundred fathoms (2400 feet), Sir James came upon a bank of sand and small black stones. The drag was put over board; and after dragging for about half-an-hour, it was found to contain some beautiful specimens of coral, corallines, flustræ, and a few crustaceous animals. The gallant captain remarks, 'The discovery of a coral bank rising from so great a depth towards the surface of the ocean, and probably, in future ages, to form an island between New South Wales and New Zealand, is a remarkable circumstance.'* Specimens have been found at great depth in other parts of the ocean; and these facts together prove that corals do work at greater depths than is generally believed.

THE HERO OF WESTMINSTER—MISSIONARIES AND THIEVES.

PHILANTHROPY has its battle-fields as well as hatred; but, while mere animal pugnacity is the all-sufficient virtue of a warrior hero, it requires true courage to sustain the hero of philanthropy in his life-long and painful struggles with the misery and vices of humanity. No one who has not seen could conceive of the worlds of wretchedness and crime that lie hidden in the heart of society, and which cry aloud to the Christian for invasion and conquest. No one who has not intimately examined the characters and sentiments of those who constitute the outlaws and pariahs of the civilised world, could conceive of the noble sentiments that often lie like pearls within their diseased natures. We have often pondered over the hopeful and sublimely charitable monitions of the Gospel, and compared with their spirit the spirit of the visible laws which are employed to govern men; and we have often wondered if merely punitive human laws were not as conducive in propagating the vice and misery which they sought to suppress, as were the tendencies of poor fallen human nature. In the chief of weeds, there may be found sweet nectarine drops of honey. At the eleventh hour, fallen, down-stricken, degraded, debased humanity may arise from the miry slough of sin and crime, and the soul, glorified by the gift of adoption, may become a light in the galaxy of the empyreal heavens. While the lamp of life holds on to burn, the prodigal, who has wasted his patrimony, derided the beseechings of his brother, the sobbings of his sister, the appeals of his father, and the silent tearful agonies of the mother who fed him from her bosom—he who has strayed from love and heaven into a far country of sin and misery, and who has fed with swine upon the husks which the birds and beasts have thrown under their forest-tables—even he may return, and the Father waits for him. But where are the evangels—the bearers of the tidings of peace and hope to the benighted and scorned outlaws from the world of propriety? The law sends them not; it has sent the magistrate down into the haunts of crime with the sword, but never with the olive-branch of hope and peace. What the law has not done, however, the church has attempted to do. What legislators have neglected, Christians have voluntarily taken upon themselves, as part of the Saviour's yoke. And day by day pure-hearted and earnest men go down amongst the vile and vicious preaching repentance, and reclaiming many from the evil of their ways.

Perhaps few men deserve so much of the sympathy and encouragement of their Christian brethren as these missionaries who condescend to men of the most wretched estate—who, full of a charity and sympathy which are rare in this cold world, go about amidst the most pestilential airs, and to the gloomiest homes, to point the sunken eyes of the thief and prostitute to purer air and brighter homes above. Few can estimate the harrowing scenes which hourly pain the home-missionary's heart; and few can ever know the discouragements that meet him in his progress, as he toils on in the service of his

* Ross's Voyages, vol. ii. p. 54.

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Heavenly Master; and perhaps as few can realise that glorious fullness of faith which sustains him in his Master's work. Perhaps there is not in the world a man better qualified to discharge the home-apostleship than is Mr A. Walker, whom we have heard called the 'Lion of Westminster' at York, and the 'Lamb of Westminster' in London. He is more than a lion in strength of purpose and moral courage; he is a lamb in the gentleness of his soul and in the humility of his nature. For ten years he has been almost daily in the f ulest and most demoralised purlieus of Westminster, entering freely and without fear where single policemen dare not venture alone, and preaching and doing good to brigands and robbers, who receive him with pleasure and listen to him with respect. Whilst lately in London, we collected several facts relating to this remarkable man and his services, and we had determined to lay them before our readers, but still we always shrunk, from a feeling of delicacy towards the good missionary, from intruding on his modest path, and interfering with a course so nice and perilous as his. The proceedings of a thieves' meeting, published in the 'City Mission Magazine,' for November, 1848, has relieved us now, however, of all sense of responsibility in our doing so, and we can with peace open up to our readers a glimpse of the path which Mr Walker daily treads. Mr Walker is a Scotchman, and is to Westminster what Mr Jackson is to the Minories. He is the thieves' missionary of Duck Lane, Old and New Pye Streets, Pye Court, and those other dark purlieus north of the abbey, which yield a plentiful treasury to the dean and chapter of Westminster. He has the confidence and esteem of the veriest outcasts of the world; and, let the world sneer at the declaration if it will, he declares, and we believe him, that there are many virtues living side by side in the same souls with the sins which society sternly and inexorably punishes, and religion with pity condemns.

In the earlier part of his career, Mr Walker had related to a friend his experience of the wilderness of wo, to which he went in faith to sow the good seed, and this friend being much struck with what he had heard, published a particular account of the haunts and habits of the Westminster thieves. It must be recollected that these thieves are not totally illiterate, and that they have a special interest in watching public events. They subscribe for newspapers, and otherwise take a lynx-eyed cognisance of men and movements. The paragraph of Mr W.'s injudicious friend met the eye of the leader of one of the Westminster gangs, and it was sworn in conclave, that, as the missionary had betrayed their confidence, he should be pushed into the Thames some dark night. Providence, however, prevented the consummation of this terrible plot. The chief of the murderers revealed their purpose to his paramour, and she, remembering who it was that had brought her medicine and cordials when she was lying at the point of death, and who it was that always spoke to her so gently of Christ's love for sinners who forsook their sin, and who exhorted her and prayed with and for her, rose in the night-time, and, pale and trembling, repaired to the good missionary's home and revealed to him his danger.

The intrepid soldier of the cross saw at once that unless he acted boldly and openly, his usefulness was gone as well as his life menaced. He accordingly went to the band—accused them of their plot—explained the circumstances of the publication—appealed to their experience of his past connection with them—and so regained their confidence by his frankness, that every design against his life was foregone, and these very murderers are his warmest friends. Even so do love and truth quicken those who are dead in trespasses and sins.

We have often heard the adage bandied from mouth to mouth, 'there is honour among thieves,' and the fact is substantiated by Mr Walker's experience. On one occasion, a friend expressed much anxiety to accompany the missionary on one of his visits to a band, whom he had promised to meet in a secret place upon a Sabbath afternoon. 'I shall take you to the outside of the building, but I cannot take it upon me to admit you to our meeting, unless I obtain permission,' said the missionary, yielding to his persuasions at last. The permission of the captain was asked and obtained, and the friend was allowed to join the meeting. After prayer was over, his friend whispered in Mr Walker's ear that his handkerchief was gone. The captain being informed of the fact, immediately commanded it to be restored, at the same time indignantly saying to the thief who had taken it, 'You are no longer a member of our band, we shall have no dishonourable fellow with us.'

Although driven from the paths of virtue, and peace, and honesty, many of these thieves retain a high sense of the dignity of probity, and often bear something like an honourable testimony to an honest life. One notorious thief in Westminster gives one pound a year to a ragged school, and on more than one occasion he has led children to its door and pointed their way towards it. 'Ah,' said he to the missionary, who one day had referred to his anxiety for juvenile instruction, 'although I am a thief myself, I do not wish others to be so. I am not so with my will. The law made me so. My first imprisonment was a false one. I was innocent of the crime imputed to me, nevertheless I was punished and ruined. When I came from prison, I was an outcast from society. Nobody would employ a 'gaol bird,' and I was therefore forced to become what the blind law had made me appear to be, and what the world believed me to be.'

This is not a singular case in the missionary's experience, and happily he has been the means of reclaiming one at least to peace and respectability, whom the law had punished in mistake, but unmistakeably thrown into the vortex of crime. One young man who robbed, not because he loved to do so, but because the honest would not give him honourable employment after a false imprisonment, was led back to the path of virtue by this minister of love, and now occupies a respectable position in society.

The life of the missionary in the homes and haunts of the vile is a life of active charity, and such a one as prepares him for the apostolic measure of this cardinal Christian virtue. Mr Walker has been somewhat censured by fastidious friends for his exertions to reclaim the weakest and the most pitiable portion of all those who have been seduced from the path of rectitude. 'Oh, if you knew,' said the missionary to a dear friend of ours, 'how many of these poor creatures are brought to this condition by the falsehood and villany of men of wealth, and how many of them would starve if they were to return to virtue, you would not blame them but would pity them, and reserve your indignation for those who have destroyed them.' World-doubting, censorious, conventional world, would you believe it? Many poor unfortunates have been led back to the ways of pleasantness by this hero of philanthropy, and are now happy wives and the angels of happy homes.

The secret of Mr Walker's success in teaching these, our poor brothers and sisters of humanity, is love. He went first amongst them and befriended them, and, having gained their confidence, he lifted up the veil that divided them from the Redeemer's kingdom—preached repentance, and pointed to the glorious heavens, through the merits of the crucified Saviour. 'I would rather consent to die than divulge to the law-officers anything that has been revealed in confidence to me by these people,' says the good missionary; 'I am the servant of Him whose ministry is love, and who reserves to himself vengeance.'

For ten years has Mr Walker lived amongst these people, condemning their practices, pointing out the evil of their ways, describing the peace and glory of virtue and religion, and never in one single instance suffering an expression palliating their ways of life to cross his lips; and yet the very thieves breathe his name in love. The poor and lowly scatter blessings perfumed with the incense of prayer upon his path, and the despondingand sorrowing sigh, and 'wish that they were only as sure of heaven as he.'

Fortunately, there are now incontestible corroborative

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facts before the public upon this subject; and it will be seen that our good friend Walker's case is not a singular one. The following description of a meeting of thieves, held in London, surpasses all that ever yet was placed upon the records of history, and shows us what might be done if men were only wise. All the Bow Street officers and thief-takers in the metropolis could not have brought together 207 thieves in a month; but love—the will to do them good, and the confidence won by one Christian man—drew them voluntarily together to listen to words of hope and promise, and to behold the glimmerings of a better future. This meeting is one of the most serious phenomena of the age, and is calculated to produce much reflection upon our social condition, and to widen much the circle of general charity. We extract the account from the 'Era,' of November, 1848:

'Everybody has heard of the Ragged Schools, and most people know that Lord Ashley is their principal promoter. Now, there is what is termed the London City Mission, established for the purpose of supporting Ragged Schools, and employing missionaries to reform people living amongst us of humble callings and of all ages. One of these missionaries is Mr Jackson, of the Rag Fair and Rosemary Lane district. His house is open to all who choose to visit him in search of advice and assistance: and between June and December, 1847, so many as 2343 calls upon him were made by children and young persons. People at all acquainted with the neighbourhood to which Mr Jackson's zealous, pious, and philanthropic labours are confined, will not be surprised to learn that he is termed the 'Thieves' Missionary,' a distinction of which he is, doubtless, by no means ashamed, and one which he has been at much pains to obtain. He is, in fact, in the confidence of the thieves of London—a confidence profitable to them, to him, and to the whole community. How this intimacy was obtained, and by what means it is kept up with advantage to both parties, and an injury to neither, it would take a volume to relate—such a volume as would put 'Paul Clifford' and 'Jack Sheppard' in the shade—such a story of real life as would eclipse all the sentimental slang, and vice made charming, that have been prepared by different authors to suit the tastes of different palates, but not to benefit their owners.

When we consider how many missionaries are eaten by savages, speared by Indians, killed by fever, and otherwise made to suffer in the pursuit of their calling—when we remember what is borne by these men without 'fainting by the way'—it is not to be wondered at that Mr Jackson courts and keeps such dangerous acquaintances as professed thieves; and when we reflect upon what is done in the jungle, on the prairie, in the mountains, the desert, and in the wilderness, it is by no means surprising that his 'mission' is not unsuccessful.

The fact that half a dozen pickpockets occasionally drop in to take tea and pray with him and his respectable family, or that he, a moral man and a Christian, goes openly into dens of infamy, and familiarises himself with sin in its most sickening shape (and these be facts), is not so striking as is the evidence of the existence of such cool outlaws, and such deliberate crime, as those to which we allude. But we are coming to more of this presently. We are about to describe a scene which Bulwer, nor Ainsworth, nor Reynolds never dreamed of in their philosophy.

It occurred to Mr Jackson, upon the receipt of Lord Ashley's speech, spoken in the House of Commons, in June last, that some of his 'young friends' might desire to emigrate 'at the expense of the Government,' but not after the manner in which culprits usually leave the mother country. He accordingly put the question to one of them, and the answer was, 'I should jump at it!' Thus encouraged, he made further inquiry among his wicked associates, and shortly afterward, to use the words of the 'City Mission Magazine for this month (November)—'Mr Jackson was sent for by a number of thieves lodging in a court adjacent to the district, called Blue Anchor Yard. He went, and they expressed themselves extremely desirous to know whether any hope could be held out of their obtaining an honest livelihood, however humble, in our colonies, instead of continuing to pursue their present criminal course in this country, from which they found it now almost an impossibility to extricate themselves. 'It would,' said they, 'be a capital thing for chaps like us.''

Of course the matter was seriously discussed, and we ask any thinking man, whether a scene more interesting can be imagined than that wherein the moral and religious champion stood, surrounded by the lawless gang of castaways, the miscreants, whose hands or fingers were against everybody, and at whom every man's (particularly every policeman's) hand or finger was directed? We can believe in 'The Beggar's Opera,' and Peachum, Lockett, and Filch are to us living characters; but there is something in this truth far more strange than fiction. To proceed: Mr Jackson informed his audience that Lord Ashley was about to honour him with a visit, and he would have much pleasure in introducing them to his lordship. The Irish Free School was fixed on as the place of meeting, and on the evening of Thursday, July 27, 1848, the convicted felons, vagrants, and known thieves, assembled together to the number of two hundred and seven, for the purpose of consulting Lord Ashley as to the best means for bettering their condition. Two hundred and seven thieves! Even Mr Jackson was not prepared for this. It was a meeting that had never taken place since Spartan boys had ceased to congregate. Two hundred and seven professed thieves surrounding half-a-dozen honest men was a sight worthy of all the metropolitan magistrates and the entire police force. Had Porson's devil taken 'a walk' that night, what would he have said or done in passing the Irish Free School? But we must not pause to moralise. The 'City Mission Magazine' says, with becoming candour, coolness, and gravity—'Several of the *best known* and *most experienced thieves* were stationed at the door, to prevent the admission of any *but* thieves. Some four or five individuals, who were *not at first known*, were subjected to a more public examination, and only allowed to remain on their *stating who they were*, and being recognised as members of the dishonest fraternity; and before the proceedings of the evening commenced, the question was very carefully put, and repeated several times, whether any one was in the room of whom others entertained doubts as to who he was. The object of this care was, as so many of them were in danger of getting into trouble, as they call it, or, in other words, of being taken up for their crimes, if discovered, to ascertain whether any who should betray them was present.

How will it be supposed that the meeting was opened? Why, with a hymn, and then a prayer. And the writer in the Magazine, who was one of the few honest men present, shrewdly says, 'What was the real state of the hearts of those present, while these devotional exercises were proceeding, it is of course impossible for any man to say.' Who, indeed, shall fathom the heart of man?

An address was next read to Lord Ashley, setting forth the nature and object of the meeting, and the characters of those who attended it, together with the result of the reader's previous exertions in the cause of reformation. From that it appeared that rehearsals or trials had previously taken place, and when they met *only* one hundred and thirty eight avowed thieves were present. We extract from a table the results of inquiries made upon that occasion:—

Number of individuals present	138
How many of you have been in prison?	138
Have all of you been in prison for theft?	138
How many of you ascribe your fall to intoxicating drink? ...	27
How many of you are abandoned by your friends, who could help you?	21
How many of you have friends who cannot help you? ...	33
How many of you have friends who would help you if they knew your present state?	5
Are you willing to give up thieving and go to work? ...	138
How many of you have mothers living?	14
How many of you have a father living?	17
How many of you are living with girls in an unmarried state?	13

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How many of you are willing to marry the girls you are living with? 11
How many of you are married? 4
How many of you sleep in unions? 69
How many of you ascribe your present ruin to sleeping in the casual ward? 42
How many of you are likely to get into trouble? 188
How many of you are willing to emigrate? 187
How much do you get for every pound's worth of goods?—Five Shillings in the pound, if we are not known; but if we are known, Ten Shillings in the pound

The above is an important document. We leave the reader to ponder over it, and the intelligent mind will find there more to engage it than we have space to point out, or ability to describe. One hundred and thirty-eight of our fellow-creatures in the prime of manhood, thieves by trade, self-acknowledged felons, ready to abandon their unlawful pursuits, and in this Christian, moral, liberal, and enlightened age, actually incapable of discovering how to be honest, and live! Out of 372, 278 had received no education, and their times of imprisonment varied from one to twenty-seven times, while two forgot how many times they had been incarcerated. But we must hasten to a close. What was to be said to the two hundred and seven confessed and convicted rogues then and there? What was to become of them after the party broke up? Lord Ashley is a practical philanthropist, a Christian gentleman, a legislator, and a lord. He has a heart and a head that reflect credit upon human nature. He is an ornament to society and a blessing to mankind, but he must have felt and deplored his individual helplessness; here he must have seen the magnitude of his task and the littleness of his power. He addressed his hearers, we are told, 'carefully and judiciously.' No record was kept of his speech. He expressed his willingness to befriend them as it was his duty to do. His lordship candidly told them, that there was little hope for them here, and recommended them to turn their attention to the back settlements of the New World. Suggestive of levity as may be these particulars, there is something so serious, so solemn, associated with them, that the jeer sinks to a sigh, and we say, 'Alas, for frail humanity! Alas, for wayward man!' Lord Ashley could promise them nothing; and the sternness, consequent upon a consciousness of their unworthiness, probably melted into pity as he looked around upon the upturned faces of the prodigal, the profligate, the abandoned, the hopeless—the drowning men clinging to straws, the doomed, the guilty. The gallows loomed in the distance of thought, the hulks were ready.

'Mutual aid' was what his lordship most recommended, —self-reliance, self-sacrifice, a relinquishing of their old practices, and new resolves for the future.

'But how,' said they, 'are we to live till our next meeting? We must steal, or die.' One of the party arose and said, 'My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,* prayer is very good, but it will not fill an empty stomach.' There was a general response of 'Hear, hear;' and the 'directors of the meeting,' we are told, 'were in considerable difficulty.' One thief hereupon came forward and recounted how he had forsaken his criminal calling, and travelled to Exeter on foot in search of employment, and back again to Mr Jackson, who received him, footsore and faint, and relieved him. Step by step, with evidence of repentance, must those rise who do emerge from their position; but without aid of some kind how few will escape the fate to which they are hastening. Those who were present felt this, for a sum of money was contributed on the spot, and thirteen of those who were present are now in the wilds of Canada. Our readers must draw their own comments from these facts.'

Are we not right when we say that true courage and true glory belong to the heroes of philanthropy? And shall not our Lord have rewards sufficient for men who, like Messrs Jackson and Walker, follow in the footsteps of their Master, keeping company with the vilest of sinners, and being willing to be thought of no account that perishing souls may be saved?

* This is literally true.

Original Poetry.

FAITH IN VIRTUE.

Lewd exultation, unavailing woe,
Were loud in Asia; for the dogs of war
Had slipp'd their leashes, and fair women sat,
Widow'd or soulless, amid gore and gloom.
Darius had left Susa, glad through dreams
Interpreted by dreamers, with a host
Deck'd for destruction.

Alexander lay
Sick in Cilissa, chafed by Persian threats
And providence. His chamber seem'd forsaken;
For they who sought his grace or loved his soul—
Courtiers, and ruder fav'rites from the camp—
Were taking counsel for his sudden cure;
And, save one boy, a page, whose kindling eyes,
Unnoted, in a dream of manhood, scann'd
His glitt'ring weapons and the warlike gear,
He was alone.

A messenger arrived;
And, at his servant's hand, the king received
A letter from Parmenio, warning him
Of secret death, through Philip, his physician.
He startled—fiercely frown'd—supinely sank
Beneath a crowd of sorrowful reflections—
Rousing, shook consternation to the winds—
Sat upright in his couch, and, in the strength
Of some great purpose, calmly waiting, smiled.
A little while, and a low stir without
Broke the apartment's stillness. Then a group—
Trusting or trembling; staring, whisp'ring,
Or labouring in thought; warm-fancied youth,
And wisdom grey—stood round the bed of anguish;
And Philip, proffering his remedy,
Received th' accusing missive.

Glancing down it,
He turn'd, impulsively, in haste, to grasp
The goblet—'twas too late—the draught was drunk.
'Ay, *was* it poison'd, Philip?'—'Nay,' the sage
Proudly and coldly answer'd.—'Why then seek
To take it?' said the monarch.—'To drink shame
To slanderers, and prove my innocence:
Why didst *thou* drink?'—'I knew thee virtuous.'
There was a pause, while big hearts swell'd with joy,
And base ones shrank through envy; while bold eyes
Beam'd admiration, and vague glances spoke
Surprise and hatred: then the patient droop'd
Upon his pillow, in deep agony,
And, at the leech's signal, solemnly
And slowly, one by one, the rest withdrew
To plot, or weep, or serve a suff'ring master.
And morning found him arming for the fight,
And ev'ning babbled of the blood he'd shed,
And fond Fame call'd him 'Hero—Demi-god!'
And Time cried 'Murderer!'

Ye earnest spirits
Who'd spurn soil'd laurels, snatch'd from scenes of slaughter,
Whose thoughts are prophesies of future peace,
Oh, let the Macedonian's *soaring faith*
In virtue plead their cause, who, grand in will,
Are still misguided! and, believing worth,
Crush'd, cherish'd, hidden, or reveal'd, to be
The heritage of genius, live on
With the high hope that, in the end, all gifts
Shall, heaven-directed, work for love and right!

NEWTON GOODRICH.

HILMAR ERNST RAUSCHENBUSCH.

HILMAR ERNST RAUSCHENBUSCH was not an illustrious man. The world, beyond his own country, did not know of him while he lived, and when he died great people did not put on the outward weeds of mourning; but Hilmar Ernst Rauschenbusch was nevertheless a great man, and the record of his life is, perhaps, one of the most instructive and noble that could be placed in the hands of youth as a guide and example. The biographies of men like Oberlin and

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Rauschenbusch are peculiarly valuable; they not only please but they instruct, and inspire a noble emulation. When we read in our youth of men who have devoted themselves to the world, and who have sacrificed humanity to their aggrandisement and glory, we have our wonder and imagination excited and pleased, but we are almost certain to suffer in our inward sense of right by familiarity with their actions.

The end of a warrior and statesman's life—ambition—is the grand object to which the eyes of those who study their lives are directed, so that the moralities which they sacrifice in the attainment of their objects become minor considerations to the constant student of the ambitious. In studying the lives of men like Oberlin and Rauschenbusch, the mind is directed not to the acquirement of worldly fame, but to the formation of a heavenly mind and character. The leading idea of their histories is not self-aggrandisement, but self-sacrifice. It is not personal will and human pride which we behold guiding them; but the will of God, and personal humility regulating their devoted and noble conduct. We wish we could impart to those pages a full sense of the lively pleasure which we have experienced from knowing in biography the good Rauschenbusch. From the ostensible character of Prussian religion, we were not prepared to find so beautiful a narrative of fidelity to the truth, and of such simplicity of faith in that country as the life of Rauschenbusch presents. It illustrates in a most beautiful light the character of the Prussian rural population, and shows that even below the form of despotism, there could live the spirit of pure free Christianity—that whom the Gospel makes free, is free indeed.

Hilmar Ernst Rauschenbusch was the fifth son of John Charles Rauschenbusch, pastor of Merbeck, in the county of Lippe Bückeburg, Prussia, and was born on the 27th of February, 1745. The family of Rauschenbusch seemed to be called to the ministry, for his brothers and sons chiefly adopted this path of duty, although two of the former preferred the destructive and vain-glorious soldiery of the world, to the conservative and immortal soldiery of the Cross.

Hilmar Ernst was superior to all his brothers in the substantial formation of his character, in his knowledge of mankind, in his tact and variety of abilities, and in his spirituality of mind. In early youth he easily and rapidly acquired the rudiments of education, and began to exhibit a tendency towards study and meditation; but when he was twelve years of age, his two brothers went away from home to join the army as lieutenants, and their flaunting attire excited his longings for the military life. Of himself he says,—'I heard everywhere so many incorrect notions expressed, serving to represent the life of a scholar as contemptible, and to extol that of a soldier, that I felt out of all patience to have in my sixteenth year to sit at home as a person of no importance.' This desire, however, was not gratified; and after an affectionate warning to parents to guard their children from the influences of ambition, he remarks,—'For there were moments in my life when my desire to become a soldier seemed almost irresistible, and yet, after a few years, I came to see clearly, that there were good reasons to believe that I should have been miserable all my days had such a wish been gratified.'

The youth of Rauschenbusch was passed in those studies which have been denominated scholarly. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, occupied his attention; and, although he excelled in his acquirements, he never was satisfied with himself, but laboured under a sense of superficiality. He was very fond of music, and attained to great perfection in that art; but his chief end and constant desire was to obtain clear and explicit views of God's will, and to find and attain to integrity and consistency in Christian profession.

The soul of Rauschenbusch was in love with truth, and he pursued it with an assiduity and determination that was noble and heroic. His rudimentary education was acquired at home from his father and elder brothers, and then he was sent to the High School at Bückeburg, where his studies were not very successful, however, on account of the illness of his teacher. The study of theology does not seem to have been so protracted in Prussia as in this country, nor the academical path so guarded by tests and strict requirements. Rauschenbusch was two years at the University of Gottingen, and then he became tutor to the family of Von Grüter in Osnaburg, where he was introduced to refined society, and had an opportunity of seeing the world. The family of Von Grüter was a proud military one, and the lady had high notions of the disparity between a tutor and a noble; but the manly and dignified Rauschenbusch soon made her to perceive, that there was something more respectable in his character than title or birth, and he was always treated with marked respect. The year in which he entered the family of Von Grüter was a marked one in his history. He had begun to preach, and, with the commencement of his didactic labours, there arose in his soul those mysterious and spiritual premonitions of a new life which every converted Christian has felt. 'There had arisen in his inward man a legal spirit of bondage, which incited him to seek peace of conscience in the strict and faithful discharge of every duty. They were, however, *real* duties which he practised, and not imaginary ones; it was the strenuous exertion of his abilities, and not mere devotional exercises that had borne him along.'

From the house of Von Grüter, Rauschenbusch went to Halle, with strict prohibitions from his father against going amongst a sect termed Pietists, or from accepting support from an establishment called the Orphan House. Hilmar Ernst was on the search for the truth as it was in Christ; and he would have as readily accepted it from the Pietists as from any other persons. At Halle, the students were generally drunken and dissolute, but those of the Orphan House had the reputation of piety, and he accordingly sought and obtained instruction there. 'The tutors kept an open table, so that when any one of the usual company was absent, there stood at the door probationary students, and these were then invited in and took the empty seats; but whoever was not invited in had to go away without a meal, and to get something for himself elsewhere.'

Rauschenbusch had money, and was not covetous, nevertheless he waited at the door; for he felt a peculiar delight in hearing the prayer before meals, and in joining in at once with it. But nothing disgusted him more than to see what was to him truth and life sunk down to mere empty pretensions or hypocritical dead form. One of his beautiful remarks to his brother students was—'We, who shall one day have to convert others, ought to be converted ourselves, and to seek and endeavour, above all things, to be truly turned to God.'

After he left Halle, he went home to his father's house, where he was looked upon in sorrow as a Pietist. This grieved him extremely, as he had not adopted the tenets of any sect, but maintained the independent convictions vouchsafed to his light. 'Dogmatical divinity he seems never to have assumed as a mere theologian; yet it served him as a fastness into which he could retire from an attack in cases of necessity; still the forces he drew out against the common foe, and against that foe's human agents, consisted of the greater and lesser truths of practical Christianity.'

Rauschenbusch's residence in the family of a pious lady at Gohfeld, as tutor, brought him under the influence of the celebrated pastor Weihe, and his mind at last found peace. Rauschenbusch occasionally officiated for his aged friend, and was particularly delighted to commune with his pious and simple flock. This was the first time in his life that he had ever settled down amongst Christians of the working class. The simple kind of heart-language with which such people addressed him, and their frankness and sincerity, were peculiarly grateful to him. He could open his mouth confidentially to such brethren, and he found that it was good for him so to do. He told them, how that a sense of his own imperfections bowed him down and troubled him; and, in return, they showed him that he was not the only Christian who had to contend with indwelling sin.

In 1771, when twenty-six years of age, Rauschenbusch was called to his first pastoral charge of Bünde, and, after

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his induction, he married the daughter of Weihe. The labours of Rauschenbusch, in his pastoral charge, were incessant, and not a day passed without its duties. His Saturday evenings were peculiarly delightful, and the reunions which then took place in his house were beautiful testimonies to the efficacy of Christian harmony. 'Strangers from far and near often came to him on those Saturday evenings. His house was a very temple of hospitality. Pious persons who arrived from a distance, seemed to see the apostolic period revived, when Christians had all things in common. It was enough to know, that 'there a Christian lives,' and people turned in under the roof.'

The friends of the parish who were blessed with plenty, had generally, on these nights, strangers from Saxony, Hamburg, Osnaburg, and Minden, who were in Bünde on business, or looking for employment, and they came to wait till Sunday, in order to hear profitable and fearless preaching. These Saturday evenings were of peculiar benefit to Christians who dwelt apart, as it brought them into contact and acquaintance with one another. 'Rauschenbusch at those seasons used to show the strangers how they ought to conduct themselves with respect to their unconverted ministers, and exhorted them to know their office, wherever and as long as it was possible to get any good from things which they taught or practised, and to bring no scandal upon true religion by any imprudence of their own. But he quite as impressively charged them to make a free and open profession of their faith; and he was also a powerful help to many an one that was oppressed, cast down, or wavering. Thus was spent the evening before the Sabbath; and lastly he made his whole family come together to prayer. This indeed was his practice every evening, with his servants, and maids, and day-labourers; but the children were not allowed to be present on these occasions, unless they begged permission to be so. Yet they were always thus present on Saturday evenings. And then the first thing he did was, to read to the company the text for the day out of Bogatzky's 'Golden Treasury;' after which, all kneeled down; the father of the family prayed; and then all dispersed for repose, to meet the coming Lord's-day. The next morning Rauschenbusch would be on the look-out from his house toward the various roads and pathways around him, by which the members of his congregation that lived at a distance were coming. His heart would beat to see them, and his sermon then often received many an addition from his pen. The parsonage was soon full of people; those who did not like going to the inns went to the dwelling of the minister, and there they met one another. Thus many strangers got acquainted, and congratulated the people of Bünde on having always so near to them what they themselves could obtain but seldom, and even then with some difficulty and toil. And now they proceeded to church; an ancient edifice, built, as tradition says, by Wittekind; but it had nothing beautiful about it; indeed, many a portion of it offended persons of taste. The service was conducted without any remarkable ceremonies. But one must have been *present* in such congregations to feel how the kingdom of God cometh not with all *that* wherewith many in our days choose to make it suffer violence.'

Such was the beautiful picture of the patriarchal pastor and his flock, as they proceeded to the place of religious communion; and such were the holy influences that visited their simple hearts in that place. Beautiful as Rauschenbusch appears surrounded by his people, his moral and spiritual beauty was none the less, when he stood alone in the discharge of his duty. 'He was attached with cordial Christian tenderness to all the needy and distressed; a sincere friend and helper of the widow and the orphan; and his house was a true refuge of the destitute. He had become acquainted with human life in its many and diversified relations; and therefore he could, in the most perplexed cases, meet the helpless with consolation and assistance. He had brought the state of the poor of that parish into the best possible order; and when in the year 1777 the great scarcity pervaded the whole country, he, from the mere constraint of his benevolent spirit, undertook the office of overseer. A horse had died, belonging to one of his Christian neighbours, who could not well sustain the loss. He immediately got several of the farmers to hold a meeting, came forward among them, related the misfortune, awakened their sympathy, and said, 'You are all farmers, and I also am a farmer; cannot we muster a horse amongst us? I will give so much; what will you give?' Thus the good neighbour soon had his loss redeemed.

'Such were Rauschenbusch's acts, not only towards friends, but towards enemies. A woman who, in some of his more immediate household matters, had done him the basest injustice, came soon after into a state of peculiar dependence on him, in the very station in which she had injured him. He had now an opportunity to requite her with good in the fullest measure for the much evil she had done him; and, in return for this, he had the joy of seeing her become quite an altered character: so that many years afterwards, when he was now at Elberfeld, and she was on her death-bed, she sent a message to him, saying, that she should acknowledge him before the throne of the Redeemer as the deliverer of her soul, by his generous and magnanimous treatment.

'His life at Bünde was now approaching the nineteenth year, and his efficiency had attained a ripeness which set him in the rank of the most considerate, influential, and pious men of his time. He was the first moral authority in his parish. Under the Divine blessing, he had quite transformed it. Whereas it had once been the most quarrelsome in the whole country, it had now become the most peaceful. He had urged the necessity of a thorough renovation of the heart; had required love towards one's neighbour as the prime fruit of it; had, in all their contentions, ever smoothed the way to adjustment, and urged the laying aside of differences, and thus had effectually got rid of their contentious disposition. Moreover, he still ceased not to guide by his information and advice; to exhort, to admonish, and even, when it was necessary, to speak severely. Thus he had once pacifically exhorted a set of hamlet-peasants of his parish, who were disposed to go to law with one another; he had taken all possible pains, and had repeatedly sacrificed considerable time for the purpose of persuading them to an equitable agreement, and had, at length, succeeded in convincing them that it was best; so that they had agreed so to do. Nevertheless, he was waited upon, one evening, by a fresh deputation from them; he bade them come up to him into his room, and then asked, 'What do you wish further to say to me?' 'Mr Pastor, that we are still determined to go to law!' He made them no reply, but opened the door, and showed them the way out. This succeeded; and the law-suit was dropped. In like manner a very bad man had, for a long time, been vexatious to the parish of Bünde, and no one could restrain him. Whenever he pleased, he turned his horse into his neighbour's fields of sown or standing corn, and used to brawl and bluster as he passed along, so that no one dared to approach him. Rauschenbusch determined at length to take him seriously in hand. The small stream that runs through the place separated Rauschenbusch's glebe-farm from the public road, along which this fellow came blustering on his way into the town. Rauschenbusch happening just then to hear him, but being on the other side of the stream, came to the water edge within sight of him, and called out, 'Muth (that was his name), I am coming!' and the man was immediately quiet. Rauschenbusch met him directly in the wood just by; and though no one was secure of his life in meeting him thus, Rauschenbusch went resolutely up to him, took hold of him with a firm hand, and said, 'All Bünde is afraid of you; but I am not afraid of the devil; and I command you to come to me to-morrow, and to let me know whether you mean to be a different man!' The fellow actually came the next morning, and Rauschenbusch set before him the authority and sacredness of the law of God, and the judgment to come, and this he did with all the seriousness of his official character, and with all the importunity of an honest heart anxiously interested about him. And though he never could regard him as a converted man, yet he succeeded so far as to bind

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Satan within him, so that this person was constrained to cease from annoying his fellow-men.'

As Rauschenbusch's parishioners became more and more enlightened and faithful Christians, the link that bound him to them became more one of affection than duty, so that he felt a strong inward desire to go to some more barren spot of his Father's vineyard, and leave his much loved Bünde.

In the spring of 1790, he received a call from the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Elberfeld, and at once accepted it. He did not stop to consider that his emoluments would be considerably less, and that the locality was completely unknown to him. He heard that the parish was a wide field of labour lying ready for the sower, and he went forth accordingly. 'The people of Bünde wept aloud on his account, and believed that he could not live long, now that he had consented to leave them. They had strained all the devices of affection to retain him amongst them, and now they mourned over his parting.'

In 1790, Rauschenbusch removed to hilly Wupperthal, a place widely different from the sphere in which he had hitherto been engaged, both in external character, and in the peculiarities of the people. The valley of Wupperthal was one of the first to accept the Swiss reformed doctrines, and to maintain a vigorous state of religious independence. The natives of the vale were a hardy, strong, and simple race of men, who were both religious and industrious. Besides the general industrial occupations of towns, the main branch of their trade consisted in the bleaching and manufacturing of linen yarn. All round the town of Elberfeld, and on both sides of the water of Wupper, as well as up the lateral recesses of the narrow vale, were the bleaching establishments. On Sundays every body went to church, except such as were constrained to stay at home through family duties, or for watching the linen. The manners of the people were remarkably simple, and disparities of condition were scarcely known. The shrewd primitive simplicity which distinguishes a frugal, industrious, rural community, having little or no contact with the great world, peculiarly distinguished the people of the Wupperthal amongst whom Rauschenbusch now went to minister.

Rauschenbusch's success in Elberfeld was equal to what it had been in Bünde. His grand aim was to inspire his flock with a love of God, and to stir them up to a pure and active love of one another, and in this he was singularly successful. He had never joined any of the parties in the church, and yet he lived at peace with, and was respected by, them all. The drinking and merrymaking customs of the people distressed Rauschenbusch, and, although these were countenanced by the magistrates and government, he determinedly set himself to abolish them. All his parishioners soon became aware that he was opposed to balls and theatres; and that he regarded light conversation at weddings and christening parties as singularly out of place. Once he heard that there was to be a great merrymaking at a wedding about to be, and he immediately sent for the bridegroom, and declared that if he noticed any such thing, he would not perform the ceremony. This warning was disregarded, and Rauschenbusch hearing the sound of music and dancing, turned back and sent the clerk to tell the betrothed, that they must come to the parsonage and be married. The company were frightened, delayed a long time, and at last moved in silence to the parsonage, where they remained some time in thought, until Rauschenbusch made his appearance. He spoke to them impressively, and remonstrated against their commencing the most important period of a Christian's life in so trifling a manner, and this had the effect of introducing the observance of a serious decorum at weddings ever after.

Faithfully as he discharged the duties of admonition upon any departure from sound doctrine, he was little disposed to systematically undertake the labour of refuting infidelity. He knew that this foe yielded not to arguments of reason, but only to illumination from above; and that it is better to implant the truth, than to waste one's strength in attempting by disputation to uproot error.

If such was the manner in which Rauschenbusch discharged his duties to God and to the world, his life at home was one of peace, and holiness, and diligence; and especially in the education of his children did he exemplify great wisdom and care. The education of his little ones began with life. Whenever they were conscious of the meaning of words, he would perhaps take them in his arms, and, pointing upwards to heaven, would say, 'There dwells *Abba* (our heavenly Father), who loves little children;' if he added more, it was—'If little children behave well.' When they were older, he sought to correct their lesser faults not by stern rebuke, but by parables, which not only interested but instructed. Whenever he announced at table that he was going to tell a story, the thoughts of each child were instantly turned upon itself, or brothers and sisters, in order to see to which of them it applied. Thus, for instance, he made one of his little foster-daughters—for he voluntarily received into his house and supported many orphan children—the present of a text-book for every day in the year, and it used to lie in her bed-room. It did not escape his notice, that the book was seldom opened, and this he observed for many days. At last he related at table, that one of his daughters had a friend who complained to him that she was taken no notice of, although she wished to be useful to her young friend. The accused felt by his looking at her that she was the person meant, but she could not guess how to apply the parable. After a few days, Rauschenbusch related that the friend, grown weary of indifference, intended to leave the place, and at last he declared that it had left the place, when the little girl springing up exclaimed, 'It is my text-book.' Nothing delighted him more than excursions into the country, surrounded by his merry troop of lovely children. These excursions were promised long beforehand, thus adding hope to enjoyment.

On these occasions, he did indeed act as father; he provided refreshments on the way, and, quietly sticking fruit upon the boughs of trees, would call the delighted children around him, holding the tiniest up to pluck them.

At Elberfeld, as at Bünde, he was remarkably frugal in his own household, in order that he might supply with his self-denying savings the wants of widows and of orphans, and seldom has he been surpassed in the practice of such self-denying benevolence.

Rauschenbusch was sorely tried in this life, and his affectionate heart was often wounded in its deepest chords; but these visitations only chastened his soul the more, and led him nearer to heaven. His eldest son, Augustus, who had been called to the ministry at nineteen, died at twenty-one years of age, in the flushing of a glorious promise; and his beloved son, Wilhelm, was drowned in 1809, while bathing in the Neckar at Tübingen; but the affectionate tenderness of the rest of his family, and his own deep piety, bore him up even in his old age, and sustained him in his duty.

On the 10th of June, 1815, Hilmar Ernst Rauschenbusch died, having just entered his seventy-first year. His death was like his life, full of peace and calm heroic dignity. There was no pomp nor proud array at his funeral, and the vain oblation of fashionable homage did not attend his remains to the grave; but hundreds of humble and earnest Christians walked slowly and tearfully behind his bier; and the influence of his heavenly character and the heartfelt glory of his name are still known and honoured in Bünde and simple Wupperthal.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

STANHOPE is a considerable market-town, situate on the Wear, at its confluence with one of those numerous tributaries which descend from that dorsal ridge of hills that has not unaptly been denominated the Apennines of England, though none of them in the county of Durham rises to any considerable altitude. The former syllable, *Stan*, is the old English for *stone*, as in *Stan*ton, Gloucestershire. *Stan*ton-Drew, Somersetshire; but, whether so called from

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certain Druidical monuments of *stone*, as is the case with the latter two places, or from the stony character of the locality, we have not been able to procure sufficient data whereby to determine. The latter syllable is a most significant term, indicating the hollow, lurch, or *sheltered* part of a hill, where shepherds were wont to build their *bouchts, shielings*, or huts—hunters to erect their *bothies*—and gypsies, like the Scythians of old, to pitch their flying camps. *Hoff* and *howff*, Scoticé, are forms of the same word, only they are, in the slang vocabulary, appropriated to denote the place where tipplers, smugglers, tinkers, and others of that kidney do usually rendezvous and congregate. In the south of Scotland, and in the north of England, the name predominates in the hilly or pastoral districts, and is pronounced *whaap*. In the south of England it is pronounced *huve*, with a French *u*. Another modification of *hope* is Eng. *haven*, Ger. *hafen*, Brit. *hafn*, Dan. *havn* or *hagen;* only that the latter are properly applied to places of *shelter* on the sea-coast, as *hope* is to places in the interior of a country. The primary idea couched under all these diversified modifications of the same word seems to be that of *opening* or *oping;* a *gap* or aperture, in fact. This maritime idea the Celts happily express by *aber*, i.e. *mouth;* whence Fr. *havre*, as *Havre-de-grace*, i.e. the *haven of safety*, its *creek* or *crook*, viz. in the coast, being from time immemorial a noted asylum for mariners in stress of weather.*

On the other side of the Wear, and opposite Stanhope, is *Bishop's ley*, being another of the numerous names indicative of the extent of old of the episcopal jurisdiction and territory in this ecclesiastical county.

Chester-le-Street, so called to distinguish it from Chester or West-Chester, the capital of Cheshire, and noted for a capital iron-foundry, is situate on the Wear, about halfway betwixt Durham and Sunderland. *Chester* denotes it to have been, during the Roman dominion in the island, the site of a *castra stativa*, or permanent camp. In such *castra* all our towns and cities, into whose formation *chester* or any of its modifications enters, originate, as will be seen abundantly in the sequel. *Street* intimates that it is situate on or near one of the great military roads or *streets* which the Romans constructed to facilitate and expedite the marching of troops, and the conveyance of warlike stores from station to station. The particular highway in question was that styled in aftertimes *Icknel Street*, which, beginning at *Colonia*, the modern *Colchester* in Essex, held its course through Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, and so on, through Lincoln and York, to Tinmouth. The inhabitants of Norfolk and Suffolk were called at that time *Iceni*, or *Cenimagni*, i.e. *the men of the headland*, or *great promontory;* for so they called that rotund and bulky projection which contains the modern counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and part of Cambridge and Essex; and this they so denominated to distinguish it from *Cantium* or *Kent*, which is, as if you would say, the *lesser promontory;* both having for their roots the old British term *cefn*, which signifies a *head*, and by extension a *fore land*. From these *Iceni*, *Icknel*-Street is with much probability thought to have *had* its name. This name not only evidently points back to the remote times of the Roman domination, but it smacks also of the Norman conquest in the central French article *le, the*. The Normans appointed by the Conqueror to survey England and compile Doom's-day Book, being ignorant of, or but partially acquainted with the language of the native Saxons, committed many sad blunders in pronouncing and inditing the names of places. This ancient and authentic record is justly esteemed the foundation of English property; its era the date whence historians and antiquarians commence their inquiries, and beyond which it is considered almost lost labour to extend their research. Extracts from it, also, in general constitute the ground-work upon which most of the provincial histories of England have been reared. However, it is by no means in the article of topographic orthography always a safe guide to the etymological student—the Norman scribes, who, by the way, were chiefly priests or *clerks*, spelling the words arbitrarily and at random. While on this word, it will not be foreign to our subject and purpose to advert to Horne Tooke's derivation of it. This eminent philologist derives *street* from Fr. *étroit*, which is from Lat. *strictus*, the past participle of *stringo*, to *stretch*, *strain*, and is equivalent to *strict* or *strait*. Now, under submission, this derivation seems to us too tightly drawn, or, as the French critics term it, '*tirés par cheveux*.' In fact, so far is the English word *street* from radically involving the idea of *straitness* or *narrowness*, that it implies the very contrary one of *width* or *broadness*. In the Roman authors, the *strata* viarum, i.e. the pro*strated* or levelled parts of the ways, are always directly or by implication opposed to the *angusta viarum*, i.e., the narrow parts or *straits*. Thus Virgil exactly in point,

> 'Obsedere alii telis *angusta viarum*,'

which Dryden, with admirable critical acumen, thus paraphrases—

> 'To several posts their parties they divide,
> Some block the *narrow streets*, some scour the wide.'

The labour expended on these public highways or streets, which in many places are still visible, was prodigious. The word *street* is full of meaning, telling an astounding tale of hills excavated, valleys filled up, forests felled, bogs drained, and rivers over-arched. In some parts these massy ways were *calcatæ*, i.e., pitched or paved with stone, whence our English *causeway*, or *causey*.

> 'By sin and death *a broad way now is paved*
> The *causey* to hell-gate.'—*Milton.*

From Chester-le-Street, proceeding down the *Wear*, which here flows through a densely populous district, whose inhabitants more or less participate in the coal-trade, we arrive at *Wear-mouth*, or *Bishop's Wearmouth*, yet another appellation farther corroboratory of episcopal sway. Had the Wear been situate in Wales or Caledonia, the town at its embouchure would have been called *Aberwear*, or *Inverwear*. Bishop's Wearmouth has an extensive manufactory of sail-cloth. Almost adjoining to it succeeds the busy, thriving, and populous town of Sunderland. This town competes with Newcastle, and with North and South Shields, in the exportation of the grand staple of the county, viz., coal. Its port at the mouth of the Wear, though much enlarged and deepened of late years, will not admit colliers of the largest burden, which the Tyne at the Shields does; but, by way of compensation, nature has arranged it so, that vessels can get out to sea from the mouth of the *Wear* much more readily than from that of the *Tyne*. By the way, mariners term a vessel from the latter river a *Geordie*, and from the former a *Jassie*. At sea, they can distinguish the one from the other by the different colours of their bows, sides, sterns, &c. And right worthy sea-tubs these same *Geordies* and *Jassies* are in a gale of wind, either weathering the storm like the ger-falcon, or gallantly riding it out lively and buoyant as a wild-duck! And right worthy, too, are the tars who man our dingy navy—alert aloft or alow—skilled with steady eye, and heart, and hand, to steer the good craft, with never *a yaw*,* over the tempestuous waste of waters—cool, courageous, and collected, amid the many images of death, the lurking perils, and the sudden emergencies, that ever beset the nautical life! Oh, ye sons and daughters of affluence and luxury, as you sit at ease and safety by the cheerful *sea-coal* fire, and

> 'When you do hear
> The rain and wind beat dark December,

think gratefully upon the hardy blue-jackets, who are even then braving the boisterous storm, and buffeting the nocturnal billow to contribute to your comfort on shore!

* This haven formerly (in 1515) had a chapel dedicated to our Lady of *Grace*, to whom sailors in distress were lavish of their vows. This chapel has since disappeared; but an ancient hotel still exists, with a boat and boatman rudely carved on stone, the sign of the house and the device of the town.

* When a ship is not steered steadily, but goes in and out with her head, Jack, in his own expressive lingo, says, 'She *sheers* or *yaws*.' Therefore, in giving chase to an enemy, or in a violent gale of wind, the ablest men are put to the helm, who can keep the ship steadiest and evenest upon a point.

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We shall here, with all humility, submit to such of our readers as love to investigate the *antiquities* of their country, a criticism upon the *ancient* names of these important rivers, the *Tyne* and *Wear*, as transmitted to us by Ptolemy, the illustrious Egyptian geographer, and partly perpetuated by Dr Horsley in his elaborate map of *Britannia Romana*, or Britain under the Romans. In the former the *Tyne* is called *Vedra fluvius*, and the next trending or bay in the coast southwards he denominates *Dunum* sinus, without any river discharging itself into it. Dr Horsley's chart is much the same, only the latter locality is styled in it, *Dunum* æstuarium vel sinus. *Æstuary* always implies a river; and he makes *Dunum* applicable to the *Tees*, not the *Wear*. Now, what suggests itself to our mind is, that *Vedra* is the *Wear*, and *Dunum* the *Tyne*. The ear and eye will themselves avouch, at least, the plausibility of such suggestion. The character of the two rivers—the one admitting vessels of large draught, the other only comparatively small craft—gives it also further probability. For it is needfully to be noted, that *Dunum* denotes a *deep* river, being derived from Celtic *dhoin*, deep; and such is more or less predicable of all the rivers whose name it is, or of which it forms a component part; as, for instance, the *Don*, in Yorkshire, in Aberdeenshire, in Russia; the *Tyne* in Haddingtonshire; the two Russian *Dunas* or *Dwinas*, the one flowing into the Gulf of Riga, the other into that of Archangel; *Danube*; *Rhone*, or Rhodanus, i.e. *very deep*; *Eridanus*, the poetical name of the Po, which also signifies *very deep*; and, to conclude with a name which genius has borne farther, and rendered more classical than Eridanus itself—'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie *Doon*.' But what gives the greatest appearance of correctness to this attempt at emendatory criticism is this striking fact, that in both Ptolemy and Horsley we find an aboriginal tribe inhabiting the territory betwixt the *Tweed* and the *Tyne*, called *Otadeni*, which, if we have any skill in etymologic analysis, just means the people betwixt *Tuesis* (Berwick) and *Dunum*. In still further corroboration, it may be mentioned that another tribe farther into the interior, and occupying the country betwixt the upper part of the *Tyne* and the *Jed*, are denominated *Gadeni*. The reason of the name is obvious. The modern *Jedburgh* occupies the site, and is the modern representative and lineal descendant of the Roman capital of this district, which was called *Coria* or *Curia Gadenorum*. Not a few districts of kingdoms with their inhabitants have derived their names from being situate betwixt rivers or æstuaries; thus the Lat. *Interamna*, *inter*, between, and *amnes*, the rivers, a town in Umbria, and now abbreviated in the modern *Terni*; *Mesopotamia*, i.e. betwixt the rivers, viz. the Euphrates and Tigris; *Edderachillis*, a district in Sutherlandshire, signifying *betwixt the two kyles*, or branches of the sea; *Entre Douro e Minho*, in Portugal, and exactly parallel with the terms under discussion. So important an auxiliary and arbiter often is etymology in ascertaining and settling doubtful and disputed localities!

IT IS POSSIBLE!

FROM THE SWISS OF HENRI ZSCHOKKE.

Stryk, the late counsellor of state, had a custom of uttering on almost every occasion these three words, which became a sort of proverb in his mouth—'It is possible!' Often even when presenting reports in full council, he pronounced them. This was always the signal for a smile on the lips of his colleagues, as if they pitied this weak point in their friend. Notwithstanding this, however, counsellor of state Stryk was a man highly esteemed. The respective governors appreciated and employed him in consequence of his varied knowledge and business habits. All confessed that he was a man of talent and consummate tact. Surpassed by none, M. Stryk was moreover always open and honourable; nothing of a partisan nature could be attributed to him; but his *finesse* was undeniable. So generally was this acknowledged, that while some regarded it as the result of a profound policy, by others he was esteemed a kind of prophet; and all this reputation he owed to these three words—'It is possible!' We have collected some facts regarding this man, once so famous in the history of his country. We are indebted for them to one of his friends, who found them in a journal which the counsellor had kept from his youth. The most important entry therein is the ever-recurring phrase, 'It is possible!'

Although he pronounced these words so frequently, he always attached to them a meaning; and whenever they escaped him he believed himself bound to abide the consequences, and sustain them. Thus the motto exercised the greatest influence over his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Not only did he himself live faithful to these three words, but he seriously wished that his only son should be accustomed to render their influence all-powerful. The young man, who imagined, like many more young men, that he saw things far more clearly than his old father, used to regard the repetition of this text as a very odd habit.

'They will pardon in you this little originality, my dear father,' said he, 'but in me it would be esteemed most ridiculous. It would just be set down as a mode of speech adopted by design and copied without taste.'

'It is possible, Frederick,' answered the counsellor of state; 'but what matters a laugh, if these three words give you peace, prudence, security, and happiness? If the benefit is evident, and the fear of raillery hinders you from saying them aloud, I beseech you, at least, to repeat them to yourself on every occasion.'

'But, father, for what good? Your love for this expression goes in truth very far.'

'My son,' said the old man, 'I love you, and this is why I seek to bind it to you, that peace of heart and happiness may follow. Do not think that this axiom has become habitual to me by constant repetition. No; it is a word which I pronounced at first after much grave reflection, and which experience has confirmed. Under God's blessing, it is to it that I owe all I have and all that I am.'

'What, then, made you determine to adopt it?'

'The misfortunes of my youth and despair. With these three words I raised myself anew and re-conquered fortune. Our ancestors were honest people, fearing God, but possessed of no great patrimony. What I inherited scarcely sufficed to enable me to pass my terms of study at the university, and procure subsistence for a year or two after. I was an ardent student—too much so indeed; for I lived but in the ideal of models of virtue of my own creation. That illusion cost me dear. I did not know the world, and saw it by turns, according to circumstances, peopled either with angels or fiends.'

'That often happens to me, despite myself,' said Frederick.

'It is possible,' answered the counsellor; 'for a young man who has not fallen into that error has neither a pure heart nor a loving soul. It is necessary to pass through that ordeal once. Well, I was for a long time forced to work without emolument before obtaining a little remunerative employment, with much bad usage. This I did not like, and cast my eyes around to try better for the future. I saw that it was necessary not to appear poor; otherwise I would not readily succeed, even in obtaining that for which I was capable. Accordingly, I dressed with that taste which now would be called gallant, but which was named at that day elegant. I lived in a fine apartment, appeared in the most distinguished circles, and did not fear even from time to time to give small but costly parties; and yet, with all this, I was without debt—a rather uncommon thing amongst young men of my age and station. Everywhere I was represented as wealthier than in reality was the case; and these results I obtained for little money. No person knew how miserably I lived in private. Bread and milk formed my constant nourishment. However, I was very happy, for I had a thousand little pleasures. I was well received—by the ladies with pleasure, and by the men with esteem. Nevertheless, I had found amongst my acquaintances but one friend—a rare and tried friend, upon whom I could depend—an advocate named Schneemuller. Amongst the ladies, only one occupied my

thoughts—it was the daughter of General Van Tyten, named Philippine. For years I loved her in silence. It was almost idolatry; but my whole life was sanctified by that love. No person knew the state of my heart, for to no one did I dare to confide it.'

'What! not even to your friend?'

'No, not even to him; for at first the mediocrity of my fortune, my obscure birth, and precarious situation, made me fear seriously to aspire to the hand of the noble general's daughter. Among others, it was from Schneemuller that I first learned that the report was current that I was the preferred lover of Philippine. She loved me ardently, he said, and in consequence several scenes had taken place between her and the mother. I was already aware of the truth of this report, for circumstances had brought me in contact with Philippine—we had discovered our mutual secret—we had sworn eternal constancy—and, after the usual fashion, declared that death alone would separate us. At this period, Dame Fortune seemed determined to heap on me her favours. I became chamberlain to the dowager duchess, with a considerable salary, a situation, moreover, which served to break down the barrier which separated Philippine and I. The general had need of me. I obtained his confidence, and his spouse had no more remonstrances to oppose to the passion of her daughter; and, to crown all, some few months after, a cousin at Batavia died, leaving me the sole possessor of a rich heritage, deposited at Amsterdam. I had become almost a millionaire, and was happy beyond expression, not because of my fortune, but of my Philippine. A young count, a favourite of the then reigning sovereign, sought earnestly to obtain her hand. It was without doubt an annoying matter for me. She prayed me to demand it from her parents, and I prepared for this step; but it was necessary that I should set out immediately for Amsterdam, and in that voyage I was singularly baulked—first, because I could not endure the idea of quitting Philippine; and, in the second place, in the event of my departure, the count—young, rich, and powerful—would be a sore tormentor, left behind. In short, I came to another resolve, and my friend Schneemuller set out for Amsterdam, with the certificates and all necessary powers.'

'But you have never yet spoken about that friend,' said Frederick.

'It is possible,' answered the counsellor; 'that will be explained immediately. Weeks and months passed, and still neither my friend nor documents arrived. I despatched letter after letter, and still no answer. Imagining he must have been seized with dangerous illness, friendship triumphed over love, and I departed for Amsterdam. My absence plunged Philippine into great grief, and on quitting me she swooned away in her mother's arms. At each stage of the voyage I sought for information regarding Schneemuller. I found his name inscribed on all the registers of the inns. I arrived in Amsterdam. He had sojourned for a long time there; he had collected every sum of money which fell due to me under the legacy, and converted all into letters of exchange, but transmitted no part. In short, I learned to my great surprise that a man very much resembling my friend had sailed in an American ship about two months before—the very period when Schneemuller had wound up all the affairs of the succession. I exclaimed, 'It is impossible!' and had yet to believe the certitude of my misfortune. It was, in truth, very possible; my only, and, as I had imagined, my best friend, had betrayed me. With a heavy heart I came back. I could publish the loss of my money, but not the treason of my friend, for his behaviour had destroyed all my confidence in men. On my arrival, I wished to go at once to General Van Tyten's, to see Philippine and recount my loss, which I had already announced by letter, but the evening was too far advanced. My host received me pleasantly. 'What news?' I asked.—'No great things,' said he. 'You know, I suppose, that Mademoiselle Van Tyten is married about a month ago.'—'It is impossible!—impossible! married?—the daughter of General Van Tyten?—to whom?—to the count?'—'Just so,' said he, and he described all that had passed. My Philippine had not hesitated to accept the hand of the young, wealthy, and influential count, and the marriage had been celebrated just after the receipt of my letter from Amsterdam detailing to the general the villany of Schneemuller. I would not believe the word of my host, and I cried always, 'It is impossible!' But the next day, everybody confirmed what I had learned on the previous evening. I cried out, 'I will believe no more in anything on earth—the love of any woman, the friendship of any man, or the duration of any happiness, for that which seemed impossible has happened. From that day I believed everything was likely to happen, except good; and when any one spoke of the most unlikely circumstances, I always answered, 'It is possible!' In these three words, I found all my system of philosophical practice. I proposed to myself to repeat them on every occasion, finding they were some consolation in my profound grief—that they defended me against utter despair; and I learned to reckon nothing sure but God and myself. Are you ever able, would I sometimes say to myself, are you ever able to be happy on earth? It is possible: was my refrain, and the event justified it. I adopted it for ever. The chances of happiness by which I profited did not intoxicate me: I dreamed of the instability of fortune and the disgrace of place, and always said, It is possible! I never experienced a more heartfelt joy than at your birth, my dear Frederick, but I moderated my transports at the idea that death might step in and snatch you from my affection, or, if spared from that pain, you might become an evil-disposed child. I said, it is possible! and I was fortified against every evil.

'God be praised, my father, it has not yet come to that.'

'Happily, my son, it has not, but it was possible. Since I have had my axiom I take every pleasant moment as a gift from heaven, and no misfortune surprises me, for I am prepared for all. All is possible: wherefore I counsel you to appropriate that idea, but it is requisite by usage to make it enter into your organisation, that it may grow into a kind of second nature, otherwise it will not serve you.'

The favourite phrase of the counsellor not unfrequently brought him into disgrace, but he was not readily damped. For example, he was one day attending the council at which the elector presided; it was at the moment of the explosion of the French Revolution. After the sitting closed, there was a good deal of talk about the new events in Paris, Lyons, and Strasburg—of the changes which were taking place in the French nation, from idolatry of their kings, to the extreme of joy at the fall of the throne. 'They are the most fickle people on earth,' said the elector; 'no other would act in the same manner. When I think of my subjects, one could never dream that they would be seized with a similar vertigo—that they would renounce their fidelity to their prince. What say you, M. Counsellor?'

The counsellor, pre-occupied at the moment, had only heard the last words of the prince. He raised his eyes, and answered as usual, 'It is possible, my lord.'

The elector reddened. 'How? Do I understand you?' cried he. 'Do you believe that there will ever be a time when my subjects will rejoice for my loss?'

'It is possible,' answered the counsellor, and this time with reflection; 'one knows not the future. Nothing is more uncertain than the opinion of a people, for it is composed of men who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of a prince. A new order of things gives ground for new hopes. Although the people bear to your electoral highness that love which you merit, I should not affirm that in these new events they would not forget the beneficence of their prince, and that we may not live to see the electoral arms broken, and replaced by the tree of liberty.' The elector retired, and Stryk fell into disgrace. Every one said, Counsellor Stryk is a fool!

Some years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine, and the elector, with his whole court, took flight. The tree of liberty was planted, and the electoral arms were publicly broken by the people. Stryk, as an able and experienced man, was recalled to place under the new regime. The

cause of his retirement was fresh in the memory of all. He was viewed as the victim of a now extinguished despotism; and by his activity he contributed not a little to maintain order and consolidate the new constitution. However, despite his natural ardour, he never allowed himself to be drawn into political enthusiasm. He attached himself to no party, and became in consequence suspected by all. The Jacobins treated him as a disguised Royalist, and the Royalists held him to be at bottom a Jacobin. He despised both names, and devoted himself to his office.

One day there arrived the commissary of a new department of the republic, who was received with the greatest honours. The commissary, who had received a hint as to the opinions of Stryk, finding at a grand banquet one day that a toast was to be proposed to the liberty of the world, the rights of nations, and the victories of the republic, turned to him and said, 'I am astonished that the kings dare still resist us, for it will only accelerate their own fall. Revolution will make the tour of the world. What do they hope for? Do they think to curb anew the great nation under the yoke of the Bourbons? The madmen! All Europe shall perish first. What think you, citizen? A reasonable man must admit that the throne will never be re-established in France.'

'That is not probable,' said Stryk; 'but it is possible.'

'How? Possible?' cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. 'He who doubts liberty has never loved her. I am distressed beyond measure to see a public functionary profess such opinions. Can you justify yourself, citizen?'

'It is very possible,' said Stryk, calmly. 'Free Athens accustomed herself at first to Pericles, then to a King of Macedonia. Rome had at first the triumvirs, then a Cæsar, and lastly a Nero. England, who killed her king, supported Cromwell, and again the empire is under kings.'

'What matters your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? You do not mean to compare them with the French, I hope. But I forgive your false views; you have not the honour to be born a Frenchman.'

The pardon of the commissary was not complete, however, for Stryk lost his place. He was even subjected to some persecution for his suspicious discourse.

Some years after, Bonaparte became first consul, then consul for ten years, consul for life, and, in short, emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his functions, for he had belonged notoriously to the moderate party. He played his part with more credit and consideration than ever. Again had his predictions been fulfilled, and he passed for a consummate politician. Napoleon changed the world, and gave away crowns. Stryk also became the servant of one of those crowns, and obtained many honours. There existed no republicans now; every one shrunk under the new master. No person wished to have it said that they ever entertained the idea of republicanism; every one pretended that he had resisted the current; and it was regarded as a disgrace not to have always belonged to the partisans of royalty.

'I have no shame in saying this,' said Stryk; 'the epidemic reigned; you will again feel its infection; that it will re-appear, and you will feel its still heavier blows. It is possible.'

'What! Do you take us for men so weak that we shall be for ever changing?' they answered him.

'I always remember,' said Stryk, 'of the Sultan of Egypt of whom Addison speaks. Nothing seemed to him more ridiculous in the Koran than the history of the prophet's aerial voyage. Mahomet, whilst in his bed one morning, had been transported by the angel Gabriel and carried through paradise—the seven heavens and hell—he had seen and observed all marvels—he had held ninety thousand conversations with God; and all this in so short a space of time, that when the angel had deposited the prophet anew in his bed he found it still warm, and the water contained in a ewer, which they accidentally overturned when starting, had not entirely ceased to flow. The sultan laughed outright at this history in presence of a dervish, who had a great reputation for working miracles. He promised that the sultan should be cured of his incredulity, if he only did as he was commanded. The sultan took the holy man at his word; and accordingly the commander of the faithful was led by him to a large tub filled with water to the very brim. The whole court was present, and surrounded the tub with no ordinary curiosity. The dervish ordered the sultan to plunge his head into the tub of water, and withdraw it again immediately. Scarcely had the prince put his head under the water, when he found himself at the foot of a solitary mountain near the seaside. His surprise may be imagined. He stormed, and threatened to take the life of the dervish; but he must conform to his destiny. Happily he found some men in a wood; they were woodcutters, and by their direction he was enabled to reach the neighbouring town. He found himself far from Egypt, upon the borders of the Caspian Sea. No person knew him, and he dared not reveal who he was. After many adventures he fell in with a rich man, and married his daughter, by whom he had fourteen children. At last his wife died; and after several years of misfortune he fell into great misery, so much so, that he was forced to beg his bread in the streets. Often he wept bitter tears in comparing his present miserable condition with the sumptuous life he had led in his palace, and he regarded his lot as a punishment for his incredulity. In short, he resolved on repentance, and to make a pilgrimage as a beggar to Mecca. He accomplished that pilgrimage; but before approaching the sacred mosque, he wished to purify himself by a general ablution. He took off his garments and plunged into the waves, but, oh, miracle! as he came out, he found himself not by the water edge, but before the tub into which the dervish had commanded him to put his head! He was still surrounded by his courtiers and the dervish; he could not refrain from venting his violent indignation against the man who had caused him so many griefs and misfortunes; but the astonishment of the sultan was redoubled, when he learned from all around, that he had not quitted the tub, and that all these events had been accomplished in the short space of time necessary to plunge in his head and draw it out again. Now,' continued the old counsellor of state, 'you are just in the same case as the Sultan of Egypt. Many strange events have come to pass in a wonderfully short space of time; for if any one had told you before the revolution took place, what you have done in its course, you would never have believed him. And, now that you have brought your head out of the tub, you will never be able to forget what you have thought, done, and experienced, in the time of miracles. If the Bourbons ever re-enter France, they will regard history, since 1789, as if it had not happened; and finding themselves again, as the sultan did, by the side of the tub, will esteem their years of suffering as a fleeting dream.'

They laughed. 'Come, come,' said some, 'the counsellor is not far wrong. But if he imagines that the poor Bourbons will ever be restored, that will also belong to the history of miracles.'

'Hem! It is possible,' said Stryk; and, in truth, he did not wait long to see the event accomplished, and the ancient order of politics resume its seat. That change did not carry danger to a man professing such opinions as the counsellor, who, in addition, had again fallen into disgrace towards the close of the imperial regime. It was said that Napoleon had heard of his political sagacity, and, a short time previous to the Russian campaign, had sent one of his generals to ascertain what Stryk augured from that expedition. The old counsellor was greatly astonished at the question, and refused to answer it. The general said, 'Your reserve is singular. I think we shall celebrate the New Year at St Petersburg; but it seems as if you feared unfortunate results to us from that war.' The counsellor shrugged his shoulders according to habitude, and answered, 'It is possible.' That answer was not forgotten, and his name disappeared for another time from the list of counsellors of state. When the allied powers entered France, and the creations of Napoleon were scattered to the four winds of heaven, every one said, Stryk is a prophet!

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His disgrace under the government of the intruders, as

that of the fallen emperor was designated, raised him to favour again, under that of the new and legitimate sovereign. But his axiom was not long in bringing down a fresh tempest on his head. The prince made him understand, one day in council, that his devotion to all governments caused his words sometimes to be suspected.

'I have always been a faithful counseller,' said the old man, 'for I have always served my country, whoever was master. The state has always need of the help of her citizens, and he is only fulfilling his duty when he serves her under every circumstance.'

'The state,' said the prince, 'is the sovereign. How dare you separate his person from the state?' and, with a frown, he made a sign for the old statesman to leave the chamber.

This was his last disgrace; and when they asked him if he would still survive more political changes, he answered, 'It is possible! They have attacked truth, light, and liberty, not only in France, but throughout all Europe. They desire the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the wars of religion, the tricks of diplomacy, the titles of nobility, ribbons, and holy alliances, censorship, and similar means, all to bring about, as they say, eternal peace! It was thus in the times when Franklin and Washington appeared—the times of the Bastile, of Fouché, and Rovigo; the same causes will reproduce the same results. 'IT IS POSSIBLE.'

COLOUR.

'THE different colours which so greatly beautify the universe,' says Blair, 'depend upon the eye and the sensation. Different reflections give different intensities or force to the atoms which produce in the eye various effects, and these various effects we agree, by experience, to call by different names as colours. Colours to the eye are like tones to the ear, and depend on the force of the impression. The greatest force is scarlet, the least is violet or indigo; the medium is agreeable green. Light is variable force, sound is variable force, and colours and tones depend on our sensations.' It is useful to young ladies who paint landscapes or flowers, to know accurately the theory of colour; an acquisition too much neglected in general by those who indulge as amateurs in this most fascinating occupation. How many would think it impossible to colour an autumnal landscape, without umber, sienna, and ochre, and would scarcely believe, that if they possess but the primary colours, any combination may be formed, and any colour produced. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of colour, enumerated seven primary colours, and for many years after his time the error continued. Many school-books still propagate the same belief. Indigo, orange, green, and violet, are still enumerated; not one of which is a primary colour. It is now allowed that the primary colours are three only, and that the others are produced by merely mixing two of the primary colours in the requisite proportions. Any one possessing the first colours, red, blue, yellow, may easily assure himself that the blending of red and yellow will produce orange; yellow and blue will make green; indigo is only a deep blue; and violet a mixture of red and blue. No mixture of colours will produce red, or blue, or yellow, proving that they alone have a claim to be considered primary, from the mixtures of which all others may be produced. Black is the absence of colour; and white, the three colours in equal proportions. This last proposition is undoubtedly true, when colours can be found sufficiently pure for the experiment. With common water colours it is difficult to procure white by this means, probably on account of the difficulty of mixing in exact proportion, but the three colours will always be found to produce a light neutral tint, much fainter than the quantity of colour employed would produce, but for the power which the primary colours possess of neutralising each other. The three colours when painted distinctly on a card, will, if the card be rapidly turned round, lose every distinct hue, and become to the eye one white whole. Sir Isaac Newton loses nothing of the honour of this his favourite discovery, in consequence of its having since been ascertained that the number of colours he enumerated may be differently classed; this is a small accession of knowledge, following and attending on his stupendous discoveries, not contradicting his theory, but attesting and confirming its truth. Well did he merit the applause of the poet, contained in the following passage—

> 'E'en light itself, which everything displays,
> Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
> Untwisted all the shining robe of day,
> And from the whitened undistinguish'd blaze,
> Collecting every ray into its kind,
> To the charm'd eye, educed the gorgeous train
> Of parent colours.'

Dark or full colours best retain heat; they are therefore best adapted for winter use; the lighter the colour the less heat it will absorb. This may be ascertained by laying pieces of cloth of different colours on the snow on a sunny morning, when it will be found that the darkest pieces will sink the deepest in the snow, on account of the heat which they absorb from the sun's rays; and the lighter the colour, the nearer the surface it will remain. The modern practice of painting black the walls to which fruit trees are attached, had its origin in this ascertained fact.

There is a paper in the 'Spectator,' which proposes to point out the harmony of colours, with regard to dress and complexion. The hints are taken from Ovid, and an attempt is made to ascertain what colours best suit individuals, with reference to complexion and the colour of the hair and eyes. To the fair, black or blue is recommended; and, indeed, every one knows how becoming blue is to a fair lady; to the brunette, white or red is prescribed; and to the unfortunates of sallow hue, white and red commingled is advised. Ovid's system evidently delights in contrasts—'Pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.' Therefore, according to his theory, that citizen was in error who had his carriage lined with yellow, to render less apparent the tawny complexion of his daughters, while the daughter of a church-warden showed great skill and science who insisted that the new curtain to the church window, just above her pew, should be red, because her white satin bonnet was a little yellow.

It is very certain that a judicious selection of colours for dress is a sure proof of correct and cultivated taste. The authoress of the 'Young Ladies' Friend' has devoted a portion of her valuable little work to endeavour to furnish to young ladies correct ideas with regard to their attire, and informs us that Dr Spurzheim observed of the American ladies, 'that they were deficient in the organ of colour, and that, on landing at New York, he was shocked to see ladies wearing indiscriminately all the colours of the rainbow, without regard to their complexion or the season of the year; and often with pink, blue, and yellow on, all at the same time.' Now, in nothing is the taste of Parisian dames more conspicuous than in their skilful selection of colours. But there must be a sad want of taste for the fine arts, when ladies are to be seen with pink ribbons on their bonnets, blue shawls on their shoulders, while their hands display yellow gloves and green bags —when we witness sallow complexions, contrasted with sky-blue, and flushed cheeks surmounted by the hues of the rose, and pale ones made to appear more colourless by green linings. All these things will, in time, be better understood, when young persons have learned to regard dress less as a matter to be taken upon trust from foreign dealers in finery, than as an individual accomplishment; and to consider that their appearance depends more on their own good taste than the length of their fathers' purses.

'The eye,' remarks Dr Ure, 'has its principle of correspondence with what is just, beautiful, and elegant, and, when cultivated, acquires a habitual delicacy, and answers to the finest impressions. Being versed in the best works of nature and art, it soon learns to distinguish true impressions from false—grace from affectation."—*The Gleaner.*

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THE OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH.

It has often been observed, that there are few things more distinctively *English* than her old-fashioned country churches. Queer, many-angled, odd-shaped edifices they are; not a few, indeed, remarkable for architectural beauty, but more for a certain indescribable quaintness; a rustic simplicity of appearance, which adds an inexpressible charm to them. Some we have seen with a roof of prodigious slope—a roof of grey-grown slates, or ruddy-brown tiles, coming down to within a few feet of the ground; others with the queerest little bell-towers, the quaintest old porches, the most unaccountable nooks, and crannies, and corners, but so weather-stained and moss-grown, as to have become delightful to the eye in their harmony of colouring. Perfect pictures they often are, but painted by the hand of accident, with a few finishing touches from that of time. They have not, you see, been placed for effect, but have fallen accidentally in with the general features of the scenery, and appear as *natural* as the gigantic tree, or the green swelling hill, or the sparkling rivulet, which would seem to lose as much by the removal of the churches, as *they* would by the loss of these charming adjuncts. While some of these old time-honoured edifices grace the wayside, or crown the gentle hill, the greater number require to be sought out by the lover of them. They are found in odd nooks and corners, nestling under hills, mantled with ivy, or crouching under trees as tall again as their own towers; and nothing is more delightful than an exploratory pilgrimage in some of the rustic districts of England, in search of old country churches. Did you never, when a child, watch the sparks as they disappeared from a piece of burnt-out paper, repeating the elegant distich,—

> 'There goes the squire, and there goes the spark,
> There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk.'

Well, 'men are but children of a larger growth,' you know, and we may, perhaps, glean a little wisdom, while we gather much amusement, from a speculation upon the church and the church-goers.

My uncle was the vicar of an old parish church in Oxfordshire. It was not exactly one of the small rustic sort to which I have alluded, for it was a fine old Gothic building, with its little interior chapels now deserted, but once devoted to the Virgin and the saints; its neglected confessionals—a series of apertures in the wall through which your penitent thrust his head to meet the shaven pate, and whisper into the ear of the priest; its receptacle for holy water, now half filled with unholy dust, and its little sacrist-tower, the bell of which was now tongue-tied and mute. There was a tall stone tower for the great bells, but this little bell had a special task of its own, to apprise the neighbourhood of the elevation of the host, or the monks of the periods for prayer; or it might be to put away the little evil spirits, while the great bell alone could deal with the more formidable demons. Then there was a fine oriel window, through whose infinity of little green lozenge panes the setting sun shed a crimson glow that gladdened the eye to see. With all this architectural grandeur, however, buried deep in the bosom of a rural district, the old church retained its character of primitive rustic simplicity. It was screened from the neighbourhood by a grove of tall trees, in which a whole colony of rooks had taken up their abode, and I firmly believe, that some of the young mad-cap rooks made a constant exploit of trying to settle on the weather-cock in a windy day, just as your school-boys taunt one another with bare-brained exploits, and deeds of youthful daring. It was pleasant in a still summer evening to hear the curfew bell flinging its solemn tone out of the high grey tower, and summoning, it would seem, the rooks home to bed, as its predecessor had been wont to summon a different black-robed race, as hinted above; but it was not so pleasant to find the same old jowler startling you out of a sweet sleep, or a delicious dream, at five o'clock on a frosty morning, until you became so used to the din as to sleep through it. The cause of this abomination was, that a traveller who had lost his way in the snow, on an adjacent common, was guided home by the church clock striking the hour alluded to; and out of pious gratitude he had resolved to make himself eminently disagreeable to posterity, for he had left a large sum of money to the church, on condition that the bell should be tolled at the stated hour every morning to commemorate his happy deliverance.

It was pleasant and not profitless to step out of the vicarage on a fine Sabbath morning, into the contiguous churchyard, and, while the glories of nature above your head lifted the mind to the greatness of the Creator, the mouldering dust of humanity beneath your feet drew it down to the evanescence of the created. Not a cloud is there to chequer the brightness of those deep-blue heavens—not a sound save the tinkle of the limpid rivulet that skirts the old wall of the church-yard, or the hum of some truant, Sabbath-breaking bee; for the rooks are far afield on their foraging excursions, and there is nothing but the whispering wind making a murmuring in the tops of the trees.

But as the day advances, the silence is disturbed. That little fellow who has left the churchyard-gate, to swing to and fro upon its hinges, and now comes dawdling up the path, is a Sunday scholar—between ourselves, he would rather be a week-day dunce. Clad in a suit of glorious velveteen, with splendid mother-of-pearl buttons, a bag of books dangling at his back, and in his hand a hazel stick, he is making the most of his time, not the best of his way, to the Sunday school. The spirit of laziness is strong upon him; he cannot resist the temptation to sit upon a tombstone, and swing his legs a little; and as his iron-heel just comes in contact with the mouth and nose of a chubby cherub, the pride of the sculptor is in a fair way to assume a negro cast of feature, which might do for an African angel, but is quite opposed to all European ideas of angelic beauty. How the urchin is envying that butterfly which is fluttering about in the balmy air, flirting with the poppies and blind nettles, and in its little short erratic flights, seeming quite undecided of purpose, until it disappears over the wall! It did not seem to know where it was going, but, happy creature! it was certainly not going to school. Our lazy imp has let his eye wander around in search of some amusement, but it has caught one of the grotesque spout-heads, with monstrous mouth and lolling tongue, and great stone eyes, leering at him from the roof of the church, and he is off the tombstone in a twinkling. It is neither dusky eve nor pale moonlight, or he would take to his heels at once; but though in the broad day, it *is* a churchyard, you know, and he sneaks away, casting a furtive glance over his shoulder at the demi-devil, until he is out of sight.

The next is a very different passenger, and very differently she shuts the gate. Instead of allowing it to swing noisily upon its hinges, giving a sharp click at every oscillation, she carefully drops the latch into the hasp as though she was afraid of disturbing some one. She quits the principal path, and you may see her widow's weeds, and slightly stooping pensive form, threading a byway among the green mounds and grey stones, until she comes to one differing, in many particulars, from the rest. It is not time-subdued and weather-stained, but stands out in obtrusive whiteness, and offends the eye with its recent freshness. In all the stones around, the letters are filled with green and golden-tinted moss, but of these the chiselling is sharp and harsh, as much so as the grief impressed upon the heart of the mourner, which has not as yet been mellowed by the touch of time into a gentle sober melancholy. The widow, however, has no eye for any other, and bending over it, she reads the inscription on that fresh-cut stone. You can see her lips move as she peruses it in her earnestness, as though it were not every word indelibly imprinted on her mind; as though it had not been the daily object of her visit, the nightly subject of her thoughts for months. Casting a stealthy glance around, to see that she is unobserved, she brings a little basket from under her shawl. A root from her garden—a primrose or a violet—and a small trowel are its contents, and close up to the head-stone on that new made mound she plants the flower. She gazes hastily around again, with the eye of a fawn at a fountain—a timid startled glance that shows the fear in her bosom—the shrinking sensitiveness that dreads to be

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observed; and with a quicker step than that which brought her bither, she steals away as though she had done something wrong. Something wrong! How often in this harsh, mi-judging world, do vice and folly, with unblushing effrontery, challenge attention, while we carefully conceal the tenderest and holiest feelings in our heart, as if we were entertaining something wrong!

But the early morning is wearing away, and there goes Tippins the sexton, to open the church doors and toll the bell. He has got the great keys in one hand, but what is that which he puts down while he uses both of them to turn the ponderous key in the massive door? Start not, my gentle friends of the North, nor turn those Presbyterian eyes, in utter incredulity, away. It is *not* a little infant's coffin, though in shape and size it somewhat resembles one; and such you will say, might be more meet for sexton's hands. It is *not* an infant's coffin, but a fiddle-case! Yes, in the days to which I refer, the sexton of the parish was the leader of the band; and as this sort of band may be a little curiosity on this side of the Tweed, I must pause to describe it. You see, they had no organ in my uncle's church, and they substituted for it an instrumental band, of which they were not a little proud. The good vicar had a great aversion to the 'music,' but it was as much as his popularity was worth to 'forbid the band.' His power, indeed, was absolute, but with many of the excellences, and some of the defects of the English clergy of those days, he was, as he was wont to say, rather disposed to play the part of King Log than King Stork. Besides, these things were, and for aught I know *are*, common in some parts of England, even in this the nineteenth century. First, there came Gaffer Stubbs, a little, fat, bald pated old fellow, who played the bass-viol, and was a most steady and imperturbable performer, for being half-deaf, half-dunny, he was never put out by the errors of his colleagues. You might see him from the body of the church, as he sat in the music gallery, sawing away at the Psalms, nothing but the shining convexity of his bald pate visible, for he had got a habit of stooping as he rasped out the tone; stooping so low, that he seemed to be looking into the body of his instrument, to see where the tone came from. Then there was the village tailor, a very prototype of friend Feeble, the valiant tailor of Falstaff's ragged regiment. He blew the clarionet most manfully; and two violins, one of which was our friend the sexton, made up the instrumental array. The sexton, as may be supposed from his profession, was a serious (I had almost said grave) subject, and though he had made an imprudent choice in preferring such a little, yelping, squealing, instrument as the fiddle, instead of the sober, steady, great bass-viol of his friend Stubbs, yet his playing, as well as his demeanour, was of such a sedate and edifying order, as showed his sense of the dignity of his position. But his coadjutor in the fiddle department, or as Tippins loved to call him, the *vice violin*, was the most unruly, the most troublesome, because the most opinionated man in the parish. He was an 'harmonious blacksmith,' but, released from the hammer and the anvil, the fiddle was a child's toy in his hand, and he loved to show how he could play *with* it as well as *on* it. He entertained the idea, that whoso played the fastest played the best; and as he sometimes leaped over a bar, like a five-barr'd gate, he generally got first to the foot of the page, and honoured his audience with a wise and condescending stare, while his fellow-labourers were finishing the tune. There was no breaking the man of this habit. He was a dangerous person to quarrel with, or they would have put him out of the band long ago, so he continued to boast at his club—'the jolly fellows'—that *he* was the man to knock off the Psalms, and with all 'due indifference' to Mr Tippins' musical knowledge, *that* was the way to get through the old hundredth. The vocal part of the choir was of a piece with the instrumental, and such was a pretty fair specimen of the church minstrelsy of many a country church.

Tippins was now tolling the bell, and I must say, though I would not have allowed him to hear me for the world, that the bell-rope was better adapted to his horny hand, than the fiddle-string to his iron finger. Before he had well begun to toll the bell—and mind you, he gave full measure, good three quarters of an hour on Sunday morning, for he took a pride in the regular church bell, it was only that nasty pious nuisance of the rescued traveller that excited his spleen—before he had well begun, several stragglers began to saunter into the churchyard. Gaffers in straight-cut coats of iron-grey, with huge metal buttons and broad-brimmed hats; goodies in scarlet cloaks and black bonnets, or blue-checked gowns and Welsh whittles, and here they came to sit upon the tombs and have their gossip out. This is purely characteristic of an old country church. Many a long story adjourned from the ever-night's alehouse—many a piece of political economy, which would have bewildered the most astute financier—many a fragment of village scandal was discussed in the churchyard. One man you may observe particularly; he is an oracle of the parish. His hard bony hands, upon the backs of which the veins and muscles rise in high relief—his straight shrunken legs encased in grey-ribbed stockings, which are much too large for them—his stooping shoulders and his furrowed face, all tell a long tale of labour and exhaustion; but his decent, well-brushed beaver, his buckle-garnished shoes, and the massive brooch which secures the red handkerchief around his scraggy neck, no less forcibly demonstrate the fact, that he is a man well to do in the world; yes, he is as profound an *oracle* seated on a tombstone, as if he had been perched upon a tripod; and his fame is founded upon much the same pretension as that of the Delphic priestesses of old, namely, indomitable assurance, and a certain hazy way of expressing himself, that will admit of very vague interpretation, and, in case of inaccuracy, is very easily explained away. It is amazing upon what slender grounds some people contrive to construct a reputation. They give out that they have a great genius for some particular art, science, or accomplishment, and as they take care never to display their qualifications, nobody can contradict them. People begin to fancy what they *could* do if they *would*, give them great credit for their modesty, and as so little comes out, imagine what an immense amount must remain within.

> 'O! my Antonio I do know of these,
> That therefore only are reputed wise
> For saying nothing; who I am very sure
> If they should speak ——'

Ay, *if* they should speak! Not that our gossip of the churchyard spoke little, but he spoke so mysteriously, that every body thought he must mean a great deal. Whatever he said seemed to be above one's comprehension; and, when a man appears to know more than one's self, we always set him down as an exceedingly shrewd intelligent fellow.

He is interrupted now by the thickening throng, who are wending churchward. That ancient lady is the squire's sister, but the squire's house is too profane for Miss Cecilia, and she now lives at the great house with the green gates at the corner of Church Lane. It is said that Miss Cecilia half starves that little lad who now carries her great bible and prayer-book under his arm behind her. His present business is to follow her up the aisle until she gets near her pew, when he slips past her, opens the pew-door, deposits the bible and prayer-book on the desk before her, pulls out the hassock from under the seat, and banging to the door, leaves her to her devotions. The 'closet door' is closed, (for the church pew is Miss Cecilia's only closet.) The closet door is closed, but she does not 'pray in secret'—on the contrary, she repeats the responses very audibly—for all she does is to be seen of men. Miss Cecilia avoids indeed the very appearance of evil, but she knows more evil of her neighbours than any one in the neighbourhood. She listens with avidity to calumny and scandal—a dangerous experiment, for when evil finds the entrance to a man's head, it seldom stays in the porch. Miss Cecilia is a constant attendant at church. 'Quite right,' you say—and you are quite right in saying so; every one who is wise in the sense of true wisdom—every one who is deeply interested in the highest of all interests—every one who has made a sober calculation on the whole of

his existence, must and will be so—he so, not as a duty and a drudgery, but a pleasure and a privilege. But then, Miss Cecilia's religion, like that, alas! of hundreds, consists in going to church, and a few other 'outward and visible signs,' in which, in her case, there is special little 'inward and spiritual grace.' Miss Cecilia's tongue, albeit exceedingly low and musical, is as though it had the venom of a viper lodged beneath it. She pretends to a deal of faith, which she cannot have, because she has no charity. Charity! O! I beg pardon. Miss Cecilia gives ten pounds at Christmas to the poor of the parish, whereby she stands at the head of the subscription list. Indeed, she has a knack of getting her name into a greater number of charitable lists for the same amount of money than any body that I know. Her brother, the squire, that stout, hale old gentleman in the blue coat with brass buttons, the knee-cords and low crowned hat, a little tinged with powder, and to whom all the hats around are going off, is a frank generous old fellow, a kind and liberal landlord. He is sensible enough to see that religion must be minded, though, unfortunately, he thinks it may be put off by so hale and hearty an old gentleman as he—a man whose ancestors, for many generations, made up their three score and fifteen, and he is in great danger of being disgusted altogether, by his sister's having so egregiously confounded sanctity and sanctimony.

Not far behind Miss Cecilia hobbles an old dame, Nanny Dunn, who has seldom cast even a widow's mite into the treasury, simply because she has seldom had a widow's mite to cast. She is a person of no great abilities, of little if any education. O! I beg her pardon too; she has been highly educated in the great school of adversity, and learned most thoroughly that most valuable lesson—endurance. She could bear the breaking of her arm better than Miss Cecilia could the pricking of her finger. She is very old, and people say, very ugly, though, for my part, I never could see it; but old and ugly though she be, she looks with pleasure on that young and pretty girl who, in all the pride of youth and beauty, is passing beside her, and who is, for those very attributes, the subject of Miss Cecilia's bitter hatred. I cannot, indeed, approve of the said damsel's demeanour myself. Miss Fanny has no business to go mincing and simpering up the path in that way, especially on her way to church. I cannot excuse her flirtation with young Jones, the lawyer's clerk, either, as I am sure she is not serious, but only trifling with the feelings of the young man. I think it very unbecoming. Nor can I agree with old Nanny on that point, for when I spoke with her upon the subject, she only said, 'Lawk, Sir, young people will be young people!'

Is that Laurence Larkins the apothecary? then I must quit the parsonage window and get my boots on, for Laurence is the most punctual man in the village, and prides himself upon being in his pew exactly three minutes and a half before service time. He is the most laborious trifler you ever met with, and has spent some years upon an investigation into the point, whether the colossal head known in Egypt as that of the sphinx, ever had a body? Like many serious triflers, he is not only punctual, but punctilious in the way of time; and, when Tippins sees him coming up the path, he invariably begins the peculiar style of bell-ringing known as 'ringing-in.' Ay, there comes the fast tolling, every stroke seeming as if it were treading on the heel of the former. The clergyman, in all his sable state, is sailing out of the parsonage gate, followed by the clerk, and I shall have to steal in afterwards, for, as the good vicar disappears, the last stragglers who have lingered to lift their hats to him, are lost in the dark porch. Yes, to come back again to my juvenile reverie—

> 'There goes the squire, and there goes the spark,
> There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk.'

Like sparks in the burned-out paper, they have disappeared, and, in a few short years, as far as this world is concerned, they shall all have gone out in darkness—have disappeared not into the church, but the churchyard—not to sit upon the stones, but to sleep beneath them. Since the time to which my sketch refers, many have already departed. The amiable old vicar reposes in a corner of the church, where a simple marble slab unnecessarily reminds his parishioners of him. A few short years, and the very names that are now mouldering on the tombstones shall be illegible, while fresher legends shall be there inscribed; another race shall occupy the place of their ancestors, to fade and perish in their turn. May we be the wiser and the better for these things; and, while we amuse ourselves with the passing throng—passing indeed away, and muse upon these little points of human character and human feeling, may we lay it to heart, that we also are walking through a transient scene to one that is unfading as eternal destiny.

IOTA.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AND MODEL PARISH.

If aught is calculated to inspire men with hope in these gloomy and depressing times, it is the evidences of energy and zeal which again and again appear amongst the various knots of the philanthropists of the age. From the far off lands of the western continent we hear the whisper of the 'good time coming;' from the active busy hum of the Ragged School, from the gardens of the Patriotic Society, from the bureaux of thoughtful financiers, from the circles of peace and of brotherhood, from the conclaves of temperance, and of many other active movements for the weal of humankind, there comes again and again to cheer the hopeful spirit the promise of a better day. We must confess that we most admire those philanthropical movements that not only tend to meliorate the condition of the poor, but, at the same time, conduce to elevate their sense of themselves—which not only increase their comforts but their self-respect; and consequently, their intelligence and independence. It is noble and generous to raise up a fallen brother, but it is better to prevent him, if we can, from falling. It is right, and imperative upon us, that we point our brother's eyes from the slough of despond to the cross of Christ; but it is better if we lead him upward, even from his youth, in the way of duty and truth, and teach him the moral footholds of a correct life, from which himself may see a higher state of being. Idleness is the parent of every other evil in both town and country, but we believe that the want of skill and industrial tastes is one of the most fruitful sources of rural detrogression. It is but too common, in rural districts, for youths to leave school totally ignorant of anything like method in agricultural labour, and yet more destitute of knowledge of agriculture as a science; so that the rural population generally in England exemplify neither a taste for the beautiful nor a desire for the indefinite something which we call home comfort. They are laborious no doubt, for they must work, and hard too; but they are unskilful, because untaught; and they are generally poor and intemperate, because of similar reasons. Every attempt that is made to instruct the people in industrial pursuits, seems to us to be something like an individual and national blessing, and deserves to be chronicled as an example to the nation. We are pleased to observe that, in the immediate neighbourhood of Nottingham, an experiment is in operation somewhat similar to the praiseworthy, and, we are happy to say, most successful effort made at Edinburgh last year by the Scottish Patriotic Society for improving the condition of the working classes. 'In the immediate neighbourhood of Nottingham,' says the 'Midland Florist,' 'are an immense number of small gardens, occupied and cultivated by all grades of society; and with a most laudable and praiseworthy feeling the friends connected with the High-pavement Chapel Boys' Sunday School have purchased two of these inclosures, in each of which is a commodious summer-house. One of these gardens is cultivated by the elder boys, the other by the juniors. Each garden is subdivided into smaller allotments, which are assigned to their respective tenants—boys from ten to fourteen years old—who cultivate and crop them according to their own fancy, a small portion of each being devoted to flowers. The diligence and ability displayed by these youthful gardeners are really astonishing. We have inspected their crops during several past summers, and with truth can say we were highly

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delighted with them. The onions, lettuce, celery, carrots, potatoes, &c., were excellent, and would vie with the productions of older and more experienced cultivators. Prize gooseberries are also grown, and the past year's crops of London, Companion, Gunner, Eagle, &c., were amongst the best we have ever seen, either at Nottingham or elsewhere; in fact, these boys always endeavour to obtain, either of seeds or plants, the best varieties possible. In connection with these gardens, and to excite emulation, a vegetable and flower show is instituted. This is held in the school-rooms, at Nottingham, and prizes are given for the best productions in vegetables, as well as for stands of pansies, verbenas, collections of annual and perennial flowers and nosegays, or *bouquets*, as they are called by some, but we fancy our readers will like the old English name best. These exhibitions of youthful skill and industry are well attended.'

The introduction of a system of educational amusement like the above, in certain districts in England, must of necessity conduce to elevate the minds of the young, and to admirably fit them in some respects, as pioneers in experimental trials, such as that proposed by the Rev. William Wight, M.A., Chelsea, late curate of St John's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mr Wight's is a bold, and, in old England, a novel proposition, although in New England there are sufficient proofs extant of the justice of his calculations and the correctness of his anticipations. Mr Wight proposes to establish what he terms a 'model parish,' based upon total abstinence principles; and he augurs the happiest results from the carrying out of his benevolent plan. We can tell him that, in the state of Massachussets, there are several pretty large towns where there is not a drop of alcoholic drinks brewed, distilled, sold, or given away; and that, in them, there is neither pauper, idler, nor criminal. There is no need for jail, police-office, or poor's-house, in these teetotal towns. We can specify North Brookfield, with a population of about 3000, as one of these; so that Mr Wight's 'model parish' is no impracticable utopia, but a beautiful fact waiting for development.

We extract the introduction to, and the development of, the proposition by Mr Wight, from a pamphlet lately published by the benevolent projector. We leave our readers to form their own opinions upon his remarks and his means of founding what the moral sense of the people of New England has caused them to already form:—

'In one view it is pleasing to witness the many efforts which are now being made for the amelioration of the condition of the people of this country. Is it not, however, very humiliating and painful to reflect that there should be so much occasion for these numerous institutions, and should it not excite our surprise that a people possessing so vast a machinery of philanthropic effort should nevertheless continue in a condition so unworthy the wealth, the intelligence, and the religion of this great country? That a land of unparalleled wealth—a land of Bibles, churches, chapels, schools, and benevolent institutions—a land with tens of thousand of ministers, with large numbers of schoolmasters, of Sabbath-school teachers, tract distributors, district visiters, and town missionaries—that a land which, in these advantages, stands first among the nations of the earth, should yet present the appalling condition of pauperism, irreligion, ignorance, immorality, and crime, exhibited by Great Britain in this the nineteenth century, must strike every reflecting mind as an extraordinary phenomenon. Whence this fearful state of things? whence the occasion for our pauper-houses, our penitentiaries, our criminal establishments, &c.? Why is England studded with these institutions? Why do these monuments of our shame tower forth wherever any number of our people congregate? And what good will these vast and expensive establishments effect? Do their unfortunate inmates grow wiser and better? On the contrary, the testimony of those superintending such establishments proves that the victims who once enter such places, almost invariably return again and again after their liberation. Now what, we ask, is the origin of the numerous evils which are telling with such terrific effect upon our people? What is the disease which is so insidiously preying upon the vitals of our people and sapping their very life blood? The testimony borne by our most distinguished judges and physicians, as well as the evidence afforded by various statistical returns, proves that the origin of these numerous and mighty evils is found in the artificial drinking usages of society.

The Bishop of London has, in the House of Lords, expressed his opinion, that the efforts made for the religious and moral instruction of the people would be ineffectual, unless their *physical* condition were improved. But can this physical improvement be accomplished while the use of intoxicating drink is so general? Let the following particulars furnish the answer. The Sheriff of Glasgow (Mr Alison, the distinguished historian of Europe) states, that the people of that city spend annually *one million two hundred thousand pounds* in intoxicating drink, and that every Saturday night and the greater part of the Sabbath, there are in that city at least 30,000 persons in a state of intoxication.

This, alas! is but a specimen of the whole nation. The people of this country spend *sixty-five millions* every year on this article, and it is supposed to cost us indirectly another forty millions—thus raising the entire cost to upwards of *one hundred millions* annually! Now, while the source of all these evils remains untouched, can we expect to effect any moral or physical reformation? If, then, the opinion expressed by the Bishop of London be correct, and if improvement in the *physical* condition of our population be hopeless while their drinking habits continue, must we not coincide in the sentiment of another prelate, that it is on efforts for the entire abolition of these drinking customs that the fulcrum might be rested on which to raise the British nation to what it ought to be? Is it not probable that if the drinking usages of society were *effectually* discouraged in our *parishes*, as much good might be accomplished in one year as we now see produced in ten? It is certainly worth while making the experiment, and the public mind is rapidly opening to the importance and *necessity* of some such efforts. We desire to see Christians take their proper position in this great work of moral reformation, and we earnestly entreat them to aid us in our project of eradicating these drinking customs, that the reformation may not only progress, but that it may have a right direction and Christian tendency. Let England discontinue her drinking customs, and there will be little occasion for pauper-houses, penitentiaries, jails, &c. Such institutions will be few and far between. England would be a land of happiness and prosperity—facilities for elevating the intelligence, character, and condition of the people would be increased a hundred-fold, and instead of iniquity rushing like a mighty torrent through our land, sweeping away in its progress everything virtuous and sacred, righteousness would, with God's blessing, flow down our streets like a river. Such have been the results, missionaries tell us, where the experiment has been made. Let us then, as we have done in other matters, make a specific effort to crush, to annihilate the corrupting drinking customs of our country—to rid our land, and perhaps through us, the world, of the greatest scourge which has ever cursed God's earth. Let us begin with our *parishes*, and *parochial* reformation will soon be followed by *national* improvement. This impression has suggested the scheme which is now respectfully submitted to the public—a scheme which it is right perhaps here to state is unconnected with any society, and one for which the projector must alone be held responsible.

THE MODEL PARISH.

That the condition of English parishes is awfully deplorable, no longer admits of a doubt in the minds of any who are at all conversant with the state of things in this nominally Christian land. And the deeply interesting and important inquiry which suggests itself is, 'What is the primary cause of the numerous evils which are committing such dreadful havoc upon our people, and whether we have not a remediable measure at hand?' We have, unquestionably, been all labouring under a strange and absurd delusion. Every one has been trained in the belief

that alcoholic beverages are dietetically necessary. Hence the present drinking system so general in our parishes. *The minister* takes intoxicating drinks, *his friends* and *teachers* do the same, and, of course, such example, recommendation, and authority influence the population at large. The rising generation are initiated into the same dangerous and corrupting habit, and thus the fatal delusion with all its concomitant evils is perpetuated. This is the history of our drinking system in our parishes throughout the country generally. Here lies the secret, the source of this giant evil, the master curse of Great Britain. Now, we propose in the model parish to dispel the delusion and to eradicate the habit, and by this simple process to remove the occasion of three-fourths of those disorders over which we have to mourn in all our parochial districts. For the accomplishment of this object, it was originally proposed to select some new district in the immediate vicinity of a railway station, where a church and schools might be required, and to take the necessary steps for securing the appointment of the minister to this district in perpetuity to trustees. On further consideration, however, a much less expensive plan was discovered, and one, by which a more speedy realisation of our object would be attained, namely, the purchasing of an advowson. And to the parish thus obtained, the trustees (the projector having the first appointment) will nominate as the minister a clergyman who will himself totally abstain from all alcoholic beverages. He, in his turn, will appoint under him teachers and all subordinates upon the same principle. In this way, minister, teachers, and others, will thoroughly indoctrinate the young in the conviction, not only that such articles are unnecessary, but that, since the evils growing out of their use are so great, it is a moral and a sacred duty for them wholly to abstain. Further efforts would be made to induce the owners of property to insert clauses in their leases, so as to prevent places ever being opened for the sale of intoxicating drinks, also to influence the magistrates in withholding licenses. And to show the working and industrious classes there was no idea of interfering with their comforts, we should probably originate a small building society, to afford such parties facilities for purchasing plots of land, on which to erect cottages, and which the *common sense* of an Englishman would soon discover was a better way of employing his surplus wages than in building gin-palaces, public-houses, or beer-shops. Thus we may hope and conclude that the house of prayer, Bible class, and schools, the garden with its freehold-cottage, the library with its reading and lecture-room, will present to all classes in the model parish, attractions superior to the gin-palace, the public-house, or the social wine-party. This is our aim, and the carrying out of our plan in all its integrity, and in perpetuity, is guaranteed, since the trustees (being themselves by qualification abstainers) are pledged to observe throughout the institution the great leading feature—the principle we desire to embody in this model parish. Then the superior health, the superiority of the people of this model parish over the people of other parishes, both in their physical, moral, and social condition, must afford a practical demonstration to the country of the great advantages of abstinence over the drinking system, constituting *a great fact*, a triumphant refutation of all the objections raised to this philosophical and god-like truth—an argument which none would be able to gainsay or resist. We could not suppose a ragged school necessary in a district where this had taken place; a pauper-house could scarcely be needed among a people who were strangers to the drinking-habits of our country—a presumption borne out by the following fact. A gentleman of Sunderland very recently told the writer that he had been a poor-law guardian seven years, and that, having heard a great deal of the efforts made for the suppression of the drinking practices so generally prevalent, and of the improvement which these efforts had produced in the character and condition of the people, he was anxious to ascertain for himself how far these assertions were borne out. For this purpose he made a point during three months of making himself acquainted with the history of every individual applying to the board of guardians for relief. 'And during the whole three months,' said this gentleman, 'I never met with a solitary instance of an abstainer making an application.' Again, it is not very probable that our usual extensive constabulary force would be required to look after a people who had banished from them the great inciting elements of strife, discord, and insubordination. No: having removed the occasion of rags, pauperism, and disorder—having applied the axe to the root of these evils—we may, with God's blessing, anticipate the most striking and beneficial results. As at the present, our districts are rife with every species of misery and vice, from the drinking-training their inhabitants have received; so a district trained in entire abstinence from all such practices may reasonably be expected to become an exemption from such evils. To uphold the drinking customs of this country, and yet hope for any sensible and *permanent* improvement in our people is, as a dignitary of the Church of England remarks, 'as though a man should sow *tares*, and then look for a crop of *wheat*.' What, we ask, would, humanly speaking, be the condition of our *model parish?* Would there be, we again ask, any occasion here for ragged schools, &c.? Would this parish every Saturday, or pay-night, abound with scenes of depravity—with wretched wives waiting in anxious suspense for the return of husbands spending their hard earnings in vile public-houses and beer-shops—with anxious mothers trembling for the safety of their sons just beginning to be ensnared by our corrupting drinking usages, and who, instead of receiving a training for usefulness, rendering them thereby a blessing to the community, are made by these customs pests of society and a curse to their country? Would a minister in this *model parish* find his people so improvident and vicious as to render unavailing all his efforts for their temporal and spiritual welfare? On the contrary, may we not reasonably anticipate very different results?—flourishing schools with well-fed and well-clad children—a district of happy homes—the synagogues of Satan destroyed and the houses of God thronged—the industrious mechanic no longer robbed of his hard earnings, no longer caught in those traps, those nets everywhere set to entangle him in their many meshes, no longer ensnared by the corrupting drinking practices so servilely followed by all classes in this country from the highest to the lowest—but trained in a different school—encouraged in a different course by his minister and all around him, and finding no difficulty in his safe and simple career, he is able by honest industry to provide for himself and family the necessaries and comforts of life, and by his high respectability and virtuous conduct proves an ornament and a blessing to his country at large.'

The Rev. John Angell James, when advocating the cause of the model parish, at an important meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham, declared that he could not conceive *of a greater paradise on earth than an English parish without intoxicating drink.* The pangs that the wretched and debased themselves feel are not the most acute; the man of feeling mourns over their condition with a pain more lively perhaps than theirs. We have heard a gentleman declare, whose name is better known because of his charities than even of his wealth, that his greatest grief was to contemplate a human creature sunk in poverty and degradation, and that his heart panted for a state like that contemplated by Mr Wight. Such states do exist in America, and in the most barren and niggardly portion of it physically, but without doubt, also, the most free, moral, and religious of all its states. We look with peculiar satisfaction upon agricultural schools, such as that now in operation at Nottingham; and we shall feel a lively interest in the model parish about to be established. About £3000 sterling have already been subscribed to further Mr Wight's object, and the friends of the scheme are very active throughout England; so that we may hope to see it soon spreading a moral and social sunshine around it, inspiring the hearts of philanthropists to persevere in their efforts, and encouraging the people to aid them by a hearty co-operation.

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER, OF AMERICA.

A few days since, I was walking with a friend, who, unfortunately for himself, seldom meets with anything in the world of realities worthy of comparison with the ideal of his fancy—which, like the bird in the Arabian tale, glides perpetually before him, always near, yet never overtaken. I felt my arm suddenly pressed. 'Did you see that lady, who has just passed us?' he inquired. I turned and threw back a glance. 'I see her,' I replied; 'a good figure, and quite a graceful step—what of her?' 'Why, she is most beautiful—in fact very nearly perfect,' said my friend. 'I have seen her several times before, and were it not for a chin slightly out of proportion, I should be obliged to confess that there is at least one handsome woman in the city.' 'And *but* one, I suppose,' said I, laughingly. 'That I am sure of,' said he; 'I have been to all the churches, from the Catholic to the Mormon, and in all the Corporations, and there is not a handsome woman here, although she whom we have just passed comes nearer the standard than any other.'

Just as if there were any standard of beauty—a fixed, arbitrary model of form and feature, and colour! The beauty which my friend seemed in search of was that of proportion and colouring; mechanical exactness; a due combination of soft curves and obtuse angles, of warm carnation, and marble purity! Such a man, for aught I can see, might love a graven image, like the girl of Florence, who pined into a shadow for the Apollo Belvidere, looking coldly on her with his stony eyes, from his niche in the Vatican. One thing is certain; he will never find his faultless piece of artistical perfection, by searching for it amidst flesh and blood realities. Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, or lay on her colours by the rules of royal artists, or the dunces of the academies. She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. It is in the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of nature, that her great charm and unceloying beauty consists. Look at her primitive woods—scattered trees with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots—great clumps of green shadow, where limb entwists with limb, and the rustle of one leaf stirs a hundred others—stretching up steep hill-sides, flooding with green beauty the valleys, or arching over with leaves the sharp ravines—every tree and shrub unlike its neighbour in size and proportion—the old and storm-broken leaning on the young and vigorous—intricate and confused, without order or method! Who would exchange this for artificial French gardens, where every tree stands stiff and regular, clipped and trimmed into unvarying conformity, like so many grenadiers under review? Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow? Who would fix for ever the loveliest cloud-work of an autumn sunset, or hang over him an everlasting moonlight? If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still, calm purity? Who shall venture to ask our kind Mother Nature to remove from our sight any one of her forms or colours? Who shall decide which is beautiful, or otherwise, in itself considered?

There are too many like my fastidious friend, who go through the world 'from Dan to Beersheba, finding all barren'—who have always some fault or other to find with nature and providence, seeming to consider themselves especially ill-used because the one does not always coincide with their taste, nor the other with their narrow notions of personal convenience. In one of his early poems, Coleridge has beautifully expressed a truth, which is not the less important because it is not generally admitted. I have not in my mind at this moment the entire passage, but the idea is briefly this: that the mind gives to all things their colouring, their gloom or gladness; that the pleasure we derive from external nature is primarily from ourselves:

> 'From the mind itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair luminous mist,
> Enveloping the earth.'

The real difficulty of these life-long hunters after the beautiful exists in their own spirits. They set up certain models of perfection in their imaginations, and then go about the world in the vain expectation of finding them actually wrought out according to pattern; very unreasonably calculating that nature will suspend her everlasting laws for the purpose of creating faultless prodigies for their especial gratification.

The authors of 'Gaieties and Gravities' give it as their opinion, that no object of sight is regarded by us as a simple, disconnected form, but that an instantaneous reflection as to its history, purpose, or associations, converts it into a concrete one—a process, they shrewdly remark, which no thinking being can prevent, and which can only be avoided by the unmeaning and stolid stare of 'a goose on the common, or a cow on the green.' The senses and the faculties of the understanding are so blended with, and dependent upon, each other, that not one of them can exercise its office alone, and without the modification of some extrinsic interference or suggestion. Grateful or unpleasant associations cluster around all which sense takes cognizance of; the beauty which we discern in an external object is often but the reflection of our own minds.

What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold on-looker wonders that he can call that useless combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her 'visage in her mind,' or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness, softens, irradiates, and glorifies it. That which to others seems commonplace and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spenser,

> 'A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of Gospel books.'

'Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!' was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus 'which enchants the world,' could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace 'which passeth show,' rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. 'Hold up your heads, girls!' I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had 'no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn.' O! talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvass—speculate as we may upon its colours and outlines—what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

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This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the Virgin Mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's holiest and sweetest instinct. And their pale Magdalenes, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart? Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony—

'Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-ordered law,'

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance? 'I have seen,' said Charles Lamb, 'faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding.' In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the 'Journal of John Woolman,' there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow beings:—'Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance.'

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its 'silver veil' the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as 'nature fashions by the gross,' which I always recognise with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have a feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them 'the stranger intermeddleth not.'

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

These poems are the productions of a servant-girl—of one of those who live and labour in the sunk areas, and sleep in the attics—whose domestic duties are from earliest morning till latest evening, and whose labours are incontestibly the most constant and protracted in all the theatre of toil. We do not know a class who more deserve the sympathy and commiseration of the philanthropical than the class of artisans' daughters, who in early youth leave home and family endearments for the house of a stranger, in which to fulfil the duties of a servant. Girls who have not yet attained to the age at which young ladies are generally sent to boarding-schools, are sent forth into the world of duty, to toil and to suffer. The position of the daughters of the operative class, as domestic servants, is far more depressing and hard to be borne than that of the severest course of life pursued by their masculine relatives, and their opportunities of mental improvement are almost totally nothing compared with those of their brothers. They have no free evenings, no schools, no mental improvement associations, no hours that they can call their own, and not even the right of obtaining at stated times a glimpse of the hearth where they were nursed, and the home of all they love. Added to the position of servant girls is a prejudice yet prevalent in some quarters, that they have no need of more education than the power to read: that the end of their life is labour; and that a superior education has a tendency to distract them from their duties. We must confess that we have been startled to hear these opinions from the lips of estimable Christians, and we have felt that the spirit which dictated such sentiments was surely in error. The chief end of all mankind, male and female, is to glorify God, and intelligent homage is certainly more grateful to him than that of ignorance. The duties of these future mothers of men, too, are more lofty, noble, and glorious, than that of mere hired labourers, being educational and monitory, so that education is as necessary to them as to any Christian woman, whatever her rank may be in the world. We do confess that a manifestation of tastes and powers, like those of Sarah Telford, in a girl of her estate, not only astonishes but pleases us. We know that there is abundant and excellent capacity amongst the women of the working class, as from the men of that class has sprung the abundance of the world's great names; but we also know that their original education generally is so limited, and their duties so unintermitted, that it seems impossible that light should burst brightly forth from amongst them.

The poems of the late Sarah Telford are edited by her late master, an amiable clergyman of the Church of England; and the tribute of well-merited praise which he bestows upon his servant-girl lightens up the transparent goodness of his own Christian character, as well as shows forth the glory of hers. If the relation of master and servant was generally as well understood as by the good Thomas Ebdon, B.A., there would, we are sure, be more of Christian harmony in the family, and more of a sense of relative duties between those who are esteemed high and low according to worldly conventionalism. We knew an aged lady, the directress of a popular educational institution, who would not have the girls of operatives taught to write, because, she said, they would then employ their time in penning love epistles. The Rev. Thomas Ebdon, however, encouraged *his* young domestic when he found her penning such sweet lines as the following, and he felt himself elevated by communion with her thoughts in such a form:—

'THE PAST.

Oh! what a thrill of sad delight
Strikes through the heart with deepest tone,
Whilst mem'ry casts a backward glance
On days that are for ever gone.

Enthrall'd by fancy's magic spell,
Those fairy scenes we tread once more,
And weave the wreath of spring's wildflowers,
We oft have weaved in days of yore.

We bend around our parent's knee—
That voice of love we hear e'en now,
And feel the pressure of that hand
Which clasp'd the then unclouded brow.

Perchance that tongue is silent now—
That hand in death's embrace is cold;
Yet on the mem'ry is engraved
The tender tale those lips have told.'

One characteristic of Sarah Telford's poetry, and a most estimable one it is, is common sense. There may be defects in rhythm and a want of terseness in expression, but there is never a straining into the sublimely ridiculous, so commonly attained by the lisping poetesses of the album-romanto school. There is no vanity, no forgetfulness of condition nor position visible in her strains, but an earnest breathing out of the simple thoughts of a simple soul in artless rhyme.

'THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

She gazed upon her slumb'ring babe,
And, as she gazed, she wept,
And her tears fell fast on its rosy cheek,
Yet still the infant slept.

Her looks bespoke the anguish and grief
That prey'd upon her mind;
For her bosom friend was dead, and she
And her infant were left behind.

And methinks, as she look'd on that infant's face,
This prayer to Heaven she'd send—
'O God, be the father of my poor child,
Be the widow and orphan's friend.

For thy hand it is that each gift bestows,
The same that takes away;
Then help me in this great trial, Lord,
Thy will be done to say.'

And now doth she strive her grief to calm,
But the task is no light one;
For his father's image she can trace
In the features of her son.

And oft she roams with her darling child,
And wanders the churchyard round,
And bids him a tear of affection shed

* By the late Sarah Telford. With an introduction, by the Rev. Thomas Ebdon, B.A., Vicar of Billingham, and Minor Canon of Durham.

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And thus he is taught to revere that spot,
And, when childish years are no more,
He will often remember the tears which there
Were shed in the days of yore.'

We repeat again that it gives us infinite pleasure to behold the tendencies of young women directed towards such thoughts and pursuits as Sarah Telford's odd moments allowed her to indulge in; and we feel gratified in being able to bear our testimony, along with her respected master, to the respectability of the amiable deceased's attainments.

LIMNINGS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

LAURA LONGFORD, THE FINISHED YOUNG LADY.

'Two hundred pounds a-year, vacation only four months; certainly a heavy sum for the education of any girl,' sighed Gilbert Longford, after dinner, reclining in his easy chair, with one foot on the fender and the other—to Mrs Longford's great horror, though that lady, for certain good causes and considerations, was mute under the infliction—stuck upon the marble. 'A ruinous sum,' murmured Gilbert again, still digesting the unpleasant fact. 'Two—hundred—pounds!' repeated he, letting each word carry due emphasis, weighing them in some mental balance. 'Why, a man would require to think twice before he retires from business to lead a quiet and inexpensive life in the country, as I have foolishly attempted. Two—hundred—pounds, and for what?'

'For all the benefits of a finished education, without which no young lady is fit for society,' replied his wife, from the opposite side of the hearth.

'Society! Why, isn't she fit for my society, and your society, and everybody's society coming here?'

'Oh, you know, dear, that's not what I mean! Unless Laura gets a year or two of Miss de Wolskey she can't go out into the world.'

'Into the world! Pray, my dear, what does the world care for her, or what has it got to do in the matter?' inquired Gilbert, with a slight twinkle of the eye.

'You must have your joke out, love, I see,' replied his spouse, with anything, however, but a concurrent smile.

Mr Longford had a tinge of humour in his spirit. His wife used to admire the quality in Gilbert the bachelor, but had a matrimonial dislike to it in Gilbert the spouse. The anomaly is not rare. Is it because ladies find a joke an unanswerable sort of argument?

'Let me see,' pursued the husband. 'I have been paying about thirty pounds a-year for Laura's education during the last five years, which altogether comes to——'

'Oh, don't go into these odious calculations!' interrupted the wife; 'it's so miserly like, dear.'

'Well, never mind the sum then. What have the benefits been? Some spoiled dinners of Laura's attempting, four cotton nightcaps, a few wine-rubbers, a portfolio of bad drawings, and a pair of embroidered slippers—anything else?'

'I wonder how you can talk so, Gilbert,' quoth Mrs L., pettishly. 'If you'd look liberally at Laura's accomplishments, as any father who loved his child ought to do.'

'I'm no judge of French, unfortunately,' said the father. 'The 'Battle of Prague' on the piano is rather, by continual repetition, an unpleasant tune; and an extraordinary facility of wearing out new expensive dresses is not associated with much pleasure to me.'

'Just go on,' suggested Mrs Longford, with a slight tincture of gall in her tone.

'Two hundred pounds a-year for finishing this,' went on Gilbert, musingly. 'Why, dearest, my education cost five shillings a quarter. Education of boys and girls then required no other finishing more expensive.'

'*Your* education, Gilbert!'

'For five shillings a quarter, I learned to read, write, count; and the family got dancing gratis from Jem Trippit, in his yearly visits to the district, because he lodged a fortnight in my father's. We were all fitted for society; and, in our own humble way, have done our duty respectably by it.'

'But you can't judge of Laura's sphere by that of your sisters, surely.'

'My sisters could make my stockings, mend my clothes, cook my dinners, dress themselves neatly, behave themselves with propriety; could card, could spin, could make hay, could brew beer, bake bread, and make preserves—ay, and make fun, too—none of which my daughter can do. They couldn't, to be sure, speak doubtful French, play the 'Battle of Prague,' or do anything in the unproductive Berlin wool and knitting line; but they got good husbands for all that, and made good wives and mothers to boot.'

Mrs Longford looked very black, but into the fire. Her husband continued. 'These are old-fashioned ways and notions, I believe, however. Society's wiser, better, happier now. People, when they wish to educate their daughters, must either starve a governess at home, or themselves to feed a fashionable professor. The daughters leave the fashionable finish to commit matrimony—a very pleasant thing for a year or two, till the husband becomes bankrupt—a thing now expected of most business husbands who marry finished girls, and——Bless me! what's the matter with you, Kate?'

The adjuration was addressed to Mrs Longford, and with a degree of reason; for over that lady's countenance a sudden change had come, from set fair to stormy. She was bursting into violent tears, and manifesting latent hysterics in a measure quite unmistakeable. Therefore inquired Gilbert of the cause.

There are two popular theories in confirmed practice in the training of children—one is to punish them till they cry, and punish them till they stop crying; the other, to punish as before, and coax and wheedle to stop the cry. Gilbert attempted the coax and wheedle system in reference to the present emergency; but as that plan generally requires a measure of patience in practice, he found himself brought to a very low ebb of endearment before the result was gained. At last Mrs Longford gasped forth—'Oh, it's enough to break any mother's heart, it is, to hear her husband speak so of her daughter! If she wasn't your own flesh and blood, Gilbert, or you were a bear or wild hyena—which you are liker, if these are your sentiments, than a Christian father—you might talk so. You don't deserve to have a child, you don't, living in a Christian land with privileges, and a child that loves and reverences you as she does. I wish no Providence may happen for this to fall on her or you.'

'Stop, stop, Kate, what's meant by all this?'

'What's meant by it! Is that what your asking, Gilbert after going on in abuse, as you have been doing, of your own daughter, and speaking of her in such an unfeeling way? I'm sure I didn't think to live to see this.' The sobbing commenced anew, as the words failed to express the full extent and meaning of Mrs Longford's thoughts.

'Tut, tut, Kate, woman, I didn't mean disrespect to Laura or you. I love you both, I trust, as a husband and father should do, and am willing to do anything for her good,' said Gilbert, hastily catching at the first straw.

'And would you see your daughter looked down upon by society? Have you no more respect and love for her than that?—oh, Gilbert, Gilbert!'

'Of course, I wouldn't,' said he; 'but why should she? It's one's own blame if society looks down on them; and, if not their blame, they ought to feel proud they are looked down on, I say.'

'And your only daughter feeling her inferiority, as I know she will do, and I ought to know best, when brought together with other girls of her years—wont this reflect on you, do you think?'

Gilbert doubted all this. The philosophy of a woman's argument in such cases is more specious than substantial; but Mrs Longford having gained one point advanced to another, till she succeeded in extracting a promise that Laura should be finished under the auspices of Miss de Wolskey. The exact line adopted by her to gain the end

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we know not; but next morning at breakfast-table Mr Longford didn't wear the look of a man refreshed with slumber, while a certain significance of success flushed the features of his helpmeet, who, so soon as he went out, communicated to Laura that papa was going to allow her a year of Miss de Wolskey.

'That's so nice, I'm quite happy of it,' said Laura, clapping her hands. 'Cousin Emily will be as envious as anything now. She had no finishing. I declare I'll run and tell her this minute.' Off bounced Laura up stairs in haste, lest the news should cool or flow through some other channel, and a feminine gratification be forfeited. She found Emily busy at a writing-desk in her own room—so busy that at her entrance she was unnoticed. The omission was brief, however. 'Oh, Emily, would you think, 'pa has promised me a year of Miss de Wolskey—isn't it so good of him?' cried Laura, running round Emily's chair, clapping her hands together. 'The Jarrolds, and Newmans, and Miss Davis, are all going too, I know. I'm so happy about it, you couldn't think.'

'And will be so much the better of it, dear Laura, I hope,' said Emily, looking up, and smiling faintly.

Though nearly of an age, the cousins bore little resemblance. Laura, in the flush of girlhood, joyous-hearted, thoughtless, blooming with grace and beauty; Emily not beautiful at first view, though a sense of loveliness pervaded her features, and made them beautiful when you saw them often. A thoughtful brow, deep lustrous blue eye, pale cheek, and wavy brown locks, plaited down each side of her head, and a more womanly look than her years seemed to imply, bore Emily Grey. She had been left in early orphanage to the charge of her uncle, Mr Longford, and lived chiefly in his family since, experiencing his kindness as much almost as if she had been a nearer friend. Yet in an orphan's lot there always is more or less, especially in that of one whose prospects in the world are not golden, something to remind the object of its condition. A father and a mother's love and care cannot be compensated for, and the returning love of the child, when these are not, is caverned and imprisoned within itself, finding no object on which to invest it, and nothing that can return the yearning for a parent's smile. Emily had grown perhaps the more thoughtful and the more womanly of the two now in that room for this reason. And the minds of the cousins afforded no less a contrast. Laura, without being positively selfish, was narrow and ungenerous of thought, desiring her own pleasure and gratification at all times, thoughtless altogether of that of any other, and liberal only when a need for liberality was pointed out to her. Her education was that of ninety-nine in a hundred young ladies—one of accomplishments, not one of heart. The former had been grafted on as teachers best could, the latter allowed to run wild. Emily, again, possessed a quick sensitive spirit—was generous to a fault—without being accomplished, was shrewd, intelligent, and lively—altogether such a girl as you would esteem at first, make a friend of afterwards, and lastly fall in love with, if a bachelor, in the full assurance that her affection was a reality worth possessing. Her natural generosity prompted the wish above expressed to her cousin. She added, 'Laura, your father is very kind. You should feel grateful to him, and try to please him.'

'Oh, surely!' said Laura; 'it's not difficult to do that. I wont see him much, however, for some time to come, so you must be dutiful for me.'

'When do you go?'

'The Jarrolds go by coach to-morrow. I think I'll make one of the party. Such a packing as must be to-night!'

And such a packing there was, done by Mrs Longford and Emily, and superintended by Laura, who, amongst other omitted doctrines, had never heard of the dignity of labour, and might therefore be excused from enjoying it. Next day, amidst the tears of mamma, the doubts of papa, and the good-wishes of Emily, she drove off.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to carry you into a ladies' boarding-school, and reveal the secrets of that *alma mater;* and to keep you there during the year which Laura spent at it, would be positively dreary. We will therefore overleap that brief period, noting that our young lady, going under the wing of Miss de Wolskey a chrysalis, fluttered forth a butterfly. She had spent her time in walking, sleeping, studying—had acquired general notions of *belles lettres*, improved styles of French, Italian, and Spanish—understood etiquette *la mode*, and the whole duty of a lady, with divers *et ceteras* from the tutors, and from her companions enlarged views of love, romance, and sentiment, and generally vague but golden-tinted views of life. The year was not long of passing; it went pleasantly; but not so pleasant was the idea of return home, though it had to be conformed to in practice; and at last the finished daughter rushed into her mamma's arms, if a rush it could be called—the young lady trying to keep her affectionate parent as distant as possible, conformable with an embrace, lest her new dress should suffer.

'*Ah, ma chere!* mamma, how glad I am to get home once more! How I did wish and weary myself to death for this day! Are you not delighted to see *votre pauvre enfant* again? There's a dear soul! Now, you'll sit down beside me, you must be so tired.'

The request was prompted by another manifestation of an embrace from mamma. Mamma, not knowing the reason, complied with the wish. 'Your father and I were just expecting you, Laura; but he had to go to London this morning, so you wont see him till the evening.'

'I'm so sorry for that! but where's Emily, *ma cousine?*'

'Your cousin is here, dear Laura,' replied the young lady in question, coming into the room.

Emily approached, with the obvious intent of throwing her arms about Laura's neck and kissing her; but that was a practice disowned by Miss de Wolskey as belonging to a normal state of society, and not within modern refinement. So Laura received her with the three fingers of her right hand, as a more befitting salute, saying, in a finished lisp, 'You'll be glad of my company, dear, in this old *maison sombre* again. I'm sure you must almost have died of ennui when alone.' Upon which the accomplished sat down, stiff and parchment-like, upon a chair.

Emily gazed at her improved cousin in some surprise, and felt a little wounded by her coolness; yet the tender sympathies of her heart soon led her to overlook this. But if she wondered then, it was marvellously increased before many hours elapsed—not that Laura did anything positive to excite that organ in her cousin, but because she remained so absolutely negative during the day. She lay upon the sofa—looked into a book—tried the piano, voted it a horrid old shriek of a thing—got Emily to roll a little table towards the sofa, fetch ink, paper, and pens, and then seal a little bergamot-scented note, containing about a dozen words, covering a page and a half—declared that the smell of the dinner coming up from the kitchen was quite insufferable, and so agitated her nerves that she feared she must go to bed. Appetite getting the better of nerves, however, she managed to do a little more than endure its smell, but condemned each dish as she tasted it, and intimating that she highly approved of *potage clair*, *Rougets gratinés*, the *hors d'œuvre et releves*, *a la* Wolskey, and she just hoped her dear mamma or Emily would try the cookery of them. After despatch of dinner, Miss Longford retired again to the sofa, got Emily to read the last of Mrs Gore's novels to her, while she played with a lap-dog—her mamma being quite gratified with the improvements wrought upon her daughter, and her qualifications for *haut ton*.

'Mamma,' said the daughter, 'you must speak to 'pa about getting a barouche; one can't ride to London in the gig, you know—gigs are so *outre* now. I wouldn't be seen in one for anything. I should so like a barouche and pair of beautiful cream-coloured horses, like Miss Montfort's!'

Mamma, willing to do as she was bid, assented, first to the reasonableness of the idea, next to its practicability, and was suggesting means of its accomplishment, when Mr Longford returned home.

Laura didn't rush at once to meet her father, as most young ladies after an absence would have done. She had

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learned better things than that. So, retiring to her own room to smooth her hair, arrange her dress, and study a countenance, she ventured frigidly forth to salute her parent. To her horror, her father, the moment she came in view, caught her, gave her a hearty smack, and, without the least regard to her newest dress, grasped her roughly with his hands, and, turning her round and round before him, as one might do a chair under inspection, exclaimed, 'Ha, Laura, lass, you're accomplished now, I suppose!—a pretty piece of furniture you are, too. Oh, wont kiss your old father!—too nice grown, I suppose. What shall we do with her, wife? lock her up in a bandbox lined with cotton? There can be nothing too good for her now, eh? We must call you Miss Longford now; Laura is too vulgar, I presume. Is it part of the finish to frown at your father?' Laura did more than frown. She gave a hysteric sob or two, and threatened to swoon. 'You needn't do that, Laura. That's an accomplishment best reserved for some exigency,' remarked the observant father, whereupon Laura, taking the hint, recovered speech.

'Oh, father, it's so cruel of you! I wish I had—had—never—come home—oh, never, never!—but gone into a nunnery, and been forgotten. I wish I had drowned myself, or done anything, rather than have my affection for my father thus trampled on by him.'

'It's very bad of you, Gilbert—very bad. I wouldn't have expected it,' chimed in Mrs Longford.

The fact was Gilbert had noticed his daughter's reception of him, felt wounded by it, saw at a glance its cause, and determined to undo the work Miss de Wolskey had done—to rub the polish off, and produce if possible a veritable surface again. 'Laura,' said he, 'I'm glad to see you home again—sorry you ever went away, not that I grudge what it's cost me, but at what it has returned me. I trust you'll forget what you've learned, be of some use in the house to your mother, and every other person to whom you can be useful; so dry your tears at once, and try to *do* something better.'

Laura didn't dry her tears, however, in any hurry, having the sympathy in secret of her mother to bear her out; nor did she try to do anything useful in a hurry either. Day after day passed on without much improvement being produced. She exercised herself with copying music and playing on the piano; daubed paint on paper, and called the productions sketches; manufactured ornaments of perforated card, spoiled wool, and wasted time on articles of doubtful utility; got Emily to read novels, while she lay on the sofa in the evenings; but as to assisting in domestic matters that was out of the question. 'Her mother, poor dear soul, was just vexing her life out with these servants,' was her mother's consolation often; but when a hint was dropped of Laura aiding her, 'Oh, dear no! it's just mamma's element to be running about the house,' was the do-nothing defence.

There is a tendency in us all striving against idleness. Old and young, great and humble of us feel it. Idleness is not the relief of work—is at no time a satisfying condition—is seldom long a possible state. Happiness is dependent on pursuit of some kind. Lord Tom does something in yachting, gambling, jaunting, horse-racing, and drinking by way of relieving himself of idleness—on the turf, at the roulette-table, the spread of some fellow-cantab, off the Needles, or in the opera-stall, he is obliged, according to his nature, to get rid of it. In like manner is young Ellingham warring against it by climbing the Pyramids, stumbling through ruins at Thebes, shooting crocodiles on the Nile, or tiger-hunting by the Ganges. So also do yon knot of porters club around the corner of the street seeking conversation; and so are the tavern-bars and tap-rooms filled. Idleness is not natural till it becomes habit. The M.P. and the draper's boy, when holidays come, don't seek to enjoy themselves save in exertion—the one shooting grouse on the moor, the other peppering sparrows in a barn-yard, or on the hedges. Pleasure is associated with exercise, bodily or mental, perhaps both. The lack of honest occupation is felt a curse, and the lack of love for it induces frivolous or vicious pursuits. Laura had not been taught to *do* anything useful in the course of her ed tion. She had been trained to the sun as a flower external beauty might develop, clipped and pruned elegance; but nothing of a better nature grafted on, fruit or fragrance might be looked for. There was a v to be supplied—a vacuum felt in her existence. Mamm admiration of her did not supply it; papa's theory was endurable. She must have something to occupy thoughts and life on; she couldn't lead a purely veget existence with the feelings and sympathies of a wo within. How did she find that work? Listen!

The cousins were in the daily habit of walking toge for an hour or two. Laura would have preferred driv and had hopes of attaining to something of the kind. sides, Emily was not just the companion she would h chosen; 'she was so plain, and such a matter-of-fact c ture;' but, till better was obtained, she condescended to primitive exercise. Emily had observed that latte Laura chose a certain park as a favourite route, and ind declined any change. She noticed, too, a certain tall m tary man very frequently meet them. Sometimes he b ed, sometimes spoke to Laura. Emily wondered who was, and curiosity being unendurable, as it always is female mind, ventured at last to inquire. Laura laugh and said he was the Hon. Charles Craven, of the Guar an acquaintance of hers.

'I never heard of him before,' replied Emily.

'Don't you admire him, now?' said Laura. 'Such fine-looking fellow! He's so noble and generous-looking

'Indeed.'

'And of a respectable family, too.'

'Poor Mr Linton!' said Emily, smiling.

'Pray, no comparisons, *cara mio*. Mr Linton's we enough in his own way, I've no doubt.'

Happy Mr Linton! who visited and courted Miss Lon ford, exchanged rings with her, read poetry, and too rambles and drives with her into the country, and who Laura smiled upon, till her return from Miss de Wolskey's when the unpolished truth said to her that Mr Linton wa a plain, unassuming youth, with nothing but his professio of a solicitor to recommend him, and not to be compare to the dashing guardsman! Happy Mr Linton! wh wearied with Laura's coquetry and scorn, her romanc and dignity, her polish and affectation, her want of hear and love of show, her vanity and uselessness, felt love gro cold and admiration wane within him, and turned to Emily wondering how he never discovered the mine of intelligenc and truth that quiet girl owned! Happy Mr Linton! wh wearied of the tulip's insipid colours, fled to the lily's fra grance!

'But does papa know anything of Mr Craven?' inquire Emily.

'Papa know! why should he? I suppose I'm my own mistress, at least in some things, and one of them is, tha I don't consider myself bound to be so awfully dutiful a to run home every day with 'Oh, papa! I saw and spok to Mr or Miss So-and-so.''

Emily refrained from further remark—silent with painful consciousness of something wrong in her cousin' moral notions.

Mr Craven, or Captain Craven, Emily frequently sa again, sometimes while walking with her cousin, who ap peared to grow daily more intimate; sometimes at place of public resort; sometimes not far from her uncle's house once or twice speaking to Laura over the garden-hedge but never in the house. She felt very unhappy in posses sion of the secret, and resolved on submitting it to Mr Longford. She did so one night of Laura's absence at party, to that good lady's great amazement and consterna tion. 'That very night she would speak to Laura—indee she would; *she* would let her know whether captains an military men were to be her society; and if she was to kee company in such an underhand, clandestine way, it would not be telling her—indeed it wouldn't.' Mrs Longford's first intentions were over-ruled by prudential considera tions, however. Laura was rather late of returning. She did not get an opportunity of making a charge out of the

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knowledge of Mr Longford, which she desired not, and was obliged to defer her purpose till next day. Next day, people looking over the columns of the 'Morning Post' saw then and there—'*Romance in C*——.—This morning the village of C——, usually so quiet, undisturbed, and unexcited, was thrown into a state of extraordinary commotion by the following romantic circumstance:—About six months ago, the daughter of a respectable retired city merchant dwelling in C——, an only child, came home from the boarding-school; and about same time came thither also, on leave of absence, a certain gallant captain, who cast his eyes on the damsel. He passed her window often, and saw her then; he met her on her walks; and at church languished at the pew she sat in. Finding he could treat with her, and her heart beat responsive, and her eyes 'looked love to eyes that spoke again,' he plied his suit. Applying a ladder, ''neath the moon's pale glimmer,' to her window, repeated interviews were stolen; the result of which was, that on Friday night last she consented to put on her bonnet and descend the ladder in her Lothario's arms. Near the villa a vehicle was waiting, and the pair urged their flight to the borders. When the day dawned, some passer, with inquisitive eye, detected the flight in the unremoved ladder and open window, and communicated within the tidings. A hot pursuit was determined on by the irate father. Horses were ordered, and he, with a couple of friends, are now on the fugitives' track, with what success to-morrow will declare. We have heard it rumoured that the gallant captain struts in borrowed plumes, and the army list is innocent of his name.'

The paragraph had a stratum of truth. Laura was gone—gone with jackdaw Captain Craven. There was romance in the captain's whiskers, honour in his epaulettes, love in his tenderness, and heroism in his gasconade. How could she resist the wiles of such a duck of a fellow? and how withstand the delightful excitement of an elopement—the very acmé of ambition to all the young ladies under Miss de Wolskey's fostering care? A few days, and mamma would reconcile papa, and she would be restored to favour again, the happy wife of the noble captain; all would go off ultimately as agreeable as the third act of a drama, and as satisfactory to parties interested as spectators.

But the drama reached only the second act, when the fugitives were overtaken by the pursuit. The captain was denounced as an impostor, and, ruthlessly kicked down stairs of the inn where they had halted, made an inglorious exit along the highway; and fainting Laura was bundled into the coach and driven home again. It was many weeks, many months indeed, before she recovered of her disgrace and crept forth amongst her friends. The elopement was the last of her accomplishments; they all vanished with it, and she has sunk down to a plain, useful, young lady, first from sheer necessity, now from absolute conviction that duty is happiness, and happiness is best purchased when

> 'Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close:
> Something attempted—something done,
> Has earned a night's repose.'

Mr Linton has married Emily. If any bachelor has thoughts of Laura in her altered and improved condition, the writer shall be happy to communicate further information.

As people do not always draw the inference desired from a parable, let us submit that no charge is meant against the education or accomplishments of our sisterhood in the abstract or in the practice, where the training of the heart and mind are made subservient to the glitter of external cleverness. Unfortunately, we believe that the popular training of woman is more calculated to make her a toy for man than a companion for him—a fireside ornament than a household god—a jewel to be kept in a casket, rather than a being to be loved and reverenced; and with such a belief we cannot but think that, till woman is educated with a better aim, the blessings of her high mission will not be diffused and felt.

MEMOIRS AND ADVENTURES OF KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.*

Historiographers and editors of biography are always careful, in their dissertations and comments, to warn their readers against forming hasty conclusions concerning the characters of the men of whom they write. 'Recollect the times,' say they; 'consider the spirit of the age, the character of institutions, *et cetera*, and then judge leniently.' We humbly believe that these monitions are not only unphilosophical but pernicious—that they not only tend to soften the aspects of ruffianism presented by history, but to lower the standard of moral judgment in the student. Truth is truth through all ages and in all circumstances; and the man who begins to look back upon the past, cannot truly know the past, unless he looks through the medium of truth. What is the spirit of an age, but the general spirit of the men who live in that age? And is it not the predominance of some active principle in the powerful that gives its historical character to a nation or epoch? The student of history must neither judge leniently of the men nor institutions of the past. He must judge truly. He must stand upon the rock of Christian equity and truth, and look back from that point with a severe and impartial scrutiny upon all preceding things, veiling not his eyes to falsehood, murder, and crime, although covered with the gay garments of a robberly chivalry, nor fearing to lift up the beautiful and true, though trodden down beneath the iron heels of a murderous aristocracy, and defamed by a venal literature. The student of history must keep his own ground—he must never lose sight of his own personality and position, or he will indubitably become lost in a hero or age, and thus cease to be a student in becoming a prejudiced partizan. He will measure men and their acts not by the moral standard of to-day, but of the age in which they lived and were enacted, and thus history will become to him not the philosophical problem of an ever active humanity, lost in the mazes of its deep and darkened fall, but a chapter of mere interesting events.

The life and adventures of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange are just the life and adventures of a ruffian of the period of the Scottish Reformation, and present to the reader, in bolder relief and more particular detail than general history, a character full of the most resolute foolhardiness and determined stubbornness in war, together with that lax morality in peace, which disgraced the inhuman Scottish nobility of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Kirkaldy is denominated the 'pink of chivalry and soul of honour;' and yet, if he lived to-day, decent men would unhesitatingly call him an insolent bully and mean traitor. After reading his life, we are constrained to exclaim, alas! for the poor people of that poor country which was subjected to the domination of titled ruffians, of which this man was incontestibly one of the most noble and true. We decry the imputation of the age producing bad men. The age is nothing but the reflection of men's conduct. The disgraces of history attach to men and not to ages, and all palliations of deeds done because of the times when they were done, are inadmissible to an honest mind. The sixth century produced a Columbkill full of peace, and love, and benevolence, and learning; and the same age produced an Aiden, fierce, and bloody, and cruel; but men followed the latter and darkness, because they loved not light, and so their deeds were evil.

Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange was born in Fife, and educated in the tenets of the reformed faith, by his father Sir James Kirkaldy, who was treasurer to King James V., and a man of blunt and fearless speech and carriage. Young Kirkaldy, who was tall and well formed, was sent, like the generality of Scottish youths of name, to France for his education; and there, like his countryman and contemporary, the Admirable Crichton, he was deemed one of the most accomplished and gallant knights of his age, bearing off the palm from all rivals in the tournaments of the

* Knight, Commander of French Horse, Lord of the Secret Council, and Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh for Mary Queen of Scots. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

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times, by his spirit and address. When but a youth he returned to his native country, and shortly afterwards engaged in one of the most famous murders which is upon record in the annals of Scotland. On the 28th of May, 1546, Peter Carmichael, Norman Leslie, master of Rothes, John Leslie of Parkhill, William Kirkaldy, and their retainers, burst into Cardinal Beaton's castle at St Andrews, where they assassinated him, and then held the castle against the forces of Moray of Guise and the Regent Arran for fifteen months. Upon the fall of the castle, the principal prisoners, among whom was John Knox, who had fled to this fortress from the pursuit of his implacable enemies, were sent into captivity in France. Kirkaldy and his compeers were confined in the king's fortresses. The great reformer was constrained to tug as a galley-slave for two years at the oar.

The author of the life and adventures of Kirkaldy of Grange, more than once refers to John Knox in passages such as the following:—'Knox was nearly two years in the degrading situation of a slave; and it is not probable that the lash of the taskmaster increased his good will towards Popery, as it failed to inspire him with that spirit of charity, forgiveness, and peace, which ought to be the chief characteristic of a Christian.' We accept this passage gratefully, and acknowledge its appositeness and justice; but it seems to us rather invidious to find the same author upholding as the pink of honour and chivalry, a man who kept up a private and traitorous correspondence with England—who, presuming upon his skill in arms and strength of body, was always ready to crush his word down a man's throat with his gauntlet, and who was the suborner and defender of assassins. John Knox was vehement, and was at times impelled to say and do most unchristian things; but he was more consistent and heroic than Kirkaldy of Grange, or any other man of his day, and the lusts that warred in the members of his fierce unprincipled intriguing contemporaries did not defile him. The prisoners being liberated, and having returned to Scotland, were soon once more into the vortex of political intrigue and battle; and, at last, upon the formation of the party of the Congregation, Kirkaldy was recognised as a bulwark and pillar of the new faith. He had sold his sword to the service of France, after his liberation from durance vile, and had distinguished himself in the wars of the league as a leader of light horsemen; and, upon his return to Scotland, he had lent himself privately to the intrigues of England, so that he was not only esteemed as a military, but political, chief by soldiers and politicians. The animosity of parties, the cupidity of the aristocracy, and the oppressive tyranny of the Scottish rulers, accelerated that awful period of our nation's history, the deeds of which are, perhaps, one of the most disgraceful records on the book of time—a period of awful suffering, and contention, and bigotry. This author, however, in his charges of fanaticism against the reformers of this era, seems to forget that a more dangerous fanaticism than their's provoked it—the fanaticism of inertia—the sacerdotal fanatacism of satisfaction and spiritual bondage, which evoked an energy and vehemence which were nobler, better, and more beneficial far to society, than even the stately piles and works of art, the ruin of which we deplore as much as he can do, but which we would not for a moment weigh in the balance with the vital spirit of progress. The party of the Congregation, whatever might be the motives of those constituting it, had the common excuse of patriotism for its operations, while the procedure of Mary of Guise, the queen regent, was characterised by glaring breaches of faith and acts of tyranny.

'Sir William Kirkaldy served with the army of the Congregation during all its operations in the field, until the end of the war, when the death of Mary of Guise, and the final establishment of the Reformation, brought peace to the land for a time. His name appears continually in all the annals of the period; and Knox says that he encountered and escaped many dangers. He fought bravely in defence of Fife, his native shire; and from the moment those French troops first arrived in aid of the Popish faction, and for the purpose of reducing Scotland to a province, 'no man stood firmer to the interests of his country than Kirkaldy; and in the first encounter he is said to have slain the first man with his own hand.''

History is, perhaps, the most instructive branch of study, but it is most important that the student guard himself against the leanings of historians. We have shown how broadly and unreservedly the author of Kirkaldy's life and adventures condemns the bold and fiery spirit of Knox: behold how he palliates his hero: 'I would gladly have passed over such intriguing, which some readers may consider a blot on his fair fame; but be it remembered, that though his correspondence with the English court was clandestine, and strictly contrary to the law of the land, he was steadily adhering to the popular cause when, by doing so, he strengthened Protestantism, and furthered the projects of the party.' Inspired with a fierce and implacable hatred towards Bothwell, and believing that Mary, queen of Scots, had lent herself to the death of Darnley, and the furtherance of the Duke of Orkney's schemes of ambition and crime, Kirkaldy had joined what was termed the king's faction, and had contributed more than any man to the ruin of Mary's cause. He had retained, however, a name for something like manhood, and Mary respected him, even although he bore arms against her.

It was Kirkaldy, who, at Carberry Hill, accepted the gage of Bothwell; and, upon the prohibition of the combat by Mary, it was he who led the horsemen of the king's party to the foot of the hill, when the queen was in a distracted state of mind, and anxious to evite the shedding of blood. 'In this time of distress she was attracted by the band of horse at the foot of the hill, and, asking her attendants who led them, was answered, 'Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange.' At that moment she was weeping bitterly. Entertaining the highest respect for the worth and valour of Kirkaldy, whom she knew to be incapable of violating his plighted word, she sent the Laird of Ormiston to request he would speak with her. Grange, not anticipating any danger, attended only by a gentleman, spurred his charger up the hill of Carberry, and dismounting, approached the queen, who was seated on a stone, with Bothwell near her. Mary was then four-and-twenty, and in the full bloom of her beauty. Nature had formed this fair being for love rather than for governing a nation of lawless barons and unscrupulous serfs, who possessed all the headlong valour of the age of chivalry, without the gentle courtesy which distinguished it. Her dark-grey eyes admirably expressed the softness and vivacity of her disposition, as her full pouting lips and dimpled chin did archness and wit, and her pure open brow intelligence and candour. One moment her eyes were languid, and the next they were full of fire: the brightness of her complexion was dazzling, and her hair was of the most beautiful auburn. Her taste in dressing lent additional lustre to her charms: she rode with courage and danced with grace; which, with her love of Parisian gaiety, formed the *ultima Thule* of horror and abomination in the nostrils of Knox and his intolerant compatriots. But Mary could read Virgil and Livy with Buchanan, when such high-born ruffians as Glencairn could scarcely sign their names: in short, the name of Mary Stuart summons at once to the mind all that the greatest enthusiast can imagine of misfortune, of beauty, and romance. Kirkaldy knelt respectfully before her. Tall, strong, sheathed in the complete armour of a knight, this courtly soldier, from his bearing and aspect, was as prepossessing as the gifted being he saluted. The queen addressed him calmly, and bade him remember, 'that there were punishments in another world to be inflicted upon the rebellious in this; that all honourable men would look upon avenging King Henry's murder as a poor pretence for the confederates taking arms, as they themselves had voted the Duke of Orkney innocent of that crime, and, by their recommendation, had brought about that union which, by force of arms, they now sought to disannul.' 'No man can bear a greater affection for your royal person than I,' replied Kirkaldy with ardour and frankness; 'all those lords with whom I am engaged, and whose measures I have espoused, as being, in my opinion, most consistent with the strict rules of duty and honour, are the most faith-

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ful subjects of your grace, and have only taken up arms for your service and safety. You are now in the hands of dangerous enemies—men of wicked lives, whose very breath infects your reputation—men whose advices have ruined your authority and alienated the affection of your subjects. If guilty, the Duke of Orkney is unworthy the honour of being your husband; if innocent, he may with safety submit to a new trial. For myself, and those with whom I am in arms, I can assert that nothing is designed by us but the re-establishment of order and good government, on that footing which has been handed down to us by our ancestors.' He added much more concerning Bothwell's crimes, and the cruelty with which he had divorced his countess, the accomplished Lady Jane Gordon, to whom he had been married only six months before. The handsome but vindictive earl, who during the conference had been an anxious listener, enraged by the boldness and freedom of Kirkaldy, secretly desired one of his harquebussiers to shoot him. The assassin was in the act of deliberately levelling his long-barrelled weapon at the unsuspecting knight, who was yet kneeling before Mary, when she observed the act. Starting, she uttered a scream, and throwing herself before the harquebuss, exclaimed to Bothwell, that surely he would not disgrace her so far as to murder one to whom she had promised protection. What notice Kirkaldy took of this intended outrage, Melville, who records it, does not say: but, in no way daunted, he continued to urge, that if ever Mary expected to enjoy the confidence of her subjects, she must instantly abandon Bothwell, who, being charged with regicide, would be allowed to leave the field until the cause were tried in a civil court; and that if Mary would come over to the troops of the confederates, they would from that moment again *acknowledge and obey* her as their sovereign. Finding herself deserted by her friends, fearful of war and anxious for peace, expecting to be generously and kindly received on the pledged word of the gallant envoy, the queen (whose confidence and good nature appear at times to have bordered on girlish simplicity) readily agreed to perform what Kirkaldy proposed. Delighted with her answer, he repaired to the confederate barons, who ratified his stipulations. Galloping back, he communicated their resolution to the queen, and taking Bothwell by the hand, with soldier-like frankness advised him to depart, promising that he would neither be opposed nor followed. Overwhelmed for a moment with remorse and disappointment, perhaps by despair, the unfortunate noble turned his eyes for the last time to gaze on that beautiful queen, whose hand he had committed so many daring crimes, and risked so many dangers, to obtain. Bidding her a sad adieu, he rode down the hill with a few attendants, leaving Mary, fame, a throne, and hope behind him. Unworthy as he was, his ultimate fate cannot be contemplated without pity. Although lord of so many noble castles and estates, heir of so many sounding titles and magnificent heritages, the representative of the long line of the Hepburns of Hailes, from that hour he was an outcast:—

> 'A fugitive among his own,
> Disguised, deserted, desolate—
> A weed upon the torrent thrown—
> A Cain among the sons of men—
> A pirate on the ocean—then
> A Scandinavian captive fetter'd
> To die amid the dungeon's gloom!'

The violation of Kirkaldy's pledge followed immediately upon this act of womanly confidence, and Lochleven became her home instead of Holyrood. Kirkaldy was consenting unto these things, and it was only in later years that he forsook the ostensible cause of James, and became a partizan of his unfortunate mother. The Laird of Grange was less actuated by base personal motives towards Mary, and less inspired with cupidity towards the lands of the Church, than any of his compatriots in the Scottish civil wars. It was he who hunted Bothwell from the Orkneys, and destroyed his piratical fleet. It was he who was the Halbert Glendinning of the battle of Langside, who mainly contributed to the overthrow of the queen, who, it is said, he believed to have clung to Bothwell with a fatal pertinacity; but still these personal services were not given to the cause he espoused, from a desire to enrich himself, but from a wish to punish what, in his crude morality, he esteemed to be dishonourable. 'As a reward for his important services, on the 5th September Kirkaldy was appointed governor and captain of the castle of Edinburgh—a fortress every way of the first rank in the kingdom. Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich had received that office from his patron Bothwell, and until the battle of Langside had retained it in his hands; but for a sum of money, and a gift of the Augustinian priory of Pittenweem, and on Kirkaldy pledging his word for his safety, he gave up the fortress with its stores to the regent. Kirkaldy with his family immediately repaired to the important stronghold, where they continued to reside during the remainder of his troubled career. Strong at all times from its lofty situation, the castle of Edinburgh, by the height of its towers and number of its cannon, was fully a place of as great strength in the days of Kirkaldy as it is now. The non-military compilers of topographical accounts are very careful to inform their readers that, before the invention of gunpowder, this castle was impregnable, but forget to add that, by all tacticians it has been considered still more so since Friar Bacon's notable discovery. Perched on the western rock, which, by a precipice nearly three hundred feet high, terminates the ridge of the ancient city, the walls of that magnificent fortress rise from steep and abrupt precipices of black whinstone, perpendicular in many places, and inaccessible on all, save where, to the eastward, a narrow bank or passage, cut through by a deep fosse, communicates, by a drawbridge, with the town below. In the days of Kirkaldy, as now, strong batteries of cannon frowned over this only approach; but the grand features of the fortress were markedly different. Instead of square barracks and storehouses of homely aspect, a series of tall towers or bastel-houses—each like the fortlet of a lesser baron—reared up their lofty outlines from every angle of the jagged cliffs; massive battlements crowned, and strong curtain-walls connected them. On the highest part of the rock stood, and yet stands, the square tower where Mary of Guise died, James VI. was born, and where the regalia have been kept for ages. On the north a massive pile, called David's Tower, built by the second monarch of that name, and containing a spacious hall, rose to the height of more than forty feet above the precipice, which threw its shadows on the loch two hundred feet below. Another, named from Wallace, stood nearer to the city; and where now the formidable half-moon rears up its time-worn front, two high embattled walls, bristling with double tiers of ordnance, flanked on the north by the round tower of the Constable, fifty feet high, and on the south by a square gigantic peel, opposed their faces to the city. The soldiers of the garrison occupied the peel, the foundations of which are yet visible. Below it lay the entrance, with its portcullis and gates, to which a flight of forty steps ascended. The other towers were St Margaret's, closed by a ponderous gate of iron, the kitchen tower, the laich-munition house, the armourer's forge, the bakehouse, brewery, and gunhouse, at the gable of which swung a sonorous copper bell, for calling the watches and alarming the garrison. Between the fortress and the city lay a strong round rampart, called the Spur, and another, named the Well-house tower, defended a narrow path which led to Cuthbert's Well. The castle then contained a great hall, a palace, the regalia, a church and an oratory, endowed by St Margaret, who, five hundred years before, expired in a room which tradition still named 'the blessed Margaret's chamber.''

The jealousy, ambition, and intrigues of Murray, Morton, and their faction, eventually led to the disruption of their relations with Maitland of Lethington, and the incarceration of the same upon a charge of participation in Darnley's murder. His friend, Kirkaldy, forcibly rescued the cunning chancellor from prison, and bore him to the castle of Edinburgh, where he was in the meantime safe from the enmity of the regent and his cabal. The jealousy produced by this act, and the severities of Murray, coupled with the eloquence of Lethington, soon widened the breach between the Laird of Grange and his quondam friends,

until, at last, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, after the regent's murder, hoisted the banner of Queen Mary, declared the forced deed of abdication, extorted by the brutal Lindesay, as no abdication, and defied Morton and all the lords of the old confederacy.

It gratifies the imagination and wonder of certain people to read of doughty deeds of old chivalry, and to see the reanimated scenes of the past burnished up like old coats of mail upon the page of history. The hearts of some people swell with something like the ardour of romance, as historiographers speak of brave knights, waving plumes, stout steeds, gay pennons, silken banners, war-cries, martial airs, and all the gay paraphernalia of tournaments and campaigns; but let it be remembered, that always beneath the hoofs of the horses of war, and beneath the wheels of war-chariots, thousands of hearts were crushed, and that ruin and desolation marked the path of strife. 'It is impossible,' observes Tytler, 'to conceive a more miserable spectacle than that presented at this moment by the Scottish capital: the country torn and desolated by the struggles of two exasperated factions, whose passions became every day more fierce and implacable, so that the very children fought under the name of king's and queen's men; the capital in a state of siege, whilst the wretched citizens, placed between the fires of the castle and the camp of the regent, were compelled to intermit their peaceful labours, and either to serve under the queen's banner, or to join Lennox and have their property confiscated.' While the treacherous interposition of Elizabeth's ministry served but to make matters worse, 'fanaticism added her horrors to the war; and the Reformed clergy, by a refusal to *pray* for the queen, inflamed the resentment of her friends, and gave an example of rancour to the people.' All business was at an end, and all confidence between men had ceased; the bells rang no more for public worship—they tolled only the signal to arms; and the ceaseless din of the artillery thundered above the desolate capital from the dawn to the sunset of each long summer day. Skirmishes and conflicts ensued daily, even hourly; and the citizens soon learned, without emotion, to behold the dead and the dying borne through their guarded barriers.

In these our days of ease and opulence, it is impossible to conceive the wretched state to which the lowlanders of Scotland were brought by the wars of those fierce factions in every part of the country, but more especially around the capital. From the shores of the Forth to the shire of Peebles, from the ramparts of Stirling to the peak of Soutra, the fertile Lothians were one vast arena of daily war and bloodshed: the castles and strongholds of earl, lord, and laird were taken, garrisoned, and retaken; while the surrounding villages were sacked, the farm-steadings ruined, growing corn cut down, destroyed, or trod to mire by the cavalry—the churches demolished, the land laid waste, the war-cry and the cannon-shot ringing on every passing breeze. 'You would have seen,' records the venerable Archbishop Spottiswood, 'fathers against their sons, sons against their fathers, brothers fighting against brothers, nigh kinsmen and others allied together, as enemies seeking one the destruction of another. Every man, as his affection led him, joined to one party or another. But the condition of Edinburgh was, of all parts of the country, the most distressed. They that were of quiet disposition and greatest substance were forced to forsake their houses, which were rifled and abused, partly by the soldiers, and partly by necessitous people, who made profit of the present calamities.'

The atrocious and inhuman butcheries, called the Douglas wars, continued to rage and distract our poor country without intermission and without mercy. 'No pen can adequately describe the miseries endured by the peaceful portion of the citizens during the storm of civil war which raged around them; and the peculiar spirit of the time is evinced by the fact of a drummer being sent to Leith, challenging fifty men from that town to meet and fight an equal number from the capital—a defiance never answered. Kirkaldy's soldiers made terrible havoc on the estates of being introduced by Morton, were named 'the Douglas wars'—scenes of death and horror, in which both parties were so lost to the principles of humanity and the laws of honour, that they appear to have become insane. It was not in the field alone that their implacable vengeance was displayed; but for two months, after every engagement both parties hanged their prisoners without regard to mercy, age, rank, or justice. Morton strung up his by fifties on a gigantic gallows at the Gallowlee, midway between Leith and the city; and the loyalists invariably displayed an equal number on a gibbet which reared its ghastly outline on the Castlehill, in view of the regent's camp. Meanwhile the distresses of the hapless citizens increased. During the severities of an inclement winter, the poor were driven from its closed and hostile gates where the pike glittered and the cannon ever frowned: the houses of foes and fugitives were demolished, and their elaborate fronts of ornamental oak torn down and sold for fuel at an exorbitant price; a stone-weight of wood was bartered for a peck of meal; the arts of peace were utterly abandoned; in the city and around it, the Sabbath bell was heard no more, or rang only the call to arms; the fields lay untilled, while the plough rusted in the grass-grown furrow; the farm-horse was bestrode by the mailed trooper, or yoked to the clanking culverin. The surrounding hamlets and villages had all been given to the flames, and women and children fled from the bloody hearths where fathers and husbands had perished beneath the sword of the destroyer—if not dragged away to the wheel, the rack, or the gibbet. The poor peasant who dared with his stores to approach the desolate and unused market-place, was branded with hot iron like a slave, or hanged; and even women, whom necessity forced on the same perilous errand, were scourged, burned on both cheeks, and hanged or drowned. Men heard even the voice of the preacher and the word of God in fear and trembling; for daily and nightly the galloping troopers, the booming cannon, and the volleying harquebusses, the clash of armour, and the war-cry of *God and Queen!* rang among the dark wynds and desolate streets of the capital. At one time a hundred of its citizens fled to Leith, but were driven back with blows and opprobrium, threatened with the cord as spies and adherents of Mary, and returned to find the gates closed and their houses demolished. Such were the horrors of the Douglas wars, which (save the butcheries of Cumberland) form the blackest chapter in our Scottish annals.'

The cause of the queen which had seemed at first to prosper, at last became concentrated in Kirkaldy, and, finally, her banner floated over no other spot of Scottish ground save the great dark rock of Edinburgh Castle; and there the Laird of Grange displayed that infamous cruelty and obstinacy, which gave the roofs of many unoffending people to the flames, and their flesh to the hungry bandogs of Morton's brutal camp-followers. 'Two days after the escape of his brother from Dalkeith, Kirkaldy resolved to make a sally into the city. It was now the gloomy month of February, and he chose a dark and stormy night, when a tempestuous wind was sweeping round the rugged cliffs of the ancient castle. Rushing forth in complete armour at the head of a chosen band, he attacked the trenches of the regent, scoured them sword in hand, and drove the trench-guards down the Lawnmarket in disorder. After this, ere he returned, to avenge himself on the citizens for having deserted him, he ordered several thatched houses to be fired—some in the steep and narrow Castle Wynd, and others further westward in the ancient barony of the Portsburgh. The thick dry thatch blazed like tinder in the stormy wind, which blew keenly from the westward and fanned the rising flames; a fearful conflagration—one which threatened the entire destruction of the capital—ensued. From the barrier of the West Port the fire raged eastward, through all the dense alleys and wynds in succession, along the spacious and picturesque market-place, past the lower Bow Port and the gloomy houses of the knights of St John, until it reached the chapel of St Magdalene and Forrester's Wynd in the then fashionable Cau-

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the conflagration, and save their perishing property; but the cannoneers of Kirkaldy, guided by the light of twenty blazing streets, poured the bullets of their sakers, falcons, and culverins on the scene of conflagration, three hundred feet below. The utmost exertions of the people were thus rendered completely abortive; many were slain, and in the hearts of the rest, a hatred was kindled against the aggressor which even his ultimate fate did not appease.

'On the 8th of March, Morton was joined by a hundred English pioneers. On the 11th they broke ground in Castlehill Street, and threw up a sconce or battery, on which they worked for four consecutive days, exposed to a constant fire poured on them by the besieged from the lofty eastern curtain. They endured considerable loss until the night of the 15th, when Kirkaldy made a sally at the head of a small party, and, again scouring the trenches with sword and pike, routed the pioneers, and destroyed the fruits of their labour. For three days his cannon continued pouring death and destruction on the city—sweeping the cross wynds and raking the length of the High Street—beating down roofs and gables, and overthrowing those heavy projections of timber, and ponderous stalks of dark old chimneys, which have always formed the most striking features of the ancient city. On the 18th he compelled the blockading troops to agree to a thirteen days' truce.'

The demoniacal skill of Morton and Drury finally overcame the endurance and obstinacy of Kirkaldy, and he was at last constrained to yield himself to his implacable foe the Earl of Morton. Tears, entreaties, bribes, offers of service and submission, could not move the vindictive and cruel regent to spare his old comrade. He obtained his condemnation, and he commanded his execution. Kirkaldy was attended in his last moments by David Lindesay, minister of Leith, who carried his last appeal to the regent, and bore back the final answer to the Laird of Grange.

'Then, Master David,' replied Kirkaldy firmly, 'for the love of Christ, and the memory of our old friendship, do not leave me now!'

Immediately afterwards, with his brother Sir James and the two burgesses, he was bound with cords and brought forth from the palace. They were placed upon conspicuous hurdles, as spectacles to the dense concourse which thronged the Abbey Close, and thus were slowly drawn backwards up that long and steep street called the Canongate. The pious Lindesay remained in the hurdle of Kirkaldy, who listened to his earnest exhortations and discourse with deep attention, and acknowledged the value of his ministrations with sincere gratitude. Calderwood and others give brief but graphic notices of his last moments on the scaffold. Through streets crowded to excess by scowling and vindictive citizens, by railing churchmen and pitying loyalists, he was drawn to the ancient market-cross, surrounded by the mailed soldiers of Morton. When the bright sunset of the summer evening streamed from the westward, down the crowded and picturesque vista of that noble and lofty street, and 'when he saw the day faire and the sunne shyning cleere' on the vast gothic façade of St Giles, the high fantastic gable of the old Tolbooth, grisly with the bleaching skulls of traitors, and the grim arm of the fatal gibbet, with its cords dangling near the tall octagon column and carved battlements of the cross, '*then* his countenance changed,' and so markedly, that Lindesay asked why.

'In faith, Master David,' he replied, 'now I well perceive that Master Knox was a true servant of God, and that his warning is about to be accomplished. Repeat unto me his last words.' The minister then rehearsed Knox's prediction, which was in every man's mouth, and in all men's memory. 'The soul of that man,' Knox said, 'is dear to me—I would fain have saved him; but he shall be dragged forth and hanged in the face of the sun!' Lindesay added, that Knox had been 'earnest with God for *him*—was sorry for that which should befal his bodie, for the love he bore him; but was assured there was mercy for his soule.'

'May his words prove true!' rejoined Kirkaldy, fervently, and requested Lindesay to repeat them over to him once more. Knox had been one of his oldest and earliest friends, and now the strong spirit of the stately soldier was so subdued, that he shed tears while Lindesay spoke. He expressed regret for the answer he had sent to Knox's friendly message, and added, with humility, that he was sincerely penitent for any sins of which he had unwittingly been guilty. To the last he expressed the most devoted and unshaken attachment to his country and its unhappy queen. John Durie, another clergyman of Leith, attended him on the scaffold.

'Master David,' said he with an unaltered manner, as Lindesay was about to descend from the fatal platform, 'I hope that, after men shall think I am dead and gone, I shall give them a token of assurance of mercy to my soul, according to the words of Knox, that man of God.' The ministers retired. Exactly at four in the afternoon, he was thrust off the ladder by which he had ascended the scaffold.

'The sun being about the north-west corner of the steeple (of St Giles),' continues the superstitious Calderwood, 'as he was hanging, his face was set towards the east, but within a prettie space, turned about to the west *against the sunne*, and so remained; at which time Mr David marked him—when all supposed he was dead—to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and to lay them down again softlie, which moved him with exclamatioune to glorifie God before the people!' Then the people cried aloud that the prophecy of Knox was fulfilled.

Thus died Kirkaldy of Grange, and thus closed the last chapter of Mary's history in poor, torn, lacerated, bleeding, debased, demoralised Scotland.

Original Poetry.

THE UNIVERSAL CRY.

What is the question of each generation?
A loud, united, and continuous cry,
Echo'd from shore to shore by age and nation—
The mighty question of humanity?

What says our deepest heart's unalter'd yearning?
What say our proudest hopes when soaring high?
What say our aspirations brightest burning?
What says the lonely bosom's saddest sigh?

What say the many who have fought and perish'd
For some great truth or unacknowledged right?
What say the loves which fondest hearts have cherish'd?
What say those visions which ne'er saw the light?

What say those thoughts, unspeakable, unspoken?
What says the spirit's dumb, deep agony,
To break the secret that remains unbroken,
And read its nature and its destiny?

Oh! by these thoughts, these hopes, this speechless feeling,
This universal, vaguely-utter'd cry,
Which calls upon a power itself revealing
In that one sentence 'Immortality.'

By birth, by life, by death, by separation—
From all we are—by that deep mystery
Which folds around us since our first creation—
By all that we have been or are to be—

By cruelty, injustice, and oppression—
By all the fearful wrongs of man to man,
That cry from earth to heaven, without remission,
Through time's unnoticed, unrecorded span—

By all man's virtues, crimes, his joys, his sorrow,
His wisdom, and his works, his weakness, might,
Telling of a dark eve, which a to-morrow
Can only, by its waking, bring to light—

By our dim horror of annihilation—
And by the struggles of our spirit-strife—
We call on God to be our Revelation—
To be our 'Resurrection' and our 'Life.' JULIA SCARTH.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

We have more than once alluded to the character of French dominion in this African colony, and we have unhesitatingly protested against the deeds done there in the name of civilisation, being regarded as the work of Christians. A recent work, by Mr Dawson Borrer, who was

well qualified to judge both from his capacity and opportunities for observation, has, if possible, deepened our horror of the spirit which reigns over Algeria. The demoniac razzias, which caused the heart of universal Europe to shudder, were undertaken by Marshal Bugeaud, even against the will of the home-politicians, and prosecuted with a fiendishness which can scarcely be paralleled. The marshal, on one of these occasions of invasion, began his march to the country of the Kabailes, and, as he departed on his mission of destruction, the poor famished Arab victims of war came forth to seek some means of life.

'About three P.M. the marshal arrived, and, the troops from Blidâ having already joined, the column was soon once more *en route*. No sooner did the cavalry begin to move off than numerous Arabs came on the ground to scrape up with infinite care such corn as might have been left by the horses. It was astonishing to see the patience with which these poor wretches picked out, grain by grain, the barley from amongst the trampled herbage. One old grey-headed son of the prophet, with the assistance of an aged hag, had collected in his burnoose at least a gallon; and, perceiving that I regarded his gleanings with an eye of curiosity, ejaculated 'Mackash mangeria,' by which he meant to inform me that he had nothing to eat. The fact is, that the last harvest was very scanty, the locusts having 'eaten up the land;' and this, combined with the miserable state they are reduced to by war and by the injustice of the French administration with regard to them, has rendered even a grain of corn valuable in their eyes. Many of these blighted beings, who descend like vultures to glean what may have been left by the horses of a passing troop of cavalry, were once proprietors, perhaps, of that very soil upon which they now gather the husks with fear and trembling. Many of them are members of tribes that have not only bowed to, but fought for, their invaders, who, in return, have deprived them of their lands, in many instances without indemnity; reducing them thus to utter starvation, or forcing them to retire to more remote parts, where the arms of the 'Christian civilisers of North Africa' do not yet prevail.'

Driven before the merciless invaders, the Moslem mountaineers disputed every foot of ground, but fought with less success and even less ferocity than their *Christian* foes:

'Still advancing by extremely rugged tracks, the rocks in some places forming perfect mountain-stairs, with deep ravines on one hand or the other, we came within sight of three villages lying close together, overlooked by a fourth in the background, crowning the very summit of an extremely lofty mount—a spur in fact of a range of heights behind it, but presenting on our side a conical face of most difficult access, up which an Arab track, winding like a cork-screw, might be discerned, alive with numerous fugitives toiling towards the summit with slow and difficult steps. Several towers in the neighbourhood of these villages were garrisoned with enraged mountaineers, thirsting for vengeance, but aware that their only hope lay in the commanding stronghold above mentioned. Continual puffs of smoke issued from the towers, and bullets rattled about us. It was but a dying struggle! The villages in the foreground were soon gained, the troops advancing *au pas de course*, as well as the nature of the country would permit. For the cavalry it was difficult enough, the slopes about these mountain homes being divided into plots by low walls of loose rocks thrown together. Dashing the spurs into our horses' flanks, upward we drove, however, at a heavy gallop, every man following according to the ability of his steed. Some cleared the rocky divisions; some floundered over them; others bit the dust, horse and rider, but always on the right side. More than one thick-pated trooper will long remember how he tried the mettle of the rock with his skull that day. It was a hard ride, but an exciting one. The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height, and composed of stones cemented together with mud mingled with chopped straw, a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and impenetrable hedges of the prickl.-pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loop-holes pierced in these walls and in the walls of the houses. Upon the terraces of the latter also might be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burnooses thrown back as they handled with activity their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at *bout portant*. It was all to no avail, however; the narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops, ravishing, massacreing, and plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded; the sword fell upon all alike. From one house bloodstained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age; there she lay, weltering in gore and in the agonies of death: an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. In another a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering, in the agony of fear, prayers to Allah, with a trembling tongue. A pretty child, of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child: a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in; some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. 'Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?'—'No, monsieur,' said one fellow, 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.' In nearly every house were jars of oil (for the Kabailes make, consume, and sell vast quantities), often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all these jars, the houses were soon flooded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all that they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and the mattings together and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets to regain the outside of the village, disgusted with the horrors I witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepit mother flashing on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing with increased fury, and there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames. Scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabaile child was doubtless consumed with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate! . . . All that was not borne away by the spoilers was devoured by fire or buried amidst the crashing ruins; and then the hungry flames, vomited forth from the burning habitations, gained the tall corn growing around these villages, and, running swiftly on, wound about and consumed the scattered olive-trees overshadowing it. Fire covered the face of the country, and the heavens were obscured with smoke.'

We have often been told that soldiers are the missionaries of civilisation, and that war is a means of spreading a knowledge of the true God. We shudder as we listen to such opinions supported by practical arguments, like the one which we have just presented to our readers. Warriors never did for the spread of civilisation or Christianity one tithe of the thousandth part that has been done within the last twenty years by the British and American churches; and all the heroes of the sword put together, never adventured so much for the Lord's kingdom or conquered so many to his laws as has John Williams, Robert Moffat, and Hope M. Waddel, three peaceful, humble, but glorious Christian missionaries of Britain.

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THE DREAMERS OF DUNFERMLINE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Most people are said to believe in waking dreams of some description, and an old faith it is, if philosophers can be trusted; but one almost as early was a belief in the dreams of night, as conveying warnings and intimations undiscoverable by the day-light wisdom of mortals. Every scholar knows how widely this belief has been diffused, and how many corroborative tales have floated down the current of history. It is still the most popular remnant of the old world's creed, especially among the class that, in military phrase, 'form the rear-guard' of the schoolmaster's march; the following instance of which is traditionally affirmed to have taken place about thirty years ago in the old burgh of Dunfermline.

At that period a family of the order referred to, named M'Cribben, were the well-known, though by no means well-liked, inhabitants of the ground-flat of a house in the vicinity of the old abbey church, supposed to be scarce less antiquated than that venerable structure, and, like it, long since superseded by one of modern erection. The dwelling of the M'Cribbens was like the kingdom described by the prophet, 'partly strong and partly broken.' It had escaped the great fire of 1624; and, after the fashion of the houses then destroyed, consisted of one substantial stone storey below, and two of timber above. The latter were uninhabitable from the date of their occupation by a family of Highland tinkers, who, some years before, had left the top flat in considerable arrears of rent, after supplying themselves so long and liberally with fuel from the interior that the proprietor found the necessary repairs utterly beyond his finances, and resigned the timber part of the fabric at once to time and weather. There the rain pattered and the wind howled every succeeding winter, but he and his were tolerably sheltered by the first floor, yet comparatively sound; for the proprietor was none other than M'Cribben senior, who, with his wife, three sons, and a daughter-in-law, occupied the lowest and safer division of the tenement. As regarded the internal order of things, there were nine cheerless-looking apartments of different sizes, diminishing to mere closets. The largest, in front, was the family workshop; every man in the household being a wheelwright. Behind it was a sort of general room, which served the M'Cribbens for parlour, kitchen, and all; the rest were devoted to other domestic purposes, but none of them half furnished, with the exception of three in the extreme rear, partitioned off to let as a separate habitation, when tenants could be found, and having an independent entrance from a now forgotten close.

The M'Cribbens alone could tell how long that mansion had been in the possession of their ancestors. None of their neighbours would believe that one of them had built it the year after Bannockburn; but the town records testified that a magistrate of the name had marched out of it in his robes to welcome Mary of Lorraine, and another had fled from it in disguise immediately after the battle of Pitreavie. His descendants had returned, but the family tree was from that day a falling one—poorer and poorer every generation had grown. Their history was a continuation of getting down stairs in life, till the household of our story stood almost on the last steps of honest poverty. Honest the M'Cribbens undoubtedly were; sober, in the popular acceptation of the word, and laboriously industrious; their economy was proverbial, even among the prudent of their class in that old Scottish burgh; yet it was equally notorious that none of the family ever had a farthing. The charitable remarked on this subject that fortune went against them; others said they had not the way of getting on; and there was truth in both observations. The M'Cribbens belonged to that description of people who might scrape a small fortune together if life were one unvarying routine of work and wages, without change or casualty, but could never take the by-way of difficulties or calculate against mischances.

The father was a large, spare, grave-looking man, on whom seventy quiet and temperate years had left no tokens but an extreme whiteness of the once black hair, and a slight stoop in the tall figure. These were the only points of difference between him and his sons, who were all nearly in the middle stage of life. His wife also strongly resembled him, but it was generally considered that the dame looked rather the sourest; and the character which the household received in their neighbourhood, besides that of penurious saving, was that the elder branches were habitually cross, and the younger perfect firebrands in temper. There was one exception to the first rule, though he came more completely under the second; Watty, the eldest son, was, like his parents, serious and surly; Willy, the youngest, was dull in everything but anger; but Adam, who occupied the central division, was at once the life and scapegrace of the family. Naturally of a social and ardent disposition, he had early found his home disagreeable. The public-house was then the only resource for a mechanic's leisure hours: thither accordingly Adam went, and, as an inevitable consequence, contracted careless and intemperate habits, which rendered him nearly worthless, in spite of the fact that he was the best workman in the house, and a general favourite on account of his readiness to oblige. The man had not yet sunk to the lowest depths of dissipation; some remains of principle were still with him; and, besides, Adam was married. The second and by far inferior woman in that cheerful domicile, Lizzy Cameron, as Mrs M'Cribben was in the habit of calling her, by way of indicating the rock whence she was hewn, had been at good service in the town, and was the daughter of a small farmer in the vicinity. The girl had a stepmother at home, but what induced her to become Mrs M'Cribben was the subject of incessant wonder to her neighbours, and determined wrath to her relations. The latter unanimously agreed that as she brewed she must drink, and none of them ever exchanged words with poor Lizzy after. The M'Cribbens considered that Adam had degraded himself by the match, but they gave a sort of grumbling consent to her coming among them, especially as she brought a few pounds and clothes, and was known to be a most enduring and unselfish creature. The money and the clothes were long gone. By the way, her mother-in-law had enjoyed the largest share of the latter, but the tender or simple nature that made such a choice still remained with Lizzy. She told the neighbours that Adam had been always kind to her—and perhaps he was, if keeping her in constant penury were any proof of it—literally obeyed the commands of Mrs M'Cribben, senior, acted as maid of all work to the establishment, and sat up for his late return on Saturday night by the flickering embers, to which no additional coals were allowed under high penalties, saw him safe in bed, and repaired the week's wear while he slept, in hopes of coaxing him to attend the afternoon church on Sunday. Sometimes she succeeded in this attempt, for Adam was easy to be entreated, though he had grown selfish and hardened under the united operation of poverty and intemperance, and rather regardless of the careworn, childless woman, now that the times grew more trying. Their father had, with unwonted management, brought up all his sons to his own trade—the fabrication and repair of spinning-wheels. Those engines of domestic industry had been particularly active in and about Dunfermline since the manufacture of linen napery was established there, but the introduction of cotton and machinery had seriously affected their motion all over Britain, and of course diminished the profits of the wrights. This change was severely felt by the M'Cribbens, but they continued to toil away in the workshop, and generally in silence, from the earliest till the latest working hour, and it was surprising with how small an amount of labour they contrived to occupy the time; losses came upon them, profits decreased, but still the thirst of the M'Cribbens' days was the acquisition of money. Neither the parents nor their two unmarried sons ever spared to the necessity of others, or spent on their own amusement a single fraction; and when a small hoard had been thus collected, some heartless knave usually succeeded in borrowing it from them under the promise of most exorbitant interest, which would have

made them lend to any character, when, as a matter of course, they never received either it or the principal. Adam, indeed, met with no such losses; he couldn't be persuaded to save trifles, and large sums did not come in his way; but his desire to get money was no less anxious than that of his brothers, and loudly was it expressed in the fits of repentance which occasionally visited him.

It was late on the evening of a Saturday, which happened to be the last in December. The household had retired to rest in bad spirits and worse temper, for an unlucky weaver had that day decamped with thirty shillings of their collective stock, borrowed as usual at the rate of fifty per cent. Lizzy sat alone, managing the waning fire to make it last, and keep warm the portion of porridge allowed for Adam's supper. She heard the abbey-clock strike eleven, but still her husband didn't come. Lizzy had been up early that morning, and never had she felt so weary. Opposite her stood a long deal bench, worn smooth with years of usage, and, stretching herself upon it, she fell fast asleep in a few minutes.

About an hour after, there was a creaking of the door, and Adam shuffled in, looking considerably more downcast and less intoxicated than was his wont. He missed Lizzy from her place, but a look round the half-lighted apartment showed him where she still slept soundly on the bare bench. Something like inward compunction seemed to rise as his eye wandered from her emaciated face to the woman's clean but miserably patched gown. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a kindly tone, 'Lizzy, dear, why don't ye gang to bed?'

'Is't you, Adam?' said she, springing up half-frightened.

''Deed is't,' responded Adam, making what he evidently knew to be a bootless search of his pockets. 'But, Lizzy, a' my siller's gane; some blackguard has ta'en it frae me in John Todd's bar-room. Heeh, but it was fu' the night!'

Lizzy was his comforter in all times of trouble, but a look of absolute desperation was her reply to that intelligence, as she thought how much dependence had been placed on that week's wages. 'Weel, Adam,' said she, 'it couldna hae happened at a waur time; but, oh, man! I had a dream on that form, that there was heaps o' siller hidden in this verra house, and I was gaun to get it just when you waukened me.'

'Whar was't, Lizzy?' cried Adam, loud enough to waken his mother in the next room, who forthwith issued orders for the pair to go to bed immediately; but no explanation could poor Lizzy give regarding the whereabouts of 'the siller,' except that it was in the house they occupied, and she was proceeding to find it when awoke by her husband.

Adam wished for money, and Lizzy condoled with him on his mischance, till both fell asleep; but when the shrill call of her mother-in-law broke in upon her slumbers next morning, the luckless wife again murmured that she was wakened just on the nick of 'findin' the siller.'

That day was more dreary than ordinary with the M'Cribbens; their mutual losses pressed heavily on their minds; the wants which they occasioned were borne and grumbled over as other wants had been; and the governing dame, determining on still more strict economy, sent them early to bed, by way of saving coals.

'What's that, Adam, dear?' cried Lizzy, starting up in the daybreak of Monday, as a loud, continuous knocking sounded from the outer door 'They hae kept me from findin' that siller again!' Adam bestowed a curse on the applicant, but he thrust on some of his garments and proceeded to the door. Scarce was it opened when a little old woman pushed in, almost bent over a staff, and wearing a thread-bare grey duffle or old-fashioned cloak, which covered her from head to foot.

'Isn't there rooms to let here?' said she, in a thin, impatient voice.

'A sort o' anes,' said Adam; 'but it's just ower early to see them, gudewife.'

'Weel, I'm in a hurry,' replied the determined tenant, who had now made her way into the kitchen and taken unasked possession of a seat; 'sae if ye're no up, I'll e'en wait an' light my pipe. Dinna pit yersels about for me;' and she produced with extraordinary celerity the instrument mentioned, together with the primitive apparatus of tinder, flint, and steel. There she sat smoking till the family were all astir, and there was sufficient light to examine that backward tenement. The old woman tottered from room to room, examining each with the most careful attention; but with the bedroom, though it was most out of repair, she seemed best satisfied, and looked round upon it as if entirely answering her expectations. Then came half-an-hour's chaffering about the rent, which was at length settled at threepence-halfpenny per week less than old M'Cribben was in the habit of asking, and the new tenant adjourned to send home her things, after informing him that her name was Janet Robertson, that she lived alone, and was a native of Inverkeithing. Her reasons for removing to Dunfermline were not precisely stated, nor were the M'Cribbens particular on that subject, being rather in want of a lodger; but Lizzy, who, though the gentlest, was by no means the dullest of the family, remarked that, on surveying the sleeping apartment, she muttered to herself, 'It's just the place, an' I'll hae it a' to mysel'!'

By inquiries at an Inverkeithing carrier of Adam's acquaintance, they also learned that old Janet was notable in her native town as an extremely fine spinner and a most inveterate miser—one of those solitary creatures in an humble station, who, from peculiar habits of gathering and parsimony throughout a long life, are supposed to be the owners of concealed and generally exaggerated wealth; besides, the carrier observed that her resolution regarding the change of residence appeared to have been taken suddenly on Sunday morning; that she had questioned him about M'Cribben's house, the situation and appearance of which she described accurately, though the name of the owner was then unknown to her, and appeared delighted when he mentioned that there were rooms in it to let. So were the M'Cribbens on hearing this tale, for it opened a distant prospect of money to their mental vision. The old woman had no acknowledged relations; death might find her in their mansion; and by that changeless law which says to every mortal, Thou shalt carry nothing hence, the savings of her years would remain within their grasp. They were believed to be deposited in an old but very strong chest, which, together with a spinning-wheel, a reel, and some flax, comprehended the sum total of Janet's visible property, and was removed the same day, not, as was said, without a tough remonstrance on the part of her Inverkeithing landlady, who could not understand, to use her own words, 'why the auld body wad gang to dee amang the wrights and weavers o' Dunfermline.' Janet was not particularly satisfactory on the point, and they parted with sundry observations more true than flattering on both sides, to the complete satisfaction of the M'Cribbens, who were for once in their lives all as obliging as Adam in forwarding her settlement among them. Some of the dame's arrangements, however, surprised them; but the rich and childless of every class are allowed to have their peculiarities. The rooms which she occupied were all dingy enough, but the bedroom, owing to a small and very ill-situated window, was supplied with nothing but a sort of twilight. It had once been wainscoted, but, thanks to a former proprietor's destructive taste—by the way, a frequent accompaniment of falling families—the woodwork was long ago removed, except from one corner beyond the bed, and quite darkened by a projecting fireplace, yet in this recess Janet insisted on her chest being placed. Probably she deemed it the safest for her treasure. There her farthing candle was seen to glimmer more than half the night, and there were sounds as if the old woman had been at work with something hard and heavy.

Our readers will believe that Janet was a well watched woman, but her door was fast locked after nightfall, and observers could only conclude that her attention was occupied by the chest. Lizzy had been appointed her attendant, and that patient soul remarked, that she made 'a gae deal o' dust aboot it.' On the following day, a neighbour, whose window looked into the close, expressed her sur-

prise at the quantity of rubbish she had accidentally seen Janet casting out with her own hands long after midnight.

These small wonders were gradually forgotten as her quiet days crept on; they were mostly spent in solitary spinning, for Janet was silent, reserved, and very discouraging to visiters; but the M'Cribbens were aware how much of her nights was passed in that darkened corner. With them things went on rather worse than in the old fashion; the small addition which old Janet's rent made to their income was more than counterbalanced by the decline of work, and Adam, whose late loss had rendered him reckless, now drank later on Saturday nights, and could not be persuaded to go to church at all. Lizzy had much more drudgery to do; but she had risen somewhat in the estimation of the household, as her dream concerning the undiscovered 'siller' was by general consent interpreted to signify the coming of their tenant—a reading in which, strange to say, she was the only unbeliever, though her vision never recurred after that event.

Thus the seasons wore on, and week after week, and month after month Janet remained with them, in spite of many great though ineffectual efforts made by other parties who had rooms to let, and could calculate on her decease. Mrs M'Cribben, senior, and her family, survived the winter's expense for coals, the summer's dearness of meal, and the all but total cessation of spinning-wheels in the harvest; but another winter came to them with glorious promise, for Janet Robertson, the infirmities of whose age had lately increased in consequence of the damp and closeness of the apartments in which she chose to live, was at length taken ill, and seemed in the fair way of dying.

It was wonderful how the old woman held out against the last enemy, and yet more so how she continued to resist the variety of recommendations and admonitions poured on her by all who had the slightest acquaintance, touching the matter of her will. 'I hae nae will tae mak',' she would half shriek, casting a frightened glance from the adviser to the dark recess; 'I'm poor—I'm poor! Wha said that I had siller?' To do them justice, the M'Cribbens seemed least anxious about her testament, and, had their neighbours not guessed the motive, they must have been astonished at their assiduous attention to the invalid. But her illness outlasted the M'Cribbens' patience and policy, except whatever remains of both, or it might be something better, induced poor Lizzy to sit up with her when particularly sick and wakeful in long winter nights, and read the Bible to her on Sundays.

It was after one of these long night's sittings, almost at the close of the year, when the close of Janet's days seemed also approaching, that Lizzy was reading to her, by a feeble rushlight, that portion of Scripture which affirms the love of money to be the root of all evil. It had been unconsciously selected, but an expression of strong and terrible conviction passed over the old woman's sharp withered face. With an appearance of sudden resolution she partly raised herself and said, 'Lizzy, what day o' the week's this?'

'It's Saturday morning,' said Lizzy, who had just counted the chimes of four.

'Weel,' continued Janet, 'this night twalmonth I dreamed——'

'What?' said Lizzy, dropping the Bible, as a flash of memory crossed her mind; but something seemed to rush back on Janet like a returning wave. Was it the evil principle of her life taking great authority because its hour was short?

'Ah, naethin', naethin',' she groaned, sinking down in the bed. 'It was a' my ain;' and that was the last speech of Janet Robertson.

She remained motionless and breathing heavily from that hour till daybreak, when Mrs M'Cribben made her appearance to request, with unwonted consideration, that Lizzy would resign to her the post of watcher for death, adding she was 'no jist sure that Janet was sae near the deein'.' In this latter remark the lady spoke wide of the truth, which happened to be that she believed the old woman's dissolution very near, and neither she nor the family deemed Lizzy a proper sharer in the afterpiece they intended. To poor Lizzy the offer was as welcome as want of sleep could make it, and Janet with all her other cares were soon forgotten on the hard low pallet. Mrs M'Cribben took her place, but for some hours her prediction appeared to be verified. Janet continued to breathe hard and open her eyes at times. All the family had come in succession to inquire for her death, but at three in the afternoon they gave the matter up in despair; and the mother, unused to watch in a sick room, and heartily tired of the office, leaned her head on the table, and dropped into a doze.

Night had fallen when the good woman woke. There was deep darkness in the chamber, and a silence which terrified her. She hurried out for a light. Lizzy still slept; the old man, too, had gone to rest; but her sons were yet in the workshop. A candle soon showed her that the wished-for opportunity had at last arrived—Janet's anxieties and savings were over, and the corpse had been long cold.

'Is she dead?' said the three sons, in a whisper, pressing in behind their mother, whose motions they had observed.

'Ay, Adam,' said Mrs M'Cribben, addressing the most forward, 'I'll keep a' quiet; mind, she keepit the key under the pillow.'

In wild fear and haste, the dame stepped out, closing the door noiselessly, and the men proceeded to work. Adam seized the key as he had been directed, Watty held the candle, and Willie was already bending over the chest. 'Move it, lads,' said Adam, as he turned the key, 'an' let the lid fa' back.' 'It's gae licht,' said the brothers, gazing in, as Adam plunged his hands down through old clothes, bundles of yarn, and shreds of every description. He was standing next the bed, and had come in contact with something hard and cold, when a rustling sound in that direction made him turn involuntarily, and that act caused his brothers to look in the same direction. The next instant the lid fell with a bang, and the three men rushed from the room. An explanation never was discovered, but Adam declared he had seen the old woman sitting up in bed grinning horribly and shaking her skinny fist at them, while Watty and Willie affirmed they had seen her lie down again. It might have been that the imagination of the brothers had combined; but when their mother at length found courage to rouse Lizzy, and collect as many of the neighbours as could be induced to assist, her horror was if possible increased by finding the bedclothes partly flung off, and one of Janet's hands fast clenched. The strangest part of the tale was that the chest contained no money whatever; but near the bottom lay a chisel and hammer, which Adam said had deceived him. Janet Robertson was interred at the expense of the parish, and the day after, as nobody else cared to enter it, Lizzy was sent to clean out the apartment. In the course of her operations, seeing a quantity of dust behind the old chest, she drew it still farther from the wall and began to sweep vigorously, when accidentally striking the wainscot with her broom, one of the panels fell out, showing a square aperture, to which Lizzy lowered her light. It was a hole in the wall about two feet deep, and within one of the floor. At the farther end of it, stood a rusty iron box, closely fitted to the space. The lid had been lately forced, and when Lizzy, with no small difficulty drew it out, she found it entirely filled with gold and silver coin of nearly every size and value. The upper layer, of about an inch in depth, belonged to her own times, but all below to the reign of the first Charles. The supposition of the parish minister, to whom the whole story was imparted in the confidence of his sacred office, was, that the latter had been hidden there by some ancestor of the M'Cribbens at the period of Cromwell's invasion, and the former was old Janet's private deposit, which she had laid up with the discovered hoard. What intelligence had pointed it out to her neither the divine nor the M'Cribbens could ever determine, but Lizzy affirmed that it must have been a dream similar to her own, so frequently interrupted. In right of finding, she retained the greater part

of the money, recent occurrences having made the family unusually manageable by the gently prudent daughter-in-law. Beyond the clergyman and some confidential neighbours, the tale was never allowed to be known till its circle was gradually widened in process of time, as the M'Cribbens became prosperous and even rich; but its different effects on the various members of the household were subjects of surprise and remark long after to the more serious part of the community. While Adam became at once sober, thoughtful, and strictly pious in his conduct, Watty and Willie grew irregular and something of the spendthrift. They emigrated to North America, as it was believed, when their share of the spoil had been nearly exhausted, leaving the old pair to reside with Adam and Lizzy, who was now a woman of much consideration, for Mrs M'Cribben could never forget that 'she had fand the siller.'

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

III.—ITS EXTENT.

THAT juvenile depravity prevails at the present day to a fearful extent must be painfully apparent to every observant and reflective mind. It is not confined to any one locality, or to any one condition in life; but has overspread the whole face of society, covering it everywhere with the most frightful moral excrescences. It stalks abroad in all its hideous proportions, not merely under the thick cover of night, but even in the broad light of day, and before the eyes of all men. Who that is accustomed to visit our market-places and our marts of commerce; who that is acquainted with the harbours of our seaport towns, or the 'fairs' and 'trysts' of our rural districts; who that has watched with inquisitive eye our colliery, and mining, and factory population; who that has trod the 'highways and byways' of our large towns, or walked the streets of our cities when the light of the sun was withdrawn, and the devisers of mischief and the prowlers for prey were abroad; who that has done this and is acquainted with these things can need to be told that youthful vice and crime alarmingly abound, and that their wretched victims may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands in every corner of the land? The newspapers of the day, our criminal courts, our jails, our numerous reformatory institutions, all bear testimony to the same melancholy fact.

It may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain *precisely* to what extent juvenile depravity exists in our country, and yet at the same time we may be able to present facts and figures, which will enable us to give something like a 'rough guess' at the real extent of the evil, and which at least will most abundantly prove that it does most fearfully and widely prevail.

First, we shall state a few general facts upon the subject; and *secondly*, make a few calculations in regard to it. First, then, we are to deal with general statistics. Dr Harris, in his 'Christian Citizen,' says, that in the metropolis of our nation there are '12,000 children training in crime.' Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons that '1500 children are every year added to '*les classes dangereuses*,' in the town of Manchester alone. The watch committee of the borough of Liverpool, in giving certain statistics regarding the number and character of the public-houses and saloons of infamous resort in their district, state, 'that in these places were estimated about 1200 thieves *under fifteen years of age*.' In the report furnished by the Sunderland Abstinence Society to the 'World's Temperance Convention' of 1846, there occurs the following statement:—'*Sixty* public-houses in the borough were visited by a deputation, in *nine* of which were found 450 individuals, chiefly young persons, both male and female, from *fifteen to twenty years of age*, exhibiting the most disgusting immorality and debauchery.' In tables furnished by Mr Smith, governor of the Edinburgh jail, and given in the police reports, it is shown that 5484 young persons *under twenty years of age*, and 245 *under ten years*, were imprisoned during the three years ending 1844. From the report of a public meeting held in Dundee October 1846, for the purpose of establishing juvenile schools of industry, it appears that the commitments to the jail of Dundee, from July 1845 to July 1846, amounted to no fewer than 1408, and that of this number 658 were males, and 202 of both sexes *under the age of seven years*. By the jail return for the West Riding of the county of York, in reference to a reformatory and educational establishment for juvenile offenders, it appears that, since the school began in February 1844, upwards of 300 boys have been entered in the school-books; of these, many have been twice committed for short periods, and some of them three times, during that period. In the return for the city of Bristol it is stated, that 'of eleven males sentenced to transportation at the Easter quarter sessions, seven were youths under twenty, and that out of five males at the last summer sessions three were very young.' In the report of the Poor-law Commissioners for 1838, on the state of Leeds, it is remarked, that children of seven, eight, and nine years of age, are not unfrequently brought before the magistrates, a very large proportion under fourteen years of age. Mr Richard Hodgson, a missionary in London, states in some statistical accounts which he has furnished, that in one large metropolitan parish, out of nearly 3000 children of a suitable age for instruction, only 518 were attending Sabbath schools, and the most of these neglected children are thrown unprotected upon the streets, and are speedily educated in vice and crime. In 1845 the metropolitan police took into custody no fewer than 14,887 persons under twenty years of age. Of these there were summarily disposed of by the magistrates 88 males and 15 females under thirteen years; 1187 males and 12 females at thirteen, and under fifteen; and 3519 males and 1191 females at fifteen and under twenty. There were committed for trial 12 males and 6 females under ten years of age, and 370 males and 44 females above ten and under fifteen; while the numbers committed from fifteen and under twenty were 1139 males and 257 females. The statistics of fifteen of the ragged schools show that there were attending the schools 2345 children. The average attendance was 1600. Of these 1600, 162 had confessed that they had been several times in prison, 11 had deserted their homes, 170 slept in lodging-houses of the lowest description, 253 lived by begging, 216 had neither shoes nor stockings, 280 had no head-covering, 21 had never slept in a bed, 68 were the children of convicts, and 306 had lost either one or both of their parents. What can be expected of such children, if abandoned of the wise and the good, but that they make crime at once their business and recreation, and draw their subsistence from the wages of iniquity? In London alone there are 80,000 female profligates, by far the greater portion of whom are under twenty years of age. Many of these are under ten years of age. Out of 1000 admitted into an asylum in Edinburgh, 662 were under twenty years; but of 8322 admitted into a similar institution in Glasgow, between the years 1816 and 1832, 3748 were under twenty years. A similar institution in Westmoreland has admitted 2172 under twenty years of age. Out of 92 cases in another establishment in Liverpool, 62 were under twenty years, and several of them were of very tender years.

It were an easy matter to multiply statistical facts like these. Referring as they do to London, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Sunderland, they may be taken as specimens of the extent to which the evil prevails in the more populous districts of the country. It is but too probable that they may constitute a true key to the state of morality among the juvenile population generally throughout our land. The statistics of the collieries and mining, and even of many of the rural districts, tell an equally appalling tale. Let these facts be deeply pondered. They contain volumes of gloomy meaning. They unveil to us spots like the very 'blackness of darkness' in the midst of abounding light; dreary moral deserts in the very centre of our religious Edens; rottenness and corruption rankling and festering at the very core of society, and silently but surely undermining its foundations; and the

cast a dark shadow across the future prospects of our beloved mission.

What proportion does juvenile criminality bear to the criminality of the nation? This is an important inquiry. That proportion is not uniform all over the country. It varies considerably in different localities. Let us take a few specimens. In Edinburgh jail the number of commitments in 1846 were 3357; of these 659 were under twenty-one years of age, *i.e.*, about one-fifth of the whole. The total number of commitments to Perth county prison were 610; of these 188 were under twenty years of age, *i.e.*, nearly one-fourth of the whole. The total number of commitments to Aberdeen prison were 421; of these 189 were under twenty-one years of age, *i.e.*, somewhat less than one-half of the whole. The total number of commitments to Glasgow prison were 2333; of these 450 were juveniles under seventeen years of age, being somewhat less than one-fifth of the whole. The total commitments in Scotland were 19,000; of these 6000 were under twenty-one years of age, being nearly one-third of the whole. These may be taken as not unfair specimens of the state of the country generally. Our estimate, we think, may be regarded as a truthful one, when we say that the average proportion of juvenile criminality to the criminality of the nation is as one to three. This conclusion is the result of our inquiries so far as we have been enabled to prosecute them. It is a melancholy conclusion, and ought surely to arouse the earnest attention of Christian philanthropists to the subject.

What proportion does juvenile criminality bear to the general population of the country?* This, too, is an important inquiry. Mr Neison's tables supply our answer. The following is the ratio which he gives at the ages specified: Under fifteen years, .494 per cent.; from fifteen to twenty years, .6840 per cent. These statistics refer to England and Wales, but they may be regarded as not inapplicable to the state of matters in Scotland also. An analysis of the criminal returns shows that some districts of country and some branches of trade are more prolific of juvenile crime than others; but the above may be regarded as the average proportion to the population of the country at large.

The question, Is juvenile criminality on the increase or decrease? is also one of great importance. The assertion is very frequently made that juvenile crime is rapidly augmenting. We hear it stated in public meetings, and we see it in the pages of numerous periodicals, that a larger number of boys and girls are annually taken to our police-offices and confined in our jails than formerly. Public opinion seems to support this assertion. Men of high authority have not hesitated to speak of such increase in firm and confident language. H. Miller, Esq., governor of the Glasgow prison, writes thus in 1846: 'The increase of juvenile delinquency has at length become so marked as to deserve the most grave consideration, and to cause most serious alarm. The centesimal proportion exhibits the startling fact that December and January last produced in the male department alone an increase of 7 per cent. and 12 per cent. respectively, as compared with the corresponding months of previous period, viz., December 1845 and January 1846. A much more startling contrast might be made by selecting some former period when the number of juvenile committals was considerably less; but for the purpose of furnishing correct data, corresponding and recent periods have been preferred. That 38 per cent. of the entire number of males committed during one short month should have been all boys seventeen years of age and under is sufficient to rouse the most lethargic to inquiry.' This is truly a melancholy statement, and not a few similar ones might be quoted from equally high and credible authorities. Yet at the same time we would entertain the hope that the increase may only be in certain localities, and not general throughout the country. Some valuable facts on this head may be collected from the statistical tables of crime in England and Wales, recently published by F. G. P. Neison, Esq., F.L.S., Actuary to the Medical, Invalid, and General Life Assurance Society. The criminal returns on which these tables have been constructed refer to two periods. The first period embraces the years 1834–9; the second embraces the years 1842–4. By a comparison of these returns, it appears that there has been a great increase of crime between these periods, amounting to about 19 per cent.; that this increase has been principally confined to criminals above twenty years of age, and, what is very remarkable, has been greatest amongst those farthest advanced in life; and that while there has been this increase amongst criminals above twenty years of age, there has been a considerable decrease, amounting to fully 14 per cent., amongst those whose ages ranged from fifteen to twenty years.

The ratio of the increase or decrease of crime at given ages varies in different localities. In the mining districts of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham, there is less crime committed than the general average of the country by 52 per cent., while between the years of fifteen and twenty the diminution is by 57 per cent., and under fifteen years by 29 per cent. In the extensive and densely-populated manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, where immense numbers of young people are engaged at the mills, there is less than the general average by 7 per cent., while under twenty years the diminution is nearly 11 per cent. In the manufacturing districts of Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, and Chester, where the young are employed at very tender ages on the lace and other manufactures, there is more committed than the general average by 8½ per cent., while, under fifteen years, the increase is nearly 10 per cent. In the districts of Worcester, Warwick, and Staffordshire, where hardware, pottery, and glass manufactures abound, there is a still greater excess of juvenile crime. Taking the agricultural districts and blending them together, we find that there is a diminution of crime among the juvenile population as compared with the average of the country.

Having mentioned these facts, then, it appears that during the periods of time to which they refer there was a diminution in the average of juvenile crime. But that there may have been an increase since these periods we are not prepared to deny. Indeed, the probability is strong that there has. There has been a large increase of those influences which tend to create and extend delinquency amongst the young. Low theatres, dancing and drinking saloons, and publications of a degrading and immoral tendency, have been fearfully multiplied of late years, and these must have produced baneful effects upon multitudes of the young. Yet at the same time it is not to be forgot, that influences of a preventive and counteractive kind have also been brought more extensively into operation of late years. An increased amount of attention has been paid to the moral condition of the rising generation. There was a time, and that not of very ancient date, when the young generally were much neglected. They were allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice, and to rush forward recklessly from one stage of depravity into another, until crime became the only object of their pursuit, at once their business and their pastime. 'No man cared for their souls.' They were vicious and depraved, and that was enough; the world looked on them as utter outcasts, and even good men deemed them incorrigible. They were left to drink their full of the cup of crime, and then pay for so doing by forfeiting their lives upon the scaffold, or dragging out a weary wretched existence—a living death in some penal colony in a far-off clime. The mistake was a pitiable and humiliating one, and, alas! it was fatal to the highest well-being of thousands. But happily the times are changed, and with them the opinions of men in this as well as in other matters. Philanthropists have had their attention directed to the state and prospects of the juvenile outcasts of society. The belief has taken possession of the minds of many, that the feelings of humanity are not entirely extinguished even in the bosoms of the most depraved—that

* This part of the subject was fully discussed in previous numbers of the INSTRUCTOR (Vol. vi., Nos. 138 and 140), and what follows on this point is a brief analysis of the statistics there given.

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there are chords deep in the soul even of the most abandoned which the hardest incrustations of vice cannot petrify, nor its most searing influence totally annihilate, and which, if only touched by the kindly sympathies of a generous heart, may awake and vibrate to new emotions and to the production of a new life—that, therefore, there is no one too reckless, too depraved, or too ignorant for the moral reformer or the propagator of divine truth—that, in one word, while there is life there is hope, even for the most degraded of all the degraded, the vilest of the vile. Delightful and glorious results have already followed the earnest adoption of this belief by enlightened and devoted philanthropists, and we augur from it more splendid results still. It has already given birth to numerous appropriate agencies for the enlightenment, reclamation, and moral elevation of the ignorant and erring amongst the young. If, then, there has been an increase of juvenile delinquency, this spirit and these agencies of which we speak may have been instrumental in counteracting it. That they have been successful to a large extent will not be questioned by any who are acquainted with the history of such movements. May these agencies speedily be multiplied a thousandfold! may the divine blessing give energy and efficacy to them all! may 'forward' be inscribed on all their banners, until at length they wave in triumph over a morally regenerated people!

We have thus, then, placed before our readers a variety of statistics and calculations in regard to the extent of depravity amongst the young. Perhaps some may be inclined to regard them merely as repulsive and unmeaning figures, and may think them fit only for the eye of the calculator, or the curious speculatist, but utterly valueless to the practical man. We humbly deem this a great mistake. To the thoughtful mind these cold-looking figures speak a highly intelligible language. They constitute an index to the moral condition of the nation, so far as that condition can be known from the nature and extent of that criminality of which the law takes cognisance. Tell they not of degradation, misery, and wo—of neglected moral culture, maddened passion, wounded spirits, bleeding hearts, and withered prospects? Write they not a bitter cruel tale of hunger, cold, nakedness, maltreatment, desertion, and suffering? Utter they not heavy charges against parents, guardians, and the public at large? What more powerful stimulus, then, can be supplied than a knowledge of these facts in order to arouse to benevolent exertion the enlightened and the humane? Unless we have something like a proper idea of the full extent of juvenile depravity and crime, is it not to be feared that any effort that we make for its suppression will at best be but fitful and feeble? Unless we know the extent as well as the nature of the disease, how shall we be able to judge of the adequacy of a remedy to work its cure? Or what more powerful motive can be appealed to in awakening and arousing men to exertion than the frightful hold which this moral malady has taken on the youthful communities of our land?

But these figures do not indicate the full extent to which juvenile depravity prevails. The greater part of them respect more particularly juvenile *criminality*. We must, however, distinguish between criminality and depravity. Generally speaking, criminality implies depravity. Criminality precedes not, but follows in the train of depravity. It is a manifestation of depravity—it is one of the painful consequences which result from its active existence. But *depravity* does not always imply *criminality* in the legal sense of that term. Viewed in a *moral* aspect, depravity *always* implies criminality; indeed, depravity itself *is* criminality. But criminality viewed legally involves such an outward manifestation of depravity as does violence to human law, and consequently incurs the penalty attached thereto. The calculations, then, which we have been making refer more particularly to the extent of juvenile depravity as exhibited in the violation of human law. But this is but one shade in the dark picture—but one department in the moral charnel-house. Beneath and beyond it there are huge and frightful masses of corruption and wickedness. While this exists in violation of every law of God, yet, because it comes not into immediate contact with the laws of men, no cognisance is taken of it, no record brings it to light, and to the majority of men its existence is unknown. Yet, notwithstanding this, it exists. Nor is it altogether hid from the observant eye. Much of it may indeed be hidden from human scrutiny. Perpetrated under the thick cover of night, or in the dark and secret recesses of the abodes of iniquity, an impenetrable veil may conceal it from mortal gaze. And yet there is much but too apparent. It sometimes obtrudes its hideous features where least expected, and even on the notice of those who are slow to observe such things. While it is by far most 'rife and rampant' in our densely-populated districts, it is not altogether confined to these. It is far from being unknown in our quiet country villages and rural abodes. Poets have been wont to sing, and philosophers to dilate, on the innocence, simplicity, and beauty of rural life and customs; but either the golden age in this respect has gone past, and a fearful deteriorating change has swept over all, or poets have been misled by fancy and philosophers by fallacious data, for assuredly such descriptions greatly misrepresent the present state of things. Even amid retreats of Arcadian beauty the footsteps of juvenile depravity are but too visible. They have left their polluted imprint on the fairest scenes of rural life. Like the wide-destroying pestilence, this moral nuisance has swept across the whole land, leaving no nook or corner free from its scathing power.

That the evil prevails to an appalling extent in the thickly-peopled localities, the large towns and the cities of our land, is but too apparent to every observer. No figures are needed to prove this. It confines not itself to 'the dens of iniquity,' but rears its head aloft, alike in outskirt, street, and dismal lane. By night it stalks abroad like a giant-fiend, scattering contagion at every step. Nor does it always hide its head for shame in open day. With a hardihood and effrontery than which there can be nothing baser or more loathsome, it braves all exposure, outrages all decency, and glories in its very shame. And let it be borne in mind that it is but a small portion of this that is ever taken cognisance of by law, and brought under the eye of the public in the character of criminality.

How extensively prevalent, then, the juvenile depravity of the present day! What a wide field for the labours of the philanthropist! And how loud the call for earnest and laborious effort on the part of all who have at heart the well-being of humanity!

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.*

The observations of naturalists have for several years past been more especially directed to the insect world; and the results of their researches into the nature and habits of those tiny creatures have been wondrously pleasing. The study of entomology has been lately fruitful of interesting discoveries, and has tended to illustrate more and more that beautiful chain of ordinate and intelligent design which exists throughout the created universe. Indeed, one could scarcely look upon the motions of insects without being struck with an appearance of sense or purpose in their actions, and an inquiring mind could hardly fail to be led to trace the sources of their movements to something like a higher species of instinct. Perhaps analogies to human action and social habits are not to be so perfectly found in all the branches of zoology as in the insect tribes; and the author of the Episodes seems to have been fully imbued with this idea when he assumed the historical style in his description of the warlike habits of formicans or ants. 'Slave-making, as still sanctioned by the example of civilised and Christian nations, has been always practised by certain tribes of this pigmy people. In some respects, however, our Lilliputian slave-owners are wofully behindhand, as compared with those of larger stature, especially with the dwellers in a certain transatlantic land of

* London: Reeve & Co.

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freedom. They know not the meaning of Lynch law, the sound of a whip is never heard within their territories. The slaves live as well as their possessors; and, on some occasions, the common rule of such relationship being reversed, would seem to take the chief authority into their own hands. With all this indulgence, strange as it may appear, these little slaves are famous hands at labour. No Jack-of-all-trades, nor maid-of-all-work (for be it here observed that they are all females) can beat them for universal usefulness. The greater number of their owners are of the same sex with themselves, and, what may seem on this account the more remarkable is, that they are all without exception soldiers—Amazonian soldiers. As was once said by a certain corps of our own gentleman militaires, or said for them, these lady warriors are a class, who (fighting of course excepted) never do anything. It follows, consequently, that their slaves have everything to do. In a populous city they are at once the builders, the scavengers, the porters, and the nurses of the infant population. Nay, they are even the feeders of the grown-up free community, which consists solely of the above-named lady soldiery, a few idle gentlemen, and some two or three queens or princesses of the blood. The slave population being thus absolutely necessary to the comfort, nay, very existence of their owners, it of course follows, that the keeping up of its numbers is a most important matter. This object is effected by predatory excursions, taken frequently into the territories of those harmless unoffending tribes which furnish the desired supply, and from which the female warriors usually return triumphant, each laden with the useful, if not glorious trophy of an infant captive.'

This preliminary description is followed by an account of a predatory excursion resolved on by a party of Amazonian Rufians, or chiefs of one of the slave making states of Formica, who proceed against Fusca, a city covered with a single dome, and the chief town of the busy, industrial, dusky Fuscans. When the industrious ants hear of the approach of the enemy, they leave their several employments, and proceed against the foe, leaving only some effeminate males within the ant-hill. 'The defenders are assembled in front of their city, fighting for their queen, their lives, and the liberty of their infant population. The assailants, their main body having now come up, are fighting for glory and for plunder, and above all, for the rape of Fuscan babies, to become the future slaves of their own rising generation. Oh! for a Homer's pen to describe the universal ardour and the individual prowess of our pigmy Amazons. By far more numerous are the dusky Fuscans, though in discipline and personal strength they are much inferior to the warlike Rufians. Of the latter we have spoken hitherto as Lilliputians, but now we have to treat of them as opposed to a tribe of very inferior stature. The battle-field, an area of some four feet square, is strewed with dead and dying. Sulphureous fumes exhale around. Single combatants by thousands, each so eager in their respective contests as to seem unconscious of all besides, have spent their ammunition; but with rancour undiminished, behold them now, limb to limb, head to head, seized by each other and held in savage grip—now wrestling upright, now rolling in the dust. Long does the dubious strife continue, till a third, Rufian or Fuscan, comes to turn the balance and throw death into the ascending scale. In another quarter, see perhaps a dozen combatants of either party, all firmly linked together in a living chain, dashing, writhing like a wounded snake in serpentine convulsions, till snap goes a link beneath a mortal blow; but in an instant the dissevered portions reunite, and struggle on with double fury. Look now at that powerful long-limbed Rufian and the active little Fuscan, her opponent: the latter springs like a cat o'-mountain on the chest of her bulkier foe; but dearly does she pay for her temerity. Caught in the grasp of the Amazonian Ajax, she is crushed, and falls strangled to the earth. She falls—but let not her conqueror exult—a sister heroine, no bigger than herself, and, like herself, carrying in a little body a mighty mind, beholds and vows to avenge her fate. She too springs upon the Rufian, but with more effective grasp, her powerful jaws enclosing, as in a vice, one limb of her athletic antagonist. The Rufian severs in twain the body of her assailant; its lower half falls and is trampled in the dust; but (horrible to see!) the upper portion still retains its hold, supported by the jaws which death has double-locked. The fixed eyes continue to look up angrily into the living face, the rigid arms to encircle the warm body of the wounded Rufian. Vainly she strives to shake off the hideous burthen: like the old Man of the Mountain, it will not be dislodged; and though the Amazon of Rufia left that battle-field, yet evermore the lady wore, carried, perforce, about her, the slaughtered Fuscan's head and shoulders, frightful trophy of her dear-bought victory! But how goes the day? How flows the tide of battle? Will Rufia or will Fusca, will might or right, prevail? Shall the infant Fuscan females grow up to be *maids* of all work at home, or *slaves* of all work in a foreign land? They run! they run! Who run? inquires the eager but dying gaze of a wounded Amazon, half raising her recumbent form and trying to scan the face of the field through the mist of her glazing eye. She saw them not; but too plainly to be seen were the vanquished Fuscans in full retreat towards the city which their efforts had proved ineffectual to defend. The remnant of their army, still numerous, though more than half destroyed, having reached the dome-like roof which covered in their subterranean capital, were seen to overspread its surface, then suddenly to disappear, defiling downwards through the descending streets. But the enemy was close at hand, and the dome just occupied by the scattered citizens, swarmed presently with the invading legions. The latter were soon in possession of the principal entrances; but even while these were being won, their sappers and miners opened breaches in the earthen masonry of the dome, so that the entire force of the invaders was speedily pouring from all quarters into the unhappy city. Thus were the free nurseries of Fusca stripped almost to extinction, that the slave-nurseries of Rufia might be replenished to overflowing.'

Despite of the human aspect given to these proceedings, they are strictly entomological and correct, and pourtray the life that moves and suffers far down in the scale of being, and seem to share even the purpose of our rational nature.

One very pleasant chapter upon silk-worm moths leads to a discussion upon the medicinal and edible properties of insects, and demonstrates that these have been and are in more extensive use than is generally supposed. 'See, in the West Indies, the French planter gourmand (and sometimes the English, as his copyist), seated at his luxurious table, oiling the hinges of his luxurious appetite with those lumps of insect fatness known as the grubs of the palm weevil; and then turn to the poor, degraded Hottentot, squatted on the arid ground, swallowing, by handfuls, white ants roasted, washed down by locust soup, or, just as often, too hungry or too indolent to dress them, devouring the uncooked insects. But, after all, none can pronounce these *Acridophagi*, or Locust-eaters, as monsters of singularity in their mode of diet. Was not 'the locust after its kind' expressly allowed for food by the Mosaic law? and, from the time of its institution even to the present, does not the law of nature, ever kind and provident, permit this insect scourge of humanity to be converted into a medium of supporting human life, since, in all countries a prey to their ravages, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Ethiopia, Egypt, and Barbary, locusts are still an article of provision, in more or less extensive use? And from what but prejudice arises our disgust at insect-feeding? Our King Jamie, of pedantic memory, was said to have pronounced him 'a vera valiant man' who first adventured on eating oysters; and truly we opine that he must have been quite as much a hero in his way as the dweller in Surinam or the Mauritius who first engulphed a fat palm weevil grub. Why should the Frenchman, wiping his mouth after snail-soup, laugh at the Chinaman smacking his lips after a dish of silk-worm chrysalides?

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Shrimp-eaters as we are, why should we stare at the locust-feeding Ethiop or Arab, and why should he who has supped off roasted crabs despise a New Caledonian for seasoning his breakfast with a relish of roasted spiders? Instead of thanking our stars for our own discriminating taste, let us, then, rather thank Providence for that omnivorous appetite common to our race. Herein let us recognise a distinguished provision by which our brother man, when located in barren lands or overtaken by accidental scarcity, is enabled to draw supplies from almost every department of nature. We only marvel that gastronomy (than whom even necessity herself can scarcely boast a more numerous progeny of inventions and resources) should not, in the demand of her votaries for new modes, have been led to seek more frequently for new *materiel* out of the insect kingdom. This, however, may be reserved for some future time. Cockchafers and chafer grubs may yet become articles for the London spring-market, and Patés de Sauterelles may yet have a place in second courses.'

The 'Episodes of Insect Life' is a work which admirably combines the beautiful, the agreeable, and the instructive. It is just such a work as the young, inquiring mind would luxuriate over, being a serio-comic delineation of the habitudes of familiar and common insects, written in a rich, racy, and flowing style, and illustrated with spirited and lively engravings.

Original Poetry.

RETURN OF THE SUN TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Dark as the night of death
  Winter's dread reign—
Hill, plain, and river held
  Bound in his chain.
Down in his frozen hut
  The Laplander lay,
Dark, cheerless days and nights,
  Dreaming away:

'Hie to the mountain-tops,
  See yon faint streak
Through the thick darkness
  First slowly break,
Widening and redd'ning
  More and more bright!
Joy to the frozen plains!
  Herald the light!

Red as a bloody shield,
  Rising, he gleams;
Soon o'er the snowy hills
  Glorious he streams;
Now from the melting wreaths
  Gorgeous hues flash;
Icebergs are falling—
  Fearful the crash.

Hail to thee, god of day—
  Gladness thou bring'st;
Beauty and happiness
  Round thee thou fling'st!
Hail to thee, waking
  The earth from her sleep!
Hail to thee, breaking
  The bands of the deep!
Hail to thee, chasing
  The gloom of the night!
Hail to thee, scattering
  Life, hope, and light!'

I. Crain.

'NAPS.'

Sometimes, nay oft-times, our fancy becomes frolicsome, and will take us back to boyhood again, *nolens volens*. The appetite for marbles, and a love of those coins which we were wont to tear from our garments, and whose eyes we smashed to fit them for the process of pitch-and-toss, come often back upon us with all the vigour of a twelve-year-old; and our solemn black hat, our grave studential spectacles, our magnificent Tartarian whiskers, and all the incumbrances and appendages of a family-man, vanish in the light of our imagination, which reduces us to companionship with the 'young chip,' whom we sometimes catch trying on our Wellingtons, and promenading with our waistcoat. Ours were the right rollicking days of boyhood; everybody had not grown old then. Little men of nine years of age did not all at once become mechanicians in those days; and an apprentice of a week old did not take to the universal tobacco-pipe, and the wearing of the *toga-virilis*, together with a hat. Humanity was a graduative thing in our verdant childhood; and we had not then acquired the practice of winking our eyes at our grandsires, and telling the 'old chaps' that they 'were jolly green.' We were 'little tiny elves that sported like linnets in a bush;' we were born infants, and then we became children; and then we got along to juvenility; from that we stepped to adolescence, and then we rushed onward to manhood. But people are born men now. The rising generation rises from the maternal lap, and walks 'like winkin' through the world, laughing at 'guvners,' and all that sort of people. It is a wise, knowing, sententious, profound generation, the present. There are no boys but old-boys to be seen amongst its tremendous members. Well, then, reader, when we were in our sportive prime, there were 'naps' in the world. We do not speak anatomically nor gastronomically. We do not refer to portions of the femoral bone and muscle of a heifer, nor that part of a calf sometimes graphically described as a 'knuckle.' We speak of living irrational creatures of a particular temperament and nature, which seem to have become extinct since boys went out of fashion. Naps were very irascible people—prompt to effervesce, and to be excited by the most puny agencies and unimaginable means. There was a spontaneous, instantaneous, fulminative combustibility about them that had no parallel then—no companion material that we are aware of; but now they seem to have transferred their nature to lucifer-matches and bottled-brisk soda-water.

If we thought that our prelections upon this extinct genius of 'queer-fishes' were to fall into the hands of mischievous urchins, who would construe them into an attempt to revive the obsolete race spoken of, we should at once refrain from presenting them to anybody; but reading boys are seldom idle boys, and idle boys will not therefore be admitted to share in our lighter retrospections. We condemn, with the strongest measure of reprehension, everything that could tend to weaken youth's respect for age, or could give age one single cause of pain. 'Naps' are gone, and we hope that there is no one who would seek to recall them to this sweating, bustling stage of life again. They are to us faint shadows on the brink of Lethe, which we smile at through our tears.

In speaking of 'naps,' therefore, we must be particularly understood. We do not mean old and tottering men, trembling beneath the burden of years, and suffering themselves to be roused by the levities of youth. Age from our earliest days has been a holy thing to us. We could have wept at its totterings; we could never laugh at its weaknesses. Age of itself never provokes the insults of the young, or, if it does, the depravity of the juvenile heart must surpass all we ever knew of youth. Age was no characteristic of a nap, and neither was a single weakness or infirmity that could produce pity. The qualities of the 'nap's' nature were not apparent, they were only discoverable by an alchemy which was very active in our juvenility, but which seems to have gone out now with all alchemy. The wink of an eye, the elevation of a finger, the utterance of a cabalistic syllable, were sufficient to exorcise the equanimity from any confirmed 'nap,' and send him off like the simoom in the vain but terrific pursuit of his young tormentors.

We know of no physiological principles upon which to explain the natures of those *lusi naturæ*. They sprung into existence in a moment, and were familiar to hundreds of young students of nature, with the utmost rapidity. 'A nap—a nap,' was a rallying cry more potent than the

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loudest school-bell; and the pursuit and study of the object who excited it was so illusively powerful, that frowning teachers, angry fathers, and the rod of correction, vanished from the excited eyes of the young nap-hunter, as he pursued the delightful game. How manifold and multifarious are the purposes of humanity, when decomposed and analysed into individual elements. There are tens of thousands of persons who trip or stride along the course of life without any positive or negative quality in their dispositions; they come to do the world little or no good, and they do it as little harm. They have no heart to interrupt or disturb the regular routine of events, and their minds do not incline them to disturb even themselves. They create no tears, and they excite no smiles. These are the old corks of the world, that float in the smooth parts of the stream, and do not affect the heavier or more independent things that resist, or take the centre of the current. 'Naps' were not your human quiescents, however, they were the very volcanoes of the social world, blazing, roaring, rushing, overwhelming masses of excitement, that vomited forth the lava of their wrath and the scoriæ of their fury, as they tore along at fiery speed after the atoms which had ignited their combustible bumps. Persons who, like us, have seen the members of this extinct genius in their efflorescence, and who, also like us, in their more philosophical moods, have reflected upon the causes and effects of juvenile and 'nap' collision, must have been struck with the apparent unreasonableness of the declamations and furious activities of the race. We have seen a husband and parent converted into an animal of the bloodhound species, by the simple enunciation of the words, 'Three feet in a stocking.' What mystery lay in them we cannot tell; what talismanic influence resided in that sentence we would leave to Daviot Bonatus or Argol, those lights of astrology, to decide; but such was their effect, that, with the speed of wildfire, the hat which covered the 'nap's' parental head was converted into a magazine for projectile munitions. His teeth became compressed, his eyes as bright as the dog-star, and his feet as light and active as a winter storm. On he went through many devious ways called 'jinkin' entries,' hurling defiance and stones at the objects of his wrath; perspiring in the fullness of his ardour and the vehemence of his toil. Sometimes resting a moment between sensations of exhaustion and ideas of personal dignity, until the cabalistic words re-echoed once more from a dozen throats, to reanimate once more the 'life and metal of his heels.'

Spunge is to our minds a very simple expression *per se*, yet we have seen the most direful effects produced upon a human constitution, by the simple expression thereof. We recollect of a person of very powerful frame, and of very sedate semblance, who wore a metallic badge upon his breast, and over whose shoulders were suspended a few fathoms of rope. His countenance was of a bright transparent purple, which, being a royal colour, gave a right royal character to his visage. The majestic effect of his face was considerably enhanced by a grove of dense red whiskers; and his head was further dignified by the coronal attribute of a Kilmarnock blue-bonnet. He wore an apron—a custom which is canonised by bishops; but his was white, while the sacerdotal pinafore is of deepest black. He paced the plain-stones, which circumpedate the university of that city, anciently called '*Castrum Puellarum*,' and he was a pluralist who was content to serve a thousand masters, and bear all their burdens for very small gratuities. Gravity was written on his circular limbs, and broad shoulders, and Brobdignagian feet. He was a man of weight, for he waited daily on the highways, that he might transport the weights of weary wights wheresoever they would. To have looked at him, you would have supposed him to be as difficult to be moved as an elephant or kraken, and as firm as a lamp-post in mental equipoise. But, oh, mistaken judges who lean upon the apparent, there were unseen sensibilities in that porter's brain, which were as delicate and tender as the chords of an Æolian harp. *Spunge*, breathed from the earnest lips of juvenile philologist, struck the fire-bearing flint of his sensitive bosom, and, in a moment, 'all his frame was moved.' Have you read Byron's 'Mazeppa,' reader? Oh, yes, for it was the rage in our younger days. 'Away, away,' is one of the most expressive apostrophes in the poem. Allan Cunningham adopts it in his song of 'A wet sheet,' &c. Do you recollect Scott's bounding cantos of 'Merrily, merrily goes the bark, as o'er the seas she bounds?' Possibly you don't; for the 'Lord of the Isles,' although perhaps the second best of Scott's lays, is least read. Do you remember anything that suggests something very swift?—something like Wilson's stag, 'that beautiful creature so stately and bright?' Then, imagine you see our Ocnus, animated by the word *spunge*, and floundering with gleaming eyes and labouring breath, in pursuit of his juvenile contemporaries.

It was a *sine qua non* in the nature of the wonderful beings who form the subject of our wandering prelection, that they should *take*. Sometimes the legerdemain of the youthful excitist made a mistake. Sometimes his expressive 'Here he is again, here he is again,' fell upon impassable ears; and his extended fingers failed to hit the mark. If the bait was not taken; if the chase failed to nibble at the fly, the game was up. Spontaneous combustibility, fulminative instantaniety, was the life and being of a 'nap,' these his ways. It might be imagined that 'naps' became fierce and violent from a horror or detestation of the soubriquets applied to them; but, from a careful review of the phenomena we were privileged to behold in connection with them, such does not seem to have been the case. One prominent member of the corps, who would have traversed miles of street and alley, making the most violent demonstrations of wrath, and subjecting himself to the most melting toil, at the simple expression of the sounds, 'Shoot him, too whoe,' used frequently to asseverate that, however ill-used people might consider him to be by his ostensible tormentors, he was worse without them.

It has been hinted to us by a gentleman of the most profound speculative genius, that the violent attrition of the late rising generation, with the rear-guard of the preceding, produced those wonderful demonstrations which we have vulgarly called 'naps.' 'Humanity, in its ages or generations,' he says, 'is like soldiers on a campaign. Army after army bursts from the social fabric, and rushes forward, impelled by an idea, until it sinks down by its own violent exertions, or is trampled down by its successor.' Those persons whom we have half stigmatised with a very derisive epithet, he believes to have been the last loitering remnants of a proud age, upon which the present generation was trenching with colossal strides. All decaying eras are violently jealous of their honour, and tenacious of their privileges, so that the 'naps,' like certain other obstructionists, were only obeying a law of moral inertia, when they violently reclaimed juvenile presumption. We believed it to be 'all for fun,' when we lent our revolutionary cry of 'A nap—a nap;' but we have lived long enough to acquire some experience, and we have seen enough upon which to exercise that experience, and our conviction is, that many things that have serious names and very serious powers, are but, after all, in essence little else than 'naps.'

MRS JUDSON.

In the merchants' windows, at the corners of streets, and amongst the other multifarious announcements of our busy days, people may from time to time perceive little hand-bill intimations anent meetings, at which some devoted one is to be set apart to labour amongst the far off heathens. These notices produce little or no effect upon the world generally; but to the Christian churches they are usually of the most lively interest. They illustrate the chivalry of the church, if we may so speak; they exhibit the Christian heroism of our age, and present a lovely moral and religious contrast to the destructive heroism of the world. It is easy to become a warrior; the poor neglected immortals, whose ferocity has alone been trained, have gained the reputation of dauntless heroism. The applause of the world is of itself sufficient to incite any

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man to rush into the deadly rift of battle, but the courage requisite for a missionary appears to us to be of the most sublime and noble kind. No world's applause could sustain a man or woman, full of heart-affection for friends and home, amidst the dreary desolate wastes of heathen lands during a life time. Nothing but the religious sense of duty, and the applause of a pure conscience, could so elevate and sustain the soul amongst weary labours and pestilential airs. When we look at courage through the true medium, how immeasurably superior to the ferocious passions of a Cæsar or a Napoleon do the faithful souls of a Williams, Roberts, and Waddel, appear. The book of history is full of the fame of the former, and their monuments are on almost every chimney-piece; the latter are only known to the Christian world of Great Britain and America, the angels, and the heathen; but their place of remembrance shall be heaven.

The missionary field, however, is not exclusively reserved for the strong and faithful and froward man. As Christianity is woman's bond of equality with man, so is the vineyard of Christ equally her place of labour, and she also goes forth in the faith that maketh strong, to do the will of Him who sends her.

Perhaps it might appear invidious to sketch the life of any one of those amiable heroines of the cross, when the lives of all are so full of true courage and faith; but as, on the other hand, the life of one, save in its incidents, may be looked upon as a parallel to that of all others, it is both necessary and profitable to particularise. One beautiful attribute of genuine Christianity is its power of moulding the universal human mind into one grand religious thought. Nationalities, political institutions, and local prejudices, melt in the fusive beauty and glory of its beams. All tribes and tongues are taught by it to worship the almighty unity of beauty, and goodness, and truth, and all hearts are inspired by its spirit to be courageous in the cause of God. America, where the state makes no provision for the pecuniary support of any religious body, has, perhaps, stood forward first and most liberally in the work of missions. It is to America that we are indebted for the temperance and peace movements, and to her, it is also said, does the first idea of a Protestant mission to the heathens belong. It is certain that she has nobly sustained her part in this field of Christian labour, and that many of her noblest sons and daughters have devoted themselves to this arduous and trying life, and amongst them is the subject of our sketch.

Sarah Boardman Judson was born in 1803, at Alstead, in the state of New Hampshire, and subsequently removed with her parents, Ralph and Abiah Hall, to Danvers, and then to Salem, in the state of Massachussetts. Sarah was the eldest of five children; and, as her parents were of the industrious class, she was constrained, like the majority of poor men's eldest daughters, to devote herself more to the care of her younger brothers and sisters than to the regular cultivation of her own mind. There are some minds that would never grow strong unless they had something to struggle against. The latent courage of the noblest souls is only aroused and developed by those opposing forces that seem anything but blessings. Mysterious are the ways of Providence, however, and finite and partial the judgments of men. We know not how the circumstances of life may operate towards the soul—God knows. Deprived of the power of attending school, Sarah Hall was thrown upon herself. She had no teacher save experience, no guide in her lessons save her books, and to these she applied herself with heroic diligence. Care produced thus early in Sarah Hall that thoughtfulness and patience which, when matured, so beautifully adorn the Christian character, and her self-education was just the path to riper self-reliance. She early began to observe and think, and to write down her thoughts in a little day-book; and then in the form of poetry, when her ideas became more expanded and matured. At seventeen years of age, Sarah Hall had devoted herself to the business of instructing others, in order that she might obtain the means of educating herself. During the day she taught, and at night she devoted her mind to the acquisition of logic, geometry, and Latin, &c.—a course of severe procedure that none but those who have pursued it can properly estimate. The baptism of Sarah Hall seems to have awakened in her the whole force of her inward life; and her meditations and aspirations seem, shortly after this event, to have been towards the path of a missionary. 'I am privileged to worship the true God,' she would say, 'but, alas! for the poor perishing heathen who has never known him.' There is something so admirable in the spirit of these musings and expressions that, apart from their religious character, they are sufficient to claim the respect of every generous heart. A sense of blessings and privileges, and a strong desire to impart them to others, despite of toil, and uncertainty, and distance, and disease, are the glorious principles which animate those who bear the cross to distant lands. How unlike the vainglorious spirit of those who go forth to slay! As time wore onward Sarah Hall's name began to be heard in the literary world, and many looked upon her as a rising poetess, when she married the Rev. George Dana Boardman on the 4th of July, 1825, and the same month proceeded with him to join the American missionaries recently settled at Burmah, in the East Indies. It was here that the most interesting and eventful part of Sarah's life began. It was here that all her self-reliance and courage were called into requisition. Mr Boardman and his wife settled at a station called Amherst, in order to become acquainted with the key to the heart of the heathen, which is his language. Dr Judson and his family resided here and assisted in the studies of the new comers, as well as in encouraging them in their labours.

Burmah was at this time in a most unfavourable condition for receiving from white men the religion of peace, for war and force were the first instruments which the whites had exercised towards the Burmese in visiting their country, and they had little confidence in any peaceful attempt that was made for their good. After studying for some time at Amherst, Mr and Mrs Boardman removed to Maulmain, to a lonely and dangerous mission house. The spot where it stood was a mile beyond the cantonments, close beside the thick jungle, where, during the night, the wild beasts made dismal howlings. Behind the station rose a fine range of hills, whose solitary aspect was relieved by the gilded masonry of handsome pagodas, and before rolled the broad deep river, where rode an English sloop of war, and where danced the boats of the natives. Just across the river was the Burman province of Martaban, whose terrible freebooters issued from their fastnesses during the night, armed with knives, spears, and sometimes muskets, driving away or slaying the peaceful inhabitants, while they seized upon the produce of their toil. The English general suggested to Mr Boardman the necessity of having an armed guard, but this would have totally deprived the missionary of gaining the confidence of the people, and it was declined. It was to study the language, habits, and character of the natives that he had gone thither, and not as a conqueror. About a month after her settlement at Maulmain, Mrs Boardman wrote to a friend, 'We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be upon earth. It is our earnest desire to live, and labour, and die, among this people.' The life of a missionary is not one of ease and safety, as the following thrilling incident in the life of young Sarah Boardman will show. About the middle of June, as the meridian sun came down from its altitude, men in loose garments of gaily plaided cloth, and with their long black hair wound about their heads, and confined by folds of muslin, looked curiously in at the door of the strange foreigner; and then, encouraged by some kind word or glance, or the spreading of a mat, seated themselves in their own fashion, talked a little while with their host, though often, from misapprehension of each other's meaning, at cross-purposes, and went away, leaving him to his books and teacher. Women and children gathered more timidly, but with curiosity even less disguised, about the *Kalahma-pyoo* (white foreigners),

wondering at her strange costume, the fairness of her skin, and the superiority displayed in her bearing; and some of the bolder of them venturing to touch her hand, or to pass their tawny taper fingers from the covered instep to the toe of the neatly formed slipper, so unlike their own clumsy sandals. But who, among all these, came to inquire of Jesus Christ, or learn the way to heaven? Most emphatically could they say, 'We have not so much as heard if there be a God.' On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids; and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation. The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the grey shadows? The lamp was soon re-lighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewed carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoiling of their goods, Mrs Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain, beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife, or pointed spear, glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt —ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of the little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if their rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bed-side, regarding with callous hearts the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one eye open—the eye that never slumbers—a protecting wing was over them, and a soft, invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids. Nearly every article of value that could be taken away had disappeared from the house; and, though strict search was made throughout the neighbourhood, no trace of them was ever discovered.'

It was at Tavoy, however, that the real labours of the Beardmans began, and here they had to struggle with the utmost difficulties. Both had suffered in their health, and both were called upon to exert themselves to the utmost in the acquirement of the dialect of the people, and in the pursuit of plans for their instruction. The missionaries had not only to contend with the climate, failing strength, and the other accidents of their position, but they had also to share the dangers and trials incidental to those states which forcibly base themselves upon the subjugation of their neighbours.

In August 1827, at the dead of night, the natives of Tavoy revolted against the British, and drove the commandant of the whites and a hundred sepoys into a blockhouse on the quay. Here the Europeans maintained themselves until the arrival of Colonel Burney, when the revolt was suppressed; but the fatigue, agitation, and exposure, accelerated the decline of Mr Boardman's already failing health, and hurried him on to that grave which he found on Burmah's distant shore. And now Mrs Boardman was left alone with her only child, George. And now came the inquiry from Sarah's widowed heart, 'What shall I do?' She wrote to America, to Maulmain, to Rangoon, and Amherst, for advice, and prayed to be directed in the way that she should go. Her spirit inclined her, however, to remain in her appointed sphere, and she did remain. 'When I first stood by the grave of my husband, I thought I must go home with George. But these poor, inquiring, and Christian Karens, and the school-boys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh, how can I go? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us. I feel thankful that I was allowed to come to this heathen land. Oh, it is a precious privilege to tell idolators of the Gospel; and when we see them disposed to love the Saviour, we forget all our privations and dangers. My beloved husband wore out his life in this glorious cause; and that remembrance makes me more than ever attached to the work, and the people for whose salvation he laboured till death.'

Mrs Boardman now devoted herself with all the energy of her soul to the instruction of those so much cast upon her by the death of her husband, and moved about from place to place, encountering much danger and enduring much fatigue in her apostolic mission. She went into the jungle amongst the simple Karens, and established schools, with the supervision of which she taxed herself. These day-schools attracted the notice of the agents of the British government, and they were allowanced by the same, although differing somewhat in constitution from the formula prescribed in the East India Company's circular. She soon became a most excellent Burmese scholar, and was enabled to communicate in that language with great fluency. 'Mrs Boardman's tours in the Karen wilderness, with little George, borne in the arms of her followers, beside her—through wild mountain passes, over swollen streams and deceitful marshes, and among the craggy rocks and tangled shrubs of the jungle—if they could be spread out in detail, would doubtless present scenes of thrilling interest. But her singular modesty always made her silent on a subject which would present her in a light so enterprising and adventurous. Even her most intimate friends could seldom draw from her anything on the subject; and they knew little more than that such tours were made, and that the progress of the gospel was not suspended among the Karens while her husband's successor was engaged in the study of the language. There is a note addressed to Mrs Mason, from a zayat by the way-side, just before she reached the mountains; and this is the only scrap among her writings alluding in any way to these tours. It was sent back by a party of men who were to bring her provisions, and contains only directions about the things necessary to her journey. She says, 'Perhaps you had better send the chair, as it is convenient to be carried over the streams when they are deep. You will laugh when I tell you that I have forded all the smaller ones.' A single anecdote is related by Captain F——, a British officer, stationed at Tavoy; and he used to dwell with much unction on the lovely apparition which once greeted him among these wild, dreary mountains. He had left Tavoy, accompanied by a few followers, I think on a hunting expedition, and had strolled far into the jungle. The heavy rains which deluge this country in the summer had not yet commenced; but they were near at hand, and during the night had sent an earnest of their coming, which was anything but agreeable. All along his path hung the dripping trailers, and beneath his feet were the roots of vegetables, half-bared, and half-imbedded in mud; while the dark clouds, with the rain almost incessantly pouring from them, and the crazy clusters of bamboo huts, which appeared here and there in the gloomy waste, and were honoured by the name of village, made up a scene of desolation absolutely indescribable. A heavy shower coming

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up as he approached a zayat by the way-side, and far from even one of those primitive villages, he hastily took refuge beneath the roof. Here, in no very good humour with the world, especially Asiatic jungles and tropic rains, he sulkily 'whistled for want of thought,' and employed his eyes in watching the preparations for his breakfast. 'Uh! what wretched corners the world has, hidden beyond its oceans and behind its trees.' Just as he had made this sage mental reflection, he was startled by the vision of a fair, smiling face in front of the zayat, the property of a dripping figure, which seemed to his surprised imagination to have stepped that moment from the clouds. But the party of wild Karen followers, which gathered around her, had a very human air; and the slight burdens they bore spoke of human wants and human cares. The lady seemed as much surprised as himself; but she curtsied with ready grace, as she made some pleasant remark in English, and then turned to retire. Here was a dilemma. He could not suffer the lady to go out into the rain, but —his miserable accommodations, and still more miserable breakfast! He hesitated and stammered; but her quick apprehension had taken in all at a glance, and she at once relieved him from his embarrassment. Mentioning her name and errand, she added, smiling, that the emergencies of the wilderness were not new to her; and now she begged leave to put her own breakfast with his, and make up a pleasant morning party. Then beckoning to her Karens, she spoke a few unintelligible words, and disappeared under a low shed—a mouldering appendage of the zayat. She soon returned with the same sunny face, and in dry clothing; and very pleasant indeed was the interview between the pious officer and the lady-missionary. They were friends afterward; and the circumstances of their first meeting proved a very charming reminiscence.'

After three years of widowhood, Mrs Boardman was united to Dr Judson, of the American mission, at Maulmain, whither she removed with her little son, where she devoted herself to the acquirement of a new language, called the Peguan, in which she made considerable advancement. She revised the standard-tracts in Peguan, and the catechism, and Gospel according to St Luke; and, assisted by Ko-man-boke, a Peguan Christian, she translated the New Testament. The life at Maulmain was one of love, labour, and trial. Eight children were born to her here, and three of them withered away and died, while, to add to the depth of her trials, Dr Judson was threatened with the fatal disease which had bereft her of her first husband. Here, too, had she parted from her oldest son, and endured all the pangs of a wife and loving mother. Her last child was born in December, 1844, when she was attacked with chronic diarrhœa, from which she had suffered much in the early part of her missionary life. It soon became evident, from the sinking of her physical powers, that death was in her cup, unless some remedy could be found to alleviate her sufferings; and a sea voyage being the only thing that suggested itself to the physician, she departed with her husband and three eldest children for America. At first, the voyage seemed to produce the most beneficial results, and she even proposed to proceed alone from the Isle of France, but the disease returned once more with fatal virulence, and she died at sea on 1st September, 1845, and was buried at St Helena. She sleeps amongst the distant mould of the sea-washed solitary isle, and over her ashes her husband has erected a monument, with the following inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah, formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson of Maulmain, who died in this port, September 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-first of her missionary life.'

Dr Judson returned to America with his children, and sought out, and placed in the hands of Miss Chubbuck, an accomplished litterateur of America, the materials of his second wife's biography. Miss Chubbuck, better known by the pseudonyme of 'Fanny Forrester,' after finishing the record of Mrs Judson's life and labours, consented to take up her cross, and now she dwells among the heathen, labouring for their eternal weal, having forsaken home, kindred, and high prospects in her own dear native land, in order to link her fate with that of Dr Judson, and to devote her life to the spread of the kingdom of the Redeemer. Would that those who declare that there is no vitality in Christianity, could see and appreciate the courage and sacrifices which animate, and are demanded from those who, like Mrs Judson, go forth to tell the darkened savage of Christ!

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR.'

'He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak.'

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock, and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things, mingling together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate. 'Little Dick, sir, is dying,' he said. At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protegee of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner my heart had yearned toward him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence. With the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents. I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his tasks as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though at the time I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—'What!' I exclaimed, 'you do not mean it? He is not dying?'

'I fear, sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'

'And I have been lying idly here!' I exclaimed, with remorse. 'Lead me to him.'

'He is delirious; but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;' and as the man spoke we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling, but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calmly it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy! Occasionally a light current of wind—oh, how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold!—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his little head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but

within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony. A battle-stained and grey-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes. The surgeon said, 'He is going fast, poor little fellow! Do you see this?' and as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. 'He has seen better days.'

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow, and yet I had never known of his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour! They noticed my agitation, and his old friend, the seaman that held his head, said sadly, 'Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long; but there'll be more than one, when your log's out'—he spoke with emotion—'to mourn over you.'

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around. 'Has he come yet?' he asked, in a low voice. 'Why wont he come?'

'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand. 'Don't you know me, Dick?'

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said, 'You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you'll find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it is all I have.' I burst into tears. He resumed. 'Doctor, I am dying, ain't I,' said the little fellow, 'for my sight grows dim? God bless you, Mr Danforth.'

'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I. 'You saved my life; I would coin my own blood to buy yours.'

'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live; only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother. You will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk.

'Anything—everything, my poor lad,' I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky far overhead. His mind wandered. 'It is a long long way up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them! Hark! is that music?' and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening intently for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

THE SAXON LANGUAGE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

The letter *s* is an extremely useful and forcible member of the alphabet, allowing of several most impressive compounds with other consonants at the opening of words. In all such cases, it gives a peculiar stress to the vocable or verb which it begins, the tongue being compelled, as it were, to rest thereon with marked emphasis, conveying a sense of energetic exertion. *C*, the first letter so joined with *s*, does not indicate more, however, than a moderately forcible action, as in *scald*, *scale*, *scalp*, *scare*, *scathe*, and a few others commencing with *sca*. By happy terminations an additional impetus is given to some such words, as *scamper* and *scatter*, both excellently expressive. Neither *sce* nor *sci* need any peculiar notice, as the double consonant is seldom or never sounded in these cases. *Sco* takes the initiative, however, in some verbs more worthy of attention. *Scoff* and *scorn* are almost as good as can be, there being a kind of contemptuousness of look and lip called forth in their very utterance. How different is *scowl*, and yet how equally fine and apt its sound? A theatrical bandit, in the act of saying 'Stand and deliver' to a true man, rises up to the imagination at once, as the word is enunciated. There is also no slight force in *scour*, the first letters giving a starting impulse, and the latter ones seeming to maintain and lengthen out the effect. Shakspeare uses a different word in the same radical sense, or, rather, he employs the same word spelled differently. 'Send out more horses; *skirr* the country round.' So says Macbeth; and Henry V. speaks of making his foemen

> '*Skirr* away as swift as stones
> Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.'

The word skirr greatly heightens the force of these passages. *Sc* gives also no slight portion of emphasis to the verb *scourge*, well roughened, too, as it were, by its close.

All the words beginning with *scr* have a well individualised signification. As the mere three letters are so far grating to the ear, so also are all the actions denoted by the words which they commence. For example, sound never could better represent and develop sense, than in the cases of *scrape*, *scratch*, *scrawl*, *screak*, *scream*, *screech*, *screw*, *scrub*, and some other kindred words. *Scream* and *screech* are rendered more peculiarly expressive by their shrill endings, and we think it not difficult even to see an extra shrillness in *screech*, when compared with the mellow close of *scream*. *Scramble* derives a fine meaning from its terminative letters, often similarly used by our Saxon sires to denote a rumble-tumble-jumble species of action or motion. *Scranch*, signifying 'to crash with the teeth, to make a noise in eating,' is most especially forcible, imparting almost the sensation of tooth-drawing. *Scraggy* and *scrimp* are both also very significative, the two *gs* giving to the first the same effect as in *craggy* and *ragged*; and the same thing may be said of *scribble*, to which the *scr* communicates a scrawling effect, while the ending rounds it off with a dribbling import—such as it should have exactly. The word *scud* is one implying quick motion, and it is almost impossible to avoid imitating that motion in the utterance.

Almost all the verbs commencing with *sha* denote soft or moderate action, such as the sound suits, or as suits the sound. Words of this sort are *shade*, *shame*, *shape*, *share*, and *shave*. Even *shake*, though deriving force from the close, is yet but partially emphatical; and the adjective *sharp* is also mainly pointed by its terminative consonants. It is odd to observe what a number of coarse and vulgar monosyllables are rendered mainly effective by a closing *m*. Such a term is *sham*, and such also is *flam*, with *bam*, *hum*, and various others, in pronouncing all of which the lips almost naturally take a semi-contemptuous expression. *She*, *shea*, and *shee*, soften all the terms which they begin, as *shed*, *sheathe*, and *sheer*, where the sound is perfectly congruous with the sense. *Shift* and *shine* are not without their peculiar force; and *shiver* has an impressiveness resulting mainly from the termination in *ver*, which the old Saxons often employed similarly. The verbs commencing with *sho* are much more broadly marked than the preceding ones, however, as respects united sound and sense. *Shock* is the act itself in utterance; and *shoot*, as well as *shot*, compel a quick use of tongue at the ending, which is extremely appropriate. *Shove* and *shovel*, again, are modified and mollified by their closing letters; while *shout*, as compared with *shot*, shows finely how much the power of words may be affected by very slight changes in the construction. In place of the kind of compulsory rapidity attending the utterance of *shot*, the voice lingers on *shout* in spite of itself, and so indicates well the implied action.

Shriek is an admirable word of the *screech* and *scream* class, the *r* giving the harshness, while the *ie* gives the shrillness, requisite to unite in the verb the proper sound and meaning. *Shrill* itself is most effective, the closing *lls* imparting the prolonged liquidity suiting its signification. How different is the influence on the ear of *shrink*, derived from the catching-up effect of the *nk*? *Shirk* and *shuffle* are likewise in their ways inimitable, the latter word particularly. It forms a good example of the numerous simi-

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lar uses made by the Saxons of the final *le*, as in *hiddle*, *riddle*, and some others which need not be mentioned, and which all imply in sound, as in sense, a petty description of actions represented concentratedly in the term *diddle*. *Shrug* and *shudder* are each very significative; and not less so is *shut*, the closing strength of the *t* being peculiarly pre-eminent and happy.

The verbs opening with *si* are not of striking moment. It may be observed of one of them, *sieve*, that the foppery of stage performers has converted it, in pronunciation, into *sive*. Upon what principle this is done it would be difficult to say, since every other word in our language similarly spelled, is pronounced *eeve*. It should thus be *seeve*. These players do take strange liberties in this way. John Kemble tried to correct both them and their leader, fashion, in as far as he was able. He, for example, obstinately pronounced the word *ache* simply as *h (aitch)* in his playing of Hamlet, until he made his audiences riotous. And yet, if Shakspeare be any authority, the pronunciation should be *aitch* not *ake*. Beatrice, new smitten with her love for Benedict, is asked if she sighs for 'a hawk, a horse, or a husband?' She answers, 'For the letter that begins all of these,' plainly meaning an *h* (ache or heart-ache), and thereby indicating how the word was pronounced in the great dramatist's time. When the famous O.P. (Old Price) disturbances occurred during Kemble's management of Covent-Garden theatre, a favourite call to him nightly from the obstreperous galleries was, 'Jack, my boy, how are your *aitches* to-night?'

Sigh is certainly a very forcible word when sounded in the old way, which allowed the *gh* to have its full effect, now entirely lost. The addition of *k* to the *s*, in the initiations of words, gives to those so formed an effect compounded of the stress of the last of these letters, and the quickness of the former one. *Skate* constitutes a fair example thereof, and so does *skip*, as also *skim* and *skiff*, which have their strength added to by their endings. We have before noticed the emphasis of *skirr*, as a word of motion or action. *Sla* gives a power akin to that derived from *fla* to the verbs which it opens; though the *s* heightens the force, if it diminishes the rapidity of the action. Compare, for instance, the impression derived from *slap* with that of *flap*, of *slay* with *flay*, and of *slash* with *flash*, and the power of the initiative letters respectively will be apparent at once. The tongue is compelled as if to strain itself to some extent in pronouncing the one set of words, while it flies rapidly over the others.

Sleek is a very picture of a word, considering its meaning; and *sleep* has a softness in the utterance only to be equalled by *slumber*. The peculiar aptness of the term *slick* has been signalised to the whole world by its adoption as the patronymic of the immortal Samuel, the clockmaker. Our brethren of America have indeed adopted and appropriated slickness as their own especial national characteristic, and it is capitally expressive in sound and in sense. Here and in other cases, it may be remarked that the Yankees have been placed by circumstances half in the position of new language-framers, and that many words nearly obsolete with us have by them been restored to constant use, simply from carrying sound and signification markedly conjoined. It speaks curiously for the disposition of the people in question, that all the terms implying cautiousness in the expression of opinions have proved with them particular favourites. Bluff John Bull has long indulged in the habit of round asseveration. His scions of the United States 'calculate,' and 'guess,' and 'reckon,' and so forth, continually. We of Scotland have much more of the same prudential mode of speaking than our southern neighbours. 'I'm not sure,' and 'it may be,' are much more frequently to be found in our northern mouths than in theirs. On the whole, the language of the commonalty in the New England States across the Atlantic approaches in many points more closely to the old Saxon-English than any dialect absolutely spoken in Britain at this day, unless it be where the Lowland-Scotch is yet preserved in something like its naive and pristine purity.

Slink, *slip*, and *slit* are all good in their way, and so is *sling*, a word with a termination well expressing the sort of continuous action implied. The heavy effect of the initiatory *slo* need but be mentioned to be felt and acknowledged. *Slow*, *sloth*, *slottern* (or *slattern*), *slouch*, and *sloven*, are very emphatic in sound, although they gather much of their force respectively from their terminations. *Slops* and *slough* are also notable for their force. *Slubber* gives us the image of an incipient schoolboy with a dirty pinafore at once; and no other imaginable congregation of letters could supply the places of *slug*, *sluggish*, and *sluggard*. The tongue gets positively lazy in giving them forth. We have before pointed to the peculiar use made by the Saxons of the terminative *mp*. It was seen in *plump;* it is even more obvious in *slump*, and the commencing *sl* adds to the effect. *Slur* is good, too; but we more admire *slut*, which seems really to open as if with anger, and end with contempt, when it falls from the tongue. Our task may have made us over-enamoured of these old Saxon radicals, but certainly, to our thinking, no letters in the language could better convey the signification designed than those composing the adjective *sly*. Eye and lips appear involuntarily to confirm its effect in the utterance.

Like *sc* and *sl*, *sm* gives force to the beginning of verbs of action, as in *smack* and *smash*, which body forth the very deeds denoted. Part of the effect lies in the close, no doubt; and yet could *clack* or *crack* ever give the labial effect of the *sm* in *smack?* The lips in reality close and open as in the very act of smacking. Or could *clash* or *crash* convey half of the full weight of *smash?* The strength of the first letters is different wholly in these cases; and indeed *sm* is much more potent in every one of the few instances where it begins verbs of action. *Smite* is a very emphatic word, for example. *Smart*, *smatter*, *smell*, *smirch*, *smirk*, *smile*, *smooth*, *smother*, *smug*, *smuggle*, and *smutch*, are all excellent, though the force of the *sm* is in every case modified, but modified with singular aptitude, by the terminations. We have just noticed the use made by the Americans of our radical English terms. They have not failed to note the force of *smart*, and denominate all their greatest statesmen, and also their greatest rogues, 'smart men. Cowper the poet calls his prim, fashionable divine '*Sir Smug*,' and the name is in itself a portrait. The effect of the *ggle* in *smuggle*, too, is not to be surpassed, painting the very deed in sound.

The *sn*, like all similar conjunctions of *s* with consonants, has a power peculiarly its own. There is a bearing down weight in *sm* well represented in *smash* and *smite;* and, for an illustration of the different effect of *sn*, we should take *snap* and *snarl*. Let any mortal being 'of earth's mould' try to pronounce these words emphatically under his breath, and, if the lookers-on do not detect what he is about from his visage, they have not the right use of their eyes. The pronunciation of the *sn* is an act essentially snappish and snarling. *Snare*, *snatch*, *sneer*, *snib*, *snip*, *snort*, and *snub*, are good proofs of what is here asserted. In various other cases, though the *sn* never wholly loses its sharp, biting, scornful potency, it is modified in part by the terminations. In the case of *sneak*, it is impossible to doubt that the act generated the word, or rather that the word sprung into existence when the human features served but as a tablet on which men wrote hieroglyphical signs, the tongue being as yet but the subsidiary organ of expression. *Sneap* (to check sharply) is good, and *sneeze* excellent. But *snivel* and *snotter* must be pronounced incomparable, their very picturesqueness rendering them coarse. *Snore* is an actual prolonged blast on the nasal trumpet, and is admirably distinguished from *snort*, which is just a loud snore cut in twain. *Snell*, *sneck*, *snicker*, *sniggle*, and *snuffle*, have all meanings modified by their endings, and yet have the family likeness throughout of the *sn* verbs.

Sob is the first word introduced by *so*, to which we now come, and it is one not devoid of emphasis. *Sod* is much more forcible, however, the *d* coming in at the close with something of the effect of a *thud*, itself a fine word. *Soak* is good, and *soft* mellifluous; *song* rings like metal: and

sound is rotund, as it should be, and sonorous. But it may be briefly said of nearly all the words beginning with s, that their general import is *solid* and *solemn*. These two last adjectives are from the classical tongues, as we find most of the terms to be that begin with a single consonant followed by a vowel. This circumstance is ascribable to the polish received by the dead languages, and its full effects may be seen in the modern speech of Italy, in which vowels so strikingly predominate over consonants. A delightful and honeyed softness is certainly produced thereby, but the pith of the more primitive languages is lost, and the gain does not counterbalance the deficiency. Three Saxon words commencing with *so* are yet worthy of mention here, namely, *soss*, *sot*, and *sour*, all of them conjoining sound finely with signification.

Our task has again swelled upon our hands, so as to call for yet further space. It would carry us beyond all reasonable bounds at present were we to attempt to introduce here those general remarks by which we trust to render this sketch of the Anglo-Saxon tongue practically useful to youthful readers and writers of the present day. Room must still be besought for 'Our Moral.'

TO A LONE WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through the rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink,
The weedy lake, or marge of river wide—
Or where the foaming billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
In desert, in illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

Thou'rt gone—th' abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

OCCUPATION.

In a temperate climate, and in a civilised state, man is essentially active, and must have some object worthy of his nature to call forth and exercise his powers. Some praiseworthy object of pursuit is indispensable, not only to the character, but also to the virtue and the happiness of a young man. Without some engagement, he sinks into indolence, pursues frivolities, or rushes into stirring and vicious pleasures.

Labour—by the word we mean some reputable employment or pursuit—requires relaxation, and amusement furnishes it. Engage in amusement as a relaxation, and you are refreshed; make it a business, and you experience the uneasiness of bodily and mental exhaustion. Pleasure, to be genuine, must be the associate of virtue; and amusement, to be refreshing, must be the attendant of labour.

Do you desire the rest and ease which are so pleasing to the body? Do you desire the satisfaction and pleasure that result from some useful employment? Idleness can procure none of them, for they are the effects of labour. Labour—some physical or mental occupation—is the price that must be paid for all human good.

People who spend their time in idleness and frivolity cannot enjoy pleasure; for some active and steady occupation—we repeat the assertion—is essential to physical and mental happiness. The young, who pass existence in idleness and frivolity, apparently live for no other purpose than to accumulate vain regrets for maturer years.

In the morning, idleness languidly looks around, and, having no steady plan to follow, becomes the sport of accident; labour enters into its usual routine of thought and action, and, with high satisfaction, pursues its vocation. In the evening, idleness feels the dull consciousness that another day is closed; labour sits down contentedly, and enjoys the pleasing reflection that it has discharged its duty.

Indolence never achieved anything worthy of renown. Whoever would attain excellence in any pursuit, must sedulously devote his time and attention to it; for only on such conditions Heaven grants high attainments to man.

Why is it that those who are most favoured with the gifts of fortune are frequently the most discontented with their enjoyments? We have little relish for the happiness which costs us nothing; it is through labour, and the alternation of hope and fear in the way of duty, that we attain our purest enjoyments.

Bodily and mental labour, which restraint and aversion render irksome, voluntary choice converts into pleasure. How many are unhappy because their desires are in opposition to their pursuits? We have all our several occupations and professions, and the first point of wisdom is to reconcile our minds to the duties which they demand.

To accomplish this important purpose, the beneficence of our Creator has made a wise provision in our composite nature. When we engage in any commendable employment, time gradually overcomes difficulties, establishes habits, and, besides the high satisfaction resulting from the discharge of duty in the exercise of laudable habits, there is positive pleasure.

Sloth is oppressed with the least exertion. Idleness, destitute of perseverance, can do nothing praiseworthy. A restless manner, without doing much, is fatigued by its own restlessness. A regulated mind produces regulated action; a person of this character has his time, as his actions, reduced to order; every hour has its duty, and the conclusion of the day is the conclusion of satisfactory labour.

DRUNKENNESS.

One must be long accustomed to the view of drunkenness before he can look with indifference on a fellow-being in a state of inebriety—a state of pitiable degradation. Permit not yourself for a moment to regard intoxication with indifference or with merriment; for, when aversion to drunkenness is overcome, easy is the transition to compliance.

Morality forbids drunkenness, and religion denounces it. It is hostile to the physical, intellectual, and spiritual nature of man. In this life, it demands the sacrifice of reputation, fortune, health, and everything that is good and exalted in human character; and in a future state, revelation declares, the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.

A young man of a sound constitution, who observes the rules of health and virtue, has a natural flow of gaiety. This state can be preserved only by temperance; every attempt to raise it by the stimulant of ardent spirits has the effect to destroy it.

Excitement from intoxicating liquor alternates with depression. In the conflict the constitution suffers; and, as the constitution sinks, the excitement diminishes, till it terminates in debility and wretchedness.

We should vigilantly watch and correct our dissocial propensities; but it is a duty no less necessary to keep a watchful eye over our social affections, for in their perversion or excess, before we are aware of danger, they allure us to vicious habits.

Our social sympathies attach us to the human family,

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and constitute the bond that unites the community of man. Their indulgence is at once instinctive and rational, and therefore commendable; but when enlivened by inebriating liquor at the festive board, in the club, or in the tavern, they prove ruinous to unsuspecting youth.

To observe sobriety is positive pleasure; to avoid intemperance is to escape future misery, by avoiding seeming and deceitful pleasure. Moderate enjoyments are most lasting, grateful, and suitable to our nature; immoderate enjoyments enfeeble the constitution, and ultimately destroy it.

The exhilaration of drunkenness at first is flushed and joyous, then noisy and reckless; but in its progression it declines, sinks, and finally, when the constitution is impaired, ends in the wailings of compunction, and in the tears of despair.

WHAT IS WITHIN OUR CONTROL?

In early youth you leave your native place—a small town—repair to a large city, and there reside constantly for a number of years. After the lapse of a considerable time, you return to your native place, but to you how changed! The dwellings seem diminutive, the streets deserted, the manners of the people altered, but nothing externally is changed—the change is in yourself. The ideas of maturer years have supervened on those of youth, and partly obliterated, and partly modified them.

From the above view of human nature, some useful lessons of moral conduct may be deduced. Distinguish between the ideas that are suggested and modified by your own mind, and therefore depend chiefly on yourself—and those ideas which you receive from external nature and passing events, and therefore depend greatly on outward circumstances.

You have ambitious desires, and you are unhappy, because it is not in your power to gratify them. Many are happy without the gratification of what you are anxious to obtain, and hence your unhappiness must proceed from yourself—from your unreasonable desires. Your duty requires you to reduce your desires into accordance with your condition, and the means you possess of accomplishing them.

Your desires are in harmony with your condition, but you sustain a considerable loss, and you are grieved and discontented. Many never possessed what you have lost, and you are reduced only to their level—they complain not, and hence the cause of your complaint must exist in your own breast. Know the tenure by which you hold life and all its blessings, submissively bow before the will of the Supreme Being, and in your submission you will find tranquillity.

Distinguish also between what is within, and what is beyond your control. Your principles on which your character rests are within your power, and, by early and assiduous cultivation, you may train them to virtue; but your character—the opinion which the public entertains of you—is beyond your power, and therefore you cannot command it.

If a man is very solicitous to gain a fair public character, and his solicitude induces him to neglect the true basis on which it rests, he may realise his aim by artifice and address. He may begin by deceiving others, and, by a kind of self-delusion, end by deceiving himself; but such a character inspires constant watchfulness and fear—it yields no peace, and gives no security against exposure and shame.

Be it your solicitude to establish good principles, which are the solid foundation of a good character, and, though you can never be indifferent to public opinion, you will feel no painful anxiety respecting its attainment: to you it will be sufficient to deserve it. A straight onward course of rectitude is a straight onward path of peace; and a character founded on principle will in time be recognised and honoured.

But you stand not alone in society; you are connected with your fellows, and the events of life relative to you, depend partly on yourself and partly on your associates. If you discharge your part with reflection, honour, and integrity, and not fail, you have done your duty, and you must submit to the course of providence. If you murmur at the issue, you murmur because you are not more than man—that you have not power to control human affairs.

Every scheme, the execution of which depends on persons and incidents over which you have little control, should be formed conditionally with prudent forethought. Even schemes over which you think you have complete control should not be pursued with sanguine hope, for doubtful is the issue of every human enterprise; and the acuteness of disappointment is ever proportioned to the confidence of hope.

CHINESE HISTORY OF CHRIST.

The extreme western nations say, that, at the distance of ninety-seven thousand *ly* (30,000 miles) from China, a journey of about three years, commences the border of Sy-keang. In that country there was formerly a virgin, named Ma-le-a. In the first year of Yuen-chy, in the dynasty of Han, a celestial god reverently announced to her saying, 'The Lord of heaven has selected thee to be his mother.' Having finished his discourse, she actually conceived, and afterwards bore a son. The mother, filled with joy and reverence, wrapped him in cloth and laid him in a manger. A flock of celestial gods sang and rejoiced in the void space. Forty days after, his mother presented him to the holy teacher, and named him Yay-soo. When twelve years of age, he followed his mother to worship in the holy place—returning home they lost each other. After three days' search, she saw Yay-soo sitting on a seat conversing with aged and learned doctors about the works and doctrines of the Lord of Heaven. Seeing his mother he was glad, returned with her, and served her with the utmost filial reverence. When thirty years of age he left his mother and teacher, and, travelling to the country of Yutcha, taught men to do good. The sacred miracles which he wrought were very numerous. The chief families and those in office in that country, being proud and wicked in the extreme, envied him for the multitude of those who joined themselves to him, and planned to slay him. Among the twelve disciples of Yay-soo there was a covetous one, named Yu-tah-sae. Aware of the wish of the greater part of his countrymen, and seizing on a proffered gain, he led forth a multitude at night, who, taking Yay-soo, bound him, and carried him before Anaazie in the court-house of Fe-lah-to. Rudely stripped of his garment, they tied him to a stone pillar, inflicting on him upwards of five thousand four hundred stripes, until his whole body was torn and mangled, but still he was silent, and like a lamb remonstrated not. The wicked rabble taking a cap made of piercing thorns, pressed it forcibly down on his temples. They hung a vile red cloak on his body, and hypocritically did reverence to him as a king. They made a very large and heavy machine of wood, resembling the character *ten* or an upright cross, which they compelled him to bear on his shoulders. The whole way it pressed him down, so that he moved and fell alternately. His hands and feet were nailed to the wood, and being thirsty, a sour and bitter drink was given him. When he died, the heavens were darkened, the earth shook, the rocks striking against each other, even broken into small pieces. He was then aged thirty-three years. On the third day after his death he again returned to life, and his body was splendid and beautiful. He appeared first to his mother, in order to remove her sorrow. Forty days after, when about to ascend to heaven, he commanded his disciples (in all 102) to separate and go everywhere under heaven to teach, and to administer a sacred water to wash away the sins of those who should join their sect. Having finished his command, a flock of ancient holy ones followed him up to the celestial kingdom. Ten days after, a celestial god descended to receive his mother, who also ascended up on high; being set above the nine orders, she became the empress of heaven and earth, and the protectress of human beings.—*Milne's Translation of Comp. His. of Gods and Genii.*

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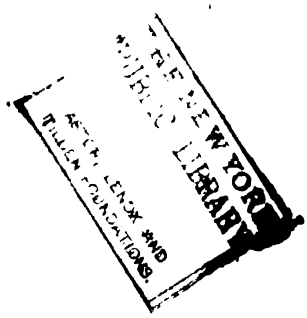

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE LATE WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN ST MARY'S COLLEGE, ST ANDREWS.

Dr William Tennant, chiefly known as author of 'Anster Fair,' died at his pleasant villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, on the 15th October 1848. For a considerable time his health had been unstable; a severe cold, caught in the autumn of 1846, having gradually preyed on his constitution, till by slow inroads it brought him to the grave. The history of Tennant's life is rather a remarkable one, and tends to confirm a truth, hitherto illustrated by various examples in our country's annals, that genius will soar in the most untoward circumstances, and that talent united with industry cannot fail, amidst events the most unfavourable and unpropitious, to bring ultimately their own reward.

Dr Tennant was one of the pretty numerous family of William Tennant, a small merchant in the town of Anstruther, in Fife, where he was born in 1784. At birth, he had inscribed on his person the seeming indications of future helplessness and misfortune, being mal-formed in both his limbs, and thus unlikely to be able, without artificial means, to make any locomotive movements through life. The circumstances of his parents not permitting him to live independent of personal exertion in after life, and his own physical deformity, fixed, we may suppose, in very early life the profession he should follow—that of imparting instruction in the capacity of a schoolmaster. With the prospect before him of becoming, if his talents allowed, a country *dominie*, William at a very early age was sent to school, and immediately applied himself with diligence and zeal to the preparation of his tasks. Discovering a marked aptitude for learning, a promptness and readiness in comprehending and retaining the information communicated to him by the master, or contained in his books, and a facility in obtaining an acquaintance with the classic authors, he was recommended to continue the prosecution of his studies at the university. His parents, delighted to find that their infirm child mentally possessed what nature had physically denied him, resolved to strain every nerve to give him a finished education, and, in pursuance of the counsel of his teacher, sent him as a student to St Andrews; and thus were studying at the same university two natives of Anstruther, sent thither with difficulty by their parents, who were destined afterwards to make a distinguished figure among their countrymen, though in very different walks, the other being Thomas Chalmers. At college, Tennant did not fail to distinguish himself, pursuing as he did his classical studies particularly, with ardour and marked success, a small portion of his time being necessarily, from his physical disability, occupied in those juvenile bodily exercises and recreations in which his classfellows engaged. The pecuniary circumstances of his father precluded him from completing the ordinary philosophical curriculum, and he left the United College, St Andrews, after studying there only two years, in May 1801, when he returned to Anstruther. Nothing daunted, however, he applied himself with diligence at home—made Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy, with Homer and Virgil, his companions—and likewise made himself acquainted with the modern languages, and their most esteemed poetical writers. Having mastered the ancient and modern, he applied himself to the study of the eastern tongues, and began to acquire a knowledge of that ancient and venerable language, so intimately associated with all that is holy and sublime, and for his intimate acquaintance with which he owed the acquirement of that honourable, conspicuous, and elevated position which he was destined to occupy.

While thus engaged in the acquisition of languages and varied learning, a few years after he left college, a situation was offered him, which, though humble and subordinate, and unattended by any adequate reward, was too tempting for one in his peculiar circumstances and condi- clerk to his brother, a corn-factor, first at Glasgow and afterwards at Anstruther, and thus had the greater portion of his time occupied by counting-house duties. But he had still severer difficulties to contend with ere he was enabled to emerge from his retirement at Anstruther. His brother's commercial affairs became completely embarrassed, and the creditors, in the absence of the principal, secured the person of the unfortunate clerk. It was, we believe, while subjected to personal confinement, and labouring under accusations alike erroneous in their nature as they were repulsive to his mind, that he conceived and committed to writing the introductory stanzas of that poem on which his fame will continue to rest, and which indicated a disposition in the author not to be overcome by the pressure of external circumstances. 'Anster Fair,' the poem to which we allude, was finished in his father's house in 1811, and was published anonymously in the following year. This was the first great effort of the author; his previous pieces had been ephemeral and unpretending; and scarcely had ever bard sent forth his offspring to the world in circumstances more unpropitious and unfavourable. As a poet, the author at farthest was known to the few townsmen of Anstruther; and if his name had been spoken of elsewhere, it was only in connection with his brother's mercantile embarrassments. Besides, it was unlikely that, at a period when the writings both in poetry and prose of Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and Professor Wilson, were entirely occupying and absorbing the public notice and admiration, any space should be permitted to an unpatronised and unpretending son of genius for placing his crutches on the arena of letters. Yet in circumstances the most adverse, 'Anster Fair' at length became known. The volume found its way to the metropolis, and attracting the notice of Lord Woodhouselee, he communicated, in a letter to the publisher, his opinion that the poem contained 'unequivocal marks of strong original genius, a vein of humour of an uncommon cast, united with a talent for natural description of the most vivid and characteristic species, and, above all, a true feeling of the sublime, forming altogether one of the most pleasing and singular combinations of the different powers of poetry that he had ever met with.'

While beginning to acquire the laurels of poetical reputation, in the autumn of 1813, Tennant was preferred to the vacant office of schoolmaster of Dunino, a parish situated between Anstruther and St Andrews, and only five miles from his native town. This was an appointment in many respects suitable to his feelings, and had been the summit of his youthful wishes. He gave himself to the discharge of his duties in his new and responsible sphere with that zeal and assiduity which had always characterised him; but while he sedulously sought the improvement and advantage of his pupils, he did not neglect the continuous instruction of his own mind by engaging in his old and favourite studies. Attaining access to the library of the University of St Andrews, he was now enabled to procure works on all subjects, and to make himself acquainted with every department of learning. But the study of languages was yet his favourite theme, and here he added to his knowledge of Hebrew an acquaintance with the Arabic, Syriac, and Persian. Poetry, too, was here cultivated with all his former avidity and ardour. A few years before his appointment as schoolmaster, along with a few other 'dabblers in rhyme, and admirers of fun and good fellowship,' in the *east neuk*, he had taken a prominent and active part in originating a poetical society called the *Musomanic*, which held stated meetings at Anstruther, and he now from time to time composed some harmonious pieces for the amusement of this merry corps. This society claimed to itself the exclusive privilege, in that portion of the empire, of discovering on whom Apollo had set his seal, and accordingly invested, by all the formalities of a diploma, Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other eminent poets, with the distinguished dignity of honorary memberships! It continued to hold meetings till 1817, when, by the dispersion of its leading members, its joyous celebrations were suspended. Though, at Du-

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much in literary speculation, being, including all the emoluments of his office, with the profits derived from keeping a few boarders, barely forty pounds a year, yet he was here enabled to publish at his own cost a second and revised edition of 'Anster Fair,' in a form and style of typography much improved on the former. The poem now arrested the attention of Lord Jeffrey, who in a generous notice in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in November 1814, fully blazoned forth its merits to the world.

In 1816, Mr Tennant, highly recommended by the minister of the parish—himself an accurate and accomplished scholar—as an able and efficient teacher, was, aided by the support of Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh, the friend and correspondent of Burns, transferred from the schoolmastership of Dunino to that of Lasswade, near Edinburgh, where he remained, enjoying the society of several distinguished literary men in the metropolis, till 1819, when he was elected teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Academy. Here he held an appointment exactly suitable to his taste and inclinations, and distinguished himself not more by the profundity of his own knowledge of the ancient languages than by his success in imparting it to others. In 1831, on a vacancy occurring in the chair of Oriental Languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews, he offered himself as a candidate, and had nearly succeeded—the crown authorities deliberating for a time between him and Dr Scott, minister of Corstorphine, who was ultimately preferred. Three years after, however, on Dr Scott's death, he was appointed to the chair.

As a professor, Tennant discharged all the duties incumbent upon him with the utmost fidelity. He occasionally taught an additional class for the benefit of those students who found it inconvenient to attend at the ordinary class hours, and readily gave private lessons in the eastern languages to all who applied to him. On his first appointment to the chair, he read the Hebrew without the points, but afterwards adopted the other method, finding it the most generally practised, though he regarded either mode of reading as a matter of indifference.

Some years before his death, Professor Tennant was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, and so recently as December 1847 had the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the Marischal College, Aberdeen, a literary distinction which he survived a very short time to enjoy. He died, as stated above, at Devongrove, near Dollar, a small villa which he had purchased by his own active and meritorious exertions, and where, since his appointment to the Hebrew chair, he had uniformly resided during the summer months, enjoying the close retirement which he ever regarded as indispensable to study. Dr Tennant's death causes a blank among the ranks of linguists in Scotland, if it be accurate, as is believed, that he was acquainted not only with all the ancient languages worthy of being known, and with the modern languages of Europe, but also with a number of the many languages of India. It is certain he was a man of extraordinary and almost unprecedented perseverance, and having acquired the faculty, if it may be so designated, of easily acquiring a knowledge of distinct tongues, he may have made himself master of a number almost inconceivable to those who did not enjoy his peculiar taste, leisure, and opportunities. He has been heard to say, that in a very few weeks he mastered the Gaelic, so as to be able to read and translate *ad aperturam* the New Testament in that difficult tongue; and it is said his first reading of the Hebrew Bible was completed in half a year and three days, with no assistance but the grammar and dictionary. It is to be regretted, however, that he has left nothing on which his memory as a linguist might have rested—his only productions on the subject of language being a small *cahier*, containing an epitaph on David Barclay, shoemaker and gravedigger in Anstruther-easter, in eight different languages, printed in 1833, and a very limited 'Synopsis of Syriac and Chaldaic Grammar,' published in 1840—the former certainly merely an ephemeral literary toy, and the latter, from its brevity and too concise explanation of the languages of which it treats, more adapted for the use of the living author in his class-room, than for being generally read and studied.

Dr Tennant's poetical writings are numerous, but are not likely to become generally known. He very frequently attempts the ludicrous, but he has no proper conception of it. His wit often sinks into frivolity, but seldom rises into genuine humour. His characters, who are chiefly confined to the neighbourhood of Anstruther, whether the mitred prelate or the lofty baron, are often clownish, and even sometimes childish, but are always pedants. The reader finds himself among a profusion of flowers, but they are not arranged by the tasteful hand of the gardener, but strewed about by the child. Poetry of frequent elegance, and always above mediocrity, is expended on the most trifling sentiments—the sound is pleasing, the sense worthless. 'Anster Fair' is the only poem in which the reader forgets the frivolity of the subject in the smoothness of the diction. It was this poem that brought the author first into notice, and through it alone will his name be handed down to posterity. The choice of the subject was an injudicious one. It is founded on the old ballad of 'Maggie Lauder,' at one time popular in the East Neuk of Fife, setting forth the praises of an Anster maid, more remarkable for the attractions of her person than the virtues of her character. Yet this damsel, the looseness of whose morals caused her first to be mentioned in song, is transformed into a chaste and coy maiden, sighing in secret, on which of her numerous suitors of Fife lairds she should bestow her hand. As she thus cogitates at supper, from her mustard-pot arises a fairy, who warns her against accepting the hand of any of her present lovers, and exhorts her to command it to be proclaimed throughout the whole kingdom, that she would bestow herself on the successful competitor in a match of ass-racing, sack-racing, story-telling, and bag-piping at Anster. On this homely, we may almost say frivolous, foundation, the merit of the poem consists in having erected a poetical superstructure of an uncommon order. Lord Jeffrey in 1814 thus notices the poem in the 'Edinburgh Review':—'We consider this volume not only as eminently original, but as belonging to a class of composition hitherto but little known in the literature of this country—to that species, we mean, of gay or fantastic poetry which plays through the works of Pulci and Ariosto, and animates the compositions of many inferior writers both in Spain and in Italy—which is equally removed from the vulgarity of mere burlesque or mock heroic, and from the sarcasm, and point, and finesse, of satirical pleasantry—which is extravagant rather than ridiculous, and displays rather the vague and unbounded license of a sportive and raised imagination, without the cold pungency of wit, or the practised sagacity of derision. It frequently relaxes into childishness, and is sometimes concentrated to humour; but its leading character is a sort of enthusiastic gaiety—a certain intoxication and nimbleness of fancy, which pours out a profusion of images without much congruity or selection, and covers all the objects to which it is directed with colours that are rather brilliant than harmonious, and combines them into groups that are more lively than graceful. . . . The great charm of this singular composition consists, no doubt, in the profusion of images and groups which it thrusts upon the fancy, and the crowd, and hurry, and animation with which they are all jostled and driven along; but this, though a very rare merit in any modern production, is entitled perhaps to less distinction than the perpetual sallies and outbreakings of a rich and poetical imagination, by which the homely themes on which the author is professedly employed are constantly ennobled or contrasted, and in which the ardour of a mind evidently fitted for higher tasks is somewhat capriciously expended. It is this frequent kindling of a diviner spirit, this tendency to rise above the trivial objects among which he has chosen to disport himself, and this power of connecting grand or beautiful conceptions with the representation of vulgar objects and ludicrous occurrences, that first recommended this poem to our notice, and still seem to us to entitle it to more general notoriety. The author is occupied, no doubt, in general with low mat-

ters, and bent upon homely mirth; but his genius soars up now and then in spite of him, and his delights, to use a quaint expression of Shakspeare—

> 'His delights
> Are dolphin-like, and show their backs above
> The element they move in.''

The following is the author's account of the versification of 'Anster Fair':—'The poem is written in stanzas of octave rhyme, or the *ottiva rima* of the Italians—a measure said to be invented by Bocaccio, and after him employed by Tasso and Ariosto. From these writers it was transferred into English poetry by Fairfax, in his translation of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' but since his days has been by our poets perhaps too little cultivated. The stanza of Fairfax is here shut with the Alexandrine of Spenser, that its close may be more full and sounding.'

Some years after the publication of 'Anster Fair,' Dr Tennant gave to the world a poem, bearing on the history of the Scottish Reformation, entitled, 'Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Doun o' the Cathedral.' This poem, of the author's other poetical writings, probably approached nearest to 'Anster Fair,' in becoming known, though it never attained any degree of celebrity. It is professedly written after the manner of Sir David Lyndesay, but is wholly devoid of his pungency of wit, and entirely destitute of his poignancy of satire. When humour is particularly attempted the style sinks into frivolity, when sarcasm is aimed at, it is innocent. The barbarous demolition of the splendid cathedral of St Andrews by the hands of a ruthless and lawless mob is described in a tone of levity and merriment—the Vandal spirit that actuated a rude and savage rabble is made the theme of attempted laughter and diversion.

In 1822, Dr Tennant published the first part of a poem, entitled the 'Thane of Fife,' describing the invasion of the Danes on the east coast of Fife, about the middle of the ninth century, when, according to Buchanan, Constantine, one of the Scottish kings, was slain in a battle near the town of Crail. This proved a remarkable failure, and the remaining part of the poem consequently never appeared. The whole machinery of the six cantos is supernatural; the deities of various mythologies are jumbled together in confusion and disorder; and the business of the rencounters, escapes, and adventures are conducted not on the Fifan coasts by living, breathing men, but by the dread array of incarnate fiends, sent to earth by hosts of wondering immortals. The Danes being tempest-tossed at sea and in danger of shipwreck, Odin, amidst 'a gush of radiant light magnificent,' comes from his throne above, 'marching terribly o'er the enridged mass of sea,' and, clenching the mast of the vessel in his hand, rescues it from peril. Macduff, Fife's valiant thane, having engaged in single combat with Hungar, the leader of the Danish invaders, is about to overcome him, when Niord, 'the green-hair'd god that rules the sea,' suddenly 'interposes his clear javelin,' and separates the chiefs. A cloud afterwards envelopes them, through which means they lose each other, but find their own camps. Macduff soon after goes on an expedition to Dunino (where the poet was schoolmaster), and there a number of fairies meet him along the banks of the Kenly stream, and the queen promises her assistance to him against Hungar, and his god Odin, presenting him at same time with a whistle, by which he could invoke 'elf, genie, fairy, fay, or goblin tall,' to his aid. The two hostile armies afterwards meet at Crail; the Scots fight valiantly, but in the hour of victory an army of sea-horses and sea-calves start from the sea, and put them to instant flight. One leader, the laird of Stravithie, is pursued by a large sea-born monster, with tortuous horns, to his property, some miles distant, where he resumes courage, and, turning back, puts his frightful pursuer to death. Macduff himself is subdued by the charms of a Danish beauty, whom he had descried shooting arrows at him; he chases her, becomes enamoured, follows her to her ship, which sets sail, and, in spite of his whistle, he is taken prisoner, and in this condition he is withdrawn from the notice of the reader. Such is an epitome of the manner and design of the poem, which, even in point of poetical expression, is forced and unnatural. 'We consider,' says a reviewer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' of January, 1822, 'the design of the present poem fundamentally vicious; that is to say, if he meant his poetry to please and to instruct the enlightened part of society. We are quite clear that the introduction of supernatural machinery into a *serious* poem—a poem, too, which professes to record the achievements of our gallant forefathers, and in which their high chivalry and generous self-devoted patriotism would have borne through a poet of meaner name—is a defect for which no degree of skilful execution can possibly atone. . . . . Extravagance and absurdity can interest nobody, not even the extravagant and absurd.'

'Cardinal Beaton,' a drama, in five acts, published in 1823, probably the least known of the author's writings, and now not to be found on the shelves of the bookseller, would in no single passage convince that the author was possessed of a ray of genius or shred of descriptive humour. The narrative is generally carried on in blank verse, but the peasantry uniformly confer in broad prosaic Scotch. Distinction between characters is scarcely perceptibly preserved; the designing and murderous conspirator and simple clown use the same sentiments, and are equally prominent heroes. History is boldly perverted. The conspirators meet in Stravithie House, near St Andrews, to plot the cardinal's death, and these consist, with the exception of Norman Leslie, of a few Fife lairds in the 'East Neuk.' The names of numerous characters are introduced, which do not occur in the historical account, and these never serve to promote the effect; while other names are omitted, whose absence from the scenes renders the production, as an historical drama, incomplete and worthless. The cardinal himself appears on the stage, making use unblushingly of expressions certainly unsuited to his rank and position, more likely to have proceeded from the lips of the open and reckless debauchee than from the mouth of a wary and crafty churchman.

'John Baliol,' an historical drama, in five acts, published in 1825, is equally deficient in poetical expression and historical fidelity. Edward I. is described as having held a meeting regarding Baliol in the Parliament-House of Edinburgh, while history records that this assembly was held in London. Baliol is said to have done homage to Edward at his coronation at Scone, while we know from history he only did so the year following at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Such gross historical perversions are inexcusable; a poet is entitled to ample license and scope for the exercise of his imagination, but when he professes to describe history he must take it as it is; he is entitled to adorn, but not to contradict it. Save these and other historical inaccuracies, and the frequent and continued recurrence of the vulgar epithet, '*tut*,' this production contains nothing to arrest the attention of the man of genius or the scholar.

About the period when these pieces were written, Dr Tennant was engaged as a contributor to the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal,' a magazine conducted with tolerable vigour, and not deficient in general interest. The great proportion of the papers furnished by Tennant were flowery prose translations of portions of Greek and German writers on subjects which suited his fancy, and some speculations of his own with regard to the nature and origin of languages. In this periodical he engaged in a correspondence with James Hogg, in regard to a proposed new metrical translation of the Psalms—himself advocating the propriety and expediency of a new, while Hogg insisted for the continuance of the present version. The facts adduced and arguments advanced by both parties are interesting, and will continue to merit a perusal. The whole correspondence has been separately printed in the form of a pamphlet.

The next publication of Dr Tennant of any extent, or worthy of being mentioned here, with the exception of his 'Synopsis of Syriac Grammar,' already referred to, appeared in 1845, and is entitled 'Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History.' It contains three dramatic illustrations of distinct portions of Scripture history, and is fortunately free of that extravagance or frivolity which,

in a greater or less degree, abound in his other poetical writings. The scriptural narrative is, in general, rigidly followed; few fictitious characters are introduced, and these are uniformly subordinate to those which appear in the sacred record. The following short description of female loveliness is worthy of the poet:—

'Hath he not minister'd
Beauty, the sovereign and resistless charm,
And gather'd every grace and ornament,
Scatter'd apart through his gay universe,
And, as in one bright type, concentrated
Them all in woman's form?'

Besides several ballads published in early life, Dr Tennant wrote a number of smaller poems, chiefly translations from the German poets. The following verses, from an 'Ode to Peace,' are full of sensibility and pathos:—

'Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widows wailing bitterly;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and wo,
That I, in virtue's passion'd glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore.

Then come to thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere to the grave I down descend,
Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave love and harmony!'

A poem on his mother's decease breathes the spirit of true poetry, and indicates the possession in the writer of the finest feelings of our nature:—

'Again I see her anxious look,
When childhood's sorrows on me lay;
I hear her voice, which, full of hope,
Soothed all those childish ails away;
Each word she spoke, each kindly deed
That from her fond hand flutt'ring came,
All rise afresh to sanctify
Still more a mother's sacred name.

When from on high affliction came
And fill'd my father's house with tears,
For her alone I felt—for her
My unconfessing soul had fears;
When joy came like an angel down,
To wipe the sorrows God had given,
'Twas for her sake alone I bless'd
That gladness which came down from heaven.'

Appended to the 'Hebrew Dramas' is a poem 'On Envy,' which we would characterise as the best conceived and happiest effort of the author. We shall here quote the last stanza, which we regard as supereminently beautiful:—

'For me (be thanked, my gracious God!)
Some seraph, kind and good,
Surely hath rooted from my heart
A weed so rank and rude;
Whence I make other's bliss, mine own
With musings sweet and wild;
And walk among the sons of men,
Rejoicing as a child.'

In the composition of prose, Tennant wrote with care and accuracy, though not with ease. His printed introductory address to his students in 1841, composed, as all his lectures were, with the utmost elaboration, may be regarded as a specimen of his style, and though glimpses of the poetical and ornate occasionally appear, in general it is forced and ostentatious. We believe he has left some unpublished poetical pieces, and also an interesting collection of poems by his rhyming correspondents and friends, but it is questionable whether these will be given to the world. In private life he was the inoffensive and apparently unconcerned spectator of all passing around him. In the strictest sense a student, he made the parlour or class-room his house, and his library his chief society. He rose early, and early retired to rest. His conversation was generally on his favourite theme of languages, and indicated careful and extensive reading and research. In domestic habits he had a peculiar regard to economy. He wrote a curious hand, which he designated Italian, and which, if difficult to decipher, was at least pleasant to look upon. By his death and that of Dr Chalmers, we have been deprived of two natives of the same town who made an eminent figure—the latter as an eloquent preacher and learned divine, the former as a humorous poet and extensive linguist. Chalmers has left a sufficient monument to his memory by his distinguished public career and numerous theological writings; Tennant, as a linguist, will be kindly remembered by his students and friends; but his fame will continue chiefly to rest on the first decided and unquestionably greatest effort of his genius—the production of 'Anster Fair.'*

CITIES OF INDIA.

HURDWAAR.

The traveller enters Hurdwaar, 'the gate of heaven,' and the holy city of the Hindoos *par excellence*, on the north-west side, through a grove of stately trees, on whose branches are perched numerous peafowl and other birds of gorgeous plumage, there held sacred and allowed to multiply and abide at their pleasure. So well aware are they of their privileges, it would seem, that the noisy caravan scarce moves them as it passes by. On emerging from the grove, the road winds gently upward, and on a narrow platform at the base of a hill of the Sewalick, or lower range of the Himalayas, stands the sacred city. The Ganges washes its walls to the left; and on the opposite shore the interrupted chain of mountains recommences with the 'Chaudnee Pahar,' or Silver Hill, on whose summit glitters the temple of Mahadeo, a popular Hindoo god, whose image is a shapeless block of stone, supposed to descend into unknown depths in the bowels of the earth, and to have no termination. The temples dedicated to Mahadeo are everywhere, and many are the traditions concerning him. Leaving the Sewalick range of hills to flank the road to the right and the Ganges to the left, the first object giving rise to a question, and telling of an approach to this stronghold of Hindoo superstition, is a square excavation on the face of the rock, to which a ladder gives access. This cave is the abode of one of the mendicant friars of India, otherwise called 'fakirs.' Behold him, his head covered with a tawny cloth, a rag of the same hue about his loins, his face and body besmeared with white paint and ashes, rosary upon rosary about his neck, a physiognomy expressive of malice, lust, and cunning, and this type of a hideous race, much venerated by the natives, is before you. As we passed, our domestics offered him alms, and our cavalcade received his blessings.

It was dusk when we entered the thronged bazaar of the city, through which we had to pass on our way to the tents, and truly few of us had seen a more curious spectacle. Rows of lamps of various colours, on each storey of the houses, and along the fronts of the open booths, displayed the varied objects and groups to the greatest advantage. The merchants in their turbans, white as snow, or of colours according to their trades, their dress in well-arranged folds about the person, were seated, smoking their long pipes nonchalantly, or chatting together; the money-changer, surrounded with heaps of various coin, from the cowrie to the gold mohur—strongly bound chests in the background, and rolls of parchment-looking paper, with hieroglyphical characters, at his right hand—ready to receive the amounts given or received. Next him a sweetmeat vender, his wares piled in pyramids in front, while he himself is preparing, over a charcoal fire, some savoury mess, if we may judge by the eager looks of the expectant customers. European merchandise, such as beads, looking-glasses, knives, &c., are in the next stall. One booth contains

* In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned, that two months after the death of Dr Tennant, the occasion of a vacant situation in the Advocates' Library brought to light the wonderful acquirements of an obscure individual in Edinburgh, in the same walk in which Dr Tennant so conspicuously shone. Mr Samuel Halkett, a young merchant in town, has proved himself to possess lingual attainments which we believe are not inferior in extent and variety to those which distinguished Dr Tennant, and the result, too, of the same persevering industry and self-application.

the various utensils of glass, for the manufacture of which the place is famous, or brazen and copper vessels, burnished so as to look like gold. Glittering jewels and rich stuffs to entice the eye, relics and charms, dancing-girls, warriors, beggars, and dogs, fill up the picture, and also the highway. Wearied at length with the scene, the glare, the bustle, and the crowd, we with some trouble made our way through this living mass, and gladly welcomed the shelter of the tents. Scarcely were we laid to rest, when loud cries from both sides of 'Snakes! thieves!' startled us into watchfulness. Early in the evening large fires had been kindled, our encampment being near a wood; in one of the faggots a cobra had nestled, another was gliding to the tents. We had to call the Mussulmans to kill the reptiles, for within the precincts of the holy city no Hindoo would take away life. Of the thieves we saw nothing; but having observed our people preparing to mount guard by turns, and hearing their watchword at short intervals, we lay down securely and slept in peace.

The morning was one of gorgeous sunshine. We ascended a low hill, and the scene, so striking by the lamplight of the previous evening, lost nothing by that of day—the distant hills, before which hung that thin curtain of blue haze peculiar to the east; the broad smooth surface of the shining river, on which were gliding the picturesque boats of the native traders; in the foreground, the glittering cupolas, the domes, the golden balls on the temples, the gay trappings of elephants and horses, the varied costumes of the inhabitants, spread before us an oriental picture of great beauty. Alas, for the reverse! Miserable huts; beings crawling to display loathsome diseases to obtain an alms; disgusting filthy sores; the crippled and distorted limbs or lacerated bodies of miserable devotees, seeking to mortify the flesh.

We were greatly amused on our return to the tents to find our Hindoo servants so completely altered in appearance as to be scarcely recognised. Early in the morning they had been to perform their ablutions and devotions to the sacred river, and having shaved off their beards and hair, had thrown these into it as an offering. They had attired themselves in holiday garb, and now stood ready, with drawn swords, to accompany us through the city. It was Christmas-day, and on the side-table we found a number of brazen salvers, filled with fruit and native sweetmeats, which, as is the custom, they had come to present to us. We having placed a piece of money in each plate, the owners thereof filed in one by one to make obeisance and carry their vessels away. They were in a particularly happy mood, having clubbed together to make an offering to their high priest of a beautiful bull, which we saw tethered near the horses. Their cheerful faces and smart dresses were in most pleasant contrast to the dusty, parti-coloured rags and wearied looks of the previous day.

It was now time to explore the city, which we proceeded to do. We had not gone far when we found ourselves an object of curiosity not only to the natives but also to the sacred monkeys, which followed us, leaping most dexterously from branch to branch of the banian or other trees, from pinnacle to pinnacle of the temples, or they ran along the terraces of the flat-roofed houses, some with young ones clinging to them, all grinning, and chattering, and grimacing. Their antics amused us greatly for a time, but finding them approaching too closely, we purchased some pulse and distributed it. This detained the creatures till we were beyond their reach. A considerable number of sleek sacred bulls were loitering in the streets, blocking up the pathway, which we could scarcely venture to drive out of our way. Our attention was first directed to a long covered portico with fretted arches, built by a native prince in commemoration of a victory, and in fulfilment of a vow; it accommodated a number of the fakirs already described. These are the philosophers of the 'porch' in our day. Several old houses with most beautifully-carved wooden lattices and gateways were on the opposite side of the road; they also seemed to be occupied by fakirs.

The principal ghaut, or landing-place, at Hurdwaar is a broad flight of magnificent steps flanked by temples; that to the right hand, besides a porch for the fakirs, and dwellings for the priests, contains the idol Gunga, the goddess or personification of the sacred river. We were permitted to visit it, on condition of leaving our shoes behind. A narrow marble corridor overhanging the river, with fretted arches above, led us to a small recess, decorated with gaudy ridiculous pictures, and squares of talc inserted in the plaster. An altar at the farther end bore a wooden image of a female dressed in red and yellow, covered with glittering ornaments, and resembling the figures of the Virgin Mary in small continental churches. Baskets of flowers, fruits, sweetmeats, and vegetables, were laid before the shrine—offerings of propitiation or thanksgiving to the goddess, and food for her priests. As we were returning a procession met us. In front, a handsome and venerable priest, dressed in the most spotless white, carrying in his hand a large vessel filled with rice and flour-cakes; after him, other priests, some with flowers and other offerings—two with chowries formed of the long white silky tails of the yāk, with richly-chased silver handles; one with a large, fine-toned bell, the outside covered with figures of the several deities-in-chief in basso relievo. They were followed by a great multitude, who remained at the top of the steps. The priests descended, the bell was rung, a gong struck, and a low murmuring chant begun; the waters moved in circles and large ripples, and, obedient to the signal, several enormous and beautiful fish came forward to be fed. The cakes were given them, while the chant continued; the chowries were waved over the high priest and the stream, and, after a few mutterings and strewing flowers on the waters, the procession returned. A great rush to the river to bathe in the holy spot took place among the multitude, through which we could hardly make way.

We visited another temple of greater magnificence, in which a large figure of Brahma, in the shape of a white marble bull, couchant, was the chief attraction. The sculpture was indeed rude, but the material was exquisite, and round the idol was a railing of metal of beautiful workmanship. Some of our people, with great awe, related how this bull was not the work of human hands, but a direct gift from heaven. He is placed in a sort of temple, open on all sides, with a dome ornamented with the same gaudy figures as we had before seen; squares of talc and various tinsel ornaments made the place ridiculous. Under another dome was the image of Mahadeo—a rounded block of black marble springing from an oblong piece of the same. A passage defended by an iron grating contained images of various deities: Vishnu, with a serpent round his body, on which he placed his heel; Hunoomaun, in the form of an ape; the goddess of murder, and many others. The shrines were strewed with marigolds and other flowers; there was much glitter, but no real magnificence. The appearance of these temples from the river is beautiful; the broad flights of steps, the light domes, and open lattices, are highly picturesque, but within there is nothing remarkable. We were shown a massive, dismal-looking building at one end of the town, inhabited, we were told, by a princess of Lahore, a great saint and prophetess, who subsisted miraculously upon the juice of a small fruit, about the size of an apple, one of which formed her repast every twenty-four hours. We saw next a small hut, in which three glass-blowers, almost naked, were at work near a furnace of glowing charcoal. The small bottles and glasses we saw made were very thin and fragile; some were afterwards brought to our tents, with a sort of basket-work round them, filled with the water of the holy river, which our servants purchased as a charm. There was now nothing more to examine; our time was limited; we were four marches from Meerut, our destination. Bidding adieu, therefore, to the holy city, its priests, fakirs, sacred bulls, and their pleasant abode, we struck our tents and journeyed on to the plains of Hindostan. We passed the beautiful canal from the Ganges to Allahabad, a large and splendid work, of which the Brahmins at Hurdwaar had been complaining loudly, as it robbed them of the waters of their sacred river.

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THE YOUNG MAN'S AID.*

This little manual has reached its fifth thousand, and, if we could, we would cube its circulation. So complete and consistent a guide for youth was seldom put into youthful hands; and so safe and understandable a 'Mentor' has seldom condescended to teach, so familiarly, good and profitable lessons to the expanding mind. No one who has not trod that part of the path of life which lies beyond the borders of adolescence, can estimate the influence which what are esteemed mere nothings exercise upon the future life and conduct. No one who has not reached the point of reflection, can perceive upon what apparent trifles habits and dispositions are based. The first twenty years of our life are spent in acquiring a character, either good or bad, and the next twenty years are seldom sufficient to emancipate the mind from its early acquired dispositions. If a young man will just reflect for a few minutes upon the various employments of men in society, he will perceive that a great proportion of them are tuitive or monitory. The father's duties to his children, the mother's care, the schoolmaster's daily labour, the preacher's constant study and aim—the nursery, the infant school, the seminary, the university—are all active evidences of the importance attached to, and the labour expended upon, the cultivation of the mind and soul. A 'Young Man's Aid,' then, is just one of the grand requirements and necessities of all times, and it is of the first importance that it should be one of correct principles, sufficient to become the full-grown man's companion, and the old man's staff, as he approaches eternity. The little volume before us is eminently calculated to be so, and claims the especial patronage of all such parents as would have a loving assistant in their duties, and an excellent preceptor for their sons.

'It certainly must appear to every mind which faithfully studies the world's history and the signs of Providence, that there never was a time and a country in which a life well spent promised so much good, and a life misspent so much evil to the world, as in the very time and country in which Providence has cast the lot of our young men. Very great power already resides in this class, and it seems to be increasing. It is a true proverb, 'Old men for counsel, and young men for action.' Numerous changes mark the present as an age for action. Everywhere and on all subjects there is a predominant disposition to '*go ahead*.' The aged, cautious, and slow, are compelled to quicken their steps or to be left behind the times. The spirit of action predominates over the spirit of caution. Dangers attend this; and yet, so sluggish is the world in religion, that we are to look for its renovation rather to a spirit of bold and energetic action in benevolence, than to a spirit of indolent caution. And is it not a fact, that the greatest achievements of every age have been effected by young men? Joseph, David, Josiah, Daniel, and Nehemiah, were young men when they saved and delivered Israel. Our Saviour and his Apostles were young men when they accomplished the greatest work, and put into operation the most mighty, benign, and far-reaching influence that ever blessed the world. The reformers of the sixteenth century were young men. Calvin was but twenty-six years old when he wrote his famous 'Institutes;' and the great German divine, Martin Luther, was but twenty-nine when he began to inflict a mortal wound upon the head of the Beast. Baxter, Doddridge, Whitfield, Edwards, and Brainerd, were all young men when they began to kindle afresh the dying flame of religion in both continents; while many of the old and cautious, retiring from all effort, sat still and complained, till the age went by them, and their influence perished from the earth. The projectors and first movers of modern missions were young men; those who conceived and began to execute the bold and glorious plan of encompassing and blessing the whole world with the systematic charities and labours of benevolence, were less than thirty years old.'

The first thing that human beings begin to acquire, besides mere physical bulk, is knowledge. The first opening of the eye to a faint ray of light; the first vibration of sound, or touch, are the beginning of that aggregate of remembered sensations which men call knowledge, and which distinguish men pre-eminently from one another. 'Early knowledge is not only the easiest acquired, but the longest retained. The memory becomes treacherous as we advance. With most persons it begins to fail by thirty-five or forty; and they then find by experience that their early knowledge has the firmest hold of their intellects. One thorough reading of a history, while young, is worth more, for the purpose of impressing its facts upon the mind, than half-a-dozen readings at the age of forty or fifty. Hence the lessons of the nursery, the spelling-book, and of those who subsequently instruct our youth, impart the knowledge which most faithfully attends us through all our life to second childhood and the grave. Early knowledge is very valuable capital with which to set forth in life. It gives one an advantageous start. If the possession of knowledge has a given value at fifty, it has a much greater value at twenty-five—for there is the use of it for twenty-five of the most important years of our life; and it is worth more than a hundred per cent. interest. Indeed, who can estimate the interest of knowledge? How often do we hear men advanced in life say, 'If I had only possessed the knowledge when young that I now have, I might now have been rich, learned, great, influential, useful,' &c. The essential elements of knowledge you may acquire while young. If favoured with opportunities, therefore, it is your own fault if you do not secure the needful knowledge, and have to go through life suffering for want of it. Early knowledge is important to enable one in season to feel his own strength. Thousands mistake their calling from want of early knowledge. Men who might have acted a brilliant part in the pursuits for which they were made, are often doomed through life to a repelling and fruitless employment, just because they did not possess sufficient knowledge while young to direct their energies in the right course.

Life is too short to allow any mind to climb the whole ascent of knowledge by its own unaided effort and discoveries; it must avail itself of the results of others' exertions. But this does not interfere with any legitimate exercise of your powers of originality and independence; for, when a man refuses ascertained truths just because others have embraced them, he is not original and independent, but weak and silly. An objection to attempting to acquire knowledge from books, is, that young men devoted to business have not time; and, if they had, it would serve to divert their minds from business. But let us suppose that you devote twelve hours out of the twenty-four to business. This is probably quite as much as you give to it upon an average throughout the year. Of the twelve remaining hours, allow eight for sleep, which is as much as any young man should spend in bed, who would enjoy health, long life, and an active mind. Of the four remaining hours, allow two for meals, recreation, and miscellaneous matters. Thirty minutes for your dinner, and fifteen each for your breakfast and supper, which is more than students at college occupy at meals, and twice as much as Franklin did, will give you one whole hour or two half-hours each day for refreshment, and still have two hours for acquiring knowledge, including the time spent in lectures, which should be considered as devoted to intellectual and moral culture. You may thus secure, after all necessary abatements, at least an hour and a-half each day to be devoted to close personal study. This amounts, in a year, to four hundred and sixty-eight hours, which, at the rate of eight hours a-day in study—as much as is usually spent thus by professional students—is tantamount to two months every year, of exclusive devotion to mental discipline and the acquisition of knowledge. It requires some resolution and firmness to resist the numerous solicitations of indolence, pleasure, and vanity; the temptations to be out exploring the streets, visiting theatres, and other places of amusement—to forego much of the reading of novels and other light productions, addressed principally to the imagination

* Glasgow: George Gallie.

and the passions, that you may give your mind to the acquisition of solid and valuable knowledge—but you have only to look into the history of hundreds now living, to see that it may be done, and to learn the glorious results. They do not appear in a moment, but a few years develop the vast difference between the mind that has disciplined itself to thought and application, and taken hold of the great principles of knowledge, and the mind that has only floated at random upon the surface of things, indolent and self-indulgent, snatching perhaps a sweet morsel here and there, but acquiring no intellectual force.'

A familiar illustration often conveys more to the mind of the student by way of example, than the most elaborate process of disquisition could; and the following anecdote will show our young friends what an early love of knowledge and correct morals lead to:—'A gentleman of large wealth, and of estimable character and influence, informed me, that when he first entered a store as an apprentice, he took lodgings in a boarding-house with eleven other young men. A part of them solicited of the lady who kept the house, the favour of studying in her dining-room a prescribed portion of the evening, and of having the room kept quiet for that purpose. The others refused to come into this arrangement; and while their companions were studying, they were out, spending their evenings in theatres, and other places of amusement and dissipation. The difference between the characters and prospects of these two classes gradually increased. Every one of those who wasted their evenings in amusement and pleasure subsequently failed in business, and finally came to nothing; while all of those who devoted their leisure time to study succeeded well, and, with the exception of one who has since died, they are still living, and are some of our most distinguished and valuable citizens. The same gentleman who stated this fact to me, said, that it was only one of numerous similar examples which had fallen under his observation, in the course of one whole generation and a part of another. It may be confidently laid down as a general rule, that those young men who redeem time from indolence and pleasure to discipline their minds and acquire important knowledge, succeed in their callings and rise to eminence; while they who waste their youthful vigour in dissipating amusements, and secure no other intellectual culture than is afforded by novels, and by miscellaneous and light reading, fail of sufficient mental force to succeed in any important enterprise, and at no distant period find the grave of oblivion.'

The loftiest and most beautiful capital in the human being, mental and spiritual, is correct principles, and there is nothing that requires so much care and so much of consistent action in tuition from a preceptor. He who would teach principles must practise them, and, even although he do not preceptively inculcate them, men will read them in his deeds. Principles form a general condition of society, and operate powerfully upon men, although perhaps they are unseen in their action. 'The word *principles* has a meaning that varies according to the subject to which it is applied; in chemistry, it means the elements of things; in mathematics and metaphysics, it means the self-evident truths; in the philosophy of cause and effect, it designates the generic sources whence species and individuals proceed: and, in moral science, it indicates the leading *doctrines of belief*, and the *adopted rules of action* which they sanction. The principles of belief are of numerous grades, from gross atheism to sound religion; and the principles of conduct also graduate in like manner. The first elevation is only a refinement upon the pleasures of the brutes. It implies the exercise of intellect, but it is exerted merely for the purpose of enhancing and prolonging the pleasure of *sensuality*. There are, in all communities, some men who, as is said of a great portion of the French nation, adopt no higher principle of action, than just to secure to themselves, and to the objects of their favour, the highest and longest continued sensual gratifications. The next elevation carries us just above the mere pleasures of sensuality, to the lower gratifications of *vanity*. Here we find the fop and the dandy, whose character is manufactured by the tailor and the dancing-master, and who is never so much in his glory, as when exhibiting his fine person, dress, and manners, to best advantage. In the same company, we find those trifling and vain spirits of the other sex, who spend so many hours in gazing with transport upon the mirror, at what they suppose to be beauty of form, complexion, and dress; and who are never so much delighted as in the assembly or the drawing-room, where they can exhibit their fancied charms to highest admiration; while others, conscious of not possessing their personal attractions, display their vanity in aping the manners, and aspiring to the society, of the more fashionable circles. Vanity of person, dress, equipage, furniture, station, rank, name, and distinction, constitutes the ruling passion and the controlling principle of many weak minds of each sex and of every age.—Not far from this grade, we find those who adopt what is called the principle of *honour*. As honour is a relative term, the standard of right conduct of course varies with the character of the communities in which they reside. It is the governing principle of such men to do what public sentiment declares to be honourable. Hence, in some communities, their external morality will be almost faultless; in others, where the standard of morality is lower, they will desert the house of God, and indulge in walks and rides of pleasure upon the Sabbath; in others, they will fight duels; in others, mete out to their enemies retaliation and revenge, according to the rule of a heathen writer, that it is equally dishonourable to be outdone by a friend in conferring friendship, and by an enemy in inflicting injury; in others they will practise gambling, swindling, drunkenness, and seduction; in others they will perhaps do *all* these things—because they are honourable, and perhaps more honourable than any other conduct in their place.—We next find those who are swayed by the deeper and more serious *ambition of wealth, intellectual eminence, conquest and glory, rank and office, dignity and power*. In these things they place their highest good; it is of course their principle of action to make all other interests subordinate to their acquisition and enjoyment. They may be fair and respectable men, in a worldly and loose sense; but do you not clearly see that every principle of action founded upon a supreme regard to these inferior objects must be radically wrong? Does it not violate the highest relations and most solemn obligations of our being? Does it not set aside that great law of supreme regard to God, and of benevolence towards his creatures, which is equally a law of our moral constitution and of revealed truth? Is this world ever to be redeemed from its sins and sorrows, and heaven ever to be peopled with righteousness and joy, by characters formed upon such a principle as this?—Come we then to the positive question. What *are* the principles of sound morality? I answer, they are such only as recognise that first great moral truth, that we are accountable, and that we ought to render supreme homage to the Supreme Being, and benevolent conduct towards all his creatures. First of all, then, adopt this as a general and governing principle of your life, in all your conduct, to have a supreme regard to the will of God, and a benevolent regard to the interests of your fellow-men. The Decalogue contains the great principles of sound morality, handed down to our world from heaven, to regulate our conduct towards God and towards each other. They are immutably perfect and imperishable. The philosophy, science, arts, customs, and all the human institutions of the day in which these principles were presented to our race by God, have changed or passed away; but these remain precisely as they were almost four thousand years ago. Not a jot or tittle of them has changed or failed, and exactly such they will continue as long as the sun and the moon shall endure. Wherever they have been most known and obeyed, men have been most elevated in character and most happy. They are the everlasting principles of sound morality.'

With a character formed in youth men step upon the stage of action, and, according to their early education and tendencies, they are either indifferent in purpose or actively good or evil; they either become blessings to society and humanity, or curses to themselves and the

world. 'Capacity to rise high in excellence and glory, is capacity to sink correspondingly deep in ruin and perdition. The brute is incapable of procuring to himself, on the one hand, anything more than a few physical and transient benefits; for the same reason, he is incapable of procuring to himself, on the other hand, anything more than a few physical and transient evils. Not so with man. The same capacities and opportunities which enable him to rise to the everlasting character and enjoyments of angels, enable him to sink to the everlasting character and miseries of devils.—You can ruin your *physical constitution*. You can do this, even by many means which the humble brute cannot command. You can employ your superior intellect in inventing and contriving ways to enervate your body, induce incurable disease, and conduct you through a course of severe sufferings to an early grave. Some of the most intense physical sufferings which I ever witnessed, were those which a young man brought upon himself by sensual vices. Many a young man has, in a very short time, inconsiderately and wickedly ruined the finest constitution ever framed, so that he has either dug for himself an early grave, or compelled himself to drag out an existence so useless and miserable, as to have considered death itself almost better.—You can ruin your *pecuniary interests and prospects*. By a course of indolence, inattention, waste, prodigality, amusements, and pleasures, in your early years, you may fatally exile yourself from all the means and hopes of ever rising from a state of abject and servile dependence. And even if you have begun and proceeded well for a season, you are not secure. It may cost a man years of toil to obtain the means of a comfortable and honourable subsistence; but a few short hours may decoy him into those improvident measures, to which that man is exposed who 'hath an evil eye,' or 'hasteth to be rich,' which will reduce you to poverty and mortification of life.—You can ruin your *intellect*. This is a talent committed to your keeping and culture, far more precious than all the treasures of silver and gold. You may waste it by neglect; you may enervate it by indolence and indulgence; you may derange it by excess; you may debase it by sensuality; you may rend and destroy its fine mechanism by sinful passions: and by how much higher than the brute you may rise, through a right use of your intellect, so much deeper than the brute you may sink, through the abuse of it. No ruin is more common, nor yet more disastrous, than that connected with a fallen intellect.—You may ruin your *conscience*. You may silence its faithful admonitions; you may stifle its convictions of truth and duty; you may falsely educate it, so that it will put evil for good and good for evil; you may defile it; you may sear it; you may so utterly ruin its integrity and its power, as that this faithful guardian of virtue and advocate of the divine law will no longer disturb your sinful course, but the more you sin the less admonish you—thus leaving you unrebuked to fill up the measure of your iniquity. What earthly ruin more dreadful and hopeless, than that of a prostrated or perverted conscience! If you be true to your own mind, and qualify it to put forth the greatest and most benign influence upon the world, you must become religious. What attainments in knowledge and in blessedness would the human race have ere this made, had all been sinless like the angels of heaven, all constantly impelled onward by the holy and benevolent power of religion! Judge from the resurrection of mind often witnessed in men at their regeneration; the very countenance and eye speak the kindling of a new intellectual as well as moral life. Multitudes have thus been redeemed from inglorious torpor, and made active and distinguished instruments of good. Facts demonstrate that a very large proportion of that enterprise which goes to elevate and bless our nation and the world, both intellectually and morally, is of pious minds. Who are our public and professional teachers, the presidents, professors, instructors of our institutions of learning? Who are moulding the minds of the rising generation? Who are doing most to encourage universal education, and patronise all liberal and useful science? Speaking generally, religious minds are they that are carrying forward human nature, that are fostering the growth of intellect, that are promoting secular and civil rights, that are providing means to bless mankind, that are restoring a fallen world to its primeval paradise. Read history; look abroad on the world. Who first taught mankind to think? Men taught by God. Who unlocked the earliest treasures of knowledge? Men imbued with knowledge from on high. And, in more recent times, who awoke the world from a night of ages? Christians. Who introduced civil and religious liberty? Christians. Who have ever taken the lead in the march of the human soul towards a higher and more excellent condition? Christians. Who are, at this moment, resuscitating the dead intellect, and kindling the torch of science in the dark places of the earth? Christians. In a word, who are putting forth an influence to reclaim this world of fallen, guilty, miserable minds to knowledge, to virtue, to God? Christians. And where do we find the abject victims of superstition, and the miserable tools of political demagogues, so numerous, as in places long destitute of the preached gospel? Much is jeeringly said by infidels of the disastrous influence of the Christian ministry upon human liberty. It is declared to be unfriendly to freedom of thought, to impose upon men the dark chain of superstition, to promote an aristocratic and lordly power over the people. Now it happens that in all ages of the world, and in all countries, those communities and nations which have enjoyed most real freedom of every name, social, religious, intellectual, civil, and have been most elevated in the scale of all that makes men and nations great and blessed, are those identically in which the Bible has been most faithfully preached. Where the Bible has been preached—not where it has been proscribed, either by avowed infidels or corrupt ecclesiastics, and in its place substituted the grovelling dogmas of men—where the Bible has been preached in its simplicity, purity, power, and has been understood, believed, obeyed, there have been the green spots of our earth, the oases of the deserts—there, men and nations have risen from darkness and thraldom to life and liberty.'

This unflattering friend and teacher not only points out the path of true knowledge, and the process of its acquirement; but introduces the young man into all the relations of life, and points out his true and honourable position in relation to them all. It should be extensively read; and we are certain that it will be extensively appreciated, and highly esteemed as a valuable addition to a young man's library.

LET EVERY MAN MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS.

BY MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

'And so you will not sign this paper?' said Alfred Melton to his cousin, a fine-looking young man, who was lounging by the centre-table.

'Not I, indeed. What in life have I to do with these decidedly vulgar temperance pledges? Pshaw! they have a relish of whisky in their very essence!'

'Come, come, Cousin Melton,' said a brilliant, dark-eyed girl, who had been lolling on the sofa during the conference, 'I beg of you to give over attempting to evangelise Edward. You see, as Falstaff has it, 'he is little better than one of the wicked.' You must not waste such valuable temperance documents on him.'

'But, seriously, Melton, my good fellow,' resumed Edward, 'this signing, and sealing, and pledging, is altogether an unnecessary affair for me. My past and present habits, my situation in life—in short, everything that can be mentioned with regard to me, goes against the supposition of my ever becoming the slave of a vice so debasing; and this pledging myself to avoid it is something altogether needless—nay, by implication, it is degrading. As to what you say of my influence, I am inclined to the opinion, that if every man will look to himself, every man will be looked to. This modern notion of tacking the whole responsibility of society on to every individual, is one I am not at all inclined to adopt; for, first, I know it is a troublesome doctrine; and, secondly, I doubt if it

be a true one. For both which reasons, I shall decline extending it my patronage.'

'Well, positively,' exclaimed the lady, 'you gentlemen have the gift of continuance in an uncommon degree. You have discussed this matter backward and forward till I am ready to perish. I will take the matter in hand myself, and sign a temperance pledge for Edward, and see that he gets into none of those naughty courses upon which you have been so pathetic.'

'I dare say,' said Melton, glancing on her brilliant face with evident admiration, 'that you will be the best temperance pledge he could have. But every man, cousin, may not be so fortunate.'

'But, Melton,' said Edward, 'seeing my steady habits are so well provided for, you must carry your logic and eloquence to some poor fellow less favoured.' And thus the conference ended.

'What a good, disinterested fellow Melton is!' said Edward, after he had left.

'Yes, good as the day is long,' said Augusta, 'but rather prosy, after all. This tiresome temperance business! One never hears the end of it now-a-days. Temperance papers—temperance tracts—temperance hotels—temperance this, that, and the other thing, even down to temperance pocket-handkerchiefs for little boys! Really, the world is getting intemperately temperate.'

'Ah, well! with the security you have offered, Augusta, I shall dread no temptation.'

Though there was nothing peculiar in these words, yet there was a certain earnestness of tone that called the colour into the face of Augusta, and set her to sewing with uncommon assiduity. And thereupon Edward proceeded with some remark about 'guardian angels,' together with many other things of the kind, which, though they contain no more that is new than a temperance lecture, always seem to have a peculiar freshness to people in certain circumstances. In fact, before the hour was at an end, Edward and Augusta had forgotten where they began, and had wandered far into that land of anticipations and bright dreams, which surrounds the young and loving before they eat of the tree of experience, and gain the fatal knowledge of good and evil. But here, stopping our sketching pencil, let us throw in a little background and perspective that will enable our readers to perceive more readily the entire picture.

Edward Howard was a young man whose brilliant talents and captivating manners had placed him first in the society in which he moved. Though without property or weight of family connections, he had become a leader in the circles where these appendages are most considered, and there were none of their immunities and privileges that were not freely at his disposal. Augusta Elmore was conspicuous in all that lies within the sphere of feminine attainment. She was an orphan, and accustomed from a very early age to the free enjoyment and control of an independent property. This circumstance, doubtless, added to the magic of her personal graces in procuring for her that flattering deference which beauty and wealth secure. Her mental powers were naturally superior, although, from want of motive, they had received no development, except such as would secure success in society. Native good sense, with great strength of feeling and independence of mind, had saved her from becoming heartless and frivolous. She was better fitted to lead and to influence than to be influenced or led. And hence, though not swayed by any habitual sense of moral responsibility, the tone of her character seemed altogether more elevated than the average of fashionable society. General expectation had united the destiny of two persons who seemed every way fitted for each other, and for once general expectation did not err. A few months after the interview mentioned were witnessed the festivities and congratulations of their brilliant and happy marriage. Never did two young persons commence life under happier auspices. 'What an exact match!' 'What a beautiful couple!' said all the gossips. 'They seem made for each other,' selves. Love, which with persons of strong character is always an earnest and sobering principle, had made them thoughtful and considerate; and as they looked forward to future life, and talked of the days before them, their plans and ideas were as rational as any plans can be, when formed entirely with reference to this life, without any regard to another. For a while their absorbing attachment to each other tended to withdraw them from the temptations and allurements of company, and many a long winter evening passed delightfully in the elegant quietude of home, as they read, and sang, and talked of the past, and dreamed of the future in each other's society. But, contradictory as it may appear to the theory of the sentimentalist, it is nevertheless a fact, that two persons cannot always find sufficient excitement in talking to each other merely; and this is especially true of those to whom high excitement has been a necessary of life. After a while, the young couple, though loving each other none the less, began to respond to the many calls which invited them again into society, and the pride they felt in each other added zest to the pleasures of their return. As the gaze of admiration followed the graceful motions of the beautiful wife, and the whispered tribute went round the circle whenever she entered, Edward felt a pride beyond all that flattery, addressed to himself, had ever excited; and Augusta, when told of the convivial talents and powers of entertainment which distinguished her husband, could not resist the temptation of urging him into society even oftener than his own wishes would have led him. Alas! neither of them knew the perils of constant excitement, nor supposed that, in thus alienating themselves from the pure and simple pleasures of home, they were risking their whole capital of happiness. It is in indulging the first desire for extra stimulus that the first and deepest danger to domestic peace lies. Let that stimulus be either bodily or mental, its effects are alike to be dreaded. The man or the woman to whom habitual excitement of any kind has become essential, has taken the first step towards ruin. In the case of a woman, it leads to discontent, fretfulness, and dissatisfaction with the quiet duties of domestic life; in the case of a man, it leads almost invariably to animal stimulus, ruinous alike to the powers of body and mind. Augusta, fondly trusting to the virtue of her husband, saw no danger in the constant round of engagements which were gradually drawing his attention from the graver cares of business, from the pursuit of self-improvement, and from the love of herself. Already there was in her horizon the cloud 'as big as a man's hand'—the precursor of future darkness and tempest; but, too confident and buoyant, she saw it not. It was not until the cares and duties of a mother began to confine her at home, that she first felt, with a startling sensation of fear, that there was an alteration in her husband, though even then the change was so shadowy and indefinite that it could not be defined by words. It was known by that quick, prophetic sense, which reveals to the heart of woman the first variation in the pulse of affection, though it be so slight that no other touch can detect it. Edward was still fond, affectionate, admiring; and when he tendered her all the little attentions demanded by her situation, or caressed and praised his beautiful son, she felt satisfied and happy. But when she saw that, even without her, the convivial circle had its attractions, and that he could leave her to join it, she sighed, she scarce knew why. 'Surely,' she said, 'I am not so selfish as to wish to rob him of pleasure because I cannot enjoy it with him! But yet, once he told me there was no pleasure where I was not. Alas! it is true, what I have so often heard, that such feelings cannot always last!' Poor Augusta! she knew not how deep reason she had to fear. She saw not the temptations that surrounded her husband in the circles where, to all the stimulus of wit and intellect was often added the zest of wine, used far too freely for safety. Already had Edward become familiar with a degree of physical excitement which touches the very verge of intoxication; yet, strong in self-confidence, and deluded by the

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veller who has passed above the rapids of Niagara may have noticed the spot where the first white sparkling ripple announces the downward tendency of the waters. All here is brilliancy and beauty; and as the waters ripple and dance in the sunbeam, they seem only as if inspired by a spirit of new life, and not as hastening to a dreadful fall. So the first approach to intemperance, that ruins both body and soul, seems only like the buoyancy and exulting freshness of a new life, and the unconscious voyager feels his bark undulating with a thrill of delight, ignorant of the inexorable hurry, the tremendous sweep, with which the laughing waters urge him on beyond the reach of hope or recovery.

It was at this period in the life of Edward that one judicious and manly friend, who would have had the courage to point out to him the danger that every one else perceived, might have saved him. But among the circle of his acquaintances there was none such. '*Let every man mind his own business*' was their universal maxim. True, heads were gravely shaken, and Mr A. regretted to Mr B. that so promising a young man seemed about to ruin himself. But one was '*no relation*' of Edward's, and the other 'felt a delicacy in speaking on such a subject,' and therefore, according to a very ancient precedent, they 'passed by on the other side.' Yet it was at Mr A.'s sideboard, always sparkling with the choicest wine, that he had felt the first excitement of extra stimulus; it was at Mr B.'s house that the convivial club began to hold their meetings, which, after a time, found a more appropriate place in a public hotel. It is thus that the sober, the regular, and the discreet, whose constitution saves them from liabilities to excess, will accompany the ardent and excitable to the very verge of danger, and then wonder at their want of self-control.

It was a cold winter evening, and the wind whistled drearily around the closed shutters of the parlour in which Augusta was sitting. Everything around her bore the marks of elegance and comfort. Splendid books and engravings lay about in every direction. Vases of rare and costly flowers exhaled perfume, and magnificent mirrors multiplied every object. All spoke of luxury and repose, save the anxious and sad countenance of its mistress. It was late, and she had watched anxiously for her husband for many long hours. She drew out her gold and diamond repeater, and looked at it. It was long past midnight. She sighed as she remembered the pleasant evenings they had passed together, as her eye fell on the books they had read together, and on her piano and harp, now silent, and thought of all he had said and looked in those days when each was all to the other. She was aroused from this melancholy reverie by a loud knocking at the street door. She hastened to open it, but started back at the sight it disclosed—her husband borne by four men. 'Dead! is he dead?' she screamed, in agony.

'No, ma'am,' said one of the men, 'but he might as well be dead as in such a fix as this.'

The whole truth, in all its degradation, flashed on the mind of Augusta. Without a question or comment, she motioned to the sofa in the parlour, and her husband was laid there. She locked the street door, and when the last retreating footstep had died away, she turned to the sofa, and stood gazing in fixed and almost stupified silence on the face of her senseless husband. At once she realised the whole of her fearful lot. She saw before her the blight of her own affections, the ruin of her helpless children, the disgrace and misery of her husband. She looked around her in helpless despair, for she well knew the power of the vice whose deadly seal was set upon her husband. As one who is struggling and sinking in the waters casts a last dizzy glance at the green sunny banks and distant trees which seem sliding from his view, so did all the scenes of her happy days pass in a moment before her, and she groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit. 'Great God! help me—help me!' she prayed. 'Save him—oh, save my husband!'

Augusta was a woman of no common energy of spirit; and, when the first wild burst of anguish was over, she resolved not to be wanting to her husband and children in a crisis so dreadful.

'When he wakes,' she mentally exclaimed, 'I will [illegible] and implore; I will pour out my whole soul to save him. My poor husband, you have been misled—betrayed. But you are too good—too generous—too noble to be sacrificed without a struggle.'

It was late the next morning before the stupor in which Edward was plunged began to pass off. He slowly opened his eyes, started up wildly, gazed hurriedly around the room, till his eye met the fixed and sorrowful gaze of his wife. The past instantly flashed upon him, and a deep flush passed over his countenance. There was a dead, a solemn silence, until Augusta, yielding to her agony, threw herself into his arms, and wept.

'Then you do not hate me, Augusta?' said he, sorrowfully.

'Hate you—never! But oh, Edward—Edward, what has beguiled you?'

'My wife—you once promised to be my guardian in virtue—such you are, and will be. Oh, Augusta! you have looked on what you shall never see again—never—never!' said he. And Augusta, as she gazed on the noble face, the ardent expression of sincerity and remorse, could not doubt that her husband was saved. But Edward's plan of reformation had one grand defect. It was merely modification and retrenchment, and not *entire abandonment*. He could not feel it necessary to cut himself off entirely from the scenes and associations where temptation had met him. He considered not that, when the temperate flow of the blood and the even balance of the nerves have once been destroyed, there is, ever after, a double and fourfold liability, which often makes a man the sport of the first untoward chance. He still contrived to stimulate sufficiently to prevent the return of a calm and healthy state of the mind and body, and to make constant self-control and watchfulness necessary. It is a great mistake to call nothing intemperance but that degree of physical excitement which completely overthrows the mental powers. There is a state of nervous excitability, resulting from what is often called moderate stimulation, which often long precedes this, and is, in regard to it, like the premonitory warnings of the fatal cholera, an unsuspected draught on the vital powers, from which, at any moment, they may sink into irremediable collapse. It is in this state, often, that the spirit of gambling or of wild speculation is induced by the morbid cravings of an over-stimulated system. Unsatisfied with the healthy and regular routine of business, and the laws of gradual and solid prosperity, the excited and unsteady imagination leads its subjects to daring risks, with the alternative of unbounded gain on the one side, or of utter ruin on the other. And when, as is too often the case, that ruin comes, unrestrained and desperate intemperance is the wretched resort to allay the ravings of disappointment and despair. Such was the case with Edward. He had lost his interest in his regular business, and he embarked the bulk of his property in a brilliant scheme then in vogue; and when he found a crisis coming, threatening ruin and beggary, he had recourse to the fatal stimulus, which, alas! he had never wholly abandoned. At this time he spent some months in a distant city, separated from his wife and family, while the insidious power of temptation daily increased, as he kept up, by artificial stimulus, the flagging vigour of his mind and nervous system. It came at last—the blow which shattered alike his brilliant dreams and his real prosperity. The large fortune brought by his wife vanished in a moment, so that scarcely a pittance remained in his hands. From the distant city where he had been to superintend his schemes, he thus wrote to his too confiding wife:

'Augusta, all is over! expect no more from your husband—believe no more of his promises—for he is lost to you and to himself. Augusta, our property is gone; *your* property, which I have blindly risked, is all swallowed up. But is that the worst? No, no, Augusta, I am lost—lost, body and soul, and as irretrievably as the perish-

g riches I have squandered. Once I had energy—health nerve—resolution; but all are gone: yes, yes, I have elded—I do yield daily to what is at once my tormentor id my temporary refuge from intolerable misery. You member the sad hour you first knew your husband was drunkard. Your look on that morning of misery—shall ever forget it! Yet, blind and confiding as you were, w soon did your ill-judged confidence in me return. ain hopes! I was even then past recovery—even then aled over to blackness of darkness for ever. Alas! my ife, my peerless wife, why am I your husband? why the ther of such children as you have given me? Is there othing in your unequalled loveliness—nothing in the innocence of our helpless babes, that is powerful enough to call me?—no, there is not. Augusta, you know not the readful gnawing, the intolerable agony of this master assion. I walk the floor—I think of my own dear home, y high hopes, my proud expectations, my children, my reasured wife, my own immortal spirit—I feel that I am acrificing all—feel it till I am withered with agony; but he hour comes—the burning hour, and *all is in vain*. I hall return to you no more, Augusta. All the little wreck I have saved, I send: you have friends, relatives—bove all, you have an energy of mind, a capacity of resolute action, beyond that of ordinary women, and you shall ever be bound—the living to the dead. True, you will uffer, thus to burst the bonds that unite us; but be resolute, for you will suffer more to watch from day to day he slow workings of death and ruin in your husband. Would you stay with me, to see every vestige of what you nce loved passing away; to endure the caprice, the moroseness, the delirious anger of one no longer master of himself? Would you make your children victims and ellow-sufferers with you? No! dark and dreadful is my ath! I will walk it alone: no one shall go with me. In ome peaceful retirement you may concentrate your strong eelings upon your children, and bring them up to fill a place in your heart which a worthless husband has abanloned. If I leave you now, you will remember me as I have been—you will love me and weep for me when dead; but if you stay with me, your love will be worn out; I shall become the object of disgust and loathing. Therefore farewell, my wife—my first, best love, farewell! with you I part with hope,

> 'And, with hope, farewell fear,
> Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
> Evil, be thou my good.'

This is a wild strain, but fit for me: do not seek for me, do not write: nothing can save me.'

Thus abruptly began and ended the letter that conveyed to Augusta the death-doom of her hopes. There are moments of agony when the most worldly heart is pressed upward to God, even as a weight will force upward the reluctant water. Augusta had been a generous, a high-minded, an affectionate woman, but she had lived entirely for this world. Her chief good had been her husband and her children. These had been her pride, her reliance, her dependence. Strong in her own resources, she had never felt the need of looking to a higher power for assistance and happiness. But when this letter fell from her trembling hand, her heart died within her at its wild and reckless bitterness. In her desperation she looked up to God. 'What have I to live for now?' was the first feeling of her heart. But she repressed this inquiry of selfish agony, and besought Almighty assistance to nerve her weakness; and here first began that practical acquaintance with the truths and hopes of religion which changed her whole character. The possibility of blind, confiding idolatry of any earthly object was swept away by the fall of her husband, and, with the full energy of a decided and desolate spirit, she threw herself on the protection of an Almighty helper. She followed her husband to the city whither he had gone, found him, and vainly attempted to save. There were the usual alternations of short-lived reformations, exciting hopes only to be destroyed. There was the gradual sinking of the body, the decay of moral feeling and principle—the slow but sure approach of disgusting animalism, which marks the progress of the drunkard.

It was some years after that a small and partly ruinous tenement in the outskirts of A—— received a new family. The group consisted of four children, whose wan and wistful countenances, and still, unchildlike deportment, testified an early acquaintance with want and sorrow. There was the mother, faded and careworn, whose dark and melancholy eyes, pale cheeks, and compressed lips, told of years of anxiety and endurance. There was the father, with haggard face, unsteady step, and that callous, reckless air, that betrayed long familiarity with degradation and crime. Who that had seen Edward Howard in the morning and freshness of his days, could have recognised him in this miserable husband and father? or who, in this worn and wo-stricken woman, would have known the beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished Augusta? Yet such changes are not fancy, as many a bitter and broken heart can testify. Augusta had followed her guilty husband through many a change and many a weary wandering. All hope of reformation had gradually faded away. Her own eyes had seen, her ears had heard, all those disgusting details, too revolting to be pourtrayed; for in drunkenness there is no royal road—no salvo for greatness of mind, refinement of taste, or tenderness of feeling. All alike are merged in the corruption of a moral death. The traveller, who met Edward reeling by the roadside, was sometimes startled to hear the fragments of classical lore, or wild bursts of half-remembered poetry, mixing strangely with the imbecile merriment of intoxication. But when he stopped to gaze, there was no farther mark on his face or in his eye by which he could be distinguished from the loathsome and lowest drunkard. Augusta had come with her husband to a city where they were wholly unknown, that she might at least escape the degradation of their lot in the presence of those who had known them in better days. The long and dreadful struggle that annihilated the hopes of this life, had raised her feelings to rest upon the next, and the habit of communion with God, induced by sorrows which nothing else could console, had given a tender dignity to her character such as nothing else could bestow. It is true, she deeply loved her children, but it was with a holy, chastened love, such as inspired the sentiment once breathed by Him 'who was made perfect through sufferings:' 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified.' Poverty, deep poverty, had followed their steps, but yet she had not fainted. Talents which in her happier days had been nourished merely as luxuries, were now stretched to the utmost to furnish a support; while from the resources of her own reading she drew that which laid the foundation for early mental culture in her children. Augusta had been here but a few weeks before her footsteps were traced by her only brother, who had lately discovered her situation, and urged her to forsake her unworthy husband and find refuge with him.

'Augusta, my sister, I have found you!' he exclaimed, as he suddenly entered one day, while she was busied with the work of her family.

'Henry, my dear brother!' There was a momentary illumination of countenance accompanying these words, which soon faded into a mournful quietness as she cast her eyes around on the scanty accommodations and mean apartment.

'I see how it is, Augusta; step by step, you are sinking—dragged down by a vain sense of duty to one no longer worthy. I cannot bear it any longer; I have come to take you away.'

Augusta turned from him, and looked abstractedly out of the window. Her features settled in thought. Their expression gradually deepened from their usual tone of mild, resigned sorrow to one of keen anguish.

'Henry,' said she, turning towards him, 'never was mortal woman so blessed in another as I once was in him. How can I forget it? Who knew him in those days that did not admire and love him? They tempted and ensnared him; and even I urged him into the path of danger. He

fell, and there was none to help. I urged reformation, and he again and again promised, resolved, and began. But again they tempted him—even his very best friends; yes, and that, too, when they knew his danger. They led him on as far as it was safe for *them* to go; and when the sweep of his more excitable temperament took him past the point of safety and decency, they stood by and coolly wondered and lamented. How often was he led on by such heartless friends to humiliating falls, and then driven to desperation by the cold look, averted faces, and cruel sneers of those whose medium temperament and cooler blood saved them from the snares which they saw were enslaving him? What if *I* had forsaken him *then?* What account should I have rendered to God? Every time a friend has been alienated by his comrades, it has seemed to seal him with another seal. I am his wife—and mine will be *the last.* Henry, when I leave him, I *know* his eternal ruin is sealed. I cannot do it now; a little longer—a little longer; the hour, I see, must come. I know my duty to my children forbids me to keep them here: take them—they are my last earthly comforts, Henry—but you must take them away. It may be—O God! perhaps it *must* be—that I shall soon follow; but not till I have tried *once more.* What is this present life to one who has suffered as I have? Nothing. But eternity! Oh, Henry! eternity—how can I abandon him to *everlasting* despair! Under the breaking of my heart I have borne up. I have borne up under *all* that can try a woman; but *this* thought—' She stopped, and seemed struggling with herself; but at last, borne down by a tide of agony, she leaned her head on her hands; the tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs. Her brother wept with her; nor dared he again to touch the point so solemnly guarded. The next day Augusta parted from her children, hoping something from feelings that, possibly, might be stirred by their absence in the bosom of their father.

It was about a week after this that Augusta one evening presented herself at the door of a rich Mr L——, whose princely mansion was one of the ornaments of the city of A——. It was not till she reached the sumptuous drawing-room that she recognised in Mr L—— one whom she and her husband had frequently met in the gay circles of their early life. Altered as she was, Mr L—— did not recognise her, but compassionately handed her a chair, and requested her to wait the return of his lady, who was out; and, then turning, he resumed his conversation with another gentleman.

'Now, Dallas,' said he, 'you are altogether excessive and intemperate in this matter. Society is not to be reformed by every man directing his efforts towards his neighbour, but by every man taking care of himself. It is you and I, my dear sir, who must begin with ourselves, and every other man must do the same; and then society will be effectually reformed. Now this modern way, by which every man considers it his duty to attend to the spiritual matters of his next-door neighbour, is taking the business at the wrong end altogether. It makes a vast deal of appearance, but it does very little good.'

'But suppose your neighbour feels no disposition to attend to his own improvement—what then?'

'Why, then it is his own concern, and not mine. What my Maker requires is, that I do *my* duty, and not fret about my neighbour's.'

'But, my friend, that is the very question. What is the duty your Maker requires? Does it not include some regard to your neighbour—some care and thought for his interest and improvement?'

'Well, well, I do that by setting a good example. I do not mean by example what you do—that is, that I am to stop drinking wine because it may lead him to drink brandy, any more than that I must stop eating because he may eat too much and become a dyspeptic—but that I am to use my wine, and everything else, temperately and decently, and thus set him a good example.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the return of Mrs L——. It recalled, in all its freshness, to the mind of Augusta the days when both she and her husband had thus spoken and thought.

Ah! how did these sentiments appear to her now, lonely, helpless, forlorn—the wife of a ruined husband—the mother of more than orphan children! How different from what they seemed when, secure in ease, in wealth, in gratified affections, she thoughtlessly echoed the common phraseology, 'Why must people concern themselves so much in their neighbours' affairs? Let every man mind his own business.'

Augusta received in silence from Mrs L—— the fine sewing for which she came, and left the room.

'Ellen,' said Mr L—— to his wife, 'that poor woman must be in trouble of some kind or other. You must go some time, and see if anything can be done for her.'

'How singular!' said Mrs L——; 'she reminds me all the time of Augusta Howard. You remember her, my dear?'

'Yes, poor thing! and her husband too. That was a shocking affair of Edward Howard's. I hear that he became an intemperate, worthless fellow. Who could have thought it!'

'But you recollect, my dear,' said Mrs L——, 'I predicted it six months before it was talked of. You remember, at the wine-party which you gave after Mary's wedding, he was so excited that he was hardly decent. I mentioned then that he was getting into dangerous ways. But he was such an excitable creature, that two or three glasses would put him quite beside himself. And there is George Eldon, who takes off his ten or twelve glasses, and no one suspects it.'

'Well, it was a great pity,' replied Mr L——; 'Howard was worth a dozen George Eldons.'

'Do you suppose,' said Dallas, who had listened thus far in silence, 'that if he had moved in a circle where it was the universal custom to banish all stimulating drinks, he would thus have fallen?'

'I cannot say,' said Mr L——; 'perhaps not.'

Mr Dallas was a gentleman of fortune and leisure, and of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament. Whatever engaged him absorbed his whole soul; and of late years his mind had become deeply engaged in schemes of philanthropy for the improvement of his fellow-men. He had, in his benevolent ministrations, often passed the dwelling of Edward, and was deeply interested in the pale and patient wife and mother. He made acquaintance with her through the aid of her children, and, in one way and another, learned particulars of their history that awakened the deepest interest and concern. None but a mind as sanguine as his would have dreamed of attempting to remedy such hopeless misery by the reformation of him who was its cause. But such a plan had actually occurred to him. The remarks of Mr and Mrs L—— recalled the idea, and he soon found that his projected protegée was the very Edward Howard whose early history was thus disclosed. He learned all the minutiæ from these his early associates without disclosing his aim, and left them still more resolved upon his benevolent plan. He watched his opportunity when Edward was free from the influence of stimulus, and it was just after the loss of his children had called forth some remains of his better nature. Gradually and kindly he tried to touch the springs of his mind, and awaken some of its buried sensibilities.

'It is in vain, Mr Dallas, to talk thus to me,' said Edward, when one day, with the strong eloquence of excited feeling, he painted the motives for attempting reformation; 'you might as well try to reclaim the lost in hell. Do you think,' he continued, in a wild, determined manner, 'do you think I do not know all you can tell me? I have it all by heart, sir; no one can preach such discourses as I can on this subject: I know all—believe all—as the devils believe and tremble.'

'Ay, but,' said Dallas, 'to you *there is hope;* you are *not* to ruin yourself for ever.'

'And who are you, to speak to me in this way?' Edward, looking up from his sullen despair with a of curiosity, if not of hope.

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'God's messenger to you, Edward Howard,' said Dallas, ting his keen eye upon him solemnly; 'to you, Edward oward, who have thrown away talents, hope, and health -who have blasted the heart of your wife, and beggared ur suffering children. To you I am the messenger of ur God—by me he offers health, and hope, and self-re- ect, and the regard of your fellow-men. You may heal e broken heart of your wife, and give back a father to ur helpless children. Think of it, Howard: what if it ere possible? only suppose it. What would it be again feel yourself a man, beloved and respected as you once ere, with a happy home, a cheerful wife, and smiling ttle ones? Think how you could repay your poor wife r all her tears! What hinders you from gaining all this?

'Just what hindered the rich man in hell—'*between s there is a great gulf fixed*;' it lies between me and all hat is good; my wife, my children, my hope of heaven, re all on the other side.'

'Ay, but this gulf can be passed: Howard, what *would ou give* to be a temperate man?'

'What would I give?' said Howard—he thought for a noment, and burst into tears.

'Ah, I see how it is,' said Dallas; 'you need a friend, nd God has sent you one.'

'What *can* you do for me, Mr Dallas?' said Edward, n a tone of wonder at the confidence of his assurances.

'I will tell you what I can do: I can take you to my ouse, and give you a room, and watch over you until the trongest temptations are past—I can give you business gain. I can do *all* for you that needs to be done, if you ill give yourself to my care.'

'Oh God of mercy!' exclaimed the unhappy man, 'is there hope for me? I cannot believe it possible; but take me where you choose—I will follow and obey.'

A few hours witnessed the transfer of the lost husband to one of the retired apartments in the elegant mansion of Dallas, where he found his anxious and grateful wife still stationed as his watchful guardian. Medical treatment, healthful exercise, useful employment, simple food, and pure water, were connected with a personal supervision by Dallas, which, while gently and politely sustained, at first amounted to actual imprisonment. For a time the reaction from the sudden suspension of habitual stimulus was dreadful, and even with tears did the unhappy man entreat to be permitted to abandon the undertaking. But the resolute steadiness of Dallas and the tender entreaties of his wife prevailed. It is true that he might be said to be saved 'so as by fire;' for a fever, and a long and fierce delirium, wasted him almost to the borders of the grave. But, at length, the struggle between life and death was over, and though it left him stretched on the bed of sickness, emaciated and weak, yet he was restored to his right mind, and was conscious of returning health. Let any one who has laid a friend in the grave, and known what it is to have the heart fail with longing for them day by day, imagine the dreamy and unreal joy of Augusta when she began again to see in Edward the husband so long lost to her. It was as if the grave had given back the dead!

'Augusta!' said he, faintly, as, after a long and quiet sleep, he awoke free from delirium. She bent over him. 'Augusta, I am redeemed—I am saved—I feel in myself that I am made whole.'

The high heart of Augusta melted at these words. She trembled and wept. Her husband wept also, and after a pause he continued:

'It is more than being restored to this life—I feel that it is the beginning of eternal life. It is the Saviour who sought me out, and I know that he is able to keep me from falling.'

But we will draw a veil over a scene which words have little power to paint.

'Pray, Dallas,' said Mr L——, one day, 'who is that fine-looking young man whom I met in your office this morning? I thought his face seemed familiar.'

'It is a Mr Howard—a young lawyer whom I have lately taken into business with me.'

'Surely this cannot be the Howard that I once knew?'

'I believe he is,' said Mr Dallas.

'Why, I thought he was gone—dead and done over, long ago, with intemperance.'

'He was so; few have ever sunk lower; but he now promises even to outdo all that was hoped of him.'

'Strange! Why, Dallas, what did bring about this change?'

'I feel a delicacy in mentioning how it came about, to you, Mr L——, as there undoubtedly was a great deal of 'interference with other men's matters' in the business. In short, the young man fell in the way of one of those meddlesome fellows, who go prowling about, distributing tracts, forming temperance societies, and all that sort of stuff.'

'Come, come, Dallas,' said Mr L——, smiling, 'I must hear the story, for all that.'

'First call with me at this house,' said Dallas, stopping before the door of a neat little mansion. They were soon in the parlour. The first sight that met their eyes was Edward Howard, who, with a cheek glowing with exercise, was tossing aloft a blooming boy, while Augusta was watching his motions, her face radiant with smiles.

'Mr and Mrs Howard, this is Mr L——, an old acquaintance, I believe.'

There was a moment of mutual embarrassment and surprise, soon dispelled, however, by the frank cordiality of Edward. Mr L—— sat down, but could scarce withdraw his eyes from the countenance of Augusta, in whose eloquent face he recognised a beauty of a higher cast than even in her earlier days. He glanced about the apartment. It was simply but tastefully furnished, and wore an air of retired, domestic comfort. There were books, engravings, and musical instruments. Above all, there were four happy, healthy-looking children, pursuing studies or sports at the farther end of the room. After a short call they regained the street.

Dallas, you are a happy man,' said Mr L——; 'that family will be a mine of jewels to you.'

He was right. Every soul saved from pollution and ruin is a jewel to him that reclaims it, whose lustre only eternity can disclose; and therefore it is written, 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'

Original Poetry.

A WREATH.

Oh! twine for me no wreath of Fame;
Her laurels grow to crown the tomb;
They serve at best to gild a name,
And clothe a shade in deathless bloom.
Too oft her chaplet, shining bright,
Galls what it decks with glory's ray;
And while she sheds a sickly light,
Too oft she steals a sun away.

Twine, twine a wreath of Faith, and Love,
And Hope—these holy plants of bliss,
That sometimes venture from above
To crown our cup of happiness.
Twine, twine this wreath—ye angels twine—
Oh! twine this fragrant wreath for me!
And it shall breathe its breath divine,
And make my soul all harmony.

R. W. T.

THE POTTERS' EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

We have always looked with especial interest to the gratuitous efforts made by philanthropists for the melioration of the condition of the poor; and we have ever viewed with particular satisfaction the operation of those charitable schemes which combined not only to elevate the condition of the people, but also their self-respect; but we hail with grateful and unfeigned delight the independent efforts of the

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necessity of eleemosynary assistance, and to emancipate themselves from the miseries to which the majority of them in Europe are too surely heirs. This is an age fruitful of active charities. Benevolence never before in the world's history shone so luminously amongst the nations; the world's active minds are now busy devising plans for improving everything that pertains to man's condition; education is pouring its light down into the veriest purlieus of poverty and crime; the blessed sunshine and balmy air are flowing in sanitary plenitude amongst the old localities of pent-up disease; science has thrown away her stilts and technicalities, and now applies herself to the duties of every-day life. There are associations for improving the homes of the poor; for building baths, wash-houses, and gymnasiums. Associations for increasing the friendly relations of nations, and for facilitating their intercourse, are multiplying every day. The judicial bench, bowing to an increasingly enlightened public opinion, is becoming every day less the medium of social vengeance; the genius and chivalry of the age are directed to the increase of human happiness and the elevation of man; the cry of the sufferer, the aspiration of the litterateur, the thought of the philosopher, and the hand of the Christian, are all directed towards a 'good day coming;' and yet generous philanthropy, lavish charity, and unceasing Christian effort, cannot stem the current of general detrogression.

In a former number of the INSTRUCTOR we gave a review of Britain's colonial system, showing how beneficially the half of the revenue which is now applied to the maintenance of idlers abroad, in the shape of officials and soldiers, could be applied to the enriching, not only of the colonies, but of the mother country, by a judicious system of emigration. The government, however, does not act upon anything like fatherly principles in its functions. Its duties seem to be all punitive. It will hang a murderer, but it delays year after year to decide how the little, ragged, outcast son of a murderer shall be educated. It will banish a convicted thief, but it will not assist one to emigrate who comes voluntarily forward and offers, for a free passage to Australia, to forsake his evil ways. It will imprison a starving, willing workman if he begs from door to door, but it will not assist him to cross the deep, where he can find employment and plenty. It has prisons, gibbets, hulks, transports, and penal colonies, for the vile; but for the decent poor it has nothing but a repressive, punitive force, should they forget themselves and murmur at their state.

We are beyond the province of politics; and, certes, we have very little respect for what is termed politics. Christian benevolence, in individuals or governments, is more to us than the petty conventional names of democracy, aristocracy, autocracy, or any other cracy; and broad, expansive, vital efforts to spread the blessings of love, knowledge, peace, and plenty, are more noble, in our estimation, than all the brilliant campaigns which history records of mere partisan contentions. The aphorism of 'Help yourselves, and your friends will love you all the better,' seems peculiarly applicable to the British people, in relation to the government. All their benevolent schemes are private ones, and their severest struggles are those to propel their government towards anything of general advantage. We are glad to see the idea of general emigration, however, taken up by the people themselves, and we certainly have more faith in the efficacy of spontaneous efforts, like the Potters' Emigration Society, than in the operation of a government scheme, with all its cumbrous and expensive machinery.

The Potters' Emigration Society is not an exclusive association, as its name might imply. It was established by the Potters' Society at Hanley, some two or three years ago, and being not only economical and fraternal in its constitution, but most successful in its objects, it has now come before the toiling public of Great Britain to offer itself to their consideration and ask their suffrages. With a capital of £2000 sterling, the Potters' Society has already placed upon the soil of Wisconsin 134 individuals, or 40 heads of families, each having a farm of his own of 20 acres, and each surrounded by hope and promise, and beyond the dread of want. Wisconsin was admitted last y into the sisterhood of United States, and her popula is, consequently, now considerably above 250,000. F teen years ago, the Chippewas, Sioux, Pottowatom and Menomonies, prowled through its luxuriant for and hunted the bison and elk on its magnificent prair No one came to dispute the possession of their hunti grounds with any of the tribes save their neighbour skins, and a trapper or Indian agent from Fort Mackin which stands on an island to the north of Lake Michig was seldom seen amongst them. The human tide of Sax invasion has swept over the peninsula of Michigan, bo ever, and has shot westward beyond the Michigan La and now Wisconsin is no longer the abode of the Indi nations, but one of the most bustling and thriving of t United States. Wisconsin lies immediately to the west Lake Michigan, and is comprehended between 87 and deg. of west longitude, and 42 and 49 deg. of north la tude. The country is abundantly watered by rivers a creeks, and is admirably adapted for agriculture and p turage. It abounds in prairies and beautiful forests, a is universally described as one of the most scenic a healthy of the States. Wisconsin, besides fertility, bo ever, possesses other elements of national prosperity a greatness. It abounds in rich mineral deposits; salt, fir gypsum, sandstone, lead, coal, and iron, have been fou below its surface in great abundance; and in a few ce turies this state will indubitably become one of the m wealthy, as it is now one of the freest, communities in t world. Four years ago, Milwaukee, the capital of W consin, contained not one single brick building. Her p pulation of 6000 souls lived entirely in log or frame house Now there are 16,000 inhabitants in this wonderful vegetative city; and handsome streets of brick building together with public offices, mark the rapid progress a increasing wealth of the infant state. The communicati of Wisconsin with the eastern and southern states is fac and free. The Wisconsin river is a tributary to the Mi sissippi, and consequently opens up to the farmers of th northern land the trade of countries 3000 miles to t south; while the passage through the lakes, direct fro Milwaukee to Buffalo, secures for the province of Wiscon the market of the eastern states. In climate and fertili Wisconsin is superior to Michigan, which grows grain a raises pork enough to supply the whole American marke and its export trade already begins to rival that of i neighbour, although the latter state does not require t navigate the Lakes Michigan, Huron, and St Clair, transporting its produce to New York. In Wiscons the government is completely democratic. The sturd freemen of this western republic know no political di tinction between white men and negroes; and already liberal and effective school system is in active operatio Libraries are being established in the various township and a correspondent of ours, who settled in this territo four years ago, and who is now a thriving farmer, a schoo commissioner, and post-master, writing us concerning t establishment of a library in the town of Lisbon, Waukes county, says, 'Eighty dollars were subscribed at our fir meeting, with which to buy books, and as we are all we to do here, we shall soon have a well-stocked library. was appointed librarian; and as the job is one accordin to my own heart, I shall take care that the shelves of so eastern bibliopole shall transfer their contents to ou pretty often.'

In Wisconsin the people have wholly the regulatio not only of general political, but of municipal affairs als and they can exclude spirituous liquors from their tow ships at the ballot-box as effectually as they can elect the own magistrates. 'License or no license?' is a questio that is as common at town elections as 'Tariff or no tariff' at state ones; and by the exercise of this power there a townships in Michigan and Wisconsin where not a drop alcoholic drink is sold. The people will have a sober co munity, and it is so. The price of land in Wisconsin one dollar and a quarter, or five shillings and twopenc halfpenny of British money, per acre. Settlers can ac

upon unsurveyed land, and by doing this they secure a right of pre-emption; but the land is not sold on credit, and if the squatter cannot pay the purchase-money, after the survey of his lot, another can buy it, and he must clear out. It is to Wisconsin, then, that the Potters' Emigration Society has already transported 134 of its members; and it is to its ample meadows that its future members will direct their migrating steps; and it is from their smiling farms that their precursor brothers will hail their advent. Branches of this emigration association are springing into existence all over the country; and when its advantages and provisions are more extensively known amongst the people, we have no doubt but that its members will still more rapidly increase. The lowest weekly contribution to the society is sixpence per week for each member, which, at the end of ten years, secures to the contributor the *bona fide* proprietorship of twenty acres of land and a free passage to the same. The settlement of a contributor of sixpence a-week upon his lot is not necessarily deferred, however, until he pays his full quota of sixpences; when his investments amount to £1 : 1 : 6d. sterling, he is eligible to be balloted, and may thus, at a very early period, be placed in full possession of his own little estate. If not balloted, after contributing £1 : 1 : 6d., a member, by paying his own emigration expenses, can obtain possession of his farm, and will receive all the benefits of the society when on the settlement. Contributors of larger weekly sums, of course, secure the right of occupation earlier than others. If a member of this society is possessed of ten pounds, which he is willing to lay out in the construction of a home, the society in Wisconsin will erect for this sum a two-storey dwelling, wind and water tight; and for another five pounds they will clear, break up, and sow in wheat, five acres of his land. It is still not imperative that he should pay for his house, and the cultivation of a fourth part of his farm immediately. The society will credit him these, as well as a year's stores and farming utensils; and thus he can start his new life with every facility and advantage.

The association is not a mere speculation by which men seek to increase their capital, but a co-operative society of working-men who are all seeking to better their condition. Mutual assistance, and the amelioration of all, are the objects of this grand and independent scheme, so that no advantage will be taken of the member whose obligations to the society may be far greater than the amount of his investments while he was in England. He shall not be required to pay money in liquidation of his debts. The surplus produce of his farm, such as corn, butter, pork, ashes from the wood he burns, fowls, &c., paid into the society's store, and valued at the current market-price, will be taken during a period of six years, in disbursement of his obligations; and his labour on the farms or houses of the settlers coming from the 'old country' will also conduce to free him from those liabilities which he contracted in the same manner as he now renders to others. The society's present allotment is called Pottersville, and is situated in Columbia county; and those who have now settled there, having overcome the difficulties of their novel situation, and begun their new life with prospects of the most inviting kind, are ready to act as pioneers and guides for their brethren at home.

When we contemplate the condition of the majority of the working classes in Great Britain, and reflect upon the means which they have expended on vain strikes, and how admirably these means might have been applied to the building up for them, not only of a home but a proprietary country, we sigh to think that they have been so long blind to their own interests. For £6000 a township of 23,040 acres of land could be purchased in Wisconsin. Now, the journeymen silversmiths of London alone could not only purchase this splendid district, but they could, with their society's present available funds, place two or three hundred men, with all the necessary means of prosperity, upon it; and would not this be a more effectual means of equalising the supply and demand of labour than by roaming idly up and down in profitless and embarrassing strikes?

We have not spoken of the birds, wild animals, and fishes of Wisconsin; but Colonel M'Kenney of the United States, who was for nearly thirty years officially connected with the Indians of the west and southwest, and Mr Featherstonehaugh, who recently made a canoe-voyage on the Minney Sotor and Wisconsin river, and who also travelled over and geologically examined this fine territory, describes the wild ducks and teals as squattering in myriads on the rivers and lakes, and the pigeons as sometimes darkening the sun for hours in their dense flight, while abundance of fine fishes are to be caught in the ample waters, and deer and other game are plentiful in the western districts of the country. The Pottawatomie and Menomonie Indians are fast receding before the white man; a few of them yet come from beyond the Mississippi to the headwaters of Rock River in summer to fish, and to sell their peltries at Milwaukee, while the Chippewas and Sioux skirt the borders of Lake Superior, and still hate and kill one another with traditionary animosity. There are in this state, however, two civilised and agricultural tribes, the Stockbridges and Brothertons, the former of whom were shamefully dispossessed of their lands in New York in 1832, and who we hope will now find a free and unenvied home in young Wisconsin. They have fine farms, and are civil neighbours.

The Potters' Society, as we have already said, has placed 134 of its members, or 40 families, on the soil, and has also established a printing-office with £400 worth of stock, and its funds in the gross have hitherto not exceeded £2000. If faithfully and judiciously worked, its capacities for benefiting the condition of the working classes of this country are immense, while it gives to the young republic a population of which it may be proud. The most moral, intelligent, and freedom-loving of the British people are they who will go to transform the virgin soil of the West into teeming farms, and who will perpetuate the free institutions of America without the disgusting prejudices of the Americans. It is anticipated that in Manchester alone 3000 operatives will join this association, while branches are being established in every city and town in the empire.

This is a movement worthy of the intelligent working classes of Great Britain, and it is one fruitful of future blessings to the world. They shall go to establish *de novo* that form of government which is natural in an independent country of equal emigration. They shall have no old institutions to demolish—no old prejudices of caste with which to war. Their whole work will be constructive; all their activities will be directed by the genius of labour. The development of all the capacities of their country, and the development of all the capacities of freedom and mind, shall be the collective aim of those who fly from the overtaxed, complicated, subdivided extremes of European society. We know of no place so well adapted in climate and character for the intelligent emigrants of Great Britain and Ireland as Wisconsin, and we know of no plan of general emigration so feasible and complete as that of the Potters' Emigration Society.

SINGING PRAISES.

Some interesting facts relative to psalmody are to be found in the account of the Moravian mission to Greenland. When, after fifteen years of sowing the precious seed with tears, a handful of believers at length sprung up amid the snows of Greenland, the Moravians, 'at their catechetical and other meetings, began to teach the Catechumens hymns in honour of the Saviour, which they learned with eagerness and sung constantly. A school was begun for the instruction of such as had any talent for singing, and as two of the brethren from Germany understood the science, they greatly assisted in training the young Greenlanders, who not only improved in vocal, but some of them became even tolerably acquainted with instrumental, music. A brother, one morning very early, going to let out their sheep, heard uncommonly sweet singing in a tent, and drawing near found it was the head of the family performing his morning devotions with his people. Beckoning to the others to come, we stood still (says the Mis-

sionary Diary) and listened to this sweet melody, with hearts exceedingly moved, and with eyes filled with tears. Though these people were, no longer than two years ago, savage heathens, now they sing to 'the Lamb that was slain,' so charmingly that it strikes to the inmost soul.' What! shall the voice of psalms rise so sweetly from the tents of savage Greenland, amid their snow-clad rocks and piles of eternal glaciers, and is it beginning to die away from the cottages and firesides of Christian Scotland? Take one fact more. The missionaries were one year refreshed by a visit from Bishop Johannes de Watteville, who came to inspect the state of the mission, and set in order what was wanting. 'He bestowed much attention upon the hymns and the singing of the congregation, remarking that it appeared to him that the hymns proved a great blessing *among strangers*; for the factor told him that, being once on a trading round, thirty leagues distant, he entered a tent that had been pitched awhile in their neighbourhood, and found the children prettily singing several hymns they had learned from the children of the settlement, which furnished him with an opportunity of useful conversation.' What! shall heathen children that know not the Saviour be found in the icy wilderness of Greenland, imbibing the knowledge and love of Jesus from the psalmody of the far distant Christians, and shall converted parents, in this land of education and piety, leave their unconverted children untaught to hymn the praises of Jesus, in those plaintive airs, 'compared with which Italian trills are tame'—those airs which are named from the sufferings of their martyr forefathers?—*Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne.*

SONNETS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I. *Our Father.*

'Our Father!' Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmur'd music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the maiden's brow;
But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast,
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!—
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; true as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—even me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul: it cannot be!
But he hath said—Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, 'our Father,' bless and save thine own!

II. *Who art in heaven.*

'Who art in heaven!' Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. 'Neath thine eye
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine, and die;
Even as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring,
Sparkle and pass for ever down the stream.
Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.
Where thou art not, even nothing cannot be;
Where thy smile is, is heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant thy smile be
My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

III. *Hallowed be thy name.*

'Hallowed be thy name!' In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-brow'd, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where pagans tremble at their rough-hewn god;
Wherever voice hath spoke or foot hath trod;
Sacred thy name! The sceptic wild and vain,
Roused from his rosy joys; the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo:
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue,
Praise thee! Nor earth alone. Each star of night
Join in the choir! till heaven and earth acclaim—
Still, and for ever, 'hallowed be thy name!'

IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

'Thy kingdom come!' Speed, angel wings, that time!
Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,
The shriek of suff'ring, or the howl of crime!
All will be thine—all best! 'Thy kingdom come!'
Then in thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe; the thong unknown—
For not a slave; the cells, o'er which despair
Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh-swoll'n air,
Deserted! Night will pass and hear no groan;
Glad day look down, nor see nor guilt nor guile;
And all that Thou hast made reflect thy smile!

V. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

'Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven!'
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,
With harmonies unheard by mortal ears;
And, losing which, our orb is jarr'd and riven.
Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests shaken;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discord and with groans;
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken!
Oh! be its chords re-strung! 'Thy will be done!'
Mysterious law! Our griefs approve that will:
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given;
For when thy will is done, then earth is heaven!

VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

'Give us this day our daily bread!' Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;
And 'tis thy smile, when summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!
Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard
I crave; no splendour; no Apician board;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told:
I ask no more. But spare my brethren! They
Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed loved ones, sinking to the grave.
Give them their daily bread! How many pray,
Alas, in vain, for food! Be famine fed;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass!' Though we take
Life, blessings, promised heaven, from Thee, we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live.
Pure once—now, like 'the cities of the plain,'
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt thou raise us to the light again,
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm
That grovels in our way. How light the cost,
And yet how hard the task; for we are lost
In sin! Do thou my soul uphold and form!
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and thee,
Teach me to pardon, and, oh, pardon me!

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

'Lead us not into temptation!' The earth's best
Find but in flight their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its basilisk eyes.
Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honey'd tongue;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthly art;
The rosy cup, where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

'Deliver us from evil!' Hapless race!
Our life a shadow, and our walk a dream;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee? Oh, give us grace
To win thy favour! Save from loud-voiced wrong,
And creeping craft! Save from the hate of foes,
The treachery of friends; the many woes
Which to the clash of man with man belong!
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain!
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh, let me die
Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only thine!

X. *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

'Thine is the kingdom, power, and glory!' Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind; a power that wills should shine
A million worlds—they shine; should die—they die;
A glory to which the sun is dim:
And from whose radiance ev'n the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye!
And these are thine 'FOREVER!' Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes! Yet thy cov'nant promise saves:
Our trust is in thee, Father, Saviour, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power, and glory thine! 'Amen!'

R. T. CONRAD.

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MAN AMONG HIS BOOKS.

NOTHING more agreeably affects and elevates the spiritual imagination than the idea of man in the stillness of solitude, his thoughts gathered up into themselves, and with a book of poesy or quickening sentiment lying before him. His limbs are thrown loose on the sofa, not so much for physical convenience as in accommodation to his state of mind. The pain and tumult of composition, if himself an author, is gone; and the past which contained it is unconsciously before the mind's eye in contrast to the gracious tranquillity of the present moment. Around him stretches his library, in which books of all languages, of every age, and of most kinds, greet his glance as he lifts his head from time to time for relief. Busts of the great dead rise on their pedestals, and genial portraits look down smilingly from the walls. The technical repose of his mind and the grateful quiet of his circumstances, set his spirit free to all new impressions. Without effort, and yet effectively operative, he teems with suggestions, rising directly from the work before him, or superinduced by himself upon its revelations. The luxury and dignity of this position easily strike the fancy; but its value and importance are not so lightly perceived. Influences flow from this discipline—for a discipline it is, and one of the highest, though a lively enjoyment—which are indispensable to the spiritual health of the soul, not less than to its broad and generous cultivation. No idle and voluptuous habit, as some suppose—no dull substitute for talent, as others, is this study of books. Genius most of all requires it, and is capable of profiting by it; nor are those in whom the divine gift is lodged found in the wake of such as are less favoured, in the acquisition of that knowledge either left deposited by the past, or embodied in communicable forms by distinguished contemporaries.

It may have the air of paradox, but it is true, that he who does not cultivate the society of books offends in the same way, with the aggravation of a higher degree, as he who lives buried in his chamber, ignorant of the actual, cognisant only of the represented world. For, take the simplest idea of a literature we may, we find it is the living existing world condensed in a camera obscura of outward forms, or a painting of the inner spiritual life of humanity, exhibited in types addressed to the imagination. It is as living and impressive a world to those associated with it, as the crowds of yesterday or to-day's market. Men buy and sell, declare and carry on war, are angry and pleased, make successful love or the reverse, preach, pray, and damn, in it, as really, though the fact is realised in a way somewhat different, as in the world of senses, where the eye and the ear minister to information. Why do we laugh and weep when we read—hurl ourselves in tumultuous passion from our chair, furious with indignation, or come out of a dull, moodish humour, our heart light and careless, if books are not men, and women, and little children, horses, dogs, and fishes, houses and gardens—everything, in short, which makes life dear or interesting to man? The senses must first serve us before books can be available; but because the earliest, they are not necessarily the principal means of our knowledge. The peasant who has risen to manhood without ever travelling many leagues beyond the field that he ploughs, may know more of London, Rome, and Constantinople, than many who have visited them. How so? Because books have represented them to him in vision. He has dropped down the Danube to the Turkish metropolis, or cut across the Alps to Rome, with the genuine zest of a traveller. He has looked at every remarkable thing on the way, and has become an inhabitant of the continent. True, he who visits Rome in the body as well as in the spirit is better off than he; and let no one stay at home who can manage to cross the interval of separation. But books serve the student well; and while we stupidly, ignorantly, ridiculously, and in all manner of impertinent ways, imagine him to be a stiff, inanimate clod, prosing over a few ugly blotches of ink, with which some miserable pressman had soiled some quires of lake of Leman, in morning, with the breeze dropping on his cheeks and filling the white canvas; or he stands on the Bridge of Sighs, or gazes, overpowered, into the dome of St Peter's. Let us banish the pert insignificant notion that books are but books, and learn to fear and respect them, love, honour, and obey them, as we do the diviner men among those whom we talk and associate with; for books are disembodied spirits, and move and impress us so much the more powerfully, as they have left behind them the fleshly garments in which they were incarnated.

The prime reason of all this confusion of thought on the subject of a book is that most people, forgetting their own experience or doubting it, and being deficient in imagination, stop short with the ink and paper, and identify its contents with the pettiness and limitation of its outward form. But every letter we welcome is a miniature book, or rather it is our friend talking, laughing, jesting with us, telling us good or bad news, relieving himself of the spleen at our fireside by some effusion, or giving or accepting an invitation to tea. We see and listen to him, become agitated with various emotions, take our seat again, if we had risen, and indulge in a brown study of vision and reverie.

But nothing proves more manifestly the folly of the illusion that books are mere books instead of spirits walking abroad on the face of the earth, than a reference to history and experience. A writer of the last century, in incognito, takes the name of Junius, and writes a few short letters, without authority, without previous reputation to support them; and everybody reads them, as they are dropped mysteriously into light from time to time, by a hand nobody sees or can succeed in seeing. The island is convulsed by these flying sheets, duels are meditated and challenges made, prosecutions are begun, parliament is perplexed, inquiries are set a-foot to find out the author, Burke pronounces a panegyric, and scores of books on the authorship follow. Another writer, Swift, pens some letters on Irish copper money; and, though no less a man than Sir Isaac Newton superintends the mint, an issue of farthings can find lodging with nobody. Earlier, in France, a man consummately greater in genius than either of these, Pascal, writes his 'Provincial Letters,' and sets the whole world a-ringing with laughter against an ecclesiastical society, without parallel in history for the subtlety with which it creeps into power. Books, therefore, are living beings, who have simply changed their dress ere they came out; they talk to us without noise, suffer remonstrance without reproach, laugh and weep with us, and, in short, fulfil all the duties of fellow-men.

To vindicate, however, a genuine enthusiasm for this form of life, and at the same time warn the student of books against degenerating into the book-worm, we must remark, that life, life in its common sense—the life of ourselves and others—must be habitually studied, in order to derive any real and comprehensive profit of literature. Life, as everybody understands this word, is the basis of books—the material out of which they are woven; and the more of it we personally know, the finer and more perfect is our key to their sense and explanation. We must go into the actual world, mix with its men and women, inform ourselves in objects of human interest, ere we can read to any purpose. The reason is the most easy of conception. Literature builds upon life, professes to picture it; it is, indeed, in a true and transcendent sense, only more at large, and impenetrated by the subtile essence of the writer; so that we must as naturally learn first to read life in its coarser forms, while it presses on and commands the senses, as we must creep before we walk, and walk before we run. In short, we assert that a genuine literature is, and must be, absolutely unintelligible to one who is ignorant of his neighbours' and of the world's ways. It speaks of things of which no idea whatever, not even a reflected shadow of one, exists in the experience of such a person. Although books could inform us of nothing new, if it were necessary to have a prior conception of everything they mentioned, yet we must have seen enough to justify to ourselves the possibility of what a book records; we must be furnished

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and the other circumstance varied, such and such an object would exist. It is indeed true, that he who has least need of books can use them best. The poet, for example, can shape out of his own heart and feelings the life of all dead or actual beings; everything images itself in his spirit, in a more or less finished form; and no sooner is the hint given by a word, than it leaps into life before his eyes, a reality, as true to him as if it were part of his experience.

It is in the comprehension of this relation of dependence between actual and represented life that the whole matter rests—the worth of literature, the genuine methods of using it, and the interaction of experience and study on one another. Personal experience, without the knowledge of books, is shallow, confined, uncertain, tardy in its progress, ever stumbling on difficulties. Book-experience, separated from life, is puny and fantastic, visionary, irreducible to practice, a body of smoke without a blink of fire.

The worth of books is best known in a dull drizzly day, when the sun is seen only as a halo, and his influence is not strong enough to draw off the distempering vapours which penetrate even to one's solitude. It is in vain, then, to look for clear and shining thoughts. The brain is clogged, and all the humours stagnate in their course. To keep the temper pure and sweet, one opens the pages of a man of genius. Here, in this resource, is the spirit renovated. The mists and clouds seem gradually to rise and vanish, as they are felt no more; the thoughts brighten and steady, the judgment recovers its tone, and a touch of joy blends with every sensation. Each effort of the mind before was abortive to produce this effect; everything in the shape of endeavour tending rather to increase mental prostration than remove it. A ray of life, however, from another orb has pierced our souls, and lighted them up with ideas and images. The effect seems magical, but it is natural; for books restore to us our happiest hours, and by the subtile sympathies of humanity make the richer experience of minds more highly, more imaginatively gifted our own. It would be difficult to measure the value of this single use of literature, in relation to our welfare and happiness. How many miserable hours and days should we have to spend, if we had no such resource to betake ourselves to! In some parts of the globe more than in others—in our own island, for example—these mists and damps hover over the inhabitants with their harsh and blighting influence. The wealth of our literature tends to mitigate the inevitable ennui and sadness which are the consequence; nor can we say how many lives it has saved from ruin or degradation on such occasions.

The relation of books, however, to the mental development of the man of letters is of vastly more interest, and at the same time greatly more difficult to estimate. Although we have already alluded implicitly to the subject, we cannot help observing how often life and reading are contrasted; how a student is by one recommended to read laboriously, by another to seek rather in the world for his materials than in the heart of books. But this is to mistake the matter, and oppose things essentially the same, only formally different. To draw from life, as it is called, is indeed the base of all genuine study—to look abroad with one's own eyes, and hear veritably with the ear; still to draw from books what is living in them is to draw from life also. We are bade look here and there, and a thousand places where we should not have thought of looking, and all our senses are made often very much more busy than if they were unitedly occupied in a rivalry which would be the most vigilant in the actual world. All have not the gift of observation, or at least not all have it in a state of activity and cultivation. An impulse in the right direction may be derived from books, and examples of successful attention furnished.

The danger is indeed lest one loses his equilibrium amid the whirl of vaster minds than one's own, and be drawn in to play the subordinate part of a satellite to some stronger and more original thinker. The effort of reading, too—we mean here, as it may be, not as it ought—is so much lighter, so much less irksome and vexatious than a personal effort of thought or investigation, that, from sloth or desire of luxury, the temptation to abandon life and nature for empty books—empty because universally read—is very great, and quite irresistible to all in whom the impulse of genius is weak or non-existent. It is for this reason that one meets every day with thousands among the learned classes, who dare not own, if they spoke the truth, a single idea as their own; who have sought and found in books wherewith to satisfy the demands of public taste; and who have never set before them a higher criterion of successful study than prosperity in winning the outward prizes of life. Everything about such persons is to the genuine student stale and insipid—their ideas, methods, style. Nothing that comes from them is fresh and brilliant, bearing the stamp of nature and personal insight. They are public tanks, filled from time to time from the fountain; but own no living stream, no bubbling source of their own. 'Pity 'tis, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity.' If public necessity demands certain learned men, by all means let us have them. But to owe reputation, everything, to the brains of others, is more to be wondered at than applauded.

The truth is, that reading, in the true sense of the word, is a study of the highest and noblest kind; not only as it concerns some of the sublimest products of genius, but as it calls into activity all the faculties of the soul, and gives them free and beautiful play, each in its appropriate sphere. The study of books cannot be identified with production or creation; but it may incidentally give rise to it. It throws the mind into a state of spiritual excitement, if not so intense and concentred as that of invention, at least as comprehensive. It has indeed an influence peculiar to itself, and essentially related to the act of creation. We allude to its power of projecting the mind loose and out in all directions—of stirring without discomposing it—of supplying a perpetual rallying-point to the thoughts when discursively active. Out of this are evolved many a central idea and literary plan. Conceptions that before floated as vague films, vexing the mind by their intangibility, are concentrated by contact with some thought, as probably not at all related to them as related. The brain, in this state of quiescent activity, sees clearer, grasps more firmly, moulds its objects more exactly to its will, and has a general spontaneity of action, scarcely realised at any other time.

Akin to this use of books, though not identical with it, is their relation to the mental soundness of the man of letters, in the widest and most extensive sense of that word. If perpetually out of doors, and owing all to conversation and the world, he grows shallow and frivolous; more ready than deep, more showy than just in his judgments. If he is ever in within himself, turning always on the axle of his own mind, he gets narrow, one-sided, and monotonous. He is in danger, too, of deranging his mind; for insanity, in one of its forms, is only the promulgation of this habit beyond some undefined point in the nervous system. Reading deepens and purifies him, rids him of self-conceit and all the nonsense connected with it, while it inspires him with self-respect, if, on looking curiously into himself, he can find something there to esteem. The follies of a disordered enthusiasm are beaten out of him, as he finds standards of right and wrong, beauty and deformity, truth and falsehood argued; as his favourite theories come under review, or some counter-theory is erected and defended. He can no longer hold to the plank which has been demonstrated to be rotten. He unfurls a new sail and hoists another flag, as his growing experience proves the necessity. The winds that fill his canvass often blow from the lips of the dead. In this way books work to his benefit.

But we must not forget that literature is the great field of his studies, considered as an artist—that is, not merely as a philosopher or a poet, but, as such, giving artistic utterance to his thoughts. The forms of his self-expression must be drawn, at least in the first instance, from the approved models of the past, how much soever he may modify these by the activity of his own mind. An author can indeed show his originality through his forms as well as by his ideas. But those are much more derived than created, because they are in great part conventional, being some-

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thing agreed on, something known already, in most respects, by the parties addressed, as well as by the author who addresses; and this the author can only learn in the great works which have served to transmit these forms. The study of books for this purpose is therefore an important part of the author's duty—a part of essential moment, would he realise any work to live, or seek to act widely and effectively on the destinies of his fellow-men.

Harmonising with all those uses of books, and throwing a soft richness over them, is another, the last we notice, namely, the exhortation to pure and dignified aims, which the fact of their existence, as well as the historical circumstances under which the highest of them are known to have been produced, repeat in the ear of the man of letters. It cannot escape the observation of any one with the slightest literary pretensions, that all the great poets and philosophers have thought and written under the influence of a certain holy awe. A tincture of this, if not more, reaches the student through his readings, to purge and elevate his purposes, and give to his labours something of the same sanctified aspect.

Man among his books is man holding to his fellow-man —man entering into the inheritance of the past, and joining his own lands and cleared fields to his ancestors. Life is vast and manifold. What can man do better than use so rich a patrimony? Only there is a use and a misuse of it, which must be distinguished; for if we do not use it aright, it turns to naught, or cumbers the world it was meant to enrich.

BERTRAND DUGUESCLIN.

'I SHALL let you see that you shall obey me this moment. In the absence of my father I am the chief of the family. I am the oldest son and heir; and I shall show you that I am so, I tell you!' These words were uttered in an arrogant tone, and with imperious gestures, by a little boy, who, with clenched fist and flashing eyes, stood threatening to strike whoever opposed his will. The child was not exceeding ten years of age, and yet his deep set eyes, his large head, and thick, short body, gave token of a determined will and athletic frame. He stood in the midst of a splendid Gothic apartment, whose sumptuous furniture was of the richest and most elaborate character, and which he kicked and threw down with the greatest disdain; while he ever and anon shook a stick over the heads of a beautiful little boy and girl, who crouched in a terrified manner in a corner of the room.

'Come,' cried the imperious little lad; 'come miss, and yoke yourself in this cord, and be my horse.' Then, as the child did not reply, he added, 'So I am not to be obeyed?'

'Choose another game, Bertrand,' replied the little girl in a trembling voice. 'You always hurt me with your whip at that game.'

'I have said that this shall be the game,' cried Bertrand, striking his foot on the ground and lifting up his hand.

'Ah, well! but it does not please me.'

'Nor me,' added the little boy, joining his sister.

'So you begin to dispute the matter, I believe,' cried Bertrand; and these words were followed by a violent blow, applied to the shoulders of the little girl, who uttered a cry of pain.

'Be quiet now, or I shall give you more,' continued the little tyrant, raising his clenched hand and scowling.

The child became suddenly mute, but her first exclamation had been heard, for a man with a cold, solemn visage, and vestments as black as his eyes, quickly entered the apartment, and catching Bertrand by the arm, shook him violently, while he demanded, in severe tones, how he dared to strike his sister? 'You ought to be her protector, sir,' continued the tutor, fiercely, 'and yet you maltreat her.'

'And truly I would defend her if any one else were to dare to touch her,' replied Bertrand boldly, struggling with, and kicking at, his master at the same time, with all his might.

'And how dare you strike her then, sir?' continued the flushed preceptor, glad to emancipate the little rebel, and to resort at last to moral force, as the means of maintaining his dignity and authority.

'Because I am her master, Mister Abbe,' replied the boy, insolently.

'And how do you feel when I, being your master, chastise you?' said the tutor, his eyes flashing with suppressed passion.

'I feel that you have no right to do so,' said Bertrand, fiercely; 'and I hate you for it. You are not my master. I have no master but Renauld Dugueselin, my father. You are only my preceptor, Mister Abbe.'

'And I shall very quickly cease to be so, you little wretch,' cried the choleric teacher, catching the boy by the ear and shaking him sternly. 'I only rob your father of his money in attempting to teach such a young mule as you.'

'You deserve the money for the trouble you take in scolding and buffeting me,' cried Bertrand, laughing; 'you don't spare your hands or tongue, good master!'

'And you certainly have not profited much by my labours, you stubborn malapert.'

'As much as I ever intend to do,' replied the bold boy.

'Oh, you are a most insolent dog,' continued the teacher, 'yet you have plenty of natural abilities, if you pleased to listen to instruction.'

'Take care now, my dear preceptor,' said the child sarcastically, 'you are forgetting yourself in your agitation. Recollect, now, that it is to *me* whom you speak. I am Bertrand Dugueselin—a little wretch, an obstinate dog, a brutal scoundrel, a bitterly bad one—and I know not all what other estimable qualities you have generously attributed to me. Truly you have often highly gratified me by telling me of my natural dispositions.'

'It has caused me more pain to tell you of your faults than it has caused you to listen to them,' said the abbe, in a low solemn tone, for the force of the child's raillery was not lost upon him.

'Marie,' said Bertrand, turning to his sister, and speaking in a dolorous voice, 'give your pocket-handkerchief to the abbe; for if he continues upon this tone he will soon dissolve in tears, good man!'

'If you had any heart something might still be made of you,' said the offended teacher; 'but I believe that you have none.'

'Ah! I know that I have none,' returned the boy; 'but, after all, what do you mean by heart?'

'It is love for those who love us.'

'Then it is because nobody loves me that I love nobody,' said the boy; and his large brow fell so as almost to conceal his flashing eyes, and his voice became harsh and severe.

'And how can people love you, sir,' replied the monk, 'when your only delight is in working mischief? You intermit no opportunity of tormenting the domestics; you cause your brother and sister to cry whenever you are alone with them; you maltreat whoever is weaker than yourself; and it is sufficient that your mother desires a thing for you to do the contrary; you are so wicked, and so much dreaded, that there is not a child in the village, nor within two leagues of this castle, who does not start off with affright whenever he sees you, and cries to those whom he encounters, 'Run! run! there is Bertrand, the son of the baron! Run! for he is so wicked that he will hurt you!' No person can suffer you, sir.'

'And I am everybody's equal in that respect,' said Bertrand, making a horrible grimace.

'Look now at that mirror and behold the spectacle which you present, sir,' said the Abbe sternly; 'your hair hangs in matted locks over your brow; your clothes are stained and torn; one of your feet is covered, the other is naked your face is besmeared, and your hands black with dust you have the appearance of a little beggar, sir.'

'So much the better,' said the incorrigible child.

'And wherefore that?' asked the teacher.

'Because I do not wish to please anybody by appearing

clean. I hate everybody, because everybody hates me,' replied Bertrand.

'And do you know why they hate you?'

'Yes,' replied Bertrand, while a flush overspread his cheek and a deep sigh burst from his bosom. 'Yes, it is because I am ugly.'

'It is because you are wicked, sir,' said the preceptor, sternly. 'Do you think that because your body is short and thick, and your nose or head is large, that your father would frown when he heard your name, and would exclaim of his oldest son and heir—That is a boy who shall be very little honour to the name he bears; I would rather that he had died, when he was born, than stain the fair name of his fathers, as he shall do, without doubt.'

'Ah, my father has said that!' cried the little Duguesclin, with flushed brow, clenched teeth, and closed hand, 'my father has said that! Ah, well! I will become more mischievous still than I am. I will do still more evil; and if nobody loves me, I shall, at least, make many fear me.'

'Then, sir, receive my adieus,' said the Abbe, angrily.

'With all my heart, sir. Go!' cried the child, sternly.

'I leave you with a sad heart,' said the preceptor, in a tone that belied his words.

'And I behold you go with a joyous one,' retorted the candid boy.

'I hope to return some day hence, when you have mended your manners.'

'Then I shall never see you again,' cried the boy.

During this singular colloquy the brother and sister of Bertrand Duguesclin had gone to join their mother; so that when the preceptor retired, with slow steps, he left Bertrand all alone to his own sombre reflections. The door had scarcely closed when the boy, rushing to a corner of the splendid room, buried his face in his hands, and appeared sunk in grief and misery. The dinner-bell sounded sometime after this scene, and then Bertrand, rising slowly from his recumbent position, repaired gloomily to the dining apartment, where his mother and his brother and sister were already seated. 'Your preceptor has gone, sir!' were the first words which his mother uttered to him, in a cold, and severe tone, as he took his place at the table. The boy looked at her for a moment as if searching in her eyes for one kindly, maternal sunbeam; and then suddenly exclaiming, 'Ah, well! so much the better!' he began to take his soup so quickly and so greedily, that part of it fell from his spoon, running down his chin, and falling upon his clothes. 'You cause me plenty of vexation, sir,' continued the Lady Duguesclin, forgetting to serve the plates, which the domestics had placed upon the table, in her wrath at the conduct of her son. 'Your father, before he went away, spoke of sending you to some distant place, where you would not distress us any longer; and my weakness was the cause of his deferring that idea. I shall cause it now, however, to be put immediately in execution. Bertrand's lip trembled, yet he did not say a word, but fixed his eyes upon a pigeon-pie placed near him, and thought for a moment how to fill his plate. Without considering whether he should burn his fingers, immediately upon his mother ceasing to speak, he dashed his hand into the pie, and transferred a pigeon to his plate, at the same time letting fall a long train of sauce upon the stainless table-cloth. His mother's eyes flashed fire, and she seemed to be scarcely able to contain herself as she beheld this new insolence of the boy. 'Look at your brother and sister, sir,' she said, sternly; 'both are younger than you, and yet they always conduct themselves better than you do. I shall take care that henceforth you shall not touch another plate, sir.'

Bertrand vouchsafed no answer, but continued to tear the pigeon with his teeth.

'Truly, sir, you make me ashamed of you,' cried his mother, angrily. 'Can you not eat more properly? Comtois,' she continued, turning to a valet, who stood behind Bertrand, 'carve that meat for Master Duguesclin, and serve him.'

'I have finished,' said Bertrand, doggedly.

'Lift that aschette, Comtois, and place no more near him,' said the lady, scowling at the same time on her delinquent son. 'You shall never come here again,' she added, coldly.

She had scarcely finished her threat when one of the boy's hands was thrust into a plate of apple-fritters in sugar, and the other into a salad of seasoned Roman lettuce.

'You defy me, Bertrand?' said the lady with emotion.

Bertrand carried a couple of apple-fritters to his mouth, and several leaves of salad; and then his hands began incontinently to find their way to the plate again.

'Go, sir!' cried Dame Duguesclin at last, while her whole frame shook. 'Go! and never appear before me again without my permission.'

'I shall go when I have dined,' replied Bertrand, with his mouth full, and continuing always to eat.

'Go in a moment, sir!' cried the angry mother—'go, I tell you! Comtois, take that boy hence, and lock him up in his chamber, and bring me the key,' she added, turning to the servant and forgetting her dignity in her anger.

'He had better not touch me,' cried Bertrand, with flashing eyes. 'He had better not touch me.'

'Do what I command you, Comtois!' cried the lady, stamping with her foot.

'If he comes near me, I shall pass my knife into his belly,' cried Bertrand, seizing a knife and presenting its point to the side of the valet.

The man, very little moved by the menace of the child, walked slowly behind him, and, seizing him by the arms, when he was less on his guard, very easily disarmed him. At this, the fury of Bertrand knew no bounds. Clutching the table-cloth he dragged it to him with all his might, and in a moment all that stood upon it was hurled to the floor; plates, meats, sauces, fruits, glasses, water, and wine, all fell pell-mell into the middle of the room with a crash that startled the echoes of the lofty old dining-hall. Terrified at an act so audacious, the lady rose from the table, and, clasping her little boy and girl to her breast, looked first at the broken dinner service, and next at Bertrand; and then with trembling lips exclaimed, 'Oh! what have I done to displease Heaven, that in its anger it sent me such a child as this? Surely he cannot be mine; they must have changed him at the nursing. It is impossible that I have given birth to a being so ugly, so wicked, and so insubordinate.'

Without listening to these words, which, without doubt, were meant for Bertrand himself, the little Duguesclin continued his attack upon the table. He struck with his feet, crying, howling, and tearing himself with his fingers; going from the table to the chairs, and from the chairs to the capsized plates, amongst which he trampled with the greatest of vigour. He then menaced the valets, who attempted to obey the orders of their mistress and seize the rebel, and struggled on in his fury, while his hands flowed with blood, and the sweat poured over his brow.

'Seize him,' cried the dame, 'and now you shall not take him to his chamber, but to the subterranean cavern at the foot of the stair on your right. Lock him up there, and let him remain till eight o'clock, with nothing but bread and water, without seeing anybody.'

At that instant the door of the dining-room opened, and a woman clad in the black vestments of widowhood suddenly stood still at the threshold of the door, and cast an astonished glance around her. She saw a table upset; amongst broken fragments of porcelain and of meats, which strewed the marble floor, rivers of water and of wine flowed here and there, tracing courses for themselves around broken tureens and amongst smoking fowls. Before her was the Lady Duguesclin, bathed in tears, and pressing her frightened infants to her breast; behind were the stupified valets; and in a corner, with hanging head, flushed face, and sobbing and panting, sat a dirty, half-clad boy.

'Madam Martois!' cried the two children at last, quitting the arms of their mother and running towards the beautiful and gentle visiter.

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'You come at a very sad moment, my friend,' said the dame, shaking her head and looking round with dismay.

'But not without a welcome, I hope?' said the lady, smiling.

'You are ever welcome, my friend,' said the dame, warmly; 'but more particularly now, for I never had more need of consolation, and never did I experience the same grief.'

'Truly,' said Madam Martois, 'you are pale and agitated; you tremble, your hand is burning, and tears are rolling from your eyes. Is there anything the matter with the Baron Dugueselin?'

'He is well, thank God,' replied the lady.

'Then what is the matter?' said the widow, looking round her.

'You are frightened now, my sister, at the disorder which you behold,' said the lady. 'How much more so would you be if you knew the cause?'

'I am not occupied with the disorder,' said Madame Martois, 'but with this child,' and she pointed with her finger towards Bertrand—'who is he?'

The Lady Dugueselin hung down her head and sobbed; and the domestics, seeing that she gave no more orders, retired, bearing away the fragments of the dinner.

'He is a very wicked child,' said the dame, after a moment of silence.

'Oh!' said Madam Mortois, smiling, and approaching Bertrand, 'why is one so young as you, wicked?'

'Because I am not old enough, like you, to be good,' replied Bertrand, glancing from under his eyebrows.

'But thy age is better and sweeter than mine,' said the widow, gently, at the same time stretching out her hand and smiling. 'Come to me, and leave your corner, my little friend.'

'I am the friend of nobody,' replied the boy, sulkily.

'But me; will you let me be your friend?' continued the widow, in soft tones.

'Do not torment me, but let me alone,' answered the boy, at the same time turning his back to the lady.

'Oh, it is not polite of you, my dear, to do this,' said the widow, in her gentlest manner.

'Ah, you have come to moralise, also, like my father, mother, and tutor,' said the boy, quickly.

'No, I will not moralise to you, my dear,' said the lady, 'because I believe that you do not need that I should. I believe you to be wise and obedient.'

'Do you know, madam, that I never allow anybody to mock me?' said Bertrand, haughtily.

'God forbid that I should mock the meanest thing on earth,' said the lady, in accents so soft, so earnest, and thrilling, that the boy insensibly turned his eyes towards her meek and beaming face, and looked at her for a moment with pleased wonder.

'Then,' he added quickly, at the same time brandishing a piece of wood in the air, 'I give those who mock me blows with my club.'

'Never mind him, my dear madam,' said Bertrand's mother, with affright; 'he will certainly hurt you.'

'I believe him incapable of doing so,' said the strong-willed, loving woman, at the same time advancing with a holy smile towards the boy. When close to him she took his hand, and then, parting the hair that hung over his brow and cheeks, and looking at him attentively, she turned to the Dame Dugueselin and said, 'There is something noble and independent in the face of that boy, or I am much mistaken. What a lofty, massive brow—what an eagle eye! Thought and energy are seated on his beaming front, and with care and attention he might yet be one of the greatest men of his age.'

The baroness heaved a deep sigh as she listened to Madam Martois's prediction. 'Alas, my good friend,' she answered, 'that boy will never have a destiny such as you have predicted; and, unfortunately, he is my son.'

'Your son! I never saw him before!' said the astonished widow.

'Oh, his natural disposition is so bad,' said his mother, firmly, 'that, although my son and my first-born, I think shame of him, and fear that he should either be seen or heard by those whose esteem I wish to preserve, and so I send him away from the castle when I have visitors. That boy only delights in doing evil, and, sooner or later, I fear he will dishonour our family.'

While the mother spoke the widow fixed her keen, penetrating eyes on the boy, who hung his head in shame and confusion, and then she drew near to him and took him gently in her arms. 'My dear child,' she said, kissing his cheek, that had seldom been kissed before, 'if you would only strive to be good, what a noble and great man you might yet be! What a different destiny might be yours from the dark one painted by your mother!'

'If my mother and everybody had spoken to me and kissed me as you have done, how I could have loved them!' cried the boy, bursting into tears, and throwing his arms round the neck of his friend. 'Oh, I shall be good, if you will love me!'

'Yes, I will love you, my noble-hearted child,' said Madam Martois; 'be obedient to your parents, and gentle and kind, and I and everybody will love you.'

In a moment Bertrand threw down the club which he held in his hand, and, going towards his mother, he said, as well as his tears and sobs would permit him, 'Mother, I know where the prison-cell is, and now I shall go alone. Will you pardon my violence? I shall never be disobedient again, that she may love me.'

'Oh, I knew he was a noble and generous child,' said the widow, kissing his brow and clasping him again in her arms.

'And I fear that we have all been taking the wrong way to make him good,' said his wondering mother, as she looked first at her son, and then at the friend on whose breast his head was laid with all the fondness, and innocence, and trust of his age. And now the beauties that had lain hidden in the deep and stern nature of the boy came forth to light in the morning of love. Kindly words and gentle looks had never before been expended on the ungainly child. He had been scorned, insulted, and mocked, and as he grew up he gave back scorn, insult, and blows; but still there was a fountain of love in his bosom—there was a stream of affection beneath the Horeb of his breast sufficient to drown out the fire of his hatred, if some rod of love would only touch his obdurate nature and burst the sterner parts of it. Kindness had melted the ice that had chilled the boy's soul; he had felt that he was loved, and he lived again in love.

When Bertrand afterwards walked abroad, the children of the village were not slow to mark the changes of his dress and deportment, and by and by they would stand and kindly give him good day as he smilingly passed them.

By and by the little wicked Bertrand Dugueselin became remarkable for the strength of his mind and the brilliancy of that mind's attainments. From the chateau of Mothe-Broon he went to Paris, where he distinguished himself above all his peers by his courage, docility, and address. He became one of the advisers of Charles V. of France, and by that monarch was created constable of the realm. He gained for himself one of the loftiest names in French history, and died, not only beloved by his friends on account of his virtues, but regretted by his enemies, who admired him on account of his generosity. So excellent, elegant, and beautiful were the qualities of his heart and mind, that his contemporaries, in their warm admiration of these, never perceived the ugliness of his person. Love is the best of all teachers, and virtue the most beautiful of all the gifts of man, as the lives of many more than Bertrand Dugueselin, high constable of France, are proving every day.

DR GUGGENBÜHL, AND THE RETREAT OF THE ABENDBERG.

Virtue and modesty are twin sisters. The former, ever active in well-doing, is sometimes overborne by opposing accidents, in its pilgrimage of life, and sometimes it wears upon its cheeks the smile of triumph; but, whether discomfited or triumphant, true virtue ever leans upon the

bosom of modesty, and neither bemoans its misfortunes nor glories in its successes. The test of virtue is its own inherent vitality. Its existence and vigour are beyond the influences of extraneous circumstances. Virtue, as interpreted by the heathens, was a mere conventional attribute. It was a thing of show, and fattened upon the applauses of men. True virtue, like the most odoriferous flowers, possesses no gaudy colours, and does not obtrude itself into conspicuous places. It is lowly in its nature; but it is nevertheless gracious and diffusive, and meant by God to be to us a pattern and example.

It would be a wonder and a pity if the miser did not accumulate gold, and the warrior did not obtain the applauses of the thoughtless. God tells us that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich.' The diligently avaricious invariably gain wealth; the pompous and vain procure for themselves their full measure of decorations and cheers; and their success in the outward, lower world teaches us, as strongly as analogy can teach us, that he who pursues the paths of virtue is sure also to gain for himself treasures richer far than east or west can unfold. The miser pursues gold and he gains it; but he loses every other thing that earth possesses: and, oh! who would grudge him his dirty dross? The ambitious sells himself for grandeur, and glory, and the wide-throated acclamations of a fickle crowd: and who would rob the miserable of his only world, in all this world of varied pursuits? Truly, the seeming favourites of fate, who appear to be caressed in the lap of pleasure, are, after all, the most pitiable of earth's children. One revolution of the wheel of 'fickle fortune' denudes them in a moment of all the grosser joys of their merely outward life; while, high above the effects of mundane wars and human jarring, lives and loves the virtuous soul, whose immortal vitality springs from the Infinite and Invisible, and whose world is Christ.

In the canton of Berne, Switzerland, and upon the mountain called Abendberg, an humble, unobtrusive Christian founded a little hospital in the year 1840. This benevolent and devoted man did not merely give gold, in order to enable men more heroic than himself to prosecute those works of mercy of which he approved; he forsook all his prospects of high professional eminence and worldly comfort, and devoted a highly cultivated mind, a vigorous manhood, and a noble heart to a work which at first was deemed hopeless by all but himself—a work which had long been calling for science and benevolence to arrest or mitigate its fearful and horrifying ravages In the course of a tour amongst the high Alps in 1836, Dr Guggenbühl, a Protestant native of Meilen, in the canton of Zurich, and a man already of some name as a physician, became specially interested in the condition of that pitiable and fearfully enormous part of the Swiss population denominated 'Cretins,' or idiots. Struck, not only with the appearance but with the nature of Cretinism, the doctor continued during his tour to make observations, and finally devoted himself entirely to the study of this terribly prevalent disease. For two years he lived in the small and retired village of Sernf, in the canton Glarus; and then he traversed the most mountainous regions of Switzerland, studying and experimenting upon Cretinism, and feeling more and more that help was demanded for, and could be most effectually rendered to, the Cretins. He laid the results of his observations, and the suggestions derived from his experience, before the Swiss Association for the Advancement of Science, and the result was that the association reported favourably of his views, and procured from the cantonal government of Berne the sum of 600 Swiss francs, with which to begin his experiment.

In 1840 the *hospice* of Abendberg, situated 4000 feet above the level of the sea, was opened, under the inspection and personal government of Dr Guggenbühl; and such have been the happy and blessed results of his operations, that the eyes of Europe are now gratefully directed towards the little hospital of the Alps.

'By modern psychologists, Cretinism is regarded as the highest degree of idiocy, combined with bodily degeneracy, and with certain peculiarities dependent on its endemic character. Knolz believes that its essence consists in 'predominant activity of the ganglionic and imperfect development of the cerebral system, and finds therein an explanation, not only of the phenomena observed during life, but also that of the remarkably developed sympathetic nerve.' As to the proximate cause of Cretinism, it is probably formed of a combination of noxious influences, no one of which, acting separately, would be adequate to the production of the terrible effect. Although one of the most frequent conditions of its occurrence appears to be warm moisture in low situations, this is by no means essential, for it sometimes is met with in open and apparently dry places. Dr Guggenbühl divides the Cretins into four classes: 1. *The atrophied Cretins;* those whose bodies are much emaciated, and their extremities paralysed. In these he believes that the spinal marrow is chiefly affected.—2. *The rickety Cretins;* those whose bones are soft, and have their limbs bent in consequence.—3. *The hydrocephalic Cretins;* those who are affected with chronic water-in-the-head.—4. *The Cretins diseased from birth;* in these some of the worst symptoms appear, and they prove the most intractable: nevertheless it is remarked, that where a goître exists at birth the brain is less affected than in other cases.—Individuals are to be found in whose persons all these conditions exist together; and others there are who present various combinations of the symptoms; but in all the classes goîtres are seen frequently. The manifestations of the mental powers and moral feelings vary much in all the classes, and correspond pretty exactly with the greater or less activity of the organs of the senses.

'It is well known that Cretinism occurs chiefly amongst the inhabitants of the lower parts, and the shady sides of narrow valleys, in the higher ranges of the Alps. In the more open places, and at elevations of 4000 feet and upwards, the disease is seldom met with. It would appear that in the deepest valleys, and even at particular spots in these valleys, the worst cases occur. In his account of the Cretins, Dr Reeve remarks that he found many bad cases in one small village in adjoining houses, which were built under ledges of the rocks, and all of them very filthy, very hot, and miserable. The children of the poor are more frequently affected than those of persons in more comfortable circumstances. At Münt, in a poor population of 100, 80 are Cretins.* Numerous as these miserable objects still are, they are unquestionably less so than they were a century ago. This diminution in their number seems to be owing chiefly to the improvement which has gradually taken place in the style of the habitations of the poorer classes, to the draining of marshes, the cutting down of woods, the discouragement of marriages amongst Cretins, and the greater care exercised by the parents in sending their affected children, for a certain period of the year, to their *chalets* on the alpine heights. It must not be imagined that Cretinism exists only in Switzerland: it is seen also amongst the mountains of Carinthia, along the banks of the Danube, and in the valleys of the Pyrenees; also in the high lands of Madagascar, in Kemaon, within the ranges of the Himalayas, and, according to Sir George Staunton, even in Chinese Tartary.'

It was to arrest and mitigate the horrors of this shocking malady that Dr Guggenbühl resolved to devote his life;

* 'In the valley of Ollomont, as at Aoste, the enjoyment of natural beauty is rendered impossible by the loathsome deformity of the inhabitants. We were really shocked to find that none of the villages through which we passed seemed to contain one reasonable human being; goîtres and Cretinism appeared universal and inseparable. Repeatedly I tried to obtain an answer to a simple question from the most rational looking of the inhabitants, but in vain. This astonished and shocked us, for we were still at a height of 4000 English feet above the sea, where these maladies commonly disappear: and we looked forward with despair to the prospect of obtaining a guide for the difficult and unknown country which we were next to traverse, from amongst such a population. But in this, as in very many similar cases, first appearances are not to be interpreted to the letter.' On further inquiry it was found that 'the effective population' were mostly absent in attendance on a fete at the chief place of the district, and that 'others were with their herds on the mountains.'—*Professor Forbes's Travels through the Alps of Savoy.*

and having once resolved upon this glorious sacrifice of self and the outer world, the doctor retired to his little world of natural grandeur and beauty, and began to reign in his kingdom of love.

'Dr Guggenbühl learned from the experience of the past that, if young children affected with Cretinism be taken from their native valleys to the alpine heights, for even a few months of the summer, their general health is greatly improved, and their physical and mental defects are diminished. He therefore resolved that the situation of his proposed infirmary should be a very elevated one; and he chose for the subjects of his experiments the youngest Cretins he could find. To form a nursery for invalid children, of from one year to six years of age, at an elevation of 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the vicinity of glaciers, and that not merely for the summer, but for the whole year, was certainly a bold step; but bolder still was the determination on the part of the warm-hearted projector to become, in his own person, the director of the establishment, as well as the physician and teacher of the little patient-pupils. There he was, a man of highly cultivated mind and refined tastes, shut up for months together, far away from the amenities of social life, with few companions but those idiot children, of whom scarcely one was able to reciprocate the smiles of tenderness and love he bestowed upon them! Can anything be conceived of requiring more self-denial, patience, and resolution? It is not far from the summit of the Abendberg, on an open space of grass-land, that Dr Guggenbühl's cottages are situated. It is in summer a lovely spot. The views of the neighbouring Alps, the Mönch, the Eigher, and the Jungfrau, the lake of Brienz, and of the celebrated green valley of Interlachen, are magnificent. The combination of beauty and grandeur in the scene is almost unrivalled. The effect of it on the opening minds of the young patients is, doubtless, highly favourable to their development. There are here excellent and abundant springs, and the soil is so productive, and the temperature so high, that ordinary esculent vegetables, and even grain and maize, grow and ripen well. Poultry and goats also are reared: so that the little colony is almost self-supporting. The winter's cold is not so great, nor the fall of snow so deep on the summit of the Abendberg, as in most other parts of the Alps at the same elevation. It appears that, of the true Cretin children treated in this alpine retreat, already about one-third have returned to their families, more or less completely restored to health in body and in mind. Some appear to have been completely cured, and rendered as capable of ordinary education as the most healthy children. Dr Guggenbühl desires that the children should continue at the Abendberg for not less than three years, to do justice to his treatment. Some may require five or six years' residence. But many are removed by their parents too soon, and fall back after their return home.'

The children that are sent to the hospital of the Abendberg are often of the most loathsome appearance, and in the weakest state of mental and physical debility; and yet from these, infantile beauty and sprightliness are most successfully developed. Taken to the Retreat as soon as weaned, the children are committed to the care of nurses, by whom they are bathed, fed with goats' milk, and carried out and laid in the sun on the grass, where they are amused, if capable of amusement and encouraged to move themselves. When their physical health has improved, attempts are made to rouse their dormant mental faculties through the organs of sense. Tubes and speaking-trumpets are directed to the ear, and loud sounds are inmitted, or else no impression can be made upon the obdurate faculty. The child is then coaxed to imitate the sounds which it hears, and, by patient perseverance, is thus brought to articulate. The eye and sense of touch are also exercised, by presenting to the patient large wooden letters, which he is by and by taught to associate with sounds and natural objects. When much difficulty is found in fixing the Cretin child's attention, it is taken into a dark chamber, where figures and letters are pourtrayed on the wall with phosphorus. As the poor children emerge from the state of mere being into a consciousness of life, music and gymnastic exercises, together with the study and contemplation of nature, form part of their instruction and delight.

In Dr Guggenbühl's last report many interesting cases of cure are recorded, and singular testimony is borne to the efficacy of his treatment:

'The faculty of distinguishing right from wrong (or the force of conscience) shows itself strongly in some of the Cretins, and we have almost always remarked that, when once their intelligence is awakened, they comprehend far more easily the existence of a God than that of a material object—of a table, for instance. The manifestation of the power of the Creator in the works of nature, which are so magnificently displayed around us, is also quickly received into their hearts. Those who have witnessed, as we have done, the astonishment, the joy, the admiration, of our Cretin children at the sight of a glorious sunrise, or sunset, of a summer rainbow, or a beautiful storm amidst our alpine heights, would feel the truth of the remark made by Diesterweg, that 'many a man has felt ashamed of the indifference and insensibility with which he has coldly beheld the finest phenomena of creation, when he has seen the extacy, the attentive consideration, the transports of children.' We have never found it necessary to call the attention of ours to such sights. The works of nature have become to them a sort of teaching of higher things, and led them naturally to the thought of a heavenly Father, whose love is over all, and whose will it is, 'that none perish, but that all come to the knowledge of the truth.' Memory is always more or less developed in Cretins. A boy now with us, of eleven years of age, in spite of the very decided state of Cretinism that he was in when he came, and also of a defect in his speech, learns verses of the Bible, and short sentences very easily, and remembers them most remarkably. Cretins are also often good mechanics. They can draw, can build card houses with wonderful dexterity, and enjoy other amusements of the same kind. Their quickness of sensation is extraordinary, their impressions violent; sometimes gay and happy, at others sombre and sad; and there are days in which they are incapable of receiving any good feeling, and seem to have stopped short in every thing. These difficulties, however, though they recur constantly, are forgotten when the progress is visible, and when they show us, by their happiness, their cheerfulness, and their tender affection, that they are grateful for the trouble bestowed upon them for their temporal and spiritual welfare. In general, Cretins have a great horror of animals, and a predilection for inanimate playthings, dolls, flowers, &c. Their food is also an object of much excitement.

L——, a girl of six months old, was brought to us in a fearful state. Her body was a complete skeleton, out of all proportion, and covered with a cold, wrinkled skin. Her face was white as death; and her shrivelled forehead and cheeks gave her the appearance of an old woman, which was increased by the strange expression of her little, dark, brilliant eyes, full of meaning. It was July when she came, the season of the year the best fitted, from the elasticity of the air and the splendour of the sunshine, to produce an amelioration in the state of our invalids. Thanks to these kind influences of nature, and to our unwearied care, she made as rapid progress in her recovery as she had done in her decline. In three months' time her deformities began to disappear, her skin became soft and warm, the wrinkles vanished, and her countenance, losing its aged look, grew younger every day. The awakening of the mind soon followed the second springtime of her body, and showed itself by her smiles and manner of noticing every thing around her. The gradual change that took place in her in a year can only be compared to that of passing from a mummy state into that of an animated being. After eighteen months spent on the Abendberg, she returned to her native village of Lutzeldorf, where, as we learn from her pastor, Bitrius, she continues perfectly well, and is beginning to talk.

C—— was four years old when she came to us, with every symptom of confirmed rachitic Cretinism. Her ner-

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vous system was so completely out of order, that the strongest electric shocks produced scarcely any effect upon her for some months. Aromatic baths, frictions, moderate exercise, meat regimen and milk, were the means of restoring her. Her bones and muscles grew so strong, that in the course of a year she could run and jump. Her mind appeared to advance in proportion to her body, for she learned to talk in French and also in German. The life and spirits usual in children of that age at length burst forth, and she was as gay and happy as before she had been cross and disagreeable. She was peculiarly open-hearted, active, kind, and cleanly. She learned to read, write, cypher, sew, and knit; and, above all, she loved to sing. It is now two years since she left us, and we had the happiness of hearing lately that she continues quite well and goes to school. This is an important fact, because in her family there is a strong tendency to Cretinism, and the climate of the canton of the Valais, where she is, is fatal to all development.

M—— was a year and a half old when confided to us, half paralysed and in a most deplorable state, unconscious of anything around her. It took at least nine months to reanimate her a little, when she began to show some signs of intelligence. Her's were the extremes of laughter and of tears, of rapture and despair, of attention and inattention. The perfect gloom of night which enveloped the mind of this child at length gave way to a dawn of intelligence, which announced the awakening of all her faculties. At three years old she had very correct notions of right and wrong, of God and of her Saviour; and, after a stay of four years amongst us, this poor child, who seemed doomed only to vegetate all her life, was sent home with every indication of a healthy mind, as well as of a healthy body.

A very different subject was sent to us. Her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her fine intelligent expression, would have deceived any one. Nevertheless, at three years old, she could not stand, and cried whenever the attempt was made, and resisted all our efforts to restore animation. We were not, however, to be discouraged, and all at once, as if by magic, she began to articulate a few words, and some months afterwards she could repeat little sentences. In the course of the following year, when in the Valais, we had the satisfaction of seeing this dear child considerably improved in body and mind; showing us, in her infantine way, as much affection as she could, and that she had not in the least forgotten her friends of the Abendberg.

The little Countess of A—— came to us at seven months old, in July 1840, in a dying state. Violent cramps, inflammation, and hooping cough, all semed to conspire to carry her off at once. My only desire was to render her last moments easy, and, to that end, I gave her the essence of hyosciamus in considerable quantities, when, to our astonishment, the worst symptoms disappeared. Her head was of an enormous size; her face pale and deadly; she could neither stand, move, nor articulate, when arrived at the usual age, nor feed herself; and yet she comprehended certain things, and her hearing was acute. We pursued a strict regimen for a long time with her; the open air, milk diet, meat, aromatic baths, frictions, and iodine taken inwardly. When we compare her present state with what she was two years ago, her firm manner of walking, her readiness of pronunciation, her healthy look, the proportion that there now is between her body and her head, her merry voice, her cheerful manner, we cannot but feel assured that we have hit upon the proper manner of treating her. Her head has stopped growing, while her body continues to develop itself.

Fritz —— came to us at six years of age, with every mark of Cretinism. He remained several months with us without uttering the slightest sound. Shy and timid, he kept apart from every one; he took no notice of anything, and seemed to feel neither joy nor sorrow. Not a spark of intelligence shone in his pale countenance, nor was there anything for the phrenologist to peruse on his skull. He remained in apathetic silence at the lessons of the others, without showing the least attention, although his five senses appeared to be perfect. Before the mind could act, it was necessary that the body should acquire strength. One evening, when the setting sun was gilding the mountain tops, and pouring the most vivid tints over the whole heavens, while the other children were standing in rapturous contemplation of its glories, and expressing their infantine wonder and admiration, all on a sudden Fritz also exclaimed—'*The Sun! the Sun!*' The ice was as it were broken, and he continued from that hour to communicate his ideas to those around him, although his perceptions were still so circumscribed that he could scarcely distinguish his finger from his thumb.

Let not our readers be astonished at the progress of these Cretins, when once the disease has been mastered or arrested. Many men whose names now shine in the pages of science were once as buried in matter as the children whose progress we have recorded, and were snatched from that fearful state by the tender care of those who surrounded them. The learned Grüner was considered as an idiot till the age of fourteen; and the poet Zschokke says, in speaking of himself, that, at the school of Magdeburg, he was looked upon as incapable of receiving any instruction, when, all on a sudden, at the age of thirteen, his mind opened of itself. The celebrated painter of cats, Mind, was likewise a Cretin in his infancy, though now remarkable for most extraordinary gifts. The opinion published by the Medical Committee of Bâle is in complete harmony with these facts:—'We consider Cretinism as the result of an interruption of the development of the brain, which has either taken place before the birth, or in earliest infancy. The sooner it takes place the more complete is the deformity of the body.' The causes whence proceed the malady which we have undertaken to combat are even now, after so many researches, but imperfectly known. Hereditary defects are to be observed on one hand, and the peculiarities of certain localities on the other. Stagnation of the air in confined valleys—places, even on the mountains, whose vegetation is excessive, where the rain or melted snow remains without an outlet—appears always to characterise the cradle of infant Cretins. It has been observed, on a farm belonging to Joseph Willegger, in Syrintz, Klagenfurth, that the farm-servants, who came there in good health, began, in a very short time, to have goîtres, and to experience bodily and mental weakness, till, in the course of years, they became Cretins. Those born on the farm were sooner affected by the air than were strangers; and of the four brothers, the former proprietors, two were completely Cretins, the others half so, and yet they attained the astonishing age of one hundred and one hundred and five years. Animals also were affected, especially those reared on the farm, and wasted away without any apparent cause. At Münt, on the mountain near Naters, in the Valais, the same phenomena are observable. In a population of 100 souls, 30 are Cretins. The vegetation is magnificent there, but the water from the higher Alps is held on the granite rocks, and occasions unwholesome vapours. Never will the spectacle that there presented itself, of those unfortunate beings, be effaced from my memory. Exactly the same facts have been observed at Albeckschen, whose present proprietor, a Swiss officer, came to inhabit it with his first wife, who had a goître soon after, and died half a Cretin. He himself, and his second wife, are now reduced to the same sad state, and five of the elder children are completely so. That branch of the family of Planta, which inhabited the chateau of Rechberg (which, however, must not be confounded with the branch of the noble Plantas of Reichnau), is now almost entirely extinct, with the exception of two Cretins in the hospital of Coïre; and many are the examples in our Switzerland of whole families, once celebrated in its history, which have become the prey of this scourge. In Austria, Cretinism is become so prevalent on the banks of the Danube, that, at the season of the year when the new recruits are called out to exercise, not one man of the age required was to be found capable of bearing arms in all the circle of P. A. Grosspechlaan, and in the villages round Puchlarn and Brun, not one family is exempt from it; some even are entirely composed of Cre-

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tins and half Cretins. Dr Schausberger writes that parents who come to Puchlarn in perfect health give birth to children who are complete Cretins; while, on the contrary, half Cretins, who left Puchlarn to settle on the mountains, brought forth children who were perfectly intelligent.'

We have often heard it asserted that benevolence operates independent of Christianity, and that man, in his individual nature, possesses all the powers necessary to regenerate the world. We do not deny the operation of arbitrary benevolence; we know that there are fountains of love in human nature that often send up warm, gushing streams of kindness from good Samaritan bosoms, and prompt men to bind their brothers' wounds, when they meet them on the highway of life; but we search in vain, save amongst Christians, for self-sacrificing, life-long devotion to works that would shock men, and disgust them, but for their sustaining faith. Christians have gone forth to all nations, to preach the Gospel, in the face of death. The lazar-house and prison, the slave-ship and leper-ward, could not deter them from their works of love and mercy. They have ever thrown themselves into the deadliest breaches of moral reformation, bearing before them the bright banner of the Cross, and glorifying the name of the Captain of their Salvation. Christ has commanded his disciples, through the apostle, to be living epistles, known and read of men; and we tell those who say that Christianity is inane to look to the Abendberg; and to those who rest upon the easy couch of formalism, we also say awaken, and behold a Christian.

Dr Guggenbühl's benevolent labours have met with deserved sympathy in some quarters, and we hope that these shall go on extending In 1845, Ida, Countess of Hahn Hahn, devoted 7500 French francs to the support and education of one poor Valaisan Cretin; while Dr G. Valentin, professor at Berne; Dr Jean Trümpëy, president of the criminal tribunal at Glaris; Professor Schönlein, late privy councillor at Berlin; Professor Troxler, of Berne; and Louis Germond, pastor at Echallens; together with Dr Trayer of Clonmel, and Dr Twining of London, bear the highest testimony to his zeal, devotion, and success. He has appealed to English benevolence for assistance, and the Messrs Twining, bankers, 215 Strand, London, will take charge of all donations.

Original Poetry.

THE VOICES OF THE HEART.

Language hath not the power
To give the voices of my heart a tone—
To tell the feelings, desolate and lone,
That o'er my spirit shower.

The rose upon her stem,
The violet, and the lily of the vale,
With their sweet fragrance, breathe me forth a tale
I cannot speak—a gem.

The organ's pealing sound
Seems off'ring up the incense of a prayer,
And in its notes of joy and praise I share,
With homage most profound.

The bright, the glorious sea,
Whose waves seem bounding with a conscious pride,
As they rush on in their impetuous tide,
A language hath for me.

The moon in the clear sky,
The thousand stars around her brilliant throne,
Speak to me with a music all their own,
Though they may wake a sigh:

They shine upon the deep,
And their soft feelings fill my eyes with tears;
And the lost friends and hopes of former years
Across my mem'ry sweep:

For I am all alone;
I've seen my heart's best idols all depart—
Have seen, with tearless eye but bursting heart,
The earth is passing fair;
The hill, the valley, and the murm'ring stream,
Are lovely as the tracery of a dream—
But none are left to share

My rapture, as I dwell
Upon her beauty; and, with brow of gloom,
I turn me sorrowing to the darksome tomb
In passion's fitful swell.

I think a while on death,
On time, eternity, and that dread hour
When, by the mandate of almighty power,
I must resign my breath.

My spirit longs to know
Her destiny, and future state of being,
To which death is the entrance—the unknown
Above, around, below.

But language hath not power
To give the voices of my heart a tone,
To tell the feelings, desolate and lone,
Which o'er my spirit shower.

E. S.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

To an inquirer capable of taking intelligent cognisance of the numerous steps by which the mechanical enterprise of Great Britain has been elaborated and built up until the extent and power of its development have reached the degree of excellence it at present manifests, few things will meet his view affording such just ground for national exultation as the approximation to perfection which she has attained in the construction and management of machinery of all kinds, driven by the stupendous yet docile power of steam. The first application of this amazing auxiliary to human achievement was made nearly two centuries ago by the Marquis of Worcester, who was known in his day as the inventor of many ingenious contrivances of mechanical skill; and who, in 1663, published in a book, named 'A Century of Inventions,' his description of the first steam-engine; but the noble inventor being more of a theoretical than a practical mechanic, his engine, as might have been expected, was left by him in a very imperfect state. Subsequently to his time many modifications of the machine were made with a view to its improvement and increased practical utility, not a few of which were both useful and ingenious. At length, partly from having his attention accidentally directed to the subject, and partly through design, the celebrated James Watt, who at the time held the appointment of philosophical instrument maker in the University of Glasgow, about the year 1768–9, made such improvements on the principle and details of the steam-engine as brought it effectively within control as a working power of the most invaluable efficacy, and applicable in nearly every branch of human industry. It forms no part of our present intention to enter into any disquisition upon the manifold advantages conferred upon mankind by Watt in virtue of his invention, although the theme is undoubtedly a tempting one; suffice it to say here, that, by following out the principles adopted by that illustrious discoverer, the steam-engine has been made a tractable as well as a nearly all-powerful agent in forwarding the operations of manufactures the most opposite in their nature, and the most widely divergent in their objects and requirements. It has been made equally applicable to the draining of mines and the singeing of muslins; to the turning of huge iron axles, and the spinning of the most delicate of silken fibres. In a word, as regards its vast field of application as a motive power in fixed positions, it may be said to have been perfected when it left the hands of Watt. Still, all applicable as the steam-engine had been found while, as it may be said, rooted to the spot, it was felt that a great additional object would be achieved if its vast powers could be rendered subservient to the purposes of locomotion; and accordingly much persevering research, and an incalculable amount of ingenuity, were devoted to the accomplishment of so highly desirable an end. At

vessels upon rivers and canals—the more astounding application of it to the traction of heavy loads over long distances upon *terra firma* by means of railways, not having at that time, nor for long afterwards, entered into the contemplated possibilities of even the most sanguine speculators. It will be well, however, here to guard against the mistaken supposition that the attempted application of steam as a propelling power in navigation was consequent upon the improvements on the steam-engine begun and perfected by Watt; on the contrary, the application of steam, as a power for propelling vessels, had long previously engaged the attention of men eminent for their mechanical genius; and so early as 1784, the year in which Watt was born, Mr Jonathan Hulls obtained a patent for 'a new invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind and tide, or in a calm.' It does not appear, however, that Mr Hulls' 'new invented machine' had been attended with a very extensive degree of success; and we learn little more regarding the progress of navigation by steam for nearly half a century, when some unsuccessful attempts were made on the Soane at Lyons in 1781, by the Marquis de Foufay. Four years after the experiments instituted by the Marquis de Foufay, similar attempts were made by Mr James Ramsay of Virginia, and Mr John Fitch of Philadelphia, but these appear to have been equally unsuccessful with those already mentioned. During the course of the same year, 1785, the attention of Mr Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, seems to have been forcibly directed towards a similar object, and that gentleman made numerous experiments with paddles fitted to twin and triple hulled vessels, the paddles being worked by horse power or manual labour; an account of these operations he published in February, 1787. Not satisfied with the results of his experiments, Mr Miller soon afterwards constructed a boat with two keels, into the space between which he fitted a propelling paddle, to the working of which Mr William Symington of Falkirk adapted a steam-engine, and in 1788 this mechanically furnished craft was launched upon Dalswinton pond. The machinery for propelling it, however, appears to have been as deficient in power as in all probability it was defective in principle; and after numerous attempts had been made to remedy its practical imperfections, it was found that the engine and wheel were so disproportionate to the work required, that it became requisite to increase their power by applying the supplementary aid of manual labour at a windlass. This persevering experimenter was not to be deterred from his purpose by the many disappointments he had already encountered, but, with praiseworthy resolution, he caused a larger and more powerful engine to be constructed at Carron Works, which was fitted to a vessel, and, under Mr Miller's superintendence, experiments were made with it on the Forth and Clyde Canal, which proved much more successful than any of those he had previously engaged in; but even this, although partially successful, was not found to be sufficiently effective to be considered generally practicable for the purposes of navigation. Whether this inefficiency arose simply from inadequacy of power, or was attributable to the more important defect of an error in mechanical principle, does not very clearly appear. In 1794, the Earl of Stanhope constructed a steam vessel with paddles working under her quarters; but obstacles which had to be combated, and were not overcome, in working the apparatus, after many trials led to the abandonment of the noble earl's plan also. In 1801–2, Lord Dundas, then governor of the Forth and Clyde Navigation Company, engaged Mr Symington, already mentioned, to construct a steam-boat for the navigation of the canal belonging to that company, which he accordingly did; but this effort, like all its predecessors, proved unequal to the expectations formed of it, and it was given up, as Mr Symington says, on account of the 'opposition of narrow minds.' Subsequently to this last mentioned attempt, numerous plans were brought forward for the purpose of impelling vessels by the agency of steam—an object which we have already seen had engaged the attention of the titled and the wealthy, as well as of the ingenious inventor and the practical mechanic, but hitherto, unfortunately, without success; the failure being probably in no small degree attributable to the object more immediately in view, that apparently having been chiefly the procuring of a steam motive power upon canals, which, even to this day, has not been satisfactorily attained, one inseparable obstacle having been found in the destructive effect upon the banks, exercised by the wave arising from the motion of the paddle-wheels.

About the time of Mr Symington's last experiment, a new era in the history of navigation and of naval architecture was about to dawn. At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr Henry Bell, who was born on the 7th April, 1767, in the parish of Torphichen, in Linlithgowshire, directed his attention to the subject of steam navigation, and had so far completed his plans of operation that, in the year 1800, he submitted to the British Government his 'New Method of Navigation,' but his proffered invention was looked on with coldness and distrust. Still his confidence of success in the principles of operation which he had adopted remained unabated; and having yet further advanced the practical details of his plan, he again, in 1803, laid the more matured arrangements of his plan before the government, but met with no further encouragement in that quarter than had attended his previous application. In this instance, probably piqued by the neglect which he had experienced, and desirous that an invention which he considered of such material importance should not be lost, he transmitted an account of his method of applying steam in propelling vessels against wind and tide to all the crowned heads in Europe; but from them the merit of his invention received no higher favour than it had done at home, and the hope of his being able to bring into practical operation on an extensive scale this darling object of his ambition seemed as remote from the period of its accomplishment as ever. About the time last referred to, when in all probability chagrined by repeated disappointments in his applications to the governments of Europe, he submitted a detailed description of his invention to the executive of the United States of North America, which body entered with alacrity into his views, and, aided by the assistance and countenance of his government, Mr Robert Fulton, an American engineer, in the month of October, 1807, launched a steam-boat, constructed according to the plan, and worked on the principle developed by Mr Bell, at New York, which plied with much success between that city and Albany—a distance of 160 miles.

In the meantime Bell, whose energy and perseverance exhibited no falling off consequent on the discouragement he had met with, continued with unflinching zeal in his exertions to perfect an invention to which he had devoted his life and talents, and which was destined, at no distant day, to effect a revolution in the naval tactics, and in the commercial and social intercourse of the world, greater than had been exercised upon them by any event which has occurred since the discovery of the mariner's compass. For several years after his last-mentioned application to government, Mr Bell struggled on, improving the arrangements and practical details of his models; and the field having now been left clear to him by the disappearance of competitors, he constructed, and succeeded in applying to his purpose, a steam-engine of three-horse power, and employed Messrs John Wood & Co., shipbuilders in Port-Glasgow, to build a boat for him, in which his apparatus was fitted up; this boat he named the Comet. The Comet was ready for trial about the middle of January, 1812, and on the 18th of that month began to ply between Glasgow and Greenock, in the first instance achieving a speed of five miles an hour against a head-wind. By increasing the power of his engine, he was enabled to attain an average speed of eleven miles an hour. Emboldened by this success, he, early in August of that year, published the following advertisement, which, as a singular announcement connected with the history of steam navigation, will now be read with a curiosity and interest, which, in all probability, its first appearance failed to excite:—'*Steam passage boat.* —The Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helle-

burgh, for passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air, and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, about mid-day, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide; and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the morning, to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet with the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are, for the present, fixed at 4s. for the best cabin, and 3s. for the second; but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel. The subscriber continues his establishment at Helensburgh Baths, the same as for years past; and a vessel will be in readiness to convey passengers in the Comet from Greenock to Helensburgh. Passengers by the Comet will receive information of the hours of sailing by applying at Mr Houston's office, Broomielaw, or Mr Thomas Blackney's, East Quay Head, Greenock. HENRY BELL.—Helensburgh Baths, 5th August, 1812.'.

Such were the terms of the modest announcement which introduced to the notice of the British public the practical achievement of steam navigation; the Comet being the first vessel which was successfully propelled by steam on any European water. It is only adding another to the numerous instances of apathy or distrust evinced towards important discoveries or inventions by governments generally, and by our own in particular, to state that in 1813, after the success which had attended the Comet as a means of conveyance had demonstrated its utility, and after the yet more conclusive evidence of its value, which had been given by six years of experience in America, Mr Bell once more laid his invention before the British government, wishing it to be adopted as a subject of national enterprise, when it was once again treated by them as the delusive hallucination of a restless mind. As some compensation for official indifference and neglect, general appreciation followed rapidly upon the practical demonstration of the utility and accuracy of those principles for which he had contended with such irrepressible pertinacity and vigour, against the coldness of state neglect and the supercilious discouragement of royal inattention; and Mr Bell lived long enough to witness the complete triumph of his own contemptuously-treated invention, by seeing the application of it in the navigation of every civilised country in the world, although, like many others who have benefited mankind by their inventions, unfortunately not long enough to reap the full harvest of advantage resulting from his anxiety and labour. It should be stated, in addition, as not a little to the credit of Mr Bell's ingenuity, that, notwithstanding the immense improvements made in mechanical science, no material improvement on the principle of his application of the propelling power was made for a period of fully thirty years, although during that time numerous and expensive exertions were made in all parts of Great Britain, and in other places, to effect that object. Like the Jacquard-loom in damask-weaving, it would appear to have sprung from its inventor's brain at once perfect in the principle of its operation, and to have bidden defiance to the efforts of the improver. It is indeed true that the rate of speed attained by steam-vessels has now been greatly augmented, but this result has been arrived at chiefly by improving the mould and proportions of the vessel; by greatly increasing the relative power of the engines and machinery, as compared with the tonnage and resistance of the ship; and by modifying many of the details of the complicated apparatus employed; but the principle of propelling by the use of paddle-wheels still continues the same. Within these few years a mode of propulsion, by means of an exceedingly simple and beautiful application of the Archimedian screw, has been introduced, which has received extensive commendation, and is seemingly making its way rapidly in public favour.

Such is a very brief narrative of the origin and early progress of steam navigation, from which it is manifest that, like nearly every great improvement upon the mechanical resources of the British empire, it owes its origin to the intelligence and persevering enthusiasm of individual enterprise, and is nothing beholden to the fostering power of state patronage; but assuredly it constitutes no small element in the claim to beneficent distinction, so legitimately put forth by the enterprising manufacturers of the Clyde, that to one born upon its banks and nurtured by its chief city, the world owes the most valuable improvement upon the steam-engine, and that upon the bosom of this noble stream was first launched that new marine power which, called into existence under such discouraging circumstances, has, within comparatively a handful of years, encompassed the globe with the arms of its might. In endeavouring to form a presumptive estimate of the advantages to be derived from the introduction of improved modes of operation, or from the application of new principles in mechanical regulation, let it never be forgotten that, at the commencement of the second decade of the present century, there did not exist a single steam-vessel in Europe; and that, years before the conclusion of the same century's first half, every navigable river, lake, and sea in the world is traversed by steamers, wafting missions of peace and goodwill, and exchanging mutual advantages with the most distant nations of the earth.

KUNNEL SQUASH AND THE BUNGED CANOE.

[The following Backwoods' sketch is presented to our readers as a specimen of a unique species of literature now becoming current in America, and which is, of course, a transcript of the language and manners of a curious and unique race of men there resident. Loose morals, and the desire to overreach and impose upon each other, have produced, in the sparsely-settled districts of the far west, types of character and modes of expression, which are altogether new and foreign to us. The tale of the thief-colonel may perhaps amuse our readers; it will at least give them an idea of the verbal extravagances of the folks out west, and some conception of society and manners there. We may premise that, coarse as this tale is in form, it is nevertheless the most polite of the same genus of sketches which we have seen, and which enjoy a high reputation about Natchez and St Louis, and round about Mississippi.]

EVERYBODY that had once seen him remembered Kunnel Squash; not that he was pecoolerly worth a remembering, but because he had the way of making himself remembered. It was his genius to make himself fame; he lived by it, and kept on a-spreading of it, like cantharides upon a plaster, until he was the most noted man south of Mason and Dicksons, and west of old Mississip. Thar war'nt many Kunnels like Kunnel Squash. He was as strong as a waterfall, slick as a greased panther, and deep as a draw-well; he was here and thar, and up and inwerse, and down and antipodes all to smash in no time, and such a circumfluous sodger in his movements, that he was called the 'Flying Squash,' and sometimes Kunnel Scratch, of Old Scratch's own battalion. It was whispered pooty considerable about St Louis and down thar, that the Kunnel was no Kunnel, or that if he was, it was of no yearthly regiment. Trappers, who came only to the settlements once of a season, and warn't afeard of the consequences, said bold out that he war only a capin, and that the blacklegs of Natchez knowed of what sort of a band; while the majority of those who had seen the Kunnel's grey-squirrel cap, his wild-cat eyes, his leonine beard and whiskers, his shaggy hunting-shirt, blue pants, and brown mocassins; together with his rifle, his four bowie knives, and eight revolvers, said nothin' consarnin' him more than this, that they had never seen his commission.

It must be allowed that the Kunnel was a man of many vartoos—that is, of Texan vartoos, which are as indigeanus to the sile, and as spontaneacious as honey-locust or alligator. He was free, and easy, and locomotive—free as a

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wild-cat, easy as a sarpent in a hogshead, and locomotive as Jack-a-lanthorn. Kunnel Squash loved freedom. He was so jealous of it that he had shrunk like a dried pippin from even the chains of highmen, and had broken trap from domestic life, because it confined him within four walls. He always looked ahind him when he walked afoot, and afore him when he rode on horseback, and round and about when he mounted a neighbour's dray or buggy, and up and down, and sideways, and slantendicular, when he made free to squat in anybody's home over the night. In fact, he was a walking suspicion, that everybody was despots or bailiffs, and wished to put chains upon him. Pr'aps the free-est citizen of the free-est nation in all creation was Kunnel Squash; for his tongue was as free as the whip of a planter, his hands war as free as a thimblerigger's conscience, his feet war as free as he could keep 'em, and his mind was as free as the purse of repoodiating Pennsylvaney. He was an easy man, too—easy about other people's consarns, and quite easy when consarned with people whom he had never seen, and hoped never to see. Thar arms, and ammunition, and raiment, and canoes, and dugouts, and furs, and whatsomever was convenyently portable, suited the Kunnel all to nothin', and he eased them of everything superfluous, and a little more, whenever he could do that same with ease.

It can't be denied that Kunnel Squash was an oncomfortable friend, however; that he kept the whole of Missouri, and Arkansas, and part of Mississippi in a kind o' bile, from the pint of their toes to their backbones. He flew about like a duck in a brake, fright'ning folks o' nights; and he had all the consarvators of Judge Lynch behind him, as if he had been the same person with his teeth taken out, and his claws drawn up by the roots, and started for a huat. Such was Kunnel Squash, and a great deal more that I doesn't know, and that he carefully concealed with miserly and pecooliar devotion.

The first day of young spring was just opening her eyes, like Seth Bee's baby, all rosy smiles and tears, when several traders dropt into the bar of Abdin Walsh at St Louis, and began to discuss the news and thar cherry-brandy at the same time.

'Well, what's trump, Ned?' said Jared Hoss to one of the new-comers; 'what's a-stirrin'?'

'Nothin's stirrin' with us but bar, buffalo, bees, vegetation, agae, and emigrants,' said the tall, hardy Mississippian thus addressed, as he coolly sucked a sherry cobblar, and glanced keenly over the edge of the tumblar towards his companions. 'Are there no news agoin' down heyar?'

'Nothin's agoin' down heyar,' said the thin, little man, with the sharp pinched visage, 'but capital; that's agoin' back as fast as civileezation, and filling the pockets of hoosiers and woolevrins like acorns. We are getting poor heyar, while you are getting rich, Ned.'

'How can we miss getting rich?' said the Mississippian, with a laugh. 'Our's is the sucker state, the iley state, the spontaneacious-creation state, whar bars come from the brakes every spring as thick as minnow spawn—whar the sile attracks settlers as a blazing pine-score does moths—whar the yearth is baked into puddings and dumplins, and the clay is as rich as hog's lard—whar the mountains run milk, and the rivers pyecrust—and whar even the coons have furs to sleep on in winter. You must come up with us, Jirr, if you wish to turn a beef. We'll put a coat upon you in no time, that would conceal you from your own eyes, though you had a mark upon your head as large as a Yankee's tongue.'

'Ah, ha!' laughed those who stood and lounged around, 'them are fine prospects for a man as has got no telescope, Ned. It's a wonder Kunnel Squash has never found out old Miss.'

'Kunnel Squash!' said Ned, with a sudden start, 'who may that be?' then speaking coolly and leisurely, and still sipping his cobblar, he continued, 'who may he be? I have left the army-list at home, and never hearn o' that gen'leman. If he has eyes in his head, and hands at his wrists, and feet at his ankle-bones, and scent in his nose, he must have been in our parts howsomever; for gen'lemen can live thar like gen'lemen, and never know how. Whose Kunnel Squash, Jirr, I say, however?'

'His father's son, I guess,' said Jirr, with a knowing wink; 'and I shall bet my skin to a coon's, that no one heyar can say any more consarnin' him.'

'He took Hiram Burr's maar last fall, at Greenfork; he appropriated Philip Dangle's canoe and winter's furs three months ago, and moved them from his shanty on the Wabash; he has lifted five rifles from stations on the Illinois, and as much powder and lead as would sink him to the bottom of the Miss., or blow him up sky-high into the bargain. And now I say, Jirr, it's a forfeit that skin o' yourn,' cried the lumberer who spoke; 'you pay me that premium or an aqualevalant.'

'Did you ever seen the Kunnel, Bill, that's the pint?' cried Jirr, boldly. 'I guess you never. 'Cause why? he's a hurricane—the crack of a rifle—the whistle of a bullet. Nobody ever seen him but old Van Bosh; and he is his agent, and Scratch's agent as well. I tell you, I'll pay like a maple when you tell me the shape of his nose.'

'Pooty morning, strangers,' said a rough-looking man, who might be boatman or trapper, farmer or squatter, hunter or scout, entering the bar of Abdin Walsh at that moment, and laying down his coppers. 'Health's a-piece, gentleman, as the wolves said when each took a lamb to his breakfast; and healths all round,' he continued, 'as Elnathen Blaze said when he slogdologered the he-bar on the Yazous, and slaked his thirst with its blood. *I say*, strangers, it's a pooty mornin'.'

The first comers eyed Abdin's last customer in silence for a few moments; but it was only for a few moments, for he soon broke silence again. He was a rough, round, and ready human, half-coon half-bar. His coat was as coarse as the coat of a grizzly, and fringed all round like the shirt of an Ingen kyurous in scalps. He carried a long rifle on his left arm, and a long knife at his left side; and had pints of interrogation in each eye, at the corners of his mouth, about his nose, in his cheeks, and waving in curls all round his cap. Yet he was frank and simple, too, as if he had lived on yarbs, or been fed on Yankee-doagh pills, and taken his tea out of the empty boxes since Christmas.

'When I comes into a bar, as the goose said when it slid down bruin's throat, I expect seevility, as the cougar said to the bowie-knife. *I say*, strangers, it's a pooty morning,' he repeated, with great emphasis.

'Glad you like it, stranger,' said Jared Hoss. 'We have plenty of 'em up this a-way, and can spare you this one, if you like it. We gave a couple to a stranger from Yazous last fall, and he sold 'em out in pints to the settlers among the swamps and black creeks down thar, and made a fortin.'

'Thank you, stranger, as the rattlesnake said when it picked up the pigeon. I'd take it, if my fortin was to make—that is sooperfluous already, howsomever, as the hawk said to the freshet; and so I'll just advise you, as Kunnel Squash said to Hiram Burr's maar, to make the most on it yourself, as Kunnel Squash also said when he rode the maar from Greenfork to Billy Bo's, and sold her for ten dollars.'

'Well, that beats the roots on my diggins—Kunnel Squash again!' said the Mississippian, looking up from his tumblar, and then looking round about him. 'I'd like to liquor with that bravo, and to shaar my buffalo-hide with him for a night, he's so admirable cute.'

'Guess you wouldn't,' roared every one in the company, and the stranger louder than any of them.

'Why, sir,' he continued, 'Kunnel Squash *is* a thunderbolt; he only liquors in lightning spiced with brandy and Hollands, and sleeps all alone in a mountainous blanket.'

'He o't to be spiced and stuffed, and sold for a coonosity, if he could be caught. But, stranger,' continued the newcomer, in a rapid, rattling, off-hand tone, 'you spoke of diggins jist now. Will you tell me whar they lie? I wants to settle down in some rich spot in this universal republic, and if yours soots me, why it's mine.'

A merry twinkle danced in the eye of the Mississippian

and a pleased expression passed rapidly over his face as the stranger spoke. 'Well, stranger, if you do want a lot,' he answered, 'I'll take you to it. You may buy it or you mayn't, that's a fact. But you'll break the tent commandment right away if you don't settle, that's another. That lot of mine is sile, I tell you. The verdure is as green as the eye of a loonatik, and comes up like bile in sick deespepsy. The moisture comes down thunderin' thar, and lays to the roots of the vegetation like spurs to a hoss, or dog's teeth to a possum. Honey busts up from the bowels of the yearth, and green corn and beans is swimming in it for everlasting. I wouldn't sell out, only to you; and as I am jist ready for a start, you will lose this opertoonity if you doant go ahead now.'

'I am ready, as the bowie-knife said to the sooicide; take me to Garden o' Eden,' said the stranger, following Ned to the river, and sailing with him.

People soon fix acquaintance out west, and they as soon cut it. It's border manners, and is thou't nothin' of; so that Ned and the stranger went paddling up the broad Mississippi inshore all day as jocosely as if they had been born at the same hour, and nursed on the same pan and spoon. They rattled and talked consarnin' everything, from the natur' of planetary orbs down to trapping muskrats, until nightfall brought them to a fork convenient for a nookturnal squat.

'Thar is a canoe,' said Ned, proudly, 'worth a thousand dollars of United States' money. Thar is powder, shot, calicoe, and stores, that will keep my woman and my game in comfort till next spring.' So saying, he threw some dry herbs over the canoe, hung his powder-pouch, rifle, and hunting-shirt upon the limb of a tree, and, rolling himself up in his buffalo-robe, laid himself down beside a fire which his companion had kindled, and was soon apparently asleep. The stranger, who had followed his example in every respect, was soon in as deep a snore as Ned.

It was a picked night that was. Spring had put her hand into the weather's lottery-bag, and had drawn a prize this time. The stars were looking as musical as bluebirds, and the plants were growing up so fast that you could hear them busting out of the embryoes. It was a caution for an astronomer, that night was; and the stranger seemed to think so, for he rizz up out of his nap, looked up, and down, and round and about; and turned this away and the inwerse, and then he sat upon his right angles, and after that he tuk to his perpendicular; and then he stole, silent and slick as a wild cat, to the tree where Ned's traps hung; and rifle, and powder, and lead, and shirt, and every moveable utensil, went like elk's feet, and he was soon in the canoe, and into the middle of the creek.

'Guess you'll recollect Kunnel Squash,' muttered the freebooter, with a grim smile, as he struck his paddle into the water, and moved heavily down stream a bit.

'It's sartin I will,' roared Ned, as he sprung to his feet, and gave a whoop like old thunder, that woke up the very shads and grasshoppers.

The Kunnel seen at once that it was a close fix, so he struck the paddle into the water like nervous fits a working; but not a foot did the canoe move, but downward into the water.

'Oh, ha!' roared Ned, clapping his hands with fierce delight, and crowing 'cock-a-doodle-doo!' 'Well, Kunnel, but you're treed at last. I tuk the bung out afore I gin to bed, and if you doant pull back you must swim.' Sure enough, water was rising like a fountain in the canoe, but still the Kunnel tore away like a steam-engine. 'Ha, ha!' roared Ned again, while his eyes swam like pumpkins in a pail; 'heyar you aur, Kunnel, and heyar you'll be. Out, boys, out; Old Squash is flumber-gusted at last, and teetotal treed all to smash. Cock-a-doodle-doo!'

Ten loud peals of laughter responded to Ned's cry of triumph, and, quick as greased electricity, Kunnel Squash was clasped in the arms of the Regulators, who, pushing from various points in their boats, dashed on him and landed him all alive and kicking.

'Glad to see you, Kunnel Squash,' cried Hiram Burr, as he tore the rifle, and knives, and revolvers from that hero; 'and I should be glad to see my maar too, if she's in health.'

'Wish my canoe had been a bunged one,' roared Philip Dangle, as he drew the tar-kettle from its cover and looked affectionately at it.

'We'll give him a goose's soot this time, instead of Ned's hunting-shirt,' cried the other young men, as they displayed the feather-sack and shook them up and out.

Kunnel Squash stood as quiet as the statue of liberty at Washington when slaves is a-selling, as the Regulators peeled him and tied him up. He knowed he had been tuk clean, and he scorned to screech or holler. The party, amongst whom he stood like a stump in a briar-fence, had long determined to take him, and they had sent Ned on his trail, who knew him as well as a buzzard knows green corn. The Mississippian had hooked him like a gudgeon, and had carried him to the rendezvous of the Regulators, where he was again caught in the act of making free once more. Unfortunately for the Kunnel, Ned's canoe had a bung in it, which he had extracted before he left it; and when the Kunnel sought to cut and run, the canoe began to leak, and he was noosed.

'Lay it on thick,' cried Philip Dangle, as he poured the black liquid on the Kunnel's wig, and down and over his shoulders. 'He looks spashus and adheesive; gum him up and sleek him down pooty.'

'Sunny, sunny showery,
All so neat and flowery,'

cried Hiram Burr, sowing the downs and feathers upon him, like snowflakes on a blazed stump. 'Now, boys, let him to his paces. Hooray!'

Quick as the swoop of a bald eagle, Kunnel Squash, half-choked and streaming with tar, sprung from his tormentors, and plunged into the creek. He swam across like a black eel, took the bank like a bison, and vanished like a shadow, while the laughter of the Regulators followed him slick.

Nobody ever seen Kunnel Squash after that, and folks were found who declared him to be an Ingin mystery. Some thought he had clawed himself to death, however; and others were of opinion that he was swallowed by an alligator. Thar war a few who leaned to the opinion that he took to honest ways; but all were agreed that Ned had took him, and also that folks like Kunnel Squash, sooner or later, always find THE BUNG OUT.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards the heaven of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—'a sea of glass like unto crystal.' So massive is it that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about ships like playthings and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be pursuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back colour to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks: even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned unshadowed forehead to the sun,

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and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful,—and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour until the evening.—*Quarterly Review.*

PHILOSOPHY OF CONFUCIUS.

Perhaps in no other country in the world has the government and social order been so intimately combined with religion as in China. From the earliest dawn of the history of that remarkable people, exhibited in their ancient religious systems, we find the government and institutions of social life—the philosophical and scientific dogmas—incorporated in such a way with the religious system, as to have rendered it impossible for a discoverer to found a new system of philosophy, without first repudiating the received system of religion. In many respects, the vast empire of China possesses features of interest peculiar to itself, whilst there are many others in which it resembles the other great empire of civilised Asia, India. In their strange jealousy of foreign intercourse, their idolatry of their sovereign, and in their unbounded and ridiculous love of themselves, the Chinese resemble no other nation upon earth. So exorbitant is this admiration by the Chinese of everything belonging to their country, that no instances are recorded of their seeking to extend their power into any other region of the globe; nor do we ever hear of a Chinese leader guiding migrations of his followers into Western Asia.

A cursory consideration of the universality of the ancient religious systems of the east, and of the incorporation with them of jurisprudence and philosophy, will convince any one that it would have been a dangerous task for Confucius, the great moral teacher of the Chinese, to have attempted the introduction of a completely new system of philosophy into China. He did not attempt this, however. He found a confused mass of facts, reflections, and assertions in the ancient sacred works; and from these undigested heaps he chose what best suited his purpose—explained them in accordance with his convictions or his wishes, and on this foundation built his comparatively pure system of ethics, his strange metaphysics, his fanciful physics, and his extraordinary political economy. The founder of the political philosophy of China, Khoung-feu-tseu, Latinised into the form of Confucius, was born about 550 B.C. His father was chief minister of the petty kingdom of Loo, China being then, and for the three succeeding centuries, divided into a number of small independent states. Confucius was distinguished from his earliest youth by an eager desire to acquire knowledge, and an intense anxiety to improve his mind. His peculiar position in his native country induced him at an early age to devote himself to the study of moral and political science; and his knowledge of state affairs was soon sufficient to disgust him with courtly frivolity and affectation, and to induce him to apply himself to those literary labours which have exercised so large an influence upon China, and lent such a lustre to his name. Unlike most founders of what may be termed a politico-religious system, Confucius made no pretension to universal knowledge or perfection. 'I was not born,' says he, 'endued with all knowledge; I am merely a man who love the ancients, and who did all I could to arrive at truth.' On particular points of religion and other subjects, he was equally frank in his confession of ignorance; for, having been asked by one of his disciples how superior spirits should be worshipped? he frankly replied, that he did not know; whilst, on another occasion, when asked what death was, he answered, 'When I know not what is life, how shall I inform you what is death?' so that Confucius cannot be viewed as a vulgar, ignorant impostor. The means by which he attained to the practice of virtue, according to his own repeated assertions, was by his reverence for the ancients, and an abhorrence of vice. His character, as depicted by one of his disciples, was entirely free from self-love, prejudice, egotism, or obstinacy; and his whole life and practice seem to have corroborated this statement. When he saw any one in mourning, or any one in the garb of a magistrate, or blind, or older than himself, if seated, he rose at their approach, such was his respect for grief, misfortune, and authority. In his manner of teaching, he was as simple and open as in his manner of life. He told his disciples his doubts and fears without reserve, and endeavoured to interest them only by a simple relation of what he conceived to be the truth. Dissatisfied with this, however, they sought, according to the universal tendency of speculative men, some mysterious system for themselves—something that they might cherish as a sublime secret, and which would invest them with an awful veneration, as the possessors of occult knowledge which the world did not know. 'Oh, my disciples,' would Confucius exclaim, 'do you believe, then, that I have for you hidden doctrines? I have not. What I have done, and what I have thought, I have communicated to you, for such alone is my manner of instruction.' His means or modes of instruction were four—literature, the practice of virtuous actions, rectitude, and fidelity. In his precepts, there was nothing austere or repulsively calculated to suppress the free emotions of his followers; on the contrary, he eagerly desired them to be open to every ennobling idea—to cultivate the sentiment of the sublime—to open their hearts to the influence of joy—to accomplish themselves in the arts of singing and music—in short, by every means consistent with virtue, and in one case inconsistent with it, to make themselves comfortable and happy.

Simple and natural as was the character of Confucius, he was not understood by his age; the opposition and unpopularity which he sometimes experienced, however, he invariably silenced by the noblest of courage, and the firmest confidence in the truth and success of his doctrines. 'When I examine myself,' he says, 'and find my own heart right, although I should have for adversaries a thousand or ten thousand men, I will march without fear against my enemies.' It must not be inferred from these illustrations of the life and mind of Confucius, that he maintained a rigid consistency, and never was guilty of any violations of his own precepts. He frequently manifested the common weaknesses of our common humanity; and, when assailed in his affections, his philosophy sometimes succumbed to his sentiments. We do not look upon this ancient heathen philosopher in a less or greater light than that of wonder; and certainly it is wonderful that nearly two thousand five hundred years ago, a philosophy so pure as that of Confucius should have been promulgated in a country which has scarcely progressed a hair's-breadth in moral or intellectual culture during that time.

The literary remains of Confucius, which are mostly editorial revisions to which the Chinese attach something of a sacred character, are entitled 'Kung,' or 'King,' and are divided into two sections. The first consists of five different books of the highest estimation amongst the Chinese, and are generally styled by Europeans the classical works of the first order. Of these, the 'Y-King' holds the first rank. The 'Y-King,' or sacred book of changes, is not the work of a single individual. The foundation of the treatise is said to be 'the trigrams or enigmatical lines of Fohi,' who is recorded to have been the first emperor of China, and to have lived four thousand six hundred years ago. The mystical problem of the trigrams had been proposed eleven centuries, when another monarch, Venvang, undertook to solve it, adding for that purpose to each hexagram a short sentence, which it was as difficult to understand as the lines themselves. The son of Venvang, Tcheu Kong, added

what he termed an interpretation to each of his father's sentences, and it was in this condition that Confucius found the work; he added a commentary to each hexagram, giving, as he supposed, a correct view of the mystical lines, sentences, and commentaries. These definitions may be considered to be an embodiment of the views of the philosopher on the various subjects treated of in the compilation —subjects which comprise moral and political philosophy, with occasional attempts at the development of a mysterious system of physics. This 'Y-King,' according to his disciples, was the favourite work, and constant companion of Confucius, and it has reached our times as he left it. The fabled origin of this mystical book is rather curious, and not a little Chinese. As the sage Fohi was walking along the banks of the great river Hoang-ho, there came, on a sudden from the stream a dragon, or, as some say, a tortoise, which carried on its back the form of this book. Fohi immediately copied it, and formed on this design the figure of his mystical trigrams. The 'Y-King' embraces a multiplicity of subjects, and may be regarded as a Chinese encyclopædia; yet its contents are reducible to the three subjects of metaphysics, physics, and morals. The 'Chou-King,' or second of the five canonical works, is superior to the first in point of antiquity, and in no wise inferior in authority. It consists of a historical account of the four first Chinese dynasties, and was the work of many successive sovereigns. It was compiled, arranged, and restored in part by Confucius, and, although now imperfect, in consequence of the destructiveness of some Chinese Edward I., the fragments which remain exist as they were written by Confucius. The third book of these sacred works is 'Chi-King,' being three hundred and eleven poetical odes, chosen by Confucius from a host of others, and esteemed to be by him of a moral and improving tendency. No part of this work was the composition of the sage himself. It is reckoned sacred, however, and is highly esteemed by all the Chinese who commit its verses to memory, and chaunt them on public occasions as well as in private concert. The fourth book, 'Li-Ki,' is simply a treatise on etiquette and social economy, comprehending dress, demeanour, conversation, and the duties, parental, filial, and civil. This appears to be a collection by Confucius of the various customs inculcated by former sages, which he probably embellished, extended, and improved with examples of his own. Some affirm that it is entirely his own composition; although his authorship is disputable, it is certain that Confucius taught the greatest reverence for it amongst his disciples, and to the general adoption of the dogmas contained in this work; and to the rigid observance of them by the people we are to attribute the stagnation and uniform immobility of the Chinese mind. The fifth and last sacred book is the 'Tchun-Tsiou,' which is more immediately and intimately than any of the others Confucian. Its name is derived from *Tchun*, spring, and *Tsiou*, autumn, because in the former of these seasons di i Confucius begin it, and he finished it in the latter. It contains a history of Loo, that part of China in which Confucius lived, and comprehends a period of two hundred and forty years. It was written in the philosopher's old age, and was intended as a complete development of his hitherto crudely illustrated political ideas. Besides these five works, which are esteemed to be of divine authority by the Chinese, there are other four called the 'See-chou,' generally reckoned less authoritative. One of these is a small treatise by Confucius on the art of government. The second is an essay on the path of moderation, compiled from the papers of the sage by his grandson. The third, the 'Lun-Yu,' is written by two of his disciples, and is a record of his public and private life and conversation. The fourth, or 'Meng-Tseu,' is the conversations of a disciple who gave his name to the book, combined with that of a petty Chinese sovereign.

The system which Confucius evolved from an eminently confused and insane mysticism, was particularly practical. He hoped one day to regenerate his country; and the means by which he sought to do so, was by rendering vital the good ideas which he found lying inert and lifeless amongst the syllogistic rubbish of the ancients. There is no doubt that he used duplicity and deceit in the propagation of his theories; but, apart from the mode which he adopted of inculcating his nostrums, these theories were of themselves philanthropic and wise, and were propounded with a view to practice. The system of physics propounded by Confucius was eminently absurd and fanciful, and is not at all worthy of any notice as an interpretation of physical nature. He bases his system upon the five imaginary elements—water, fire, wood, metals, and earth; and his explication of their essential qualities is truly ludicrous, as the superstructure which he rears upon them is grossly material. The ethics of Confucius are, however, of a loftier character. Almost all systems of moral philosophy have agreed that the present condition of mankind is an accidental one, and degenerate from a natural state of perfect happiness; in this the philosophy of Confucius accords with others. This thesis being examined, however, produces the hypothesis, how did man fall from his happy state? and to this question Confucius replies, 'Through their passions. All people are naturally good, but a desire of pleasure changes them; thence it is that they disobey their superiors, to fulfil their own individual appetites.' This proposition clearly explains the bias of Confucius's mind. Obedience was the source of harmony in his political, as purity was the basis of virtue in his moral system. The circumstances of Confucius were favourable for his observation of men; but the intrigues of the court to which his father's position introduced him, were not likely to impress him with favourable views of human nature. He was not disgusted nor rendered misanthropic, however, as a man of equal penetration, but less genius and benevolence would have been. He saw the evils, he deplored them, and, like a true hero, he set himself to grapple with and conquer them. His vast and nobly ambitious enterprise was to 'bring back man to the sovereign good;' and now the next question in sequence was, how shall you do this? Confucius urges upon his disciples, as the first step in moral improvement, the *duty* of developing that light which Heaven has granted to man; and this sentence, the only clear one used in reference to this subject, would seem to imply that he had a distinct thought or sense of conscience. Confucius cannot therefore be said to leave man to the guidance of his mere unassisted reason. The philosopher, after placing his disciple on the path of progress, next urges him to keep his eye unswervingly upon the object of his pursuit, refusing to be drawn away by any earthly consideration. Purity, and sincerity, and disinterestedness must fill his bosom; for hopes of future advantage are sure to contaminate his soul, and to render unattainable the object at which he aims. The inward sense being awakened, and the mind rendered disinterested and determinate, the habits of thought to be cultivated are then expressed. Determination should be always exercised, and a 'calm spirit' cultivated. Determination conquers great enterprises; calmness of soul renders man patient of wrong, and unwearied in the pursuit of good. And then the third grand requisite for progress, according to the philosopher, is meditation, to which he adds the axiom that 'personal improvement is the only sure basis of moral development.' Having steadily persevered in the path of moral progress, the student attains inevitably the position of sage; and then there are rules laid down for observation in this extra-probationary and practical state. In ordinary life, the sage is to affect no supercilious superiority over his fellow-creatures; he is not to make himself an universal censor of mankind, and is not to offend his friends by pointing out their deficiencies and his own excellencies. He is to render himself as agreeable as he can, and to exercise a modesty commensurate with his knowledge. Circumstances are, in a great degree, to determine his conduct, and, in order that he may conform to these, he is to render himself subject to a rigid self-control.

As a commentary upon his system, Confucius gives an account of his own progress in learning; intimating that desire is an early attribute of mind, his own at fifteen being towards learning. At thirty, he had attained to fixity of

mind—that is, his mind was so bent upon the pursuit to which he had schooled his desire for fifteen years, that he had no strong desire to waste upon anything else. At forty, he asserts that he had progressed from a state of mental concentrativeness to one of satisfaction; all his doubts were dispelled, he understood things clearly, and had no further need to seek or examine. At fifty, he coolly propounds the assurance that the common course of nature, the conduct of Providence, and those ideas which are implanted by nature in the minds of men for the regulation of their conduct, were all *understood* by him in the fullest sense of the term; for, as he asserts, 'nothing appeared dark to him.' At sixty, everything had been so long well known to him, that surprise was banished. And at seventy, the grand culminating point in which all his attainments ended—'nothing which proceeded from his heart transgressed the laws of virtue or the requirements of benevolence.'

It will be seen that the philosophy of Confucius was eminently practical, that he sought more to inculcate a code of morals which would fuse men into unity and harmony, than to propagate a tissue of distracting and vague metaphysical syllogisms, like the Epicureans, Cynics, and Stoics, than whose systems his far more nearly approximated to the true.

Proceeding from the growth and practice of a moral character, Confucius next dwells upon its five blessed results, which, he says, flow from virtue, and are the elements of true happiness. The first is long life, without which man could never pass from the normal or probationary state, into the enjoyment of the other four blessings. The second is riches—opulence—plenty; and there have been more people in this world than Confucius who have believed wealth to be a *sine qua non* of happiness, although they have not so simply and boldly said so. The third beatitude is tranquillity; a most intensitive expression, which in all likelihood, however, means peace. The fourth is a love of virtue; and the fifth and last is a happy death after a long life.—The converse of these five elements of happiness are six evils, equally material and practical, and all conducing to misery. The first is a short and vicious life; the second, disease; the third, affliction; the fourth, poverty; the fifth, cruelty; and the sixth, weakness, whether mental or corporeal.

Confucius divides virtue into two great parts—the first consisting of the reverence and worship due to superior beings, and respect for parents and those in authority; and the second that justice or equity which teaches us to render to every one that which is his due. In his illustrations of the above propositions, Confucius is more despotic than a modern explicist would perhaps be inclined to be. He seems to erect the states of government and parentage into two conditions claiming intransitive and eternal obligations, without regard to their character or aspect. The pursuit of virtue was, however, the grand object which he constantly inculcated, and which he spent his life in endeavouring to promote.

The system of Confucius, contrasted with those of Greece, Rome, and the arrogances of Mahometism and Buddhism, is simple and even pure. Indeed, as a plan of mere human morality, it may be said to hold the first place; but when its excellence is compared with the sublime laws of God, as revealed and exemplified by Him who was a living epistle of *all* the virtues, how imperfect and gross does it appear! Its materiality, although of the highest conceivable character, pales its feeble and terminable light before the radiance and glory of spiritual Christianity; and he who can admire the mind that projected it, and the human self-denial and truth that were brought to its propagation, cannot fail to behold its insufficiency for all the conditions and wants of humanity. It is not applicable to progressive man in corporation; it developes the individual towards a feeble finality, but it renders states inert. For upwards of twenty-three centuries China has been chained to the finite dogmas of Confucius, and Christianity shall alone be able to arouse that teeming empire up to active vitality.

A MARRIAGE PARTING.

(From 'Norman's Bridge,' by the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' &c.)

It is now one fortnight after the wedding, and it is time they should set out. It is a sweet morning in July. The sun has just risen upon the hills, and is gleaming brightly over-head. The whole village is up; the sound of rural preparation for labour is heard upon all sides. Every thing looks as cheerful as it is possible to conceive. There is quite a little party assembled at Duncan Bell's. All Mary's family is there. But as for Michael, he had neither kith nor kin; not one person in the world did he call cousin with. Mary's married sisters and their husbands, and all their little ones, are taking the last meal which under the old man's roof they are to share together. It is a melancholy repast, as you will easily believe. The poor old woman sits upon the settle by the fire; her hand supports her head. She is moaning softly, but endeavouring not to moan aloud. In vain; Mary has hold of her hand: she does not think of breakfast. 'But, mother, you shall hear of us from Glasgow, make sure, before we go to sea; and from Bristol as soon as we arrive. Michael is an excellent penman; and thanks to our good minister, you know, I can write tidily enough; and I'll tell you all about this braw England we're going to; and think ye how ye'll like my letters!' . . . 'The sun is getting high,' said Michael, at last rising from the table. 'Mary, my dear, it is time to be thinking of setting forwards.' There was a general movement and bustling about, and getting Mary's things collected together, and getting on Mary's bonnet; for she was not to travel bareheaded, like a mere Scotch lassie, but like the future head clerk's and presumptive partner's lady, and her sisters had insisted upon a bonnet. And then Mary retired to pull off her shoes and stockings, and fold them neatly and put them in her pocket; and she came in again in her neat, compact dress, her plaid fastened with a large silver brooch, her bonnet upon her head, and her feet bare, with the tears standing in her eyes—but not falling, for Mary was never known to sob and cry. And now, with a most gentle composure, but with a manner so feeling and sweet that it was impossible to mistake this composure for indifference, she began to kiss and take leave. The old woman cried like a child as she pressed her to her heart, kissed, and blessed, and prayed for her aloud. The old father's expression of feeling was more grave and solemn. He laid his hand upon her head, and uttered a fervent prayer—according to the patriarchal custom of those days—while all stood unbonnetted around him; then there was kissing and blessing of sisters and brothers; last of all it was the minister's turn. He had been standing some little way apart. . . . Michael came up and took Mary away. He had a sort of knapsack strapped over his shoulders, in which was their little provision of wearing apparel. According to the simple custom of that time and that rank, the husband walked out first, and the wife followed after. There was no arm-and-arm walking to go on between them. Self-sustained, he left the land of his fathers to fight his way through the world; and self-sustained she followed. The whole company crowded to the outside of the door to watch their departing steps. They went down the road that led southwards. Neither of them turned back to look. Michael's heart and thoughts were already speeding forwards upon the way which opened before him; but his partner! She had gone through the parting with the composure so habitual to her; but at this actual severance she felt as if her heart was breaking. It seemed to sink and die within her. She had just strength to follow. But for worlds she would not have looked back. Now they are receding. That little hillock, covered with gorse bushes and a ragged thorn or two, hides them. Now they emerge again by the side of the twinkling burn. He is still walking first, and she following. They neither of them look back. She has nothing of that sort of irresolution about her: her part is taken, she will not look back: much less will he.'

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HALF AN HOUR AMONG THE MOTHS.

When we looked at the two quarto volumes of Westwood and Humphreys on the British moths, and remembered the vast multitude of brilliant foreigners which claim acquaintance with the same tribe, we were well-nigh lost in despair. How was an accurate and comprehensive outline of a book so vast to be given in a couple of pages? Having this redundancy to contend with, this article must be taken only as a bird's-eye view of a wide field of study, the more prominent features of which alone can be brought under notice. That the moths are a well-known family every furrier and every fair reader will testify with dismay; and the furs and blankets of each will, with their half consumed fabrics, bear witness to their destructive capacities. In these instances they will probably be considered more annoying than interesting; but this is the error of ignorance. Few consider that the little insect which pokes its troublesome way through articles of this kind under the too familiar title of the 'clothes moth,' and looks so poverty-struck in his powdery garb of pale brown, has relatives of whom it may be said, 'that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' A large number of curious and interesting facts connect themselves with different portions of our subject, particularly with the transformations of these insects. To each of these we shall in turn briefly address ourselves.

Linnæus named the natural order to which the moths belong, together with the butterflies, *Lepidoptera*, that is, scale-winged insects. The peculiarity to which this alludes is that the wings are covered on both sides with delicate imbricated scales, so small as to appear like fine powder. In such numbers do these minute scales exist, that Lewenhoek calculated there were at least 400,000 on the wings of the silk-worm moth. The general figure of the scales is oval or wedge-shaped. They are often of the most intensely-brilliant colours, some of them glistening with a vivid metallic splendour, on which, in bright sunlight, the eye is altogether unable to rest. They consist anatomically of two or three fine lamellæ, on the surface of which the granulations containing the colouring matter are found. The body of the very tiniest moth is either clothed with a warm robe of these scales or with a mantle of hair. The insect's mouth is greatly modified and formed into a beautiful little organ called the proboscis, which is kept close to the body of the insect in a convoluted shape when out of use. This organ consists of two pieces, and is the instrument by means of which the insect pumps up the sweet juices of the flowers it visits. A curious and peculiar pair of appendages will be found at each side of the chest, consisting of two delicate scales somewhat like tippets in appearance, and are so called by Messrs Kirby and Spence. Such is an outline of the form of the perfect insect. If we revert to the dawn of its life, we shall find in the eggs a remarkable peculiarity of form. We are so accustomed to consider the smoothness and ovoid form, the all-prevalent characteristics of an egg, that it is difficult to believe there can be eggs in which these features are greatly modified or lost. No other oviparous creatures produce eggs so curiously sculptured as the lepidopters, including the tribes of the butterflies as well as the moths. A good lens will reveal the most curious appearances in these eggs. Sometimes they are covered, as it were, with wrinkles, sometimes grotesquely carved all over, and occasionally they exhibit a beautiful appearance of reticulations on their surface. Many of them are little note-worthy, as far as beauty of colour is concerned; but the eggs of one species afford a striking exception to this rule. The egg of a rare and beautiful moth is at first of a pale greenish yellow, then it becomes quite green, then changes to a beautiful rose, and lastly deepens into black. A few are prettily speckled, or banded in divers colours. In their deposition the parent moth frequently displays all the sedulity and care of a superior being. In particular, the proceedings of the gipsy moth are strictly analogous to those of the eider duck. This little creature prepares the softest and manner. She is provided with a sort of tweezers, shaped somewhat like the end of a fire-tongs, at her tail. With these she plucks off the downy scales which thickly clothe the hinder part of her body. She then forms a little bed of the down, and drops a gluten-covered egg into its midst. The egg becomes coated over with the down, and another and another is added to the number until the work is completed. Then, as a further security, she piles a beautiful covering, somewhat like the roof of a house, over them all, the conical disposition of which enables it effectually to cast off rain, while the non-conducting properties of the down obviate the risk of injury from the severest cold of winter. Another curious nest must often have met the eye in the orchard or hedgerow. It is somewhat in the form of a bracelet clasping around a slender twig, and is possessed of a most remarkable degree of strength and solidity. This is the work of the lackey moth. The number of eggs comprising the nests of the moths is very large. The silkworm moth produces about 500, the great-goat moth 1000, and the tiger moth 1600.

The winter, with its cold and gloom, hurries by; the uncertain smile and tear of spring return and vanish; the genial summer at length arrives, to give life to countless multitudes of these eggs. The long-dormant spark kindles, the egg opens, and out emerges a stately caterpillar, with the sharpest of sharp appetites. It is one of the oddest amusements to see these gentlemen walk abroad decked in glorious attire. Elongating his soft, annular body to its extreme limits, he draws himself up into a loop, and, by a repetition of stretchings and loop-formings, makes, if need be, pretty rapid progress. Others communicate a strange sensation to the beholder, as they seem to flow in animate waves along the surface. Others are complete eccentricities in their way, for they may be seen sticking bolt upright for hours, as stiff and immoveable as the twigs they seem ambitious to emulate; and to their extraordinary resemblance to the latter they doubtless ought to ascribe their personal safety a thousand times over. Wonder and mirth die of repletion in half an hour among the caterpillars; pen and ink fail of expression. Take, for example, quaint Izaak Walton's description of the caterpillar of the press moth. 'His lips and mouth are somewhat yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black, the whole body stained with red spots, which run along its neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St Andrew's cross, and a white line is drawn down his neck to his tail.' The truly hideous aspect of this spectral being can scarcely be conceived, and, lifting its head from the willow-branch, on which it delights to rest, it is no stretch of the imagination to compare it to a newly-awakened Egyptian mummy. The country folk have often been alarmed by it, and it has been described in the country newspapers as an unheard-of monster, having a head like a lion, jaws like a shark, a horn like a unicorn, and two tremendous stings in its tail! This caterpillar uses its tail, in a singular manner, like a lash, with which it whips away the ichneumons, its deadly enemies. It is also provided with a most curious kind of squirt, having a mouth like the rose of a watering-pot, by which means it discharges several jets of a painful fluid against its enemies. Others belonging to this genus are like tiny alligators, with biped tails, only caparisoned in the most gorgeous manner. The *stauropus*, or lobster caterpillar, is another extraordinary creature, the end of its body being recurved and somewhat resemblant to the tail of a fish. Others are armed with horns of different kinds and differing degrees of awfulness, contributing something indefinably marvel-exciting to their appearance. The caterpillar of the celebrated emperor moth strongly resembles a diminutive cactus, being of a lovely green colour, and all bestudded with tubercles, each of which bristles with a whorl of six hairs, like so many stars. The colours of many caterpillars belonging to this family of insects are most splendid. The great entomologist, M. Reaumur, says that they exhibit examples of every known colour, besides an infinite variety of shades which cannot be elsewhere

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far more splendour of appearance than the imago, or perfect insect, can lay claim to. Many of them are magnificently striped in parti-colours; some appear as if set with many precious stones, others are crossed in various directions with lines and streaks of the loveliest colours, shading imperceptibly into one another. A scarce species of the lappet moth produces a caterpillar which is a gem of beauty. It is marked with beautiful streaks of soft blue, contrasting with a brilliant white and rich brown, and is infinitely more lovely than the parent or perfect insect. Some vie in richness with the regal ermine, or are living bits of glittering mosaic work, or are clothed in quaint suits of armorial devices, or appear to have stolen the cast-off slashed doublets of our ancestry.

What grave reason have we to dwell upon the appetites of the caterpillars of the moth family! It has been stated that if no cause existed, by the over-ruling wisdom of Divine Providence, to destroy them, the caterpillars of one species of moth alone would be more than equal to the utter destruction of all the vegetation of our kingdom. In the memorable year 1782, the caterpillars of the brown-tail moth committed tremendous havoc in many parts of England. For some cause, inscrutable wisdom appeared in that year to be exercised in punishment, and the counteracting forces of this pest, in addition to others, seem to have been temporarily withdrawn. At the time, it was considered quite a national visitation; the produce of the orchards and gardens was annihilated, and the trees were stripped of their leaves. In the churches public prayers were offered up with great earnestness for the removal of the plague, and fears were entertained of the whole produce of the fields being consumed by these formidable destroyers. The poor were set in large numbers to collect them; one shilling was paid by the parish authorities for every bushel collected, and they were then publicly burned. Some idea may be formed of their amazing numbers when it is stated, that for some time as many as eighty bushels a-day were collected and burned. The caterpillars of the gamma (Y) moth have frequently devastated many districts of France. Not only do the caterpillars of this family attack vegetation, but, with an omnivorous appetite, they feast upon wool, feathers, furs, and hair.

The habitations of the caterpillars are often singular and exceedingly ingenious. Very frequently the creatures encase themselves in fragments of stone, which they agglutinate together into little conical edifices like minute nightcaps in shape. They are hence called the stone-mason caterpillars. Others have been beautifully described by M. Reaumur as cutting out with their sharp mandibles, used scissors-fashion, little tents out of the substance of a leaf, and, when completed, carry their elegant homes on their backs, leaving a vacant space in the leaf corresponding to the size of the piece thus removed. These caterpillars, with their vegetable homes, may often be found, if they are carefully looked for, upon the leaves of the pear, elm, hawthorn, and other trees. Our common enemy, the clothes moth, displays remarkable ingenuity in the construction of his warm dwelling. It consists of a somewhat cylindrical tube, composed externally of wool and silk, but lined inside with pure silk. This cosey mantle is often parti-coloured, according as the colour of the fabric in which the little destroyer lives. The habits of the leaf-rolling caterpillars yield to none in ingenuity or in interest. Selecting a suitable leaf, the caterpillar attaches silken cords to its sides, and then hauls it together, until, after much patience and no little amount of toil, the leaf rolls round, and the little operative enjoys at once a shelter, a home, and a larder in its interior. Sometimes the same operation is more rapidly accomplished by the insect wrapping around the leaf a coil of silk, and thus drawing it together; but as the growing shoot would burst asunder this habitation, it is given as a remarkable example of creative foresight, that the caterpillar gnaws it off, and thus effectually puts a stop to danger in that direction. Many caterpillars emulate some varieties of the human race, and live in one large common habitation. A colony of this kind having fixed upon a leaf, roll it gradually together, and weave for it a beautiful external canopy of the finest silk, and in this pleasant arbour live all the summer long. As winter approaches, they set about constructing a more durable edifice, which they fabricate out of leaves and silk, and form so that the interior is full of labyrinths. This structure is of sufficient solidity to withstand any storm. Others live in silken hammocks, and when their days of toil are ended, swing in lazy luxury from the apple-tree twigs. A beautiful variety of habitation is the cocoon, the familiar and valuable abode of the silk-worm. In some cases, the cocoons are constructed partly of silk and partly of *papier maché*, and are often highly varnished. The cocoon of the silk-worm is generally formed of a single continuous thread wound in a zig-zag direction, from whence it often happens that a cocoon can be entirely unwound unbroken. What vast interests are concerned in the labours of a humble caterpillar! For how large a portion of wealth, luxury, comfort, or even existence, is a great number of our race indebted to those

> 'Millions of spinning worms,
> That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk!'

In the year 1840, the average importation of silk into Great Britain equalled 4,999,791 lbs., or, in round numbers, 5,000,000 lbs. An interesting calculation has been made, which shows the enormous number of silk-worm caterpillars which must bury themselves to meet the demand of our kingdom alone upon their manufacture. Each cocoon, on the average, weighs about 8 or 8½ grains, and in length will probably contain 300 yards of silk. Now, to produce the yearly sum above mentioned, it will be found we require about 18,000,000,000 worms, which will consume in its production about 96,000,000 lbs. of leaves, grown upon about 9,600,000 trees.

The insect has not yet arrived at maturity. The caterpillar form is only a transition stage from a lower to a higher point of development. With all its glories it is to pass away, and the imago condition will succeed. To escape from the cocoon, its prison-house, the insect generally loosens the texture of its enclosure by some solvent fluid, for which purpose it is frequently provided with a bag which secretes it. Sometimes it emerges by mere disruption, and, in the case of the emperor moth, the cocoon is especially contrived so that the insect emerges, as it were, out of an inverted mouse-trap, which served to keep out all intruders, but offered no resistance to the exit of the lawful tenant. In the perfect state the moths, taking the generality, can hardly bear a comparison with their magnificent relatives, the butterflies. Some of the tiniest have, however, been called by the well-known author of the 'Contemplation de Nature,' 'little miracles of nature,' vying with the humming-birds, and even with the diamond beetles of the tropics, in the splendour of their metallic colours. All the London collectors of moths have their favourites, which, for the beauty of their apparel, are called by several fancy titles, such as emperor moths, Kentish glory, nonpareil, Richmond beauty, &c. A very curiously marked moth is the death's-head-hawk moth. On its back the most unimaginative eye in the world can discern a dismal representation of a skull, and cross-bones beneath. What adds to the awe inspired by the insect is, that when caught it utters a peculiarly touching, plaintive cry. In Poland it is called the wandering death-bird, and its appearance is considered to foretell war, pestilence, hunger, death, and everything else that is dreadful. The gamma moth has the Greek letter of that name inscribed on its wings. Others are clothed in ghostly robes of white. A beautiful variety, from its resemblance on the wing to a sweet-pea, is called the peas-blossom. Sometimes the very curious phenomenon, technically known as gynandromorphism, takes place in these insects, and one will be seen which in one half of its body represents a male insect, possessing a wing of that colour, and on the other the half of the opposite sex, with a wing of a different hue. The exotic moths are far more splendid in lustre than the British, but they are too numerous and too beautiful to be placed at the tail of an article. It is the peculiarity of the moths that the greater number of them are nocturnal in-

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sects. Their splendid hues, when they exist, are not displayed to the eye of day, but flit about in the dim twilight, or are carried unheeded by in the darker shades of night. It is a remarkable fact that they have their regular hours of appearing and disappearing at eventide. So much is this the case that it has been proposed that, after the example of Linnæus with flowers, a clock of moths might be arranged, in which the hours would be designated by the appearance of different moths. The Rev. C. S. Bird states that, at his residence in the country, he has sat up until three in the morning, and all the time different species of moths continued to arrive and depart with the greatest regularity.

The collection of moths is made by some quite a profession. It is said that some of the London collectors, in order to capture a handsome species, will frequently take a female of that species in a cage into the woods, and, suspending her in the branches, she is soon surrounded by a crowd of giddy flutterers, who are taken captive without a struggle to get free. Others are successful by securing them in the larva state, and with this view they search for larvæ in the woods in the months of April, June, July, and September. To those who feel anxious to form a collection of them, we cannot do a better service than by extracting the method pursued by the Rev. C. S. Bird, communicated to the 'Entomological Magazine.' By placing several good lamps on a table near an open widow, especially if the window looks towards the woods, as the evening draws on, crowds of moths will make their appearance, attracted by the delusive glare. Some will come tumbling in, playing all sorts of vagaries and kicking up a tremendous noise; others will come like snowflakes, falling with a scarcely audible tap on the table. A book and an inverted tumbler are the captor's best apparatus. With a little manœuvring the giddy insect is caught. In what merciful manner can it now be destroyed? Light a small piece of German tinder, and, drawing the edge of the glass a little over that of the book, allow the smoke to fill it. The poor insect is speedily stupified, and lies as if dead. Quickly now, before it has time to revive, kill it, while still insensible, by a pin dipped in a strong solution of oxalic acid; this extinguishes the feeble spark of life, and the insect may be removed to the cabinet. We believe every reader will agree with us that there is a tender mercy in this method which should recommend it to all to whom it is pain to cause pain, even in an insect. Mr Doubleday strongly recommends brushing the branches of a tree with a solution of sugar and water, to which the moths are rapidly attracted, and he states that many rare and beautiful specimens have been thus caught. A good collection of moths becomes a very pleasing and interesting study; and we are justified in assuring our readers that if the opportunity for forming it presents, they will derive much instructive matter from the occupation.

MELLICENT MAGUIRE.

WHERE is the land that can compare with England for green hedgerows, and fairy cottages, and tall, stately trees, and verdant uplands, and fertile valleys? Is it thou, poor Erin, where even neglected nature sleeps in weedy, ragged patches, and ruined cottages paint the solitary landscape? or thou, Caledonia, sweetheart of winter, mother of bleak hills, and cradle of storms? No, loved lands! you are nature's children, as England is, but you have your own peculiar features, and hers, although least grand, are still most beautiful.

On one of the most beautiful evenings that ever smiled on England's smiling, summery face, and before one of the sweetest cottages that ever wore a robe of English jessamine and rose-trees, sat two women and a man. The sun was setting behind the distant green fells, that broke the outline of the horizon, and he blushed through his veil of clouds, as the eyes of the silent cottagers watched his slow decline. Sometimes stray sunbeams would steal through heaven's windows, and would dance upon the cottage nestle in the bosoms of the clumpy jessamine; and, stealing to the pale brow of the man, and to the withered cheek of the elder woman, and then to the rosy lips and soft eyes of the maiden, they would dart away and bury themselves again amongst the snowy drapery of the clouds of evening.

'I wonder if the sun shines as brightly anywhere as in England?' said Mrs Maguire with a smile, as, breaking the silence, she turned to Charles Hensely, and laid her hand upon his arm.

'Or sets as soon?' cried the youthful, blushing Mellicent, whose lips were still warm with the sunbeam's kiss.

Charles Hensely was young, and his face and head were beautiful as Hyperion's. His hair of glossy brown clustered round a high, broad forehead, that was as pure and polished as ivory. His eyes of intense, wavy blue, reposed beneath his ample brow, or shone from their deep recesses, like stars from the over-canopied heavens. They were soft, as the amethyst burdened with dew, when his soul held converse with its inner world, and bright as the dew that spangles the sandals of the morning, when he looked poetically upon nature. His features were irregular, but massive and manly, and mobile as the strings of a harp. They were tale-tellers, who declared their master's feelings as fluently as if he spoke them. Genius and heart had alternately played with the lineaments of Charles Hensely, and they had left, each, an impression of beauty and gentleness upon them. Nobody could have looked upon him without being struck with him; and no one could have perceived him move along the smooth gravel walks without sighing, because that he was lame. Charles Hensely shook his head, as if he did not know what to answer to the questions of Mellicent and her mother, and then with a voice, soft and tremulous as a woman's, he repeated the words, 'I wonder if the sun shines as brightly anywhere as in England?'

'Charles and mother are into their poetics, now,' said Mellicent, as she arose from the green, rustic seat on which she sat, and, tripping along the lovely flower borders, culled some carnations and piccottees, and lopped two creepers from the vine that clustered over the porch of the cottage. 'I shall crown you king and queen of June,' she cried, 'for being so sun-struck and so absent.'

The mother kissed the cheek of the lovely girl, as she twined the vine and ruby-bordered flowers round her widow's bonnet; and Charles Hensely sighed for a like privilege, as she playfully bound his brow with the poetic corona. Ah! it was a pleasant thing to look in the face of Mellicent Maguire. Nineteen suns had added to, and expanded, the beauties of that lovely countenance, since it had first smiled in infantile innocence in the eyes of her mother. Slowly and delicately had the immaculate artificer touched the delicate roseate of her cheeks, and the deep cerulean of her eyes, and the ruby of her lips, and the laughing dimples on her cheeks and chin, until a face lovely as Hebe's was that which now shone on Charles Hensely. And slowly, too, had the unseen finger of God modelled, in its process of years, from the tiny form of an infant, that lovely, graceful maiden, whose unstudied attitudes and liquid motions were beautiful and light as Ariel's. Mellicent Maguire was strikingly beautiful, because she did not study to strike. Her simple dresses were lowly toned in colour, and of the simplest fashion; they were exquisitely unpretending, and borrowed all their grace from the form on which they hung. It was Mellicent's face that first attracted notice when you first saw her, and then her faultless form, and then you never thought if she was fashionable.

Mellicent Maguire was the daughter of a man of letters, who, after he had poured the treasures of his fancy and experience into the public reservoir of knowledge, had died. A life insurance, a small annuity purchased by the ten best years of his manhood, and a public subscription, had placed his widow and daughter beyond the reach of want; and they had left the great metropolis, when the mould of Highgate Cemetery closed over his coffin, and had

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came to visit them save Charles Hensely, who taught the little school at Volney Grove, and who wrote the letters and petitions of all who could not do so themselves in Volney. Mrs Maguire and her daughter did not feel at all hurt, that neither the squire, nor the parson, nor the doctor's wife in her flaming ribbons, nor any of the daughters of the Snubbses and Bubbses, who were striving to forget that their fathers once sold pork and treacle, did not call upon them. They had companions in their flowers, and birds, and books; and they had Charles Hensely to lean on and sympathise with them, when they spoke of him who had left them thus alone, and so they did not feel themselves neglected. And there the three friends sat on the green, quaint, old garden-seat that had been made of twisted limbs of trees; and the sun was blushing from behind the tall, spinated poplars, as it looked at them, for Mellicent was decking the brow of Volney Grove's Homer, and he was trembling, and blushing, as her soft white fingers touched his hair and cheeks.

'See, mother, he quite looks Anacreon with his wreath of vine,' cried the innocent girl, as receding a few footsteps from the youth, in order to observe the effect of her decoration, she clapped her hands and laughed, as the innocent only can laugh.

'Olive, only olive or palm for Charles,' said Mrs Maguire, playfully, 'leave the vine and the ivy for wreathes to the new come captain at Volney. He loves wine and galas, I fancy; but Charles is a man of peace.'

Charles bowed, and smiled; and Mellicent, whose eyes sparkled with innocent joy, plucked a few palm leaves from a favourite little tree, and, placing them in the hair of her friend, exclaimed, 'I crown Charles hero of Volney, and, hark! the thrush in the poplar-tree hails him so also.'

'Mysterious are the sympathies of nature,' said Charles Hensely, smiling softly. 'I was just thinking of that bird which sings so sweetly in that tree, each morning and evening, and of the peace that humble hearts can find in flowery solitude, when I came up the lane this afternoon. Do you know,' he added, as he laid his hand gently on the widow's arm, 'I believe that we are happier in this little, rustic village, than the queen of England is in her great palace? We know less of men, less of the world, than your busy citizens do, it is true; but then we know more of nature, and are more what men should be.'

'See, Mellicent—see, Mrs Maguire,' he cried, at the same time pointing to a pair of white doves, that wheeled and gambolled amongst the golden radiance of the evening, 'for all the wealth and elegance that even great London compasses, its poisoned sky and dingy twilight have no pictures of love like that. See how they float, like purified foam, in the glowing ocean of heaven! See how they fan each other with their sparkling wings, as the lingering rays of twilight kiss them!'

The admiring eyes of the mother and her child were instantly directed towards the lovely birds, when, in a moment, one of them fell panting and bleeding at their feet, and the report of the murderous musket had scarcely died away, when a military officer sprung over the low hedge that separated the little garden from the adjacent field, and, accompanied by a beautiful spaniel, rushed towards his prey. He was upon the startled inmates of Volney Cottage before he perceived them; and when he did, it did not much disturb him, for with the most consummate self-possession, and with an air of high-bred ease, he apologised for the unintentional affright which he had caused to the ladies, and hoped that he had not much disturbed the gentleman by his intrusion.

'I should lie did I not tell you that you have not only disturbed us but hurt our feelings,' said Charles Hensely, as his fine face flushed, and his eyes sparkled with an instinctive repugnance towards the self-confident intruder. 'We so love our pigeons here, in Volney, that we never shoot them.'

'I am sorry for your sake, sir, that I have destroyed the bird,' replied the officer, with a low bow; 'perhaps the ladies will forgive me, however. I did not know that the gentlemen of Volney were so pigeon-hearted.'

'It is your profession to destroy,' replied Hensely, mildly. 'I can scarcely blame you for exercising the first principle of your life and the first lesson of your education.'

'I am sorry that I have destroyed your equanimity, sir,' continued the officer in the same subdued tone of well-bred sarcasm, 'and I am sorry that I have intruded where my presence must be disagreeable; but allow me, ladies, to make all the reparation I can for this unwitting slaughter,' and, as he spoke, he presented to Mrs Maguire a brace of beautiful pheasants, bowed with a look of marked admiration to Mellicent; and then, whistling off his dog, withdrew as precipitately as he had appeared.

Captain Bresant, of the Royal Bengal Infantry, had come to spend a few months with a relation in Volney, and to repair the innovations which a season in London had made upon his fortune. He was a man of the world, and, of course, an enemy to its peace and purity. He was accomplished, handsome, high-born, high-bred, and a man of *honour*. Indeed, he would not have scrupled to have cut the throat, according to the fashion, of any one who had for a hair's-breadth impugned his *honour*. He had always paid his bets, although his unpaid laundress might starve. He maintained his horses and dogs at the expense of tailors and shoemakers; but the code of honour allowed that, and so he was an honourable man. His features were very handsome; his hair was very dark and glossy; and study had not only taught him to completely regulate the motions of his face, but to curl his locks in the most fascinating manner. Captain Bresant was certainly a man of fashion; had he been only a withess excomb, however, he could have been tolerated; but he was as heartless as a fool, with all the determination and coolness of a philosopher. His passions maintained a stern supremacy over all his better sentiments, and his will sat monarch over his conquering propensities. He was a voluptuary by nature, and education had rendered him a most accomplished one. Captain Bresant had never, during his life, thought of stealing a purse from any one; but he never had hesitated to steal even the basest momentary gratification, at the expense of twenty agonised souls, and the ruin of peaceful homes. He had begun his conventional studies upon the models of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield, and had pursued them with a too successful devotion, having only the Epicurean's end in view, and endorsing only the Epicurean's faith. Captain Bresant, however, was gladly admitted to the noblest saloons. Rich, aristocratic mothers did not fear him, for aristocratic maidens were exempted, by the code of honour, from his seductions. He was smiled upon, eulogised, lionised, and courted, because Captain Bresant was the son of a baronet and the nephew of a duke. The cottage homes of England, however, are beyond the ancestral pale, and the cottage maidens of England are beneath the protection of lordly honour. Oh, God, that innocence should be esteemed so cheaply—that humble peace, and holy purity, and household hopes, and guileless love, should be reckoned but the sport of conventionally high estate! Oh, God, that the Marys and Marthas who dwell in the Bethany-like homes of rural England, should be looked upon by the Dives of a lordly hall, as flowers that he may pluck and then cast contumeliously away! Yet it is so—the boasted chivalry of England looks upon the maidens of lowly life only that it may wither them with its baleful contagion.

Captain Bresant passed Volney Cottage on the morrow, and, perceiving Mellicent Maguire and her mother in the garden, he entered politely, made some inquiries concerning their health, assisted them, with the most familiar kindness, yet reserved deference, to arrange some flower-pots; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, begged pardon with a smile, and withdrew.

There is nothing so grateful to a woman as respectful attention; and nothing so likely to win the confidence of an innocent nature, as frankness. The captain came again and again to Volney Cottage, and every time that he came, he was more and more attentive to Mellicent and her mother. He could repeat with fine effect the poetry of Moore, and selected scraps from Shakspeare, although

he neither felt the beauty of the one, nor perceived the excellence of the other. He talked about his own home in Somerset, and about the trees, and lawns, and lakes around it; and he told Mellicent that it was just such a home as she could love and adorn, and then he spoke about his mother, and sighed.

Charles Hensely came to Volney Cottage again and again, too; but, somehow or other, his heart beat less joyously at his visits than it was wont to do. The same kind welcome met him, the same friendly interest was manifested in his welfare, but the humble youth was too sensitive and acute not to feel and see that he was less the object of attention than his specious rival. Perhaps Mellicent and her mother did not know it; but Charles Hensely was really of less consideration to them than he had formerly been, and Captain Bresant had rendered him so. Mrs Maguire and Mellicent had never before particularly observed the lameness of their friend; but the adroit, invidious, and constantly repeated pity of the captain had now magnified the infirmity, and the mother and daughter had come to regard it as a pitiable weakness in the strong-souled Charles Hensely.

'The poor young man might have been passably handsome for a rustic,' the captain would whisper in Mellicent's ear, 'and might have made a pretty enough ensign.'

When Mellicent would naively reply that Charles believed war to be a sinful profession, the captain would smile, and say that it was a comfortable belief for a pigeon-heart, and would assuredly solace the vanity of one whose infirmities incapacitated him from even walking without pain; and then Mellicent would say, 'Poor Charles!' and the captain would smile, for we never express pity to a rival for those we fondly love.

When the yellow fields of autumn were bare, and the wind came howling along, scattering the withered leaves that he had swept from the tall, trembling old poplars, the weeds were creeping over the borders of Volney Cottage garden; and along the gravel walks where the fair young innocent Mellicent Maguire but a few months ago had tripped, the vines hung untrimmed from the broken porch. The withered jessamine and rose-trees looked like a mourning suit on the widowed cottage. The rusty nails that supported the wall-trees had lost their hold upon the crumbling plaster; and the long straw of the house-sparrow's nest fluttered from the eaves. The window-shutters were closed, and the window-glass was shattered; the wicket was locked up, and all was deserted and desolate.

Mellicent Maguire left her home one night, and next day Captain Bresant was missed from his accustomed walks about Volney. The ci-devant chandlers' families, and the doctor's wife, and Squire Turf's household, and even the vicar's groom, giggled when they heard that the widow's only daughter had eloped with the high-born captain; but the guileless poor who were untainted with fashion or envy, pitied the bereft mother, and sighed when they thought of Charles Hensely.

Mellicent had left her home voluntarily, but not without a struggle. Oh, you who have never passed the portals of prudence, judge the poor maiden gently. You who know what it is to resist the tempter's wiles, from the depths of your experience call up pity for the fallen. Christians, the Master condemned not, and neither can you. On the table of her little room were all her little souvenirs, and they were stained and wet with her tears. Her father's portrait, a ring which her mother had given her on her eighteenth birthday, and a curiously bound old Bible, the present of Charles Hensely, lay on her work-table, and a letter addressed to him was beside them. She could not take these treasures with her, she said, because they were memorials of days and things which now she dared not look back upon. She told Charles that once she felt proud of his attentions and love—yes love, she knew that he had loved her—and now she said that her greatest grief was that she was not worthy of a love so pure as his. She bade him be a son to her mother, and to try to forget her; for that her destiny was now fixed, and those of Volney Cottage would see and hear of her no more.

Two months of loneliness and suffering cured the sorrows of her mother's poor bleeding heart; for, when August came, widow Maguire slept soundly beneath the green turf of Volney churchyard. But to Charles Hensely, years brought no surcease of sorrow. His pale face had grown paler, his eyes more dovelike, and his smile more sweetly pensive, his hair had become silvered, and his whole countenance more spiritual; but the world soon forgot that he suffered. Volney Grove had long ceased to be to him the fairyland of his dreams; his eye had sought more intensely the paradise of the soul, since the spoiler had blighted the paradise of his senses; and his love for humankind had become more purified and heavenly, as it beamed through the medium of his suffering love. Charles Hensely had no longer a home on earth, he lived with Christ alone now; and so when the London City Mission gave him the purlieus of Westminster as a field of labour, he gladly accepted the call, and left the scenes of his sorrows.

Down in those dark alleys leading to the Thames, there lived a darker world than ever Charles Hensely had dreamt of in his philosophy. Misery hung its murky mantle over that Aceldama of dark, ruinous houses, that laid their roofs together across the alleys in gaunt decrepitude, as if to keep one another from falling down, and to hide from the blue eye of heaven and the searching glance of the sun the sin, and shame, and poverty that nursed up and fostered typhus and cholera, till churchyards grew fat upon the human offal which they left in their daintiness, as they went on sapping, without surfeit, the life from haggard mothers and fatherless babes. See, crouching over the embers of a scanty fire, that scarce could warm a cricket, sits a woman and a child. There are moulded clumps upon the damp, black walls, like rats in embryo; the raindrops fall with splashy, dreary precision from the broken roof; and the wind moans as it enters the cold dark room from twenty crevices, and tremblingly rustles the straw—the bed—that lies huddled in a corner. A woman sitting here—a woman dwelling here! Eden was not too beautiful for her primeval home; the odours and flowers of Paradise were not too sweet for her airs and adornment! A woman here, and a child! Oh, this is too cold, and dark, and gloomy for a corpse's tomb! and yet it is, in truth, the palace of life, the only home that ever a young immortal knew, the garden of a heart, the nursery of a soul. Charles Hensely looked round him, and his bosom swelled to bursting; he looked down upon the hearth, and his eyes filled with tears. 'May the love of God and the communion of holy spirits be here!' said the missionary, in a voice choking with emotion. A scream, wild and startling as a maniac's, gave back to the Christian's prayer a frenzied amen.

In a week after this, a pale, thin woman, with eyes that ever seemed to read strange mysteries on the ground and had no wish to look on heaven, walked, at morning and evening, around the suburbs of Winchester, leading a little child by the hand. The simple country people would give her respectful greeting as they passed her on the road, for they soon saw that she suffered, and then they would turn and look after her with a sad interest as she flitted along; but she never lifted up her pale face to notice them, nor spoke to any one, however kindly said might be the 'Good day, madam.' A lame gentleman, whose countenance seemed beaming with apostolic love, blended with exquisite sorrow, had brought the mother and her child to Winchester, and, after a fortnight, he had come and taken them away again. It was in vain that Charles Hensely, as trustee, had treasured up the little fortune of Mrs Maguire, in half-anticipation of this dark day. Mellicent seemed neither to know him nor feel his delicate attentions. The darkness of Westminster's darkest den overclouded her soul, and neither the sun nor flowers of Volney could awaken it to light again.

On a summer's evening, beautiful as that on which Mellicent, her mother, and Charles, had sat and watched the setting sun and the flight of the white doves, Charles Hensely, now grown a sadder man, sat beside the speechless Mellicent in her own old room, while her little girl lay

cradled on his knee. 'I have a letter for you, Mellicent,' he said, and he handed the missive to her who was once the lover of his hopeful years, and who now had scarcely aught save sighs for him. She took the letter from him mechanically and opened it, and then, slowly rising, she went aside for some minutes, wrote and carefully sealed a note, and then, taking her little child by the hand, went calmly out, as if to take her usual evening walk. They searched the woods and dens of Volney that night for Mellicent Maguire, but they found her not; they dragged the rivers and the ponds with creepers, but they found her not; far and near the villagers sped along the bypaths and high-roads, and asked at every wayside tavern, and carman, and traveller, if a woman and child had passed them, but still they found her not. And then suddenly it came into Charles Hensely's head to look upon her writing-table, and there he found an open letter and the sealed one she had written, directed to himself. The first bore the signature of Reginald Bresant; the other explained all. 'I have accidentally heard that you are again at Volney,' wrote the hardened villain, 'and I am glad of it. Your child shall supply you with enough of tender care for the remainder of your life; forget me, for I go to Australia in a week to join my wife.'

The perspiration burst from every pore on Charles Hensely's face, and rained down upon his indignant yet sorrowful bosom; and then he read the last words of his own beloved Mellicent, and he burst into tears:—'Oh, that I had loved God as you have done, dearest Charles,' she had written, and then a tear had bloated out the loving superlative. 'Farewell! my child and I shall sleep this night at the bottom of the old draw-well. Bury us beside my mother, if you can. I never knew that Bresant was married; he often told me that I should be his wife when his mother died, but he abandoned me in London after a year of indignity, and left me to be found by you. He has given me the last stab to-night, and I cannot survive it. *He* believed in nothing, and he laughed at my remorse for my sins. But you, Charles Hensely, can pity me, and you will for Christ's sake, if not for my own. Farewell! oh, I fear for ever, farewell!'

The mother and her child are sleeping in an obscure burial-yard, for the proud kinsman of Captain Bresant, who was vicar of Volney, refused her sepulture in consecrated ground. And the destroyer, where is he? He walks the lordly saloons of England, an honoured and distinguished man. No finger is pointed at him in scorn—no indignant eye scowls on the miscreant betrayer. Ladies hang on his words and praise him for his courtesy, and some men see in him the lineaments of a hero. But wo, wo to him! for there is a day shall come when the recording angel shall tear aside the conventional veil, and shall write upon his forehead, 'The ruiner of a sacred home!'

Would you see Charles Hensely? Then go down into the dark and sin-stained places of London, and you will behold a meek-eyed man, who weeps and prays amongst the vilest of the world's sisterhood, whom the world honours not, whom the world refuses to know. He has suffered such sorrows as the good, the true, the sensitive, the loving only can feel; but Christ-like is the stricken Christian—his mission is on earth, his heart draws its inspirations from heaven. He thinks on Mellicent Maguire, and he sighs for the outcast Magdalene. Does Captain Bresant ever think of the victim of his base nature and fashionable villanies? Reader, this is no fiction.

SHORT ETYMOLOGICAL NOTICES OF THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND.

BY PÆDEUTES.

After leaving Sunderland and advancing in a southern direction, the next town of any note is *Hartlepool* or *Hartleypool*, for we find it spelt both ways. Bailey defines it thus, '*quasi dicas*, the *isle* of harts, of *heort*, Sax. a hart, and *pool*.' Here manifestly the word *isle* is a misprint for *pool*, and it ought to be the *pool* of *harts*, or more fully, the *pool* of or adjacent to the *lea* haunted by *harts*, in which case its etymon is closely synonymous with that of *Hertford* town and county. Of the two spellings and readings of this word we are inclined to give the preference to the former, 1st, because it seems to have the verdict of antiquity in its favour; and, 2dly and mainly, because, to our sense, this term, like *Chester-le-street*, of which we spoke but lately, is elliptical, and smacks somewhat strongly of a dash of Norman-French in its composition. The word omitted and required to make up the full meaning seems to be *sur*, or *upon*, and the sense of Hartlepool will then be this, *Hart-upon-the-pool*; this commodious haven, formed by a little hook or scythe of land encompassing and sheltering it on all sides save the west, being styled, by way of eminence, '*the pool*,' as affording a safe harbour and asylum for ships in storms and contrary winds on this exposed and 'merchant-marring' coast. In confirmation of the above view, it remains to be stated that there is a small village in the vicinity, anciently disjunct from but now united to *Hartlepool*, and which seems to be its parent, at least, so far in name. This village is denominated *Hart*. As *Hartlepool* is so called from its excellent harbour of refuge, so to the same circumstance it is indebted for any importance which it now possesses. Having no river communication with the interior, its own trade is inconsiderable, consisting chiefly of the fishery and the export of lime, which is burned in large quantities at the back of the town.

Stockton-upon-Tees, so cognominated to distinguish it from other *Stocktons* of minor note and importance, is a handsome, flourishing town, situated at some distance up the river *Tees*, which has no port at its mouth. It has a large manufactory of ropes and canvass. It imports goods for the circumjacent country, and exports lead and corn, which are sent down the river from the interior. Along with its neighbour, *Darlington*, it has been long noted for its manufacture of the table and napkin linen termed diapers and *huckabacks*—both of which terms mean linen articles in which flowers and figures are interwoven, as *damask* implies the same in regard to fine silk stuffs wrought in flowers and figures, because these were invented at *Damascus*, in Syria—a place, by the way, celebrated above all others in the world for its fruit and *flower*-gardens, which may have suggested, most probably, the idea of making the textile labours of the loom to imitate the floral productions of nature. They are called *huckabacks* when the figures are raised on the linen, as a person who has a crump or bunch on his back or shoulders is called *huckle-backed*. *Stockton* means the town of *stock*, from Sax. *stocca*, which signifies the *trunk* or *stem* of a tree, it having been probably first built of *wood*, or upon piles driven into the ground, in order to get a stable foundation. It is thus that the capital of Sweden is denominated *Stockholm*, because being situate on a *holm*, *i. e.* flat or low land lying along a river or inland sea, and occasionally flooded by them, it was necessary to drive in piles or *stocks* preparatory to building. In the case of Stockholm the lake is Maelar. Amsterdam is similarly constructed, the foundations of the houses being laid upon piles driven into the morass. Under the stadthouse alone, in order to secure stability, are no less than 13,659 of these *stocks*. That weighty edifice, the Royal Institution, at the foot of the Mound, Edinburgh, is similarly founded upon piles rammed into what long was, and still is occasionally called, the *North* Loch, in contradistinction to the *South* Loch, which has by draining been converted into the present pleasant promenade called the *Meadows*. *Loch-End* Close, North Back of Canongate, is now the only last lingering memento of this once-famed suburban lake. *Woodbridge*, Suffolk; *Stockbridge*, Hampshire, Yorkshire, &c., are terms synonymous with *Stockton*, inasmuch as they point back to a remote period, and to a race of men comparatively rude in the arts, when bridges were wont to be built of *wood*, and not of *stone*. It is thus that not unfrequently the bare name of a locality itself indicates the degree of advancement in the arts and civilisation to which the original founders had attained. In the above places, handsome substantial stone erections have superseded the clumsy

wooden structures of a semi-barbarous age. The history of its bridge is often the history of a town in epitome. When it is but a little, scarcely-known village, the precarious footing of stepping-stones enables the few passengers to pass and repass dry-shod. Some patriotic individual throws across the stepping-stones a plank or two—most probably the pastor of the parish, to accommodate the old and frail of his flock in their weekly journey to the house of prayer. Now these loose planks flung across stepping-stones constitute the first rude elements and idea of a bridge. As the place rises in wealth and importance, and the road gets more frequented, a more durable, and safer, and more commodious substitute of wood is supplied; and at last, in a still more auspicious era of the place's history and prospects, the arched and parapetted stone structure proudly spans the valley and connects the opposite banks, affording to all and sundry, foot and horse, drove and vehicle, a safe, easy, and expeditious passage and thoroughfare. And this is, in good sooth, the very perfection and true *beau ideal* of a *bridge*, which *abridges*, or makes short, and compendious, and direct, what was before tedious, and round about, and long. We may just remark *en passant*, that Queen Matilda, niece of Edgar Atheling, and wife of Henry I., in whose person the conflicting Saxon and Norman interests were happily reconciled, was the first who built stone-arched bridges in England. She built two at Stratford in Essex, over the Lea, which town is thence called *Stratford-de-Arcubus*, or *Le Bow*, in contradistinction to Stratford-upon-Avon of Shakspearian renown. It is said that Matilda narrowly escaped drowning in the Lea upon occasion of a flood from want of a sufficient bridge, and that, actuated by the truly *royal* sentiments of the hapless Phœnician queen, she forthwith remedied the dangerous defect; 'Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.'

In all languages, rude and refined, there are certain traditional phraseologies and idiomatic forms of speech and diction handed down as heir-looms from generation to generation, and which, taking their rise in ancient manners and customs, still continue to survive, long after the usages in which they originated have been either superseded as useless and cumbersome, or even exploded from a more civilised society as pernicious and degrading. These phrases, nevertheless, are still pregnant with meaning; they are still faithful mirrors of bygone times, and events, and races. They both reflect once current modes of thought and methods of action, and they not unfrequently serve to establish doubtful conjecture and validate disputed facts, though from them, perchance, the incurious and cursory observer may not elicit the latent thought, nor infer the implied fact, nor conjure up defunct ancestors. To him they are oft but 'as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' tickling, it may be, the ear, but evolving to his mind no historical act or event, and symbolic of no covert sense. Now this same subject of ancient bridgemaking, and the materials employed in the same, furnish a very pertinent illustration of our remark. For instance, Cæsar, in his 'Gallic War,' thus writes, '*Pontem*, qui erat ad Genevam, jubet *rescindi*.' The great commentator, neither here nor elsewhere, when describing this bridge over the Rhone, tells us directly, and in so many words, that it was built of *wood*; but his pen, trenchant and succinct as his own good sword, conveys that information in the single word *rescindi*. It would not be a faithful translation to say, 'He orders the bridge at Geneva to be *demolished*'—much less, *dilapidated*—because both these terms would convey the erroneous idea that the bridge was constructed of *stone*. In like manner, we hold that the elegant D'Ablancourt, who, by the way, dedicates his performance to the dauphin, as the living picture *(image vivante)* of Cæsar, has not been happy in his rendering of the passage, which he does thus, 'Comme il fut à Geneve, *il fit rompre le pont*.' Colonel Martin Bladen, who dedicates his work to the consummate Marlborough, is more felicitous and exact. His words are, 'Cæsar, being arrived at Geneva, ordered *the bridge to be cut down*'—to be *cut* or *hewn* down, of course.

Our classical readers may perhaps be disposed to smile at our next illustration, because for it we are indebted to the Gaelic language—a very graphic and masculine, albeit a rude and an uncultivated speech. As the dialect of a brave, hardy, and patriotic race of men, it is entitled to all respect; while, from its hoar antiquity and rare originality, it merits the friendly regard, and will amply repay the study of the philosophic and comparative linguist. But to our Celtic illustration. Every tourist can speak to the excellency of the modern roads and *bridges* in the Highlands of Scotland—the former admirably metalled and macadamised, and the latter substantially built of stone; so much so that with grateful alacrity he is ready to chime in with the famed anachronistic inscription on the Fort-Augustus finger-post, and to exclaim—

> 'Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade!'

Now, despite these military roads and bridges of Marshal Wade, and the more recent patent improvements of parliamentary commissioners; despite the Fort-Augustus finger-post and its Bœotian inscription; and despite the rapid and formidable inroads which the English tongue is making on the ever-narrowing domain of the native Erse: still the Scottish Gael, when occasion requires it, quotes, to this very day, the following pithy proverb, in the living vernacular speech of Caledonia, all intact and immaculate as his forbears a thousand years agone did: 'Nuar bhios mise thall, *gear drochaid*.' For the behoof of the uninitiated, we subjoin a literal translation—'Whenever I have got over, *cut down the bridge*.' This proverb evidently points back to a remote period and to a lawless state of society, and had its origin in the hereditary feuds and hostile encounters of turbulent chiefs and roving clans. It speaks but too distinctly and emphatically of the dread habits of predatory warfare, of the sudden foray, and the precipitate retreat, and the wily stratagems to baffle pursuit employed by the laden marauder hieing him home to his fastness on the mountain, in the moss, in the island, or on the promontory's beak. Further comment will be superfluous; only let the learned Grecian note that *gear* is cognate with Gr. *keirō*, to *cut*, from which Lat. *carina*, the keel of a ship, because it *cuts* the water; and let the Irishman of a philologic turn of mind note that from *drochaid* is derived *Drogheda*, Anglicé *Bridgeton*, from its *bridge* over the ever-memorable Boyne.

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

During the whole day we wandered about the woods, sometimes killing a few ptarmigan, and occasionally a kind of grouse, which are called by the people of the country wood-partridges. While we were sauntering slowly along in the afternoon, a rabbit darted across our path; the skipper fired at it without even putting the gun to his shoulder, and to his utter astonishment killed it. After this we turned to retrace our steps, thinking that, as our game-bags were pretty nearly full, we had done enough for one day. Our sport was not done, however; we came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, which were so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific. C—— fired till both barrels of his gun were stopped up; the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired till—*I skinned my tongue!* Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain *how* this happened. The cold had become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that in the fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happening to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto, or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask

* From R. M. Ballantyne's Every Day Life in the Wilds of North

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away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence. Having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homeward.

During our walk the day had darkened, and the sky insensibly become overcast. Solitary flakes of snow fell here and there around us, and a low moaning sound, as of distant wind, came mournfully down through the sombre trees, and, eddying round their trunks in little gusts, gently moved their branches, and died away in the distance. With an uneasy glance at these undoubted signs of an approaching storm, we hastened towards the fort as fast as our loads permitted us, but had little hope of reaching it before the first burst of the gale. Nature had laid aside her sparkling jewels, and was now dressed in her simple robe of white. Dark leaden clouds rose on the northern horizon, and the distant howling of the cold, cold wind struck mournfully on our ears, as it rushed fresh and bitterly piercing from the Arctic seas, tearing madly over the frozen plains, and driving clouds of hail and snow before it. Whew! how it dashed along, scouring wildly over the ground, as if maddened by the slight resistance offered to it by the swaying bushes, and hurrying impetuously forward to seek a more worthy object on which to spend its bitter fury! Whew! how it curled around our limbs, catching up mountains of snow into the air, and dashing them into impalpable dust against our wretched faces. Oh! it was bitterly, bitterly cold. Notwithstanding our thick wrappings, we felt as if clothed in gauze; while our faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as we turned our backs to the wind and hid them in our mittens. One or two flocks of ptarmigan, scared by the storm, flew swiftly past us, and sought refuge in the neighbouring forest. We quickly followed their example, and, under the partial shelter of the trees, made the best of our way back to the fort, where we arrived just as it was getting dark, and entered the warm precincts of Bachelor's Hall like three animated marble statues, so completely were we covered from head to foot with snow. It was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our gun-barrels, after we entered the warm room. The barrels, and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass! This phenomenon was caused by the moist atmosphere of the room being condensed and frozen upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal, and the ice begins to melt. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances: when we entered the house, they were clear, polished, and dry: in five minutes they were white as snow; and in five minutes more, they were dripping wet!

TAKING POT-LUCK WITH AN INDIAN.

Ere long we filled our bags with ducks, geese, and plover. Towards the afternoon we arrived at a tent belonging to an old Indian called Morris. With this dingy gentleman we agreed to dine, and accordingly bent our steps towards his habitation. Here we found the old Indian and his wife squatting down on the floor and wreathed in smoke, partly from the wood fire which burned in the middle of the tent, and partly from the tobacco-pipes stuck in their respective mouths. Old Morris was engaged in preparing a kettle of pea-soup, in which were boiled several plover, and a large white owl, while his wife was engaged in ornamenting a pair of mocassins with dyed quills. On our entrance, the old man removed his pipe, and cast an inquiring glance into the soup-kettle; this apparently gave him immense satisfaction, as he turned to us with a smiling countenance, and remarked (for he could speak capital English, having spent the most of his life near York Factory) that 'duck plenty, but he too hold to shoot much; obliged to heat howl.' This we agreed was uncommonly hard, and after presenting him with several ducks and a goose, proposed an inspection of the contents of the kettle, which being agreed to, we demolished nearly half of the soup, and left him and his wife to 'heat' the 'howl.' After resting an hour with this hospitable fellow, we departed to prepare our encampment ere it became dark, as we intended passing the night among the swamps, under our canoe. Near the tent we passed a fox-trap set on the top of a pole, and, on inquiring, found that this was the machine in which old Morris caught his 'howls.' The white owl is a very large and beautiful bird, sometimes nearly as large as a swan. I shot one which measured five feet three inches across the wings when expanded. They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees, for the purpose, probably, of watching for mice and little birds, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap on the top of a bare tree, so that when the owl alights, it is generally caught by the legs.

Original Poetry.

THE TWO ANGELS.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ROSEGER.

'Twas night: amid the starry host unnumber'd angels eyed,
And over countless sleeping worlds celestial blessings shed.
Two radiant spirits—angel friends (for oft, in realms above,
Does friendship add another tie to those of holy love)—
Together, 'mid those slumb'ring worlds, their bliss-fraught course had made,
And on Orion's glitt'ring zone their flight a moment stay'd.
One younger seem'd, perchance more fair, so soft the heaven-born grace
That hover'd o'er his aerial form, and lit his youthful face:
A cherub he of that bright band who, in the courts above,
Stand next the throne, and are most bless'd, for their whole heart is love.
High on his fellow's lofty brow sat deeper, sterner thought,
For he had tasted that full stream with boundless knowledge fraught.
Care may not dwell on angel's brow, yet was akin to care
The thought that made that seraph's face so awful, yet so fair.
'Brother,' the gentle spirit said, 'what is that beauteous star
That sheds so soft, so pure a light upon us from afar?
Oh, tell me how life's blissful course flows on in sunshine there?
What forms of beauty clothe the soil, or hover in the air?
Oh, tell me how its children love—does soul to soul entwine?
Does brother cling to brother's heart, as I do cling to thine?
What tributes do its happy sons to Heaven's high altar bring?
How show they forth, in that far world, the glories of our King?
And when the morning's radiant sons hymns to Jehovah raise,
Brother, what notes from that pale star swell in the song of praise?
The lofty seraph by his side had thoughtful silence kept,
Now, turning to his bright compeer, 'Tis Earth,' he said, and wept.

H. L. E.

WORKING MEN'S ESSAYS ON THE SABBATH.

In the spring of 1848, Mr Henderson, of Park, Glasgow, offered, by public advertisement, the sum of £50 sterling, to be divided into three prizes of £25, £15, and £10, for the best essays upon the temporal advantages of the Sabbath, to be written by working men. The advertisement not only created a sensation amongst those invited to compete, but amongst those conventionally of higher station, and, from donations by wealthy individuals, Prince Albert amongst others, the prizes were multiplied to seventy-three—seventy being of £5 each. One thousand and forty-five working men, at this appeal, came forward to say their say in defence of the inviolability of the day of rest; and the friends who developed this vast testimony of the ability, morality, and piety of Britain's working men, considered the adjudication of the prizes too good an opportunity for making a popular demonstration in favour of Sabbath observance to allow it to pass unimproved. On Wednesday morning, 27th of December, 1848, the competitors and their friends, who could conveniently leave their homes, assembled in the Freemasons' Hall, Great King Street,

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London, to breakfast, whence they adjourned to Exeter Hall, where the prizes were distributed.

The result of Mr Henderson's appeal to the working classes has created not a little wonder, and a great deal of honest and hearty pleasure. In the last sentiment we shall yield to none of our applauding contemporaries; but to us there is no surprise in either the number or character of the essays. Of the general intelligence and true piety of the *bona fide* working men of Great Britain we have been long satisfied. The idle only are vicious. It is only in idleness that vice has growth. We do not subscribe to the motto of the head prizeman's essay, that labour is a curse. We believe it to be a blessing allowed to man by a just, yet paternal God, in order to preserve humanity from that curse of sterility which man's sinful disobedience drew down upon the teeming primeval earth. Labour—which word we take to be the symbol of productive power—is not a curse, but the greatest of all temporal blessings, when its operations are regulated by Christian love; for, whether physical or mental, it then becomes holy and humane in all its activities. One thousand and forty-five essayists amongst the working classes upon one subject of Christian ethics alone! The idea is a sublime one; but we will venture to say, that, great as the number is, it is but a tithe of those who could discuss the subject in all its bearings, and in a more than mediocre style. We look upon these essays as double testimonies to the truth. They testify the appreciation of the labouring classes of that day, so calm, so holy, so bright, which God has excised from the invasion of Mammon, and given as a pillow to the soul of man; and we regard them also as testimonies in favour of that general moral and intellectual character of the working classes, which unscrupulous partisans, for their own purposes, have too frequently denied them to possess. We know of no temporal institution so worthy of the homage and watchful jealousy of the working classes as the Sabbath; and there is none that the rich should be more careful of preserving inviolate. We esteem the people as the especial guardians of the holy sabbatical character; and we ask from the rich a recognition of its universal obligation. We hope never to hear the dolorous clack of the shuttle nor the destroying blow of the hammer upon that day which was appointed for the consecration of rest and worship; and we shall rejoice when the man-servant and maid-servant, and the cattle of professing Christians, cease to disturb those pious reflections which are on Sabbath called up in the house of prayer. The union of the peers and the peasants, the princes and artisans, of our land, upon the platform of this question, is to us an especial feature of promise. It shows that this spirit of universal obligation is being understood in relation to the Sabbath, and that men shall not claim exemption from its requirements because of worldly station.

The production of these prize essays is an era in the history of literature; and in relation to their literary character we subjoin the succinct but comprehensive report of the committee appointed to adjudicate the prizes:

'1. In reference to the THEOLOGICAL QUESTION involved in the subject proposed, the Bible is invariably the text book. Many trace the authority of the Sabbath to the Divine appointment at the creation of man. By others, the law given by Moses is regarded as the great charter of the Sabbath; including in the word 'Remember,' the previously announced obligation. The authority of God as Creator is uniformly acknowledged as sufficient to enforce obedience to this law, while the wisdom and goodness of the institution is also argued. The day is viewed as a periodical relief from the curse resulting from Adam's disobedience; as a preservative and solace of the mental and bodily energies required by their very constitution; and as a type, through all generations, of the eternal rest which remains hereafter. It is refreshing to the mind to have the subject brought into such a variety of scriptural points of view. Very frequent allusions are made to the great doctrines of the divine salvation; and, with but few exceptions, the writers seem to be men of enlightened and decided evangelical views of Christian truth.

'2. The MORAL SENTIMENTS which find expression in the essays are, in almost every case, of a high order, as they are of scriptural authority. The numerous advantages of the Sabbath in the promotion of private and public virtue, are prominently exhibited. Many crimes are traced to the violation of the Sabbath, as their common and prolific source. The prevalence of intemperance and socialist infidelity, especially among the youth of the country, are distinctly shewn to issue largely from this cause. Characters and scenes of deep interest are often described with great effect, all giving evidence of the high moral sentiments with which the writers of the Sabbath essays are imbued.

'3. There are also proofs of a considerable amount of SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE scattered through these productions. Illustrations drawn from the structure of the earth, the arrangement of the solar system, the array of fixed stars, the forces which are ever at work throughout the material universe, show that astronomy, with the auxiliary sciences, has been so studied as to enlarge and discipline the mind. The organisation, functions, and necessities of the human frame, are described with much surgical accuracy. The whole range of physical science is laid under tribute, in order to show the capabilities of the body, and its susceptibility to the action of injurious influences. And the end of the whole matter is, a complete demonstration of the wisdom and goodness of God in making the Sabbath for man.

'4. It will not excite surprise that POLITICAL VIEWS are sometimes strongly expressed by the writers of these papers. It is, however, only right to state that the fundamental principles of the British constitution find an approving testimony at their hands; their chief regret being either the unwillingness of the legislature or the incapacity of the government to relieve the oppression too often suffered by the honest industrious working man. The tendency of all nations to confusion and ruin, among whom the Sabbath is desecrated by popular custom or legal provision, is pointed out with great force; and numerous examples of the displeasure of God against the people who have so offended are adduced.

'5. There is scarcely an essay in which the importance of the Sabbath in reference to the due EDUCATION of the community does not form a prominent feature. In the majority of cases, it is held that the occupation of the Sabbath would fail of one of its prime purposes were this thrown out of view. Attendance upon the ordinances of God's house is strongly urged; but the chief stress is laid upon the Sabbath training of the young, both in the domestic circle and the Sunday-school. Instructive anecdotes, many of them relating to personal experiences of the benefit of Sunday-school instruction, are interwoven with the essays, which cannot fail to interest and encourage the devoted band who are consecrated to that important work.

'IN GENERAL, there is a comprehensive, warm-hearted CHARITY pervading all the essays. The writers almost invariably express a lively sympathy with those whom they suppose to be in a worse condition than themselves. They pray that all may have '*good masters*,' instead of denouncing the unjust and oppressive. The factory worker pleads for the miner, the miner eloquently commiserates the agricultural labourer; while all join in earnest remonstrance on behalf of those whose necessity, but not whose will, consents to the bidding of manufacturers and railway directors to violate the Sabbath. The robbery of the Sabbath rest thus perpetrated against thousands of their fellows is faithfully exposed and earnestly deprecated.'

From these general reflections we turn to the first prize essay—'Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour,' by J. A. Quinton, Ipswich, which was printed, and distributed at the Exeter Hall meeting. Mr Quinton is a journeyman typographer, and his essay, considered as the production of one unaccustomed to practical composition, is highly creditable to him. 'We can do nothing unless we are prepared for it,' says one of our modern philosophers, and a perusal of Mr Quinton's essay would strengthen conviction in the truth of this apophthegm. It is full of thought, fine

sentiments, poetical allusions, and epithets; but there are numerous logical mistakes in it, and it is redundantly cloying in style. All the freshness and vigour of the luxuriant wilderness is to be seen, without the regularity and harmony of cultivation. There is evidence of a powerful memory, extensive desultory reading, of earnestness of heart, and of a copious flow of language in this essay; and at the same time it bears internal marks of being the production of a non-habitual writer. A critic could find very much in it to condemn, but to us it appears, on the whole, to be a most commendable and respectable performance. The errors of the essay are merely artistic; there is nothing essentially wrong that we can observe in either the sentiments or arguments adduced by this sturdy defender of the 'poor man's blessed day.'

A working man's essay may be a rarity to the gentlemen generally who officiated at the distribution of the prizes at Exeter Hall, on the 27th of December, but when we reflect that the greatest linguist of the age, the most talented writers on ethics and political economy, and the most powerful of English orators, were, a short time ago, manually, working men, we are only surprised that the estate of labour has as yet attained so little actual consideration and prominence in high places.

We will not attempt to give a synopsis of Mr Quinton's essay, as it deserves a full perusal from every one who is either interested in the great moral movements of the age, or in the character of the working classes. The following extract is perhaps one of the finest and least faulty of the many passages in Mr Quinton's pamphlet:—

'He errs guiltily, who regards the mechanic simply as a curious piece of mechanism, consisting of brains, and bones, and muscles, and nerves, endowed with extraordinary capabilities of labour, and who treats him precisely as he would any other piece of machinery, casting him off when no longer serviceable. Man is a being of mysterious complexity; and he who, in subjugating his powers to menial tasks, overlooks or blinks this fact, commits a sacrilege upon his nature. Whilst there is nothing too low or grovelling for him to stoop to, there is at the same time nothing too high to be unattainable by his ambition. While his feet tread the ground, his brow fronts the sky. While his hands turn the sod, tug at the oar, or ply the loom, his soul, in its spiritual outgoings, may be roaming among the stars. The extremes of majesty and meanness thus meet in his nature. His perishing body establishes his affinity with the dust; whilst his indestructible spirit links him with the heavens. His limbs furnish him with instruments fitted for labour; but his intellect qualifies him for thought. The meanest serf, whose figure is bowed earthwards by the hardships of his lot, is invested with an immortal MIND:—all unhewn, and shapeless, and beautiless, it may be; but still lying there, embedded in the deep mines of his nature—dungeoned in darkness, peradventure; but still alive, looking hopefully through its bars, and struggling to be free—void and unfashioned *now;* but with capacities for treasuring up a vast fund of ideas—poor and talentless in its present state; but nevertheless a mint that may hereafter coin and give currency to its intellectual opulence—barren and birthless now; but containing in its womb the dormant rudiments of noble purposes, startling discoveries, beneficent deeds, or mighty revolutions. The annals of politics, the chronicles of science, and the archives of religion, bear witness to the bountiful upspringings of great and good men, from these unenclosed wastes of humanity. Science can boast of its Kepler, its Ferguson, its Watt, its Newton, and its Stephenson; and literature can point, amidst innumerable others, to the names of Erasmus, Shakspeare, and Burns—all these having sprung from the loins of labour. Philanthropy has called many from the forge and from the anvil to the more blessed work of fusing hostile hearts, and welding human sympathies. Religion, too, has ever selected her bravest and holiest champions from among the 'common people.' In primitive times, she found her John, and James, and Peter following the occupation of fishermen, on the banks of the Galilean lake, and taking them from thence, made them the apostles of her sublime revelations; and in this late age of missions, she has drawn her most illustrious Christian heroes—her Martin, her Brainerd, her Carey, her Williams, her Knibb, and her Moffat—from similar spheres of social obscurity, and sent them forth to humanise, regenerate, and redeem mankind. Such being the inherent grandeur of man, even when found in the rudest condition, and fulfilling the humblest functions, we may reasonably suppose that the Sabbath, being made expressly *for man*, whilst it ministered refreshment to his corporeal frame, would not overlook the higher necessities of his compound nature. Nor are we disappointed in these expectations. The Sabbath has a twofold function to perform. It comes to give rest to matter, and liberty to mind. Whilst it soothes the senses, it unleashes the spirit from its tether. It withdraws the hands from gold-gathering, that it may feed and feast the intellect with knowledge. It disinters the soul from the rubbish of earthly cares, and plumes it for higher converse and loftier studies. It favours inaction only so far, as it shall contribute to the advancement of intelligence. Thus the Sabbath as clearly indicates that the working man has a MIND, demanding to be exercised and enriched, as that he has a body sighing in its weariness for the sweet indulgences of rest. And how beautifully is it adapted to the former, as well as to the latter, of these ends! It supplies the great desideratum of the artisan and husbandman's plodding existence—leisure for profitable reading, and mental and moral culture. Its benign influences are eminently calculated to warm into life, and nurse into maturity, many of the finer attributes of mankind.'

It will be seen, by the critical reader, that very inapposite language is frequently used by the essayist, such as the 'Sabbath has a twofold function to perform;' but yet, struggling through the misty symbols, the light of vigorous thought is to be seen.

We should wish the essays of the one thousand and forty-five working men, however, to be regarded in their true light—not as intellectual or literary bulwarks in defence of the Sabbath institution, for incontestably abler essays than any that Mr Quinton or his co-competitors could produce are long ago extant, but as a noble moral demonstration in favour of that day which shines like a hebdomadal millenium amidst the turmoil of worldly mindedness. God grant that the working classes may ever see it to be their duty to rally in their tens of thousands round the Eden of the Sabbath; and that they may become more and more able to build a legal, moral, and spiritual wall of defence around its utmost borders!

POETRY.

THOUGH often handled, this is a subject which can never be exhausted nor become stale. Varied as the thousandfold manifestations of outward nature, and diversified as the different minds by which that nature is viewed, poetry can never be other than full of innumerable shows of fresh and unfading beauty, and possessed of myriads of charms still undiscovered to the human eye. It may, however, be defined a product of the human mind—a CREATION, the essence of which is passion, and a deep, intuitive, though it may be on the part of the poet almost unconscious, insight into that artful and mysterious analogy that exists between the physical and moral worlds, and which the poet renders apparent by constituting things belonging to the outward and material world the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, and also by ascribing life, feeling, and sentiment to everything interesting in the aspect of external nature; or, concisely to make things spiritual objective to the senses by means of material imagery, and to infuse, by a kind of creative will, into things material an individual animating spirit—that is poetry.

It is in the mind of man that poetry is born and nourished; from the mind it inhales its immortal vigour, and in the secret recesses of the soul it plumes its wings and prepares its pinions for its glorious and heavenward flight. Though differing, of course, infinitely in degree, poetry of the highest kind may be said to be a creation in the same

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mce that the act of the Almighty, in calling this world into being, is said to be so. In making this comparison, however, we must not be looked upon as having any wish either on the one hand to degrade the works of God, or on the other unduly to exalt the offspring of the poetic mind. We well know, and are not at all inclined to forget, that the one is the work of a created, the other of an uncreated mind—that the one results from a finite, the other from an infinite will—that the one is the product of a fallible, the other of an infallible understanding—and that the one proceeds from a human, and the other from a divine intellect; still they are the same in kind, inasmuch as neither had any real positive existence until called into being by the creative act of a creative will. It is thus that the poet, investing what is purely spiritual with a material form, 'gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name,' to do which is to produce poetry of the highest order, because it is the product of a genius immediately creative.

But poetry is also mediately, as well as in the above sense immediately, a creation. The poet not only gives to 'airy nothings a local habitation and a name,' but he also looks abroad over the manifold beauties of nature, and selecting therefrom what suits his fancy or will, infuses into material substances an animating individual soul. As the sun and rain do not produce but merely cause to develop the rich and beauteous flowers which lie hid in the little seeds committed to earth's fostering care, so the poet, with an eye for all that is lovely, and with a feeling sympathetic with everything, both animate and inanimate, in nature—touching, as with the wand of a magician, all outward things—causes them to arise as it were into a new state of being, and to reveal to man the hidden secret of their existence, their truth, their beauty, or their power. It is thus, by the mediately creative faculty of the poet, that an additional interest is thrown around trees, and shrubs, and flowers—mountains, with their snow-crowned summits and verdant sunny slopes—ocean, with its restless waves or placid surface—the clouds, with their varied and fantastic forms, floating in the air like the banners of a tempest, receiving from the setting sun a purple splendour as they gather over him like conquerors, or flying in white specks through the azure infinite, like angels commissioned from on high—and even around the far distant stars, as they look down in calm, still gracefulness upon this lower world, like sentinels placed there by the Almighty to watch during the darkness over the movements of men. By being thus brought into loving contact, and made to sympathise with the external world, we are also taught, that although possessors of a mind somewhat similar in its highest manifestations to that of God, we nevertheless bear about with us a body of sin and death closely allied to the dust of earth.

Poetry, then, as stated in the general part of our definition, is a creation both mediately and immediately; and this consideration it is that explains the meaning of an expression which we remember having met with somewhere, that poets are the prophets of their age, sent to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth. Poetry enlightens mankind by giving them to understand truths of which they were formerly ignorant, or which they were unwilling to remember; and flowing from the minds of men of large hearts and all-embracing sympathies, we continually find that in all standard poetry there is, either in a greater or less degree, a straining towards and grasping at the infinite and eternal. Gloriously, indeed, and beautifully does the poetic soul, like the pillar of fire which preceded the Israelites in their wilderness journey, shine forth in advance of its age, pointing the weary way-worn sons of earth, who are groaning and sweating under the fardels of a laborious life, to a nobler and more exalted state of things.

> 'It mounts from lowly earth to heaven,
> And comes from heaven again,'

bringing with it, to strew on the path of life's pilgrimage, fresh garlands from the celestial fields, wreaths from the amaranthine bowers which overshadow the throne of the Eternal.

But poetry is a creation, the essence of which is passion. Of all poetry passion is the marrow, the life, the soul; and why? Simply because by its means alone are our sympathies awakened, and our minds laid open to the deepest and most lasting impressions; and because by it the active faculty of the poet must be influenced before these impressions can be conveyed, or those sympathies awakened. *Si vis me flere* is indeed the grand secret of the poet's art—the secret of that command which he exercises over the thoughts and feelings of men. What is it that constitutes the charm, the chain by which all hearts are fascinated, bound to the love and admiration of poetry? Is it not the display of that passion which ever and anon soothes and inflames the heart, which now pours itself forth in gentle strains, then in deep earnestness and overwhelming ardour; now provoking us to smile, and now rousing us to indignation or melting us to tears? Besides, is it not very generally allowed that without LOVE there can be no such thing as poetry? It lives and moves in sympathetic feeling; for it all nature, animate and inanimate, has charms; and, like the ring of Saturn, it holds a world in its embrace. 'A poet,' says Carlyle, 'without love, is a physical and metaphysical impossibility.' We remember, some time ago, of seeing an extract going the round of the newspapers, from Leigh Hunt's work, 'Imagination and Fancy,' in which poetry was defined to be a passion for truth, beauty, and power. Next to the general definition that poetry is a creation, this is perhaps as good a one as may be had, although it is nothing more than was told us by Bacon and Milton, two hundred years ago, when the one said that poetry was 'simple, sensuous, passionate,' and the other that it 'submitted the shows of things to the desires of the mind. Nevertheless, we shall accept of Leigh Hunt's definition as a text from which to illustrate this part of our subject.

Poetry, then, is a 'passion for truth,' or, as Milton has it, 'it is simple.' Truth is ever so, and the greater the simpler. It is only falsehood that requires the assistance of meretricious ornament; truth loves to glitter in no lustre save its own. Poetry, however, though a passion for truth, does not always deal in absolute, demonstrable, prosaic fact, but in something higher and more exalted by far. True, the truth of poetry may not be such as science has defined or philosophy proved; but it is such as our feelings determine and our sympathies acknowledge. It passes by things in their outward semblance, and views them in their inward principles, and through their secret relationships; and thus addressing itself to the higher faculties of the mind, enunciates propositions not perhaps justifiable by the rules of logic to the prosaic understanding, but which, being felt by us to be based upon the eternal verities of our own spiritual nature, have their foundation in a kind of truth, far above, though not contrary to, that for which science has declared. In this perhaps may be found the reason of the statement, that 'poetry is the art of stating our thoughts by fiction.' Were this, however, the case, the false and exaggerated would be the only poetic, the true and the truthful the only prosaic. The position, however, is wholly untenable, and the statement altogether without foundation. The region of fable is only rendered more attractive by being clad with the verdure of poetry; and when poetry uses fable, which it sometimes may, it is merely to give consistence and form to its own manifold marvellous creations. Fiction, then, is not poetry; indeed, were it so, a vast number of poetical compositions, containing many wholesome truths and lifelike portraitures, behoves to be excluded from the category. The truthful descriptions and vivid representations of Homer; the elevated patriotism and glowing passion of Burns; the devotional feeling and enlightened morality of Montgomery; the nature's truth, the accurately-mirrored world-realities of Shakspeare, if nothing is poetical but fiction, must of necessity descend from their ethereal elevation, and from henceforth be content to associate with the humbler prosaic herd. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Poetry, although not necessarily fiction, does not, as has already been said, at all times deal in literal, absolute, and mathematically demonstrable facts. On the contrary, it create-

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for itself a world of its own, not wholly but in some measure different from ours—a world unlike the real one because more true than it to nature's principles and laws; a world lovelier and more exalted, having a truth sublimer and purer, and therefore less easily apprehended than the real. In all genuine poetical creations, however grand or fantastical, we generally if not always find the truth of consistency, the truth of beauty, the truth of love, the truth of man's ideal existence—in a word, the truth of poetry.

But poetry is also a 'passion for beauty.' It never endeavours to lessen or debase, but rather to exalt and magnify. 'Accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind,' it beautifies with its own immortal bloom every object, however trifling, which it deigns to touch. It is among the most beautiful of all beautiful things that poetry delights to dwell. It loves to roam at large amid nature's sweets—by the sunny streamlets, whose verdant banks are gemmed with bright-eyed flowers—on the green mountain-side, gazing on the golden glories of sunset—on the ocean's shore, charmed by the wild music of the waves—and in the shady groves, among the tall trees, listening to the carolling of the woodland warblers. It loves, too, to soar far into the azure infinite, stretching, as if with angel's wing, away beyond mortal ken, into that land where

> 'The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
> And the flowers of everlasting blow,'

and again to descend to earth and look in with benignant smile upon the weary and heavy laden sons of toil, to lighten their burden, to soothe their cares, and add to their scanty joys, by giving them to have a truer sense of their own dignity, a better appreciation of the really beautiful, and a greater desire for that kind of knowledge which pleases while it refines and elevates the mind. True poetic beauty is thus not 'of the earth, earthy;' it is very different even from anything of merely intellectual origin. Begotten of heaven in the very inmost heart of man, and prompted by its own natural tendencies, it sometimes, as in Milton's greatest work, stretches away far beyond the boundaries of this lowly sphere to the fresh and ever-flowing fount of inspiration, where, drinking of that 'brook that flows fast by the oracle of God,' it receives a more refined sense of its own loveliness, and a completer power over the manifestations of its manifold and varied forms. Even among the bleak and barren parts of nature poetry also discovers a beauty and a meaning. The humble sun-fringed mountain-daisy, and the lowly nest of the timorous field-mouse, become, when breathed upon by its spirit, replete with interest and clothed with an almost celestial beauty. But poetry is a passion for other than mere material beauty. Whatever is best and noblest in man; whatever is most lovely and charming about woman; whatever is most agreeable and fascinating in childhood; on these and on kindred subjects is it the delight of poetry to expatiate. With an eye for all that is most beauteous in nature, the true poet also loves to sing of the beauty of virtue and of innocence, the beauty of truth and of charity, of benevolence, of faith, and of love.

It is not enough, however, that poetry dwell in the purity of truth and luxuriate amid the brightness of beauty; it is also a 'passion for power.' This would seem almost to follow as a corollary from what has already been said. The true and the beautiful are one, but the spirit which has bowed at the shrine of the former, and been sanctified by the worship of the latter, begins to yearn after something sterner and stronger than even these can give. It longs for power—not, indeed, the vulgar idea of physical ascendancy, nor, as the elucidator of Cromwell's letters and speeches would say, 'the faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being waited on by sycophants,' but something of a character very dissimilar and altogether different indeed. The power for which poetry is a passion is the power of moulding the character and guiding the current of human thought, teaching men the beauty and necessity of habitual self-government, and of cultivating that heroic spirit of high moral daring and magnanimous resolve which prompts to generous deeds of universal blessing. The human heart is its throne; a regard for truth and a love for beauty the all-powerful sceptre of its mild and temperate rule. Its enchanting notes possess a spell more potent by far than the words of kings or the decrees of legislators. 'Let me make the songs of a people, and you may make their laws,' is no 'empty word or boastless boast,' and must have been the saying of one well acquainted with the power and influence which genuine poetry can wield. 'Rule Britannia,' sung James Thomson. Rule, however, she did not then; but who may estimate the influence, powerful though unseen, which Thomson's lyric had in elevating Britain to that proud pre-eminence which, among maritime nations, she at present holds? The power, however, for which poetry is a passion is like a two-edged sword, cutting the one way for evil and the other for good. Nor need we look far for instances to illustrate the truth of this. Of two nations separated from each other only by a narrow channel some twenty miles in breadth, one not long since madly and enthusiastically chanted its 'Marsellaise Hymn' and 'Mourir pour la patrie,' pursuing to the knees among blood the phantom of that real liberty to which its island neighbours, under the influence of 'Rule Britannia' and 'Scots wha hae,' have long ago attained. How often, too, has poetry, in itself so well calculated to refine and elevate, tended to brutalise and debase the mind, when, prostituting its power, it assists to prolong the hour of convivial enjoyment beyond those limits which reason and common sense, no less than religion, prescribe. How necessary, then, that all our poetry should be of that kind which purifies and ennobles, while it amuses and instructs!—not that we would have poets confine themselves wholly to subjects either religious or connected with religion—a thing neither possible nor even desirable—but that all those who have, or think they have, the faculty of poetising, should at least lay nothing before the public which would tend to crimson, even in the slightest degree, the cheeks of any of our female acquaintances, whether matron or maid. Any one who should so purify the popular songs, now-a-days so abundantly manufactured to suit, we fear, a morbid craving in the public mind, could not fail to be ranked among the benefactors of his species. We say this less in anger than in grief, as it has sometimes brought the blood to our own cheeks to hear young ladies, whose reputation the breath of scandal durst not sully, give vent in song to sentiments which, if uttered in plain prose and without pianoforte accompaniments, could not have failed to shock even a very imperfect sense of propriety. It is, indeed, full time that that glossing over of filth and obscenity with fine music and measured words should be exposed and condemned. No one can estimate the evils which result from it; they will only be fully known in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. But we have been digressing. To return. Poetry is a creation, having for its essence not only passion, but also a deep and intuitive insight into that artful and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and moral worlds, and which the poet renders apparent by constituting things belonging to the outward and material world the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions. Many and wonderful are the analogies which exist among all created things, and poets are poets only because they have a fuller knowledge and clearer vision of these than other men. Besides those analogies, however, which are so fine that none save a poet's eye can see them, there are others so deeply and universally interwoven with our nature as to have stamped themselves upon the speech of every nation, kingdom, kindred, and tribe. 'Thus,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'we talk of a penetrating understanding and a furious blast—a weighty argument and a gentle stream, without being at all aware that we are speaking in the language of poetry, and transferring qualities from one extremity of the sphere of being to another. In these cases, accordingly, the metaphor by ceasing to be felt, ceases in reality to exist, and the analogy being no longer intimated, of course can produce no

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effect. But, whenever it is intimated, it does produce an effect, and that effect we think is poetry.'

It was no doubt the feeling of this analogy which led the Greeks and other primitive nations to personify almost every object in external nature, thus filling the universe with objects of interest and sympathy. Indeed, this personification of abstractions, and the ascribing of life and feeling to inanimate objects, obtained either in a greater or less degree among all nations in the first stages of their civilisation, or during what may be termed the poetical era of their existence. With the Greeks it amounted almost to a passion. Every stream had its naiad, every fountain its nymph, every sea its nereid, and every tree its dryad, its satyr, or its fawn. The effects of this tendency are apparent even in their speech, their language is itself poetry. What are abstractions to us, were realities with them; and what appear to us mere dead and senseless pieces of matter, were by them invested with form, disposition, and voice similar to those of men. Many, too, of the beauties of Shakspeare and Milton are also to be attributed to their keen and true perception of this analogy, and the power which they possessed over its manifestation. Their external scenes so harmonise with the passions of their living agents, that we see, as it were, their predominant emotions in the aspect of surrounding things. How well, for example, does the tempest which rages around old Lear, harmonise with the stormy passions which agitate his breast, when he breaks out with—

> 'Blow wind and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
> You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
> Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
> Ye sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
> Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
> Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
> Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;
> Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
> That make ingrateful man!'

And in Milton, the beautiful stillness and serenity of Paradise corresponds finely with the peaceful and yet unbroken quietude of Adam's mind; but no sooner is that dreadful sin committed which brought 'death into the world, and all our woe,' than the aspect of things is immediately changed, the concord of nature seems broken; and the external world, now jarring in its harmonious arrangements, finds an exact counterpart in the bosoms of our first parents. Thus true poetry, in the consciousness of its own might, throws itself with a sublime daring and unreserve upon the bosom of nature and of truth, gazes with a keen and clear eye into their very inmost recesses, and plucks out with a strong arm the hidden mystery of that tantalising analogy which is apparent only to a poet's eye, and manifested only by a poet's power.

But it may now be asked, seeing that we have all along spoken of poetry as an effect, by what power is this poetry created, this creation formed? It is the work of imagination—a faculty not belonging exclusively to the poet, but only in him more fully developed. It is different even in different people; 'in Shakspeare bright and rapid as the lightning, fusing all things by its power; in Milton, awful as collected thunder.' Imagination is the crowning spirit of poetry as borne on its starry wings the poet ascends to the highest, and anon stoops to the lowest of objects, selecting, comparing, and forming out of materials incongruous and disagreeing new creations of its own, all fair and lovely—creations not indeed to be reconciled to the ordinary rules of logic, or justified to the unwilling mind, but perfectly intelligible to any one willing to receive the truth, although it does not, like scientific fact, admit of positive demonstration. We must be careful, however, to discriminate between imagination and fancy—to distinguish the *creative* from the *ornamenting* power. The former produces, the latter beautifies; the former is the indispensable, the latter the accidental requisite of poetry; the former conceives the image, the latter seizes it as it comes from the burning grasp of the other, and bestows upon it its ornate beauties. An excess of fancy is thus as dangerous to a poet as a deficiency of imagination, as by it he may be led so to dilate, amplify, and over-ornament the original conception, until it assume the appearance of a silly conceit to which our sympathies cannot by any means extend. That poetry in which we are at a loss whether most to admire the originality of the thought, the beauty of the ornament, or the correctness of the taste, is only produced when fancy is kept by judgment in its proper sphere—subordinate to the will of imagination.

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

A TRADITION OF GLAZEDALE.

On the eastern coast of this our sea-girt isle, and at the mouth of the river Esk, there stands the ancient old town of Whitby, a place as singular in its situation and appearance as its old abbey—now a heap of ruins—is rich in its associations of ecclesiastical history. In years gone by, Whitby was famous as a place for building and manning the ships that were employed in the Greenland whale-fishery. Its glory, however, on that score, has long since departed, and all that now remains of that once lucrative and adventurous branch of commerce is to be found in the stirring recollections and dreamy traditions of the brave men whose 'path was on the mountain-wave, whose home was on the deep.' These still linger in the place, and form the topic of conversation and anecdote at many a happy Christmas party; and few are more gleesome and happy than those which the sailors of Whitby enjoy among their friends during the three months of their winter vacation. At present it is a place of considerable trade in ironstone, some large beds of which have been discovered in the immediate neighbourhood. It is also expected to become of some note as a watering-place, having, notwithstanding its isolated position, been lately reached by a branch of the York and North Midland Railway; and now the fire-horse may be heard snorting and puffing within a very few feet of the ocean waves, as if bidding defiance to old Neptune and his steeds.

Leaving this quaint old town, and referring the reader to Dr Young's 'History of Whitby' for further information, we take the road that leads to the north, and for a considerable distance we are favoured with one of the finest and most extensive sea views in the kingdom. After a gradual ascent of some miles, we enter upon the bleak and barren moors; and truly they seem to be the abodes of solitude and desolation, for 'wilds immeasurably spread seem lengthening as we go.' Scarcely anything is to be seen save the broad bare backs of the lonely mountains. Shortly, however, the eye is relieved by now and then a distant glimpse of what in that neighbourhood are called 'the Dales;' and whether it be that distance lends enchantment to the view, or that these sweet little valleys are in some measure indebted to their bleak and brown-looking neighbours, the moors, for their beauty, certain it is that they are exceedingly lovely, and no edition of the beauties of nature would be perfect without them. Your first impression on nearing them is, 'Well, if there's peace to be found in the world it is here.' On entering Glazedale, the first of these quiet and beautiful little valleys, you have to cross a small meandering stream—a branch of the Esk; and, for your convenience, let us inform you, there was thrown over this stream, better than two hundred years ago, a narrow and rather singular-looking bridge. The span of the bridge is about fifteen yards, and the width, from one parapet to the other, not more than four or five yards. The reason for this no doubt would be that in the days when it was erected pack-horses were the principle locomotives, wheeled carriages being exceedingly scarce. The key-stone of the bridge contains the following inscription, 'T. F., 1619,' which is supposed to refer to the initials of the person at whose cost it was built, and the date of its erection. It is called in the neighbourhood 'the Beggar's Bridge,' and the following traditionary account, which was given us by a respectable farmer in 'the Dale,' is so interesting, and bears such an air of probability, that, whether absolutely true or not, it seems worthy of being known beyond the precincts of the locality to which it relates.

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Some time near the close of the sixteenth century, there was born in Whitby, or the neighbourhood, a little boy, whose early days were spent among the order of mendicants, who, in those days, not less than in these, seem to have had a preference for nooks, and corners, and out-of-the-way places. In almost all weathers this little fellow might be seen crossing the bleak and barren moors, fording the *then* bridgeless brooks and streams, and penetrating these secluded valleys in search of alms, and personating at every farm-house he came to the well-known character of 'clam'rous importunity in rags.' The rivulet before-mentioned was sometimes so swelled by the rain that it was not only perilous, but utterly impracticable to ford it; and in such cases, the little beggar boy, like other people, had no alternative but to wait until the vexed element came down to its ordinary mood and size. Under such circumstances, we may reasonably suppose, he would be at times not a little tried; his eleemosynary operations would be greatly and provokingly limited—for, like the Jordan in days of old, this stream was a sort of boundary-line between the wilderness and the land flowing with milk and honey. It was therefore no small trial to his patience to be compelled to remain on that side whose attractions were so few and whose remunerative resources were so exceedingly scanty. At length, however, better days dawned upon this young heir of poverty and want. He was apprenticed to the sea; and, with a change of employment, there seemed to come a salutary change 'o'er the spirit of his dream;' his whole existence seemed to be filled with a new consciousness and inspired by a new motive, and, instead of going round and round in the same unvarying track of service, he thought of nothing but of getting on in the world, and to this his most sanguine schemes and cheerful efforts were made to contribute. The vessel in which he was employed was engaged in the coasting trade, and after his apprenticeship was completed, he continued for some time as a common sailor, being subsequently promoted for his good conduct to the office of chief mate. Here he managed, by cultivating habits of frugality and great steadiness, to save a little money; and when, after some time, a share of the vessel was offered to him, he was able to purchase it, and eventually the whole vessel became his own property; and thus, from being a little beggar boy, this child of Providence, or, as some would say, this 'favourite of fortune,' became a sort of sea-king, 'a monarch of all he surveyed.' About this time the metropolis of this country was visited with one of those 'sore judgments,' commonly known as the plague; and awful were its ravages, as is well known to every reader of history. So great was the consternation which it produced among the respectable portions of the community, that several families determined to flee into the north. They accordingly engaged the vessel belonging to our hero, which was lying in the Thames at the time, to convey their goods and chattels (among which it is said were many valuables, consisting of plate, &c.) to some northern port. Tradition says that, subsequent to the shipment of these goods, all the parties who had any lawful claim to them were swept away by the plague and never heard of more, and that the owner of the vessel claimed the waifs, and became enriched by the spoil to such an extent as induced him at once to retire from seafaring life, and to settle as a private gentleman in the town of Hull, where he was elected alderman of the town, and last of all exalted to the civic honour of the mayoralty itself. Our deponent further saith, that in his old age he was exceedingly generous, and appropriated large sums of money to the erection of hospitals, the bettering of poor livings in the church, the improvement of public roads, and the *building* of *bridges* over streams, where such conveniences had not previously existed. Under such generous impulses, it is not to be wondered at that he should think of the 'days of auld langsyne,' when, as a little beggar boy, he had waded the Esk at Glazedale End, or that he should think of blessing posterity and immortalising his own name, by conferring upon the inhabitants of the Dales the boon of 'the Beggar's Bridge.'

WHERE IS HE?

And where is he? Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er the valleys wand'ring wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend?
That form beloved he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no—the radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favourite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still.
But, oh, his home is not so fair:
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper—Where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall:
But where is now the proud display?
His honours, riches, pleasures, all
Desire could frame—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seem'd proudly strong—but where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair—
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there.
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he? H. KEMP.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

V.—ITS CAUSES.

THE wise politician investigates the causes of national distress, so that he may be able to devise an appropriate and effective remedy; the skilful surgeon expends all his ingenuity and patience in ascertaining the seat of disease, so that he may thereby discover its cause and be able to prescribe for its cure; and if we would accomplish the cure of any moral disorder that is deranging our social economy, or, like a gangrene, eating into the very vitals of our national prosperity, we must probe that disorder to its lowest depths, so that we may come to a knowledge of its seat and cause, and may thereby be enabled to devise a remedy. Hence arises the importance of the inquiries on which we are about to enter. *We must know the cause if we would successfully undertake the cure of juvenile depravity.* We propose, then, to be somewhat minute (we hope not unnecessarily prolix) in our treatment of the subject of this chapter.

The first cause of juvenile depravity to which we solicit attention, is the existence of *numerous ill-ventilated, filthy, and over-crowded dwellings.* The over-crowded, filthy, and unwholesome state of the dwellings of the lower classes in many of the rural and manufacturing, and especially in the colliery, districts of our country, exercises a fearfully degrading influence on the young. The cottage accommodation is in many districts utterly inadequate to meet the wants of the population. It not unfrequently happens that a number of families are huddled together in a hut which is too small even for one family, and which is altogether destitute of anything like conveniences. Generally there is a deficiency of sleeping room, and the different members of the family, who ought to occupy separate apartments, are commingled in one, and parents and children, male and female, sleep indiscriminately together. What must the state of morality be where these things exist? Must it not necessarily be at the very lowest ebb? Perhaps we ought rather to ask if in these circumstances there can be anything like morality at all. What a fertile hotbed of vice and crime must not such a state of matters be! It is not till

much to say, that it must be totally destructive of all delicacy of feeling on the part of the young; in every instance it must blunt, in many instances almost entirely obliterate, the moral sense from the youthful breast, and there can be no sense of depravity to which children familiar with such things will not be prepared to descend. Living as do the brutes, moving in an atmosphere which is the very essence of impurity, and knowing no obedience save to the demands of precocious passion, it must needs be that the animal preponderates over and subjects to slavery the rational nature, and that, but for the form which they wear, they would more strikingly resemble the lower animals than men. It is high time that the humane and benevolent portions of society were fully aware of the extent to which these evils exist, and that they pondered them well and understood aright the awful demoralisation of the young which they invariably produce. Let the following statements be duly weighed.

In a letter to the Poor-law Commissioners from George Robinson, clerk to the Ampthill Union, he says: 'A large proportion of the cottages in the union are very miserable places, small and inconvenient, in which it is impossible to keep up even the common decencies of life. I will refer to one instance with which I am well acquainted. A man, his wife, and family, consisting in all of eleven individuals, resided in a cottage containing only two rooms. The man, his wife, and four children, sometimes five, slept in one of the rooms and in one bed—some at the foot and others at the top—one a girl above fourteen, another a boy above twelve, the rest younger. The other part of the family slept in one bed in the keeping-room, that is, the room in which the cookery, washing, and eating, were performed.' How could it possibly be otherwise with this family than that they should be sunk into a most deplorable state of degradation and depravity! Mr Robinson goes on to state that the husband absconded, that the eldest daughter gave birth to an illegitimate child, that another was sentenced to transportation for stealing in a dwelling-house, and that when admitted into the workhouse the family were observed to be of 'grossly filthy habits and disgusting behaviour.' He farther states that this is no singular case, but a type of many others, and gives it as his decided opinion that 'their degraded moral state is mainly attributable to the wretched way in which they have lived and herded together.' Edward Twistleton, Esq., one of the assistant Poor-law Commissioners, in his report on the dwellings of the labouring classes in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, states: 'I have seen many instances where a man, his wife, and six children, of different sexes, have slept together in one room, on three and sometimes only two beds.' Mr Pearce, medical officer of the Tavistock district of the Tavistock Union, says, 'The great majority of the poor in this town are shut up, a whole family (on an average man, wife, and three children) in a room not more than twelve feet square, which serves them as kitchen, scullery, store-room, bed-chamber, wash-house, drying-house, and all, not having either garden, curtilage, or any other sort of convenience.' A. D. Acland, Esq., Guardian of the Westminster Union, writes, in reference to the bad consequences arising from indequate cottage accommodation: 'With regard to their moral habits, as connected with their cottages, there is one great and serious evil—the growing up of brothers and sisters to years of puberty in the same bedrooms with their married parents, and even with a married brother-in-law and sister, and the converse.' By this means the grossest demoralisation is speedily produced.

There are other aggravating circumstances in connection with the overcrowded state of the dwellings, and which exercise no small influence in the production of juvenile depravity; such as the want of proper ventilation, of numerous conveniences, the absence of cleanly habits, and the filth that is permitted to lie about the doors. Many of the cottages are very damp and have no flooring. Many of them are far from being weather-tight, and the wind and the rain enter by the doors, the windows, and holes in the latch. Frequently there is no drainage or sewerage, and open and stagnant pools of water are collected, which quickly generate and send abroad a most noxious effluvia. Cesspools, dunghills, and pigsties very often surround the houses, while animal and vegetable refuse are thrown out, and allowed to accumulate, and there to remain and decompose. The ventilation, too, is frequently very bad; and, where there is only one apartment and some six or seven human beings living together in it, the atmosphere, to any one not habituated to it, is almost suffocating.

That such a state of things as this is extensively prevalent in the country appears from the numerous reports given in the sanitary inquiry. Those who wish to investigate this subject more fully may consult the able reports of Edward de Vitre, Esq., M.D., for the town and borough of Lancaster; James Harrison, Esq., for the town and borough of Preston; Dr Pearson, medical officer of the Wigan district of the Wigan Union; Mr Greenwood, medical officer of the Halifax district of the Halifax Union, &c.

We think there can be no doubt that a juvenile population bred up under such noxious physical agencies as these must materially suffer in physical organisation and general health; that they must to a large extent abandon the decencies of life; and that there must be a precocious development of all the propensities of their animal nature. It necessarily follows that they must be less susceptible of moral and religious impressions than those who are placed in more favourable circumstances, and that education must exercise upon them a more feeble influence, and its effects be of a more transitory kind. How can it be otherwise than that they live in a state of frightful degradation, demoralisation, and depravity?

The present lodging-house system for the very poor and the vagrant portion of the community is a powerfully operating cause in the production of juvenile depravity. The system we refer to prevails especially in the manufacturing and colliery districts to a very large extent, and indeed is more or less prevalent all over the country. These lodging-houses are generally situated in the lowest and dirtiest part of the town, and many of them have six or eight beds in a single room. They frequently contain from twenty to thirty lodgers at one time. The beds are often filled promiscuously with men, women, and children, while the floor is literally covered with cast-off dirty clothes, and bundles and packages of all sort of things. There is the utter absence of everything like cleanliness or ventilation; frequently there is little light and no fresh air coming in; and the heat and noxious effluvia which fill the room are of the most deleterious and suffocating character. The following statement is made by a committee of physicians and surgeons, who gave in a sanitary report to the Poor-law Commissioners on the condition of the labouring classes in Birmingham: 'The lodging-houses are generally in a very filthy condition, and, being the resort of the most abandoned characters, they are sources of extreme misery and vice.' We find it stated in Mr Burgess' return, that 'in forty-seven of these the sexes indiscriminately sleep together.' Dr Jenks, in his report on the sanitary condition of the labouring classes in Brighton, states, 'In Nottingham Street there are eight or nine lodging-houses.' The following is a description of one of them, and may serve as an *instar omnium:* 'The keeper of the lodging-house rented four small tenements. One room, common to the whole of the inmates, who amounted to thirty, including the children, served both as kitchen and sitting-room. This room was crowded, when I visited it in company with the chief police-officer, Mr Solomons, with not less than seventeen people covered with filth and rags. In the largest of the sleeping-rooms, sixteen by ten feet, by seven feet high, there were six beds, five on bedsteads and one on the floor, to accommodate twelve people of both sexes, besides children. Each person paid 3d. per night.'

Dr Oliver, medical officer of Durham, states—'I have known forty persons, half-clothed, lodged in one of these wretched dwellings, three or four lying upon one bed on straw, and only a single counterpane to cover them, which is never changed.' Dr Scott Alison states, that in Tranent there are from fifteen to twenty such houses; that men

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women, and children sleep in the same apartment; and that he has seen one which contained four beds made up constantly, and that when the house was 'throng,' another was added to the number. What, then, must be the moral influences (to say nothing of the contagious diseases) generated and perpetuated by houses like these? Frequently containing from twenty to thirty inmates, many of them most abandoned characters, who have been schooled in every vice, and whose highest safety consists in a continual shifting of their abodes, and all crowded into the most dismal and wretched apartments, without any distinction of age or sex, and without the slightest regard to decency; can there, we ask, be such a thing as moral feeling remaining amongst those who can endure such a state of things? Nor are scenes of the most riotous dissipation awanting to complete the horror of the picture. Mr James Cameron, surgeon for Tain, in his report upon the lodging-houses, states—'They frequently, especially when collected in large numbers, drink to excess, and their conduct on such occasions is riotous and disgusting in the extreme.' And what must be the effect of all this upon the children, who form a large proportion of the inmates of these houses? How readily must they become schooled in the arts of iniquity and the practices of dissipation, when living in such a hotbed of vice and crime! Well does the report of the Poor-law Commissioners speak of such houses as 'normal schools of crime,' as 'the most extensively established school for juvenile delinquency,' as 'open receptacles for vice, crime, and profligacy, and nurseries in which the young and yet uninitiated become familiar with every species of immorality,' and as houses for the reception of those who spread 'physical pestilence and moral depravation' wherever they go.

The Committee of the Prison Board for the county of Aberdeen, on juvenile delinquency, in a recent report on the causes of crime, mention as 'one fertile cause,' 'the want of proper, even decent accommodation, in the form of lodging-houses for the lower classes, especially for strangers.' They remark—'This is a terrible evil, for it often plunges the unwary into the very depths of wickedness, and exposes them to the most degrading moral pollution, before they know they are running into danger. Many, especially persons coming from the country into our large towns, fall by this means, never to rise again. There is one remark which we would, if possible, impress upon the minds of our readers. It is, that *there exists an intimate connection between physical wretchedness and moral degradation.* A community afflicted with the former will invariably sink down into the latter. It cannot possibly be otherwise. In physical deterioration the mind suffers; self-respect gradually evanishes; high and honourable principles lose their hold; low and grovelling tastes are gradually imbibed; discontent, envy, malice, wrath, and licentiousness take possession of the heart; and, if some strong counteractive cause be not brought into efficient operation, the spiritual being will soon become a perfect wreck—one wild and dreary waste, unrelieved by a single redeeming feature. Let us suppose a case, so that we may see clearly the course of the deteriorating process. The two causes of delinquency which we have been considering are nearly allied to each other—they may be said to be twin-sisters—and we shall select our illustration from the former, as being the less malignant of the two. We shall take one of almost every-day occurrence:—A decent man with a small family, who lives in the country, falls out of regular employment, and removes to some large manufacturing town in the hope of obtaining it. He cannot afford to pay more than a very few pounds of rental for a house. The decent, comfortable houses in the airy streets are all let at far too high a rate for him. The only class of houses which come within reach of his limited means are situated in back lanes, dirty courts, and dingy alleys. Stern necessity compels him to fix on one of these. It is situated in a narrow, dirty lane off one of the principal thoroughfares in the town. The golden rays of the sun never penetrate that lane, and the freshening and balmy gales of heaven never carry health there upon their fragrant wings. The atmosphere is murky, baleful, empoisoned; heaps of filth lie scattered here and there, and send forth the most offensive odours; somewhere in a corner may be seen a large pit of manure—in other words, a mass of corruption too horrible for description, and from which there oozes out the active agents in the production of fever, cholera, and other maladies; troops of ragged, dirty, and squalid children are running out and in at the doors; while large numbers of men and women, with haggard countenances and worn-out frames, may be seen idling about or lounging at the entrances of the stairs. The stairs themselves are narrow and inch-deep in filth; the rooms that branch off them are like rabbit-warrens, so crowded are they with human beings; even pigs are kept in some of them, besides cats and dogs in great abundance; the windows in many of them are almost paneless, and are stuffed full of dirty rags; and in all of them the air that is breathed is close, damp, and loaded with impurities; and in such a place, and amid such noxious influences, the countryman and his family are compelled to take up their abode. The house itself is small—a room and a closet off it, without any other conveniences whatever, and four or five, or even, it may be, more, have to sleep in one bed. Fever and other diseases pay them frequent visits; the father of the family earns but very low wages, and is frequently out of work; he is sometimes disabled, too, through the attack of some epidemic; the children are sent out to the factory at very tender years; and in seasons of commercial depression, famine, gaunt, grim, and crushing, forgets not to pay them a visit as he stalks his rounds. Now, what must be the effect of all this upon the children in that household? We say, what *must*, for the circumstances and influences of which we speak can lead only to one consequence. Education is neglected; low tastes are imbibed; the passions are called into premature and terrible play; evil companionship is cherished, and vicious habits formed; and the career is still downward, until delinquency, in its most revolting phases, is unblushingly practised. This instance may serve as an illustration of thousands more at present existing in all our large manufacturing towns. The state of things to which we have been calling attention ought surely to secure the earnest investigation of every true philanthropist.

WRITING HISTORY FOR THE PEOPLE

To teach the people by facts, by events, by the hidden meaning of those great historic dramas of which men are only the scenes and the actors, but whose plot is contrived by an invisible hand; to teach them to know, to judge, to moderate themselves; to make them capable of distinguishing those who serve from those who mislead them, those who dazzle from those who enlighten; to point to every great man or great event of their own history, and say, weigh them yourselves, not with the false weights of your passions of a day—your prejudices, your anger, your national vanity, your narrow patriotism—but with the just weights of the universal conscience of the human race, and the utility of the act to the cause of civilisation; to convince them that every nation has its post, its part assigned to it, every class of society its relative importance in the sight of God; to teach them hence to respect themselves, and to participate religiously, and with full consciousness of what they are doing, in the progressive accomplishment of the great designs of Providence; in a word, to create in them a moral sense, and to exercise that moral sense on great events and men of their history, and on themselves—I venture to say that this were to give the people much more than empire, power, or government: it were to give them conscience, the judgment and sovereignty of themselves: it were to place them above all governments; for, indeed, the very day on which they were fit to reign—it signifies little under what form or what name. It is the people that must be modified; governments will modify themselves after its image; for, be assured, as is the people so is the government; and when a people complains of its own, it is unworthy to have another. This was the opinion of Tacitus in his days, and it is equally true in our own.—*Lamartine.*

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THE LIGHT AND SHADE OF EARLY LIFE.

TRITE and commonplace though the observation may be, we must once more remark the interest that there is in early life. There is a zest and relish even in the reminiscences of childhood that the high tone of man's ambition—his earnest aspirations after gain or glory, nay, even the bright day-dreams of love or the savage excitements of war, can hardly afford. How often, when presented with the 'Life and Adventures' of some hero—a hero, at least, in his own eyes—do we not find the first chapters the most interesting! And if this is the case with those whose career has been the most uncommon and adventurous, how much more so with the majority of men, consigned, as they are, to the monotonous drudgery which forms the chief evil of the 'heat and burden of the day!' Man's life is not made up of great joys and great sorrows; great joys are but transitory gleams of fitful radiance, that burst occasionally upon him, but which in their very nature must be brief, since they consist in deep excitement, the effect of which is created by contrast—contrast with the uniform tenor of ordinary life; and great sorrows are the uncommon events of our career—events that fortunately, should we not say providentially, stir up all that is sublime and noble in the human soul to encounter and to endure them. Were either of these things to happen very frequently, we presume that they would rather benumb and indurate the sensibilities than excite or soften them, and thus entirely lose their pungency. Poets, indeed, have sung about some folks 'whose breath is agitation, and their life a storm whereon they ride;' but this, if true at all, is true of heroes, conquerors, and so forth, which are, fortunately, a rare race, and, as the world grows wiser, are, fortunately again, becoming more and more unfashionable. They tell us, too, that 'quiet to quick bosoms is a hell'—a sentiment perhaps more correct; but then this quiet is a thing to which these quick bosoms are for the greater portion of their life condemned. We are not a little misled by history—history even the most truthful and authentic—because history necessarily deals with great events, and crushes them into a continuous narrative. We are told perhaps of a great hero—he fights battle after battle, subdues the barbarians of the north, then turns to the savages of the south, murders his kinsfolk, builds an abbey on the strength of it, calls a council, makes a law, marries a few wives, does many other wondrous things, and *dies*—and from this etching of his adventures we think we know the man, forgetting how many years of quiet domestic life intervene among these stirring events. When we read of a king who fought twenty battles, we are apt to fancy that he did nothing else, though he took perhaps twice twenty years to fight them in. No, it is your every-day evils, your petty cares, and troubles, and anxieties, that form the wear and tear of human life; and it is from your petty pleasures, your quiet, unexciting, not uncommon joys, that a man must make up the great amount of his happiness. Hence, we say, the great majority of men, be they happy or unhappy, have not much to record. There is indeed one great event to most men—one circumstance that stands out in some prominence between the cradle and the grave: need we say that this event is matrimony? an incident laid hold of by the novelist, the dramatist, the poet, to catch the attention of his readers, and 'send them weeping (or smiling, as the case may be) to their beds.' But in childhood *everything* is an *event*—trifles become troubles, toys become treasures, disappointment is exaggerated into despair, and pleasure into felicity. Hence our juvenile days become the subject of exquisitely pleasing reminiscence.

It is remarkable that while we regard this period of life with satisfaction, it is seldom with regret—regret, I mean, that it is gone. We feel a certain satisfaction in the reminiscence, but, though the thing is fled for ever, we are satisfied that it should be so. Few men wish to be boys again, or, if they express such a wish, it is a mere piece of idle sentimentality. Howbeit, the things of early life generally interest us. Its lights and shadows are pleasing as those upon a distant landscape, as we gaze back upon it from some eminence attained—broad lights and shifting shadows, which make even an insipid country interesting, much more one which we are disposed to admire because we have traversed it. Nor is childhood free from both of these—bright lights not more abundant than deep shadows. It is all nonsense to talk of the unmixed happiness of early days; joys and sorrows are both more exquisite when there is little of the sober colouring of reason to neutralise, to some extent, their bright or gloomy tints. Let us pause upon some of them. Few amiable men are there but are fond of children, and in reviewing our own early griefs, we may come to sympathise with, perhaps to alleviate, the woes of mannikin-kind.

The first era of memory is a singular thing in a man's life. Deeply and vividly must the event have impressed his infantine imagination to prove a landmark in the expanse of retrospection, yet we presume most men have some such landmark. 'These little things are great to little men,' and, believe me, we are almost all little men. If you have not learned *that* lesson, your schooling is very incomplete. But if to little men of adult age, what are they to the literally little men who are engaged in the transactions. In this world events affect us rather in proportion to their proximity than their importance, as a shilling held close to the eye hides the sun at a distance. Did you never observe what a fund of harmless importance a man attaches to the date and place of his birth, with what an air of simple gravity he sometimes informs you that he was born in the very year that King Cole died, and that the second floor front of No. 22 Twisteaton Street was the precise place in which he first drew breath? Bear with him, my amiable reader; it is of interest to him though not to you, and do not try to get your button out of his grasp, for ten to one you will so grasp another man. For myself it is a habit I eschew, and yet you will be surprised to hear that I was born in the very year of the battle of Trafalgar; no, let me see, it was the very next year; however, I know that the ears of Europe at that time were full of Nelson, and Napoleon, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, which was probably the reason why it took so little notice of *me*. Howbeit, the date of my nativity has been singularly overlooked by all the annalists, chronologists, historiographers, and almanac-makers, whose works have fallen into my hands. And yet my friends always thought that I was born to make a noise in the world; but then they judged by that same natal year in which I *did* make a greater noise in the world than I have ever done since, or probably than I shall ever accomplish in any year of my natural life.

But we were gossipping about the first era of memory. I am persuaded that men often fancy that they remember many things that they only imagine from frequent repetition. I am sure this is possible, for I once related, in pure and simple faith, a circumstance as happening to *myself*, and recollected, *just too late*, that it happened not to me, but to the friend to whom I had been relating it. I have, as you have no doubt, a dim, hazy reminiscence of very early days—of sinks plugged up by kind friends to float my walnut-shell boats, and playing-cards built up into pagodas to be blown down by my breath, and soap-bubbles sent up into the air to dazzle me with their shifting colours. Ah, little did we think, my friends, in those days, that the card-castles were as baseless as the schemes and projects of our riper years, and that the soap-bubbles should be followed by day-dreams with prismy colours, shifting on their surface just as fair, but destined, like them, to burst in our faces! But what is the first thing you can positively recollect? Mine was 'Perouse.' I was taken to see some exhibition, some pantomime or play, in which Perouse and his monkey were the prominent characters. After this, to play Perouse was the grand object of my existence. I do not know whether I played Perouse or the monkey, or both—probably the last; whether I was alternately Perouse and the monkey, the monkey and Perouse, or both at once, but such was the first event that impressed my memory. What an era, again, in a child's existence, when he first forms an acquaintance with flowers

and insects—things, like himself, fresh, harmless, and happy. Can you remember the sensations with which you regarded that little crimson thing bursting out in its beauty and fragrance beneath the green leaves. Perhaps you plucked it off and picked it to pieces, unfolded leaf after leaf, and found the damask, downy swathes wrapping at length some tender little threads of vegetable gold. A garden to a little child is often a little paradise. But even where there is no garden, perhaps you gazed with great round eyes at the hyacinth in the parlour window, watching its daily progress from the little green pimple bursting from the ragged, clumsy-looking root, which you half-longed to eat; and while the silvery threads came dangling down into the water, up sprung a light green spathe, a slender stalk, and presently such pretty pink or purple florets as made you glad to look upon. But to return to the garden and to the insects. Can you remember the excitement of opening that curled-up rose-leaf, and with a fearful joy seeing a little green caterpillar wriggling himself out and letting himself down like a sailor boy, but with a white silk thread? And then to keep those chrysalises in pill-boxes and sundry such-like receptacles, and to visit them daily, until you found, instead of the uncouth, half-animate, unshapely thing, some gorgeous, graceful fly, with network wings, and burnished armour, and gay nodding plumes. My goodness! that was funny!

But of all eras of importance in our early days are those connected with school—the going to school, the boys, the holidays. I well remember the *preparatory* to which I was inducted when I became too old, too fat, too naughty to remain at home—the very bedroom in which I was tucked up with about twenty other units of small humanity in some three to four feet of white dimity, on the first night of quitting home, with the promise, made to keep weak eyes from watering, of plenty of play on the morrow. Plenty of play! atrocious falsehood, perfidious promise, from the false lips of that hypocritical old lady, who looked so smilingly before your friends and so surly behind them! Can you recall the suspicious feelings that found their way into your breast, as you were led up the school-room to be introduced to your playmates, and found a score or two of juvenile optics turned upon your face, all eagerly, narrowly, may I say maliciously, scrutinising the new boy? Talk of making a maiden speech in the House of Commons! What is *that* to a child's first lesson at the knees of a rigid-looking dame, the only *speaker* while there is a full house of lookers-on? Haply some new member, in the former case, may think of his broad lands, his paternal acres, his respectful servitors and obsequious tenants, and wish he was well out of the hurly-burly, back again in his squirearchical domain; but that is *parva componere magno* with the torture of an infantine heart, with all its bright visions of home, its warm dreams of *spoiling*, with the maternal kiss hardly cold upon its lip, and the sisterly tear hardly dry upon its cheek, lectured, snubbed, and sneered at as he takes his first step and learns his first sad knowledge of the world; and then the bitter mockery of being told to go and be friends with that nice little boy or that pretty little girl, who stares you in the face for a few minutes, and then runs laughing away. Ah, my co-mates and brothers in manhood! what ails you to let the cool cut of that proud dandy smite you to the heart—the civil sneer of that vain woman chafe your temper? Think of the first cut—'the most unkindest cut of all'—the cut that you had to endure at your earliest introduction to *life*.

But what an event is a man's first flogging! Tell me, friend, do you remember *that?* I do. I candidly confess—but do not let it go any further, nor think the worse of me for the confession—I candidly confess that I *was* a very naughty boy. When I was christened I was so obstreperous, and, in spite of long-clothes, kicked and roared, struggled and sparred at the parson with my little fat fists so vigorously, that the venerable man nearly let me fall into the font; and now, at the preparatory, I was a *mauvaise sujet;* but the immediate overt act that brought the birch upon me was of the nature rather of constructive crime than intentional villany. It was, going to prayers with a bull's-eye in my mouth. This glaring act of impiety called down immediate vengeance. Perhaps it may be necessary to explain that a bull's-eye was a kind of candy, much affected by children of that period. Ah! children, I trust, are better trained now-a-days, but that juvenile delinquency brought upon my hapless person such a flagellation that it tended to exalt my teacher into the 'bad eminence' of a hated despot, and well-nigh to degrade the 'nightly exercise' into a subject of disgust. Reader, if this 'bald, disjointed chat' of mine suggests no subjects of reflection, I lose my labour. The instrument of torture was a bunch of broom from Hampstead Heath. That pretty flowering broom, for all its little fragrant flowers, may be made a dire implement of agony. Are there some extreme cases in which corporeal punishment among children is indispensable? I do not know; but I do know that even the atrocious and revolting practice that breaks the heart, and destroys the self-respect, and confirms the vices of a soldier, can hardly be more cruel or injudicious than to flog a tender child with a bunch of broom for going to prayers with a bull's-eye in his mouth.

Now comes a gleam of gladness! Do you remember, or can you recollect, the first visit of your friends? I can. Ah! is there any pleasure on earth to be obtained but by purchase? Can you enjoy rest without fatigue—fire without cold—food without fasting? Even so, without the snubbings and drubbings, the tedious tasks, the bitter tears, the odious birch, where would have been the intense excitement of the first visit of your friends? On a sunny spring day, when the clear bright sky, and the fresh opening flowers, and the tiny treble of the birds, and all pleasant sights, and scents, and sounds combine to render mere existence happiness, was I taken out for my first holiday. Oh, the beatitude of that sunny spring morning! I do not believe that the butterflies have ever fluttered so gaily, or the lark carolled so sweetly, or the libelula poised his slender, shining body on his fine reticulated wings over the quiet streamlet, so dexterously from that day to this. I am beginning to be of my late venerable grandfather's opinion, that the flowers do not smell so sweet or the fruits taste so well as they did when he was young; and certainly I never remember to have seen the world so fresh and fair as it was upon that day. I am sure there was something preternatural about it, for you will hardly credit me when I tell you that, from the moment my mother made her appearance, my harsh instructress underwent as complete a metamorphosis as any that I have since read of in the works of him whom the boys, more classically than elegantly, call 'Nosey.' She positively patted my cheek and stroked my hair, and called me a good little boy. A good little boy! you see I must have been as much changed as all around me. But then to find myself alone with my friends, my tongue unloosed, and all my little plaints poured into my mother's ear! I was taken to some suburban tavern or hotel, some tea-garden of Eden, to have my tea; and show me the baker and dairy-maid of modern days who can make such rolls and pats of butter as those devoured by me. But sunny holidays are short-lived, and even tea-drinkings cannot last for ever. A double portion of darkness settled down upon that night, when I was once more tucked up in my tent-bed, and many a silent tear stole down my cheek as I looked out into the moonlight, and saw nothing but rows of little white nightcaps, and heard nothing but the measured breath of incipient snorers. Next morning an unusual shade of severity dwelt on the brows of my schoolmistress, and, what I could never understand, she muttered something about telling tales out of school, with a scowl at me that made my blood run cold.

But, my friends, *the* holidays, the veritable summer holidays, can you conjure up that vision of delight—can you realise that broad light of early life? For me, the thing was too overwhelming to be at first appreciated, and it was some time before my full little soul could comprehend the extent of its own bliss. I had become somewhat estranged from home, made a bow to my mother, said 'Sir' to my father, and instead of the gleeful, joyous child of six months before, I was a cowed and cheerless urchin, going

about the house to 'syllable men's names.' In short, I was so very modest, so very quiet, and so very *good*, that my poor old nurse said I was quite spoiled. She had always done her best to spoil me one way, and now, according to her, I was spoiled in the opposite direction. She thought that I was little better than a fool, and lifted up her hands in horror at the idea of the terrible severity to which I must have been exposed to bring about so wonderful a change. She was not altogether wrong there. I had been case-hardened to some extent—over-heated by injudicious indulgence in the first place, and then suddenly cooled down by equally injudicious severity. An elasticity of spirit preserved me from the not uncommon consequence of such treatment; but that your children and mine, beloved reader, may not be exposed to it, is partly my apology for these juvenilities.

To return to the holidays. I soon recovered from the sort of stupor of delight into which I had fallen. My old nurse had been hardly reconciled by my wonderful attainments (though I read without spelling any but the hard words) to the measures that must have been employed to teach me. Still these profound literary acquirements convinced her that I was no fool. My silence and reserve soon wore off. The good old woman discovered that I was not quite so *over good* as she had supposed. Before the end of the vacation I had shaken off my virtuous lethargy, and, what is remarkable, it never came upon me again. By the end of the next half-year I was a romping, riotous boy, and from the day that I set foot in my father's house to that in which I left it, teased and tormented my old nurse to her heart's content. But early holidays! Happy, happy times! Your jaded, careworn barrister, sickening over man's mendacious selfishness, that finds its outlet in the law, may rejoice in his long vacation—your stunned and stupified parliamentarian, worn out with the din and wordy tumult of the *house*, may gladly hasten down from the care of the nation to bag his birds; what are these to the half-yearly holidays of a child! One event that chequered my early life was that of my little sister's being taken to the preparatory with me. What an epitome of the world is there in the affairs of mannikin-kind! What an air of patronage assumed by a child of five to one of four years on her introduction to *life!* Poor little Milly was one of the meek and gentle of the earth, and soon fell into the regulations of the preparatory. Indeed, her deepest distress arose from the dilemmas of her more unruly brother. Methinks I see her staring, with her full black eyes, at the dire scholastic tragedy of which he was at once the hero and the victim. Pardon, most amiable shade of Shenstone, but as thou didst write no doubt for me to quote, I take thee at thy word:—

> 'Oh, ruthful scene! when, from a nook obscure,
> His little sister doth his peril see;
> All playful as she sat she grows demure;
> She finds full soon her wonted spirit flee.
> On thee, she calls—on thee, her parent dear
> (Ah, too remote to ward the shameful blow)!
> She sees no kind domestic visage near,
> And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
> And gives a loose at last to unavailing wo.'

But time rolled on, and I was getting too old for a preparatory. Besides, my future course was chalked out for me. I did not, indeed, follow it. Men are very wise in their way. They are fond of making plans and schemes for the future, but, alas! what are human plans and schemes? *Such chalk* is easily rubbed out. I was to be crammed with Greek and Latin, and flogged into the church. In those days a *quantum suf.* of learning supplied the place of piety, and any special vocation, any temperament of mind or mental predisposition for the sacred function, was made up by some 'interest in the church.' Of course, it is never so now.

What a deep *shade* of early life was that parting with my little sister! Not so much to me, for the prospect of novelty and change was before me, and the excitement saved my tears; but to *her*—she wept so bitterly, so profusely, that in my inexperience I began to fear her sorrow never would be entirely assuaged. In my juvenile imagination I beheld her through the long vista of prospective time, weeping on, like Niobe, all tears. Great schools, no doubt, possess some advantages, but they have many defects, and, above all, it is bad to send a boy to a great school too early. I was destined to be the least of the little fellows at a large grammar-school—to endure all the kickings and cuffings of the great boys for some time, until another very little fellow appeared, whom I could master, and upon him I soon paid out with interest all the kickings and cuffings that I received from the great boys—and is not that an epitome of human nature? There is very little of the light of early life in going to a great school, and not a little of its shadow. For my part, I was consigned to the care of one of the great boys, who was to show me the place. He took me all over the house—a queer, odd-cornered, old monastic building (for it was a collegiate school), with many a suspicious-looking nook and cranny for rats and ghosts to squeak and gibber in; and among other rooms he took me to the study, where the young gentlemen were flogged; and he told me that, had it not been Sunday, I should have seen *the blood on the ceiling*, but that the sanguinary stains were washed off every Saturday night! I stood aghast, and cast a rueful glance at the ceiling, thinking that there must be worse things than a bunch of broom after all. The head-master of B—— Grammar-School, an amiable old clergyman as ever lived, was nevertheless a stern disciplinarian, and as he belonged to the old flogging school, I found my fears not altogether imaginary.

But it was not only from the excessive, and to my mind unnecessary, rigour of scholastic discipline that the wear and tear of disposition arose to a little fellow; there was a species of fagging in operation which had the worst possible effect upon the disposition of both parties—the great boys were tutored into tyrants—the little fellows into slaves. Then the positive moral training for a child! Finding that I was a little superstitious, as I suppose all folks are if they would confess it, they wrought upon my fears most cruelly. I have said the school was an old monastic building, I should have told you that it was connected with the contiguous church, and some of the windows overlooked the grave-yard. When we went to bed the boys told me to look out among the tombs and see what horrid eyes were staring at me. No marvel after this that I kept my head under the clothes. The worst of all is the contamination that little boys too often get from their association with great boys. Great boys are fond of aping men, and as they are unable to imitate the wisdom and prudence of manhood, they too often only reach its vice and folly. I found the mirth and fun among our young gentlemen ran fast and furious indeed. There was a certain right of way for foot passengers through a part of the ground which belonged to the old abbey-lands appropriated to our pastimes. This public right of way, however, it was the humour of our young gentlemen to dispute, and they did it as pertinaciously and, as you will see, as pugnaciously as though our play-ground had been Glen Tilt or any other sacred, aristocratic heather. Upon the whole, out of school-hours, we were wonderfully successful. Quiet people didn't like to be quizzed, slow passengers didn't like to be pelted, serious people didn't liked to be laughed at, and, as for the female part of the community, they were seldom disposed to venture on the dangers of the disputed pass; but there was a set of canaille, butchers' and bakers' boys, sweeps and stable boys, who were not so easily put off; accordingly, to fight with the blackguards was a favourite pastime with our *young gentlemen*, and many a regular appointment was made for a set-to, just out of bounds, scouts being carefully posted to give warning of any untimeous approach of the constabulary on the one hand, or the duly-constituted educational authorities on the other.

One great champion of the blackguards was a burly, broad-chested chimney-sweep who fought in full costume, and he was generally opposed to the eldest son of a baronet who was the hero on ours; and, though the sweep was by much the bigger boy, so much did spirit, blood, and

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'science' outbalance mere muscle, thew, and sinew, that our champion was generally victorious, though he often obtained his blushing honours at the expense of a black eye and a—black shirt. The young gentleman is now an officer of high rank in India, where he has had fighting to his heart's content. I don't know what's become of the sweep. All this was enough to astonish a little fellow from Mrs K.'s preparatory; however, I fell in with the fun remarkably well. I was not *too good*, and thus escaped the persecution that invariably fell upon the 'good boys'—a term of *opprobrium* applied to the best scholars, and the best behaved young gentlemen, and from which, *mark the fact*, they naturally shrunk. Indeed these 'good boys' were generally waylaid whenever it could be safely done; and as they, of course, received less castigation from the scholastic authorities than the rest of the lads, these latter made it up to them with interest, which they called settling the 'good boys'' accounts.

Such were some of the evils of a great grammar school in England thirty years ago, nor have I hinted at the worst. Reminiscences have I of some of the bigger boys getting out of window, bribing the guards of night coaches, riding to a neighbouring town, and returning in time to *get up* in the morning.

Probably your experience is much the same as mine. I have preferred arousing both to spinning a long dissertation upon the evils of great schools or the severities of early education. The lights and shades of early life have passed over us all in brighter or deeper degrees—passed over us like the clouds and sunbeams of a spring morning; and, while we may learn lessons of some importance from looking back upon them, we may also acquire some placidity in the present—achieve some serenity in the prospect of the future in comparing the vicissitudes of early years with those of later life. If we shall possibly never meet again with joys so great, we shall probably never have to encounter griefs so pungent. IOTA.

THE ANTIQUITY OF RINGS.

THERE is more of philosophy operating in the affairs and customs of every-day life than the majority of people dream of. What we esteem the most trivial usages, may have been originated to fulfil important purposes; and what may appear to some to be simple, natural customs, may in truth be antiquated habits, the original character of which has been forgotten. There is a vast amount of apparently familiar things with whose character the vast majority of people are totally ignorant. The casual observer looks at them and thinks he sees them all, but they are nevertheless vital with those old associations and wondrous characteristics the knowledge of which constitutes a learned man.

Rings are a most familiar article of ornament. They are to be seen on the fingers of all sorts of people. The sovereign wears one as a badge of authority, the serf as a sign of slavery, and the bride as a symbol of the purity of her love and the everlasting character of the marriage contract. They are pledges of mutual faith, they are souvenirs of death, and they are the ornamental hoops which gird the fingers of the most foolish and would-be fashionable of lazy loungers on public promenades. Rings were originally badges of power, and gradually men exhibited them as proofs of wealth. They were at first evidences of notability, and by and by they became witnesses of mere vainglory. Rings are of the greatest antiquity, and the evidences of their ancient existence rests upon the highest authority. Pharaoh encircled the finger of Joseph with his signet of sovereign authority, when he invested him with the premiership of Egypt. And in Genesis xxxviii. 18, we read that Judah presented a ring to Tamar; and amongst the ornaments specified for the use of the Levitical order, rings were comprehended, and were worn by Aaron the high-priest. Several of the ancients attributed the origin of wearing rings to Prometheus, whom Hercules delivered from cruel bondage with consent of Jupiter, upon condition that he should always wear a ring of gold set with a piece of the rock to which he had been enchained. Pliny, however, designates this as a frivolous manner of accounting for the origin of the now universal custom of ring-wearing, and says that the use of rings was unknown at the period assigned to the Trojan wars: but as Joseph lived five hundred and fifty years previous to the time assigned to these wars by chronology, and Moses four hundred, the assertion of the Roman historian is worth nothing in this case. Homer makes no mention of rings in his 'Iliad,' although he frequently describes bracelets and chains; and the primitive Romans certainly formed the ring of honour which they sent to their wives on the marriage day, of iron, which gives a colour of probability to Pliny's opinion; but he did not know the Hebrew scriptures, and was consequently ignorant of the customs of ancient Egypt.

It is certain that the use of rings was extremely rare in ancient Rome, especially such as were made of gold. None of the very ancient dignitaries, save the monarchs Numa and Servius Tullius, were represented in their statues with gold rings on their fingers; and it was only when ambassadors were sent to foreign courts that rings of this rare metal were presented to them, in order to impress foreigners with a sense of Roman greatness.

As wealth and the complications of rank increased, gold rings became easily attainable by the Romans, and then their use was denied to 'all mechanical persons and men of mean condition.' To the equestrians and nobility alone this privilege was allowed by special license, and guarded by stringent statutes. According to Pliny and Titus Livius, three bushels of rings were gathered from the fingers of the Romans slain by the Carthagenians at the battle of Cannæ, an evidence of the destruction of the Roman cavaliers, which Rollin repeats in his ancient history.

The custom of wearing the ring on the second last finger of the left hand, is as old as the invention of rings themselves, and seems to have been first adopted as a matter of convenience. Men who were daily in the habit of grasping the pummel of a sword, could not conveniently burden the right hand with a ring of iron, and so it was transferred to the left hand, although Macrobius and Aulus Gellius declare that the said finger was elected for this purpose, because of a vein or nerve that proceedeth right from the heart to it—a tradition which we know to be yet current in Scotland.

Macrobius assigns as the principal cause for inventing rings, the early practice of sealing, as a means of especial signature. Every man of note had a particular device engraven on stone, which he had set in a ring, and with this signet he sealed his letters, and even chests, coffers, presses, purses, which held the household keys, cupboards, and wine-cellars, which last office Cicero tells us his mother faithfully performed. The practice of sealing with rings is certainly a very old one, as will be found by reference to Daniel vi. 18, where the king, Darius, after casting Daniel into the lion's den, commanded, 'And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own signet and with the signets of his lords, that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.'

Marvellous properties were often attributed to rings, and many fabulous stories have been founded upon such bottomless bases. Cicero, Pliny, Strabo, and Herodotus gravely give their adhesion to the truth of a story told concerning Polycrates, king of Samos, who, having been preserved in a course of unintermitted prosperity through the influence of a ring, threw the same into the sea in order to tempt the fates, and had this same signet taken from the bowels of a fish, by his cook, shortly afterwards. Misfortune soon followed the restoration of the cast-away ring, however, for he was taken by Orandus, a lieutenant of Darius, and hanged, two hundred years before the foundation of Rome. Suetonius avers that the seal of the Emperor Octavius was at first a sphynx, being symbolical of cunning and strength; but that, upon some hint from the Romans, he changed it to the image of Alexander the

Great. Mæcenas, a favourite of Octavius, used a frog as his seal, and Pompey had a lion. After the first victory which Pompey obtained in Asia, the Romans, according to Pliny, became luxurious in their habits, and inured themselves to the wearing of rings of two kinds—one for summer and one for winter; those of the first season being light and elegant, while the winter ones were large and massive. During the time in which Pliny wrote, the vulgar habit prevailed of covering the fingers with these golden ornaments, but persons of taste, then as now, never used more than one upon each hand. The Romans, however, never ornamented the middle finger, as they considered it infamous and unworthy of such an honour; and all their other rings they named after the fingers on which they were usually worn.

The extensively prevalent use of signets soon induced a rivalry to procure precious stones with which to set rings, and on which to engrave devices. The demand for these stones, and the scarcity of some sorts, rendered them very valuable; but some particular ones became historically famous, and were invested with singular appearances and properties by the credulous ancients. Pliny, who wrote a treatise upon rings, and who tells some very curious stories concerning them, declares that the signet of Pyrrhus, king of Epire, was a stone in which was discerned the figures of nine goddesses and a naked child. These were said to be natural productions, and gravely imagined to represent the nine muses and Apollo. An old author of the seventeenth century, writing upon this subject, tells us that he cannot account for this singular phenomenon unless it had been produced by some correspondence of celestial influence with the stars and planets—causes which one would now imagine to be very distant ones.

The appearances of many minerals are certainly very wonderful and very beautiful; but correct limnings, such as those attributed to the signet of Pyrrhus, are never observable in mineralogical phenomena. More wonderful than the ring of the Epirean king, however, was that of Gyges, king of Lydia, whose history is recorded by Plato. Gyges was originally a shepherd, like many of the notables of ancient story, and he was a man of dauntless resolution. Once upon a time, during a tempest and earthquake, the ground opened before him, and a great gulph yawned with its deep black throat, into which he boldly descended. At the bottom of the gulf he found a great, hollow, brazen horse, within which lay a giant statue, on whose finger the daring shepherd found a ring, which he instantly transferred to his own, and then he found himself immediately amongst his companions and flocks. Gyges after this accidentally turned the stone of the ring into the palm of his hand, and then he heard his companions talking of him as if he were absent. This circumstance led him to a knowledge of the marvellous properties of his ring, upon which he proceeded to the court of Candaules, king of Lydia, whom he slew, and of whose queen and crown he possessed himself. Cicero, of course, was aware that this was a mere fable; but the wise old English author already alluded to, believes, with liberal credulity, the whole tale, but cannot account for it unless upon magic principles.

Our readers must not suppose that the belief in magic rings is now exploded; the superstition is only less universal. In some parts of Italy and Germany the idea yet holds a high place amongst popular delusions. The ancients who sought to account for everything, and who rather invested things with supernatural properties than acknowledge their ignorance of them, gave to certain precious stones a magical character, which enhanced the power and moral influence of those who possessed them. The diamond was said to be a safeguard against sorcery, charms, and enchantments, as it strengthened the heart by its secret properties, and fortified the mind against spirits, illusions, and phantasies. The amethyst was esteemed an antidote to poison and a defence against drunkenness. The ruby chastened the desires of the wearer, and was a sovereign preservative of physical health. The carbuncle destroyed the effects of the most pestilential airs, and dissoothed the troubled passions and comforted the heart. The coral was prized for its power to stay bleedings, and prevent ghastly visions, and dreadful dreams, being likewise a stimulus to the heart and spirits. The rock-crystal defied the influence of evil eyes, and prevented offensive dreams. The emerald preserved the purity and peace of the wearer, and was said to break whenever placed on the finger of one who was not, like Kilmeny, 'as pure as pure could be.' It prevented vessels from being tempest-tossed, banished evil spirits, and cured the falling sickness. The cornelian was esteemed to moderate all inordinate desires, and was considered the best of all stones to seal with, as wax would not adhere to it; and the topaz was declared to appease the passions of the mind, to assuage the impetuous bursts of anger and phrenzy, to dispel melancholy, and to purify the blood. Such is a faint epitome of that elaborate system of superstition, of which rings and talismanic stones formed so valuable parts.

While the absurdity connected with the imaginary properties of stones cannot fail to provoke our smiles, it is certain that signets have been invested with historical interest from their connection with the fate of celebrated men. Hannibal committed suicide in Bythnia by poisoning himself with a poison which he always carried in his signet, rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, Titus Flaminius, the Roman; and Pliny says that Demosthenes destroyed himself in the same way. The voluptuary Heliogabalus usually carried poison in his rings, in order that he might anticipate the fate which he felt that he deserved; and in the time of Pliny, which was towards the end of the first century—for he was governor of Bythnia in the year of our Lord 103—the custom of wearing rings for suicidal purposes was quite common amongst the Romans.

The manufacture of rings was not, in old times as now, an operation of mere tasteful manufacture. They were engraven with mystic ceremony in the laboratory of the alchymist, and under the influence of astrological signs. The stone and metal in which the ring was set were united at a certain temperature and precise time; and incantations were muttered, herbs were distilled, and perfumes scattered over the magic rings in order to quicken their natural properties and strengthen their power. For instance, rings made of metal forged under the ascendant of the planet Mars, and set with stones engraved under the same horoscope, fortified the hearts of men, and enabled them to perform marvellous deeds of war; while those made under the influence of Mercury inspired their possessors with singular eloquence, and secured to them great success in commerce. Many rings were anciently engraven with the signs of the zodiac, and according to their triplicities. Those containing the characters of the first triplicity, Aries, Leo, and Sagitarius, were believed to cure cold diseases, as fever produced by phlegm and the dead palsy. The second triplicity, Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius, were excellent in curing corruption of the blood; and so on with the others, according to the seasons over which they presided. The belief in the influences of the zodiacal signs is of extreme antiquity, having existed amongst the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Jews. Jarchas, the chief of ancient Indian philosophers, is recorded to have presented to Apollonius Thyanaeus, according to Philostratus, seven magic rings, one of which he had worn daily, according to the ascendant of its sympathetic planet, and by this means had preserved himself in the flower of his youth for a hundred years. The grandsire of Jarchas had lived 130 years by virtue of the same rings; and that such a power of prolonging life was believed to reside in them, may be seen from the Greek comedies of Aristophanes, who makes one of his characters defy disease because of his possessing a magic ring. Erasmus believed in the character of these magic rings, and gravely spoke of their mode of manufacture. From this mystical origin and high state of consideration, then, have the ornaments of our bucks of the pavement descended. The magical idea which invested rings with awful properties during the prevalence and ascendency of necromantic philosophy, has come down

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tales by skilful novelists. The ballads of Spain, and the other romaunts which relate to the chivalric era of the Crusades, are fruitful in allusions to rings and amulets which ladies wore and knights won, and which exercised wondrous influences over the fate of valour and love. Rings still retain with us their old memorial character, and the stones yet preserve their relative values. There still resides a wonderfully attractive magic in gold and precious stones. If they cannot cure diseases, they can open hearts; and if they do not lull tempests, they unite interests. And such is their modern magic, that they inspire the most consummate fools with the most inordinate conceits of their own dignity and importance.

AMEDEE NAUMANN.

'AMEDEE, thou pest that thou art, hast thou been to fetch the charcoal?' shouted Nicol Fabri, the locksmith, to a little boy about eight years of age, who, clad in the rustic attire of a Saxon peasant, sat upon the door-step of the smithy, softly chanting a simple song of the country, and beating time with the hammer, with which he was straightening some nails—'I say, Amedee, hast thou brought that charcoal?'

The child, who was small, weakly, and of a pale and sad cast of countenance, started up at the authoritative cry, and, saying 'I am going, master,' still continued to sing.

'You had better answer me in another manner, you chirping cricket,' said the locksmith, angrily; 'and look you, Mister Goldfinch, if you do not look sharp with that charcoal, I'll make you run up the gamut in another tone, and I'll strike the key-note on your shoulders with my hammer.'

Frightened at this menace, which, from sundry experiences, he knew was not altogether an empty one, the little fellow snatched up a basket in which to carry the charcoal, and was about to bound away, when a heavy hand rudely clutched him by the shoulder, and wheeled him round like a top. In an instant the child was confronted by Dame Fabri, who, with sparkling eyes, trembling lips, and upraised hand, roared at the top of her voice, 'What are you doing here, you precious young monkey, and why are you not rocking the cradle of my sweet little Nicol, whom it costs me a day's work to set to sleep? Ugh! these children of country clodpoles are a pack of good-for-nothings but to sing.'

'Hillo! you have not returned yet?' roared the locksmith from within; 'then take care of your shoulders.'

'Why do you linger there, and not go up-stairs, you stupid colt?' chimed in the woman, and her hand fell like lead upon the cheek of poor Amedee, who vainly strove to evade the blow.

'Who am I to obey?' cried the poor boy, in piteous tones, while the tears bathed his delicate cheeks, and his eyes, blue as heaven's own cerulean, were turned from side to side in the utmost perplexity.

'Me, to be sure!' shouted both husband and wife, simultaneously, the former wiping the sweat and ashes from his face with his leather apron as he stepped angrily towards the boy.

'Try if you can agree; for I cannot at the same time be both up and down stairs,' said Amedee, making strenuous but vain attempts to disengage himself from the masculine clutch of the locksmith's wife.

'Ah, you speak back, do you, you insolent young dog?' cried the dame, and she gave him another cuff. 'Go up this moment to the cradle, or I'll beat you to jelly.'

'Let him go just now for the charcoal, Margaret, and he'll rock the child when he comes back,' interrupted the locksmith.

'His mother left him in my charge, and it is me that he must first obey,' cried the dame, firmly.

'His father sent him to be apprenticed with me,' cried Nicol Fabri, determined in his turn to maintain his right, 'and if he does not first obey me I'll maul him into pig-iron, I tell you.'

'We shall soon see that,' replied the loving dame, throwing a look of mingled rage and contempt upon her liege lord, and at the same time grasping the arm of the boy. 'Up you go there,' she cried; 'and if the child gives one whinge you shall get such a drubbing as you never got in your life.'

'Go for the charcoal, or——' cried Nicol, his eyes glaring like his own furnace, and his face swelling with rage; but before he had time to finish the sentence, Amedee tore his arm from the grasp of his mistress, seized the charcoal-basket, and bounded off like a young deer.

'You shall lose nothing for that,' cried Dame Margaret, clapping her hands and stamping on the ground as industriously as if Amedee had been beneath her feet.

'Come back quickly, or look out for squalls,' roared the locksmith, furiously shaking his black fist.

Although now distant a good way from this well-matched pair, the double menace reached the flying boy, and added lightness to his heels. But all at once he recollected that he had forgotten, in his precipitation, the money with which to pay the charcoal, and this discovery immediately brought him to a dead halt, and rendered his mind full of perplexity. 'What shall I do?' said the poor lad, laying down the basket in the middle of the road, and looking hard at it, as if it could resolve his difficulty. 'The charcoal-burner wont trust me, and if I go back without it I'll be beaten.' Not knowing what else to do in his pitiable case, poor little Amedee did what anybody else would likely have done in the same circumstances—he burst into tears.

The sun was shining as brightly as ever autumn sun shone upon the green trees, fields, and flower-spangled meadows by the bright Elbe, and its rays fell also upon the uncovered head of the boy, and danced amongst his hair that shone like fillets of gold, and kissed his blue eyes, all swimming in lovely tears, as he turned them towards heaven, and said in a tone of touching sadness, 'My God, have pity upon me!' The expression of the boy's face, the plaintive softness of his voice, and the despair imprinted upon each of his features, together with the meanness of his habiliments, arrested the attention of a gentleman who was passing, and he dropped a piece of money into his hand.

'I do not ask charity, sir,' said the child, somewhat proudly, as he offered back the stranger's gift.

'I do not offer thee this as such,' replied the unknown; 'but thou weepest, and I thought a penny rattle might frighten away thy tears, my little fellow.'

'Yes, I weep,' said the boy, redoubling his sobs; 'for whatever I do, I am always sure to be beaten.'

'Is it your father or mother who beats you?' said the stranger with interest.

'Ah, sir!' said Amedee, with childlike simplicity, 'fathers and mothers never beat their children.'

'Of whom dost thou complain, then?' said the stranger, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and looking into his eyes.

'Of masters, sir—masters are such stern ones!' said the child, thankful for the freedom to recount his sorrows. 'Master Fabri the locksmith, who lives in the village there, is such a terrible one; and his wife—oh, his wife, sir!—is worse still, I do believe.'

'And what does your father do, my little friend, and where does he dwell?'

'My father is a husbandman, who lives far away from here; for it takes a night with my little legs to go from the house of Master Fabri to his house, but to return, of course, it is much longer.'

'That depends upon you taking the same road,' said the unknown, who could not suppress a smile at that reflection.

'I take the same road, sir, and nevertheless I assure you that it is longer to return. I shall prove it to you: look here. I go away on the Saturday night at eight o'clock, in this season—for in winter I have not that happiness—and I arrive at a quarter before five at the door of our house. To return, I leave home at eight o'clock also, and I never reach the house of Nicol Fabri before seven. You see, sir, that the road must be longer in coming back.'

'It is possible also, my boy, that you may walk more slowly,' said the stranger, smiling.

'When I have embraced my father, my mother, my sisters, and my brothers, I really do not think of the road,' said the little fellow, with much simplicity, 'although I call each step long in going; but in returning I am always weary, and when I reach Nicol Fabri's door I always say to myself "already!"'

'Poor boy! and why do you weep just now?' said the benevolent stranger. Amedee explained his present predicament, and his future expectations from the locksmith and his wife, and then looked anxiously in the face of the stranger. 'And why not return altogether to your good parents?' said the unknown, taking Amedee's hand.

'My father has already so many mouths to fill that mine makes them more than he can manage,' was the child's reply.

'What is your father's name?'

'John Naumann, husbandman at Blessewitz, very near to Dresden.'

The stranger thought for a moment, and then said, 'I live at Dresden, at the school of Saint Croix. Go and ask your father for permission to come and see me to-morrow morning. I am the professor John Messenius. Wilt thou recollect the name?'

'Oh, you may be sure of that, sir,' was the delighted boy's answer; 'for, next to my father, you are the first man who ever spoke kindly to me.'

'Very well,' said the professor; 'and if you have the intelligence which your replies portend, your education shall not cost your family anything.'

'How good you are, sir!' said Amedee, whose face became radiant with pleasure; 'but the basket of Master Fabri, and his charcoal, who shall look after it, and the baby when it cries?'

'Give me the basket, and I shall settle the whole matter;' and the worthy professor took the basket from the boy's hands. 'To-morrow, at Dresden, at the school of St Croix—John Messenius. Now mind all that,' said the professor, as he shook hands and parted with his young protegee.

'The minister was right—the minister was right!' cried Amedee, as he crossed a stile, and scampered over the fields; 'God always sends us succour in our need.' On ran the little boy, light of heart as a young spring butterfly, and hopeful as the morning. 'Hurrah!' he cried, looking ever and anon around him to see that he kept the right track, and to observe that neither of his friends Fabri were on his trail. 'I shall see my mother right soon, and I shall go to Dresden—to the school of St Croix—Professor John Messenius.'

When Amedee arrived at his father's little cottage, a merry shout from his brothers and sisters gave him a joyful welcome; but his mother's eyes filled with tears, and his father looked grave, for they were poor. Oh, poverty! thou inexorable despot, who breakest up the sweetest home-associations, and exilest from hearth and home the sons and daughters of affection, when wilt thou cease to reign omnipotent on earth? And yet, thou cold and cheerless tyrant of the toiler, it is from thy yoke that the brightest and best of humanity's great ones have sprung! It was upon thy barren territory, and under thy cheerless sky, that even the scheme of man's redemption was wrought out! Noble poverty! that sittest like a heavenly glory upon the honest brow, and fallest like a golden mantle over the honest heart! The tears exhaled from the eyes of Amedee's mother in the radiance of her smiles, and his father's face relaxed with beaming hopefulness, when the child recounted his adventure with Professor John Messenius.

It is said that the Germans are musicians by nature, and that the children learn to sing as soon as to speak. It is no uncommon thing to find them singing in choir in their little cottages, and cheering the hours of relaxation from toil with the richest harmonies of melody. Every Sabbath evening fathers, mothers, and children, assemble beneath the ivy-mantled porches at their cottage-doors, and sing those splendid pieces of sacred music which have rendered German psalmody so celebrated, and German manners so soft and refined.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath evening in the summer of 1756, that a stranger passed through the sweet little village of Blessewitz, and as he approached a little cottage, over whose roof hung the green jessamine with its snow-white flowers, and to whose walls clung the white roses of Florence, and from the porch of which came forth the melody of peace and love, he suddenly stood still. The stranger was young and of gallant bearing. His dress was of the most costly material, and of the most splendid fashion. His long dark hair fell in curls over his shoulders, and his dark eyes and black moustache proclaimed him a person of some consideration. 'Ha,' said he, as he listened with evident admiration, 'how beautiful!' and then, without any introduction, he opened the cottage-door, and discovered a father, mother, and children chanting praises, while a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, about eleven years of age, touched, with the most exquisite ability, the tones of a piano. 'What time—what touch—what precision!' said the enraptured stranger, interrupting the family; and then, turning to the father, he exclaimed, 'Your son shall become a splendid musician, sir.'

'Alas, sir!' replied the agriculturist, 'I shall be happy if one day he is able to be master of a school at Blessewitz, for then the children of our village shall not need to trudge on foot daily to Dresden and back again, as our dear Amedee has done himself for three years.'

'A child like that master of a village school!' said the stranger. 'No, no, friend, you must not bury such a treasure in this obscure nook. It is casting a pearl on a dunghill. But tell me who is his singing master?'

'Nature, sir,' said the father, laying his hand proudly on the blushing boy's head.

'And who taught him to touch the piano?'

'His mother a little and I a little, but nature chiefly still,' said the father; 'for the little fellow knows more about it than either his mother or I.'

Amedee looked with surprise at the young and richly-appointed stranger, and then at his father and mother, who seemed delighted to listen to the praises of their son.

'That boy was not born to be a schoolmaster, sir; he was born to be an *artiste*—nature intended him for a musician,' continued the stranger.

'Ah, well, perhaps nature did intend him for a great man, but my labour cannot purchase the means to fulfil nature's intentions; and so poverty, you see, may rob the world of many one who might become a benefactor to mankind.'

'Well, sir,' said the stranger, after a moment's reflection, 'I shall undertake to provide the means. I am known to Professor John Messenius, and he will inform you, as he is a friend of my father, that I am a member of the Chapel Royal at Stockholm. My name is Alberghi. I myself am a musician, on my way to Padua to receive instructions from the celebrated violinist Tartini; and if you will allow your son to accompany me, I shall undertake to give him all the benefit of my knowledge and of Tartini's priceless tuition.'

The idea of parting from their child alarmed the parents, and the thought of quitting home brought fear to the heart and tears to the eyes of Amedee; but those indefinite things called 'prospects' allure both rich and poor, and finally, everything being considered, it was decided in a few days that the young musician should depart for Italy with Alberghi. Professor John Messenius had amply satisfied the peasant John Naumann regarding the family of Alberghi. He bore the best of testimony to the young man's character, praised his abilities as a musician, and even assisted the family of Naumann to prepare for the departure of Amedee.

On the day appointed, Alberghi drove, with his gay barouche, into the village of Blessewitz, and drew up at the door of John Naumann, while all the villagers gathered round to look at the grand equipage, and to wonder at the fortune of Amedee.

'You see, sir, that we are not rich,' said Amedee, as he

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timidly approached his protector, 'but you also see that we are closely bound to one another by love. My mother weeps at my departure; my father does not show it, but I know that he suffers far down in the depths of his good heart: my brothers and sisters sob because I must tear myself from their arms; but you have promised to make me a man of talent, and I will go with you. In my turn I shall obey you as I would my father, and I shall love you as a son.'

'And you shall always find a father in me, my young friend,' said Alberghi, shaking the hand that Amedee offered him.

As the carriage rattled away from John Naumann's cottage-door, all the villagers of Blessewitz shook their heads, and declared that some folks were very fortunate in having sons going away in carriages to make their fortunes. But the tears that were shed that night on a mother's pillow, and the sighs that came from a father's deep, heaving bosom, proved that everybody in Blessewitz was not exactly of that opinion.

Oh, what a wonderful place was Padua, with its old palaces, and towers, and university, and walls, to the wondering peasant-boy of Saxony! How delightful it was to look upon the gardens and lawns that breathed out such sweet scents and smiled up in the sun's bright face, and from which ten thousand flowers laughed into the mirror of heaven! How delightful it was to see the gay barges on the river, and to hear the sounds of voices and of guitars rising from them on the tremulous evening air! 'Oh, Padua was built to be the home of love and music!' cried Amedee; 'I shall soon be a great musician here.'

The first question that Amedee addressed to his protector every morning, after his arrival at Padua, was, 'Shall I take my lesson now?' And the answer—oh, you anticipate it, dear reader, for you heard Alberghi's promises—was, 'Brush my coat, sir;' 'Polish my boots, sir;' or, 'Prepare my breakfast.'

Alberghi would go out and return in the evening, and again the timid question was tremblingly put, with tear-filled eyes, 'Please, sir, shall I take my lesson?'

'We shall see to-morrow,' would be the harsh response of his protector. But the morrow resembled yesterday, and yesterday foreshadowed the morrow; and Amedee saw, with intensest agony, the days glide away without Alberghi appearing to recollect the promises that he had made to his parents. 'I did not come to this fine country to be a valet,' he would mutter to himself, as he lay upon his little couch at night; 'I came to be a pupil,' and then he would weep; but still he concealed his condition from his parents, for he did not wish to afflict them, and he always hoped that better times would come of which to write.

One evening Alberghi ordered him to follow him with his violin-case, and the boy hopefully obeyed the mandate. They repaired to a magnificent palace, where everything seemed prepared for a fete. The gardens were illuminated with variegated lamps, that hung like burning fruits from the trees, and twinkled like diamonds on the marble statues, and artificial temples, and bridges, and barges that floated on the tiny lakes. Servants flitted about in rich liveries, and the salons seemed full of lustrous rainbows. Alberghi took his violin and entered a splendid hall, while Amedee was commanded to remain in the ante-chamber.

Immediately the signal for the concert seemed to be given, for the most ravishing tones of a solo floated towards the enraptured boy's ears, and made the tears start from his eyes. 'Oh, who played—who played?' said the child to a waiter, as the sound died away like the echo of an angel's whisper; 'oh, tell me who played?'

'It was Tartini,' said the servant, with enthusiasm—'the loveliest violinist and the most generous signor in the world. Ah, he is none of your mean, hard scrubs, that only bow and say 'thank you,' when you open a door to them. He has always a scudi in his hand for a poor body, although every one says he is not very rich.'

'Tartini!' cried Amedee—'Tartini! I shall see him to-morrow.'

On the morrow, sure enough, the little Saxon peasant appeared at the hotel of the great musician, who has yet found a rival only in Paganini, and, with his bosom swelling with the magnitude of his purpose, he asked the porter if he could see his master. 'Follow the sounds of his violin, and you shall come immediately to his chamber,' said the man, who seemed to be as gentle as one of Tartini's own airs. Amedee walked rapidly forward for a few steps, and then he stopped suddenly, as if he were entranced, for the same sweet, thrilling tones of yesterday fell on his ravished ear. A woman who passed, seeing the boy, and observing his attitude, asked him, in a low voice, 'What do you want here, child?' but he heard nothing but the sounds of the violin, and the question passed unheeded. 'What ails the boy?' said the old dame, in surprise, as she touched him with her finger; but a faint cry, as if he had been awakened from a dream, was the only response to her query which Amedee vouchsafed; and then, without turning his eyes, he exclaimed, 'Hush! Oh, do not disturb me! That music comes from heaven.'

At these words the old dame burst into a fit of laughter when immediately the violin ceased to sound, the door opened, and Amedee found himself in the presence of an old man, whose long white hair floated round his sweet and benevolent face, and who held in his hand a violin while he smiled and said to the dame, 'Well, what is it now, Blanche?'

'Orpheus made trees and rocks to dance at the sound of his lyre, my husband,' said the old woman, at the same time leading Amedee into the room; 'but you, Tartini, have achieved as great a feat; you can change men into stones. Look at this boy!'

'What do you want, my friend?' said Tartini, with much kindness.

'What I shall never be granted,' cried the boy, while the tears stood in his eyes.

'It is a pity, for your face pleases me, and I feel disposed to befriend you if I can.'

'Oh, if you would,' cried the boy, emboldened by the old musician's manner, 'you would give me new life, and enable me to solace my father and mother, who wept at my leaving home, and my brothers and sisters, who sighed to part with me.'

Tartini interrogated the boy concerning his past and present condition, and, being both interested and pleased with his history, assured him of his protection and instruction. 'But you shall require to know some of the first principles. Do you know the use of the violin bow, my child?' he said to the lad.

'I have already learned all that,' said the boy, mustering courage.

'All that!' said Tartini and Blanche Cornaro, his wife, with surprise; and immediately Tartini placed his violin in the boy's hands.

The child was at first confused at the trial imposed upon him, but the hidden fire of genius shot through his whole frame like electricity and lighted up his cheeks, and he began to play so softly and so correctly that Tartini clasped him in his arms and cried, 'Thou shalt be the best of all my pupils, Amedee Naumann. And who composed that lovely little air?'

'I,' replied the boy, so simply that both of the old people uttered an exclamation of surprise and looked at one another.

'Confound that skulking Amedee,' muttered Alberghi, as he entered Tartini's salon, a few minutes after this scene; 'he has not half polished my boots.'

'Pardon me, Alberghi,' said Tartini, with an arch smile upon his face, as he led Amedee from an ante-room; 'allow me to introduce to you the most promising of all my pupils.' Alberghi was confounded. 'I mean to retain him in my own dwelling,' continued the great master.

Alberghi bowed, and took his place with his violin.

Amedee Naumann remained eight years in Italy, beloved, esteemed, and instructed by the old musician; and then his fame became so great that Gustavus III. made him the most brilliant offers to induce him to play before the Swedish

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court. But the court, nor wealth, nor fame, nor royal friendship, nor the homage of men of genius, could retain Amedee in either Italy or Sweden. He returned to his own dear Saxony, and felt his highest glory and reward for his talents and absence to be his father, mother, brother, and sisters' love.

One day, as he was walking in the park of the elector, at Dresden, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and fell down to rise no more. He died on the 27th of May, 1801, aged fifty-six years, and his country yet honours his name.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FANNY FORESTER.

However much the mental philosopher and political economist may dispute concerning the relative powers and capacities of man and woman, the latter has, indubitably in many instances, preferred and sustained a claim of intellectual equality. Denied a position on the stage of political action, and, for a long season, even denied freedom of thought by a worse than Salic prejudice, woman has nevertheless taken her place in the republic of letters, and maintained the inalienability of her tuitive character. There are few falsehoods so old, or so generally accredited, as that of woman's inferiority to man. It seems to have been one of the worst social consequences of the fall, and to have tended more to perpetuate and aggravate the state of sin and misery than any other idea proceeding from the disobedience and arrogant egotism of man. The human economy divided against itself is the very climax of social enmity. The male half of humanity lording it over the female half perfects the debasing and demoralising condition of social slavery; and the reaction of woman's false position upon man inevitably completes the Cimmerian darkness of the night of sin. Wherever we turn we behold, through the light of history, woman as a slave, and man as her tyrant. To the Jew she was a secondary being; to the barbarian a slave. With the Mussulman she is but the highest creature in the material system; and even in Christendom the question is asked, 'What are woman's rights?' It would have been wonderful if a universal system of feminine degradation had left to man one idea of female equality. Tradition pointed its finger at her as the cause of sin and sorrow; her physical weakness made her an easy object of individual conquest; and the impressible and gentle nature of her sentiments rendered her so yielding that man at length believed the inferiority which he had induced to be the natural condition of her who was made to be his co-mate and equal. It is indisputable that there are individual differences between man and woman, and that they have particular parts to perform in the human economy; but in all questions of unascertained right, woman has a verdict to give as well as man, and she bids us define the rights of man before we attempt to limit those of woman. If we were to distinctly characterise man and woman, we should regard them as the representatives of two great principles—those of force and power; the masculine attributes being vigorous and froward; the feminine gentle and persuasive. The former has held dominion over the material world through science, labour, and war; the dominion of the latter is over the affections of the soul. In the history of English literature we find but scanty records of the activities of woman; and when we do behold her appear in the annals of letters it is not as herself. Succumbing to the masculine prejudice which met her at the gates of Apollo's temple, she adopted the voice of man and accepted the title of 'Blue-stocking.' She believed, at first, that she could not enter the literary circles save as a philosopher and scholar; and so she cast aside the woman and climbed the stilts of the savant.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague's is the first female name, with two or three trifling exceptions, that appears in the catalogue of English authorship, and certainly she does not appear in the most feminine aspect, while the stiff, sententious Johnsonisms of Hannah More, and the wild idealities of Ann Radcliffe, seem to be as unnatural to them, as women, as would be slouched hats and iron-cased spectacles. We may congratulate ourselves, however, that the last thirty years have been especially fruitful of feminine additions to our literature; and they have been so in the true sense of the word. Chaste, beautiful, and full of love, they have flowed from the altar-hearth, and the heart-region of home, to infuse into the general stream of thought the maternal element; to recall, with the silvery tones of woman's voice, the mind too eagerly wrestling with the future, to the memories of youth, and truth, and home, and sisters, and mothers. From the days of Enoch to those of Christ, woman's influence was unseen. She nursed men to walk with God; and, bending over the cradle of her heart's treasures, like Lois and Eunice, breathed holy precepts into the souls of her young Timothies; but it was only when He who wept with Mary and Martha spoke the words of universal human equality that the theory of woman's social restoration was proclaimed; and it is only within a few short years that we perceive her reclaiming, in the arena of letters, the idea of her inferiority. The grand element of woman's character is love; and happily the grand characteristic of our feminine literature is the same. Mrs Hemans, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Mary Howitt, Mrs S. C. Hall, L. M. Child, L. E. Landon, and all the host of stars that fret the dome of the temple of woman's fame, exhibit in their illustrations this beautiful principle. They speak and sing from the heart, and the heart of this great, bustling, cold, and callous world grows softer under the influences of their love-tuned voices. Few names have attained a quicker and wider celebrity than that of 'Fanny Forester,' and few, perhaps, from so dissimilar causes. She first became known as a skilful painter of life and manners, as a rising star in the horizon of literary fame, and then she passed voluntarily away from the admiring eyes of men to an obscure but more admirable position than she had hitherto occupied, or could ever hope to occupy as a mere artist. 'Fanny Forester' is the graceful pseudonymic of one of the sweetest of American female authors; and was assumed instead of the less harmonious title of Miss Emily Chubbuck. The chief features of this gifted and amiable woman's life are striking ones, and are certainly more common in republican America than with us. In her own beautiful story of 'Grace Linden,' these features are strikingly and admirably illustrated. Original poverty is the source from which the strong minds of America spring, and manual labour is the universal means by which the energetic pave their early way to fortune and to fame. No conventional prescriptive millstone crushes down the bold aspirants. Sovereignty is theirs by birth; and, with will and capacity, the highest estate is open to them. Many of the most talented and accomplished women in America have begun life as factory workers. They took the initiative to independent action at Lowell, where, by the labour of their hands, they acquired the means of cultivating their minds. From the mill they have proceeded to the boarding-school, from the boarding-school to the teacher's desk, and from the desk to the homes of the wealthy merchant, the sagacious senator, and the learned professor. The parents of Emily Chubbuck were remarkable only for probity and industry—two remarkable and beautiful attributes which descended to their child. She was born in a sweet rural village of New York, which she has canonised under the designation of Alderbrook; and, by her talents and energy, she attained to a position of high respectability, as a teacher, in her native state. Fouche, who was himself originally a schoolmaster, says that all great men have begun to teach themselves to be great by teaching others; and certes, from the days of Homer to those of Carlyle, examples seem to favour the hypothesis. Emily Chubbuck was teaching school in New York when she essayed her first literary adventure. She came to N. P. Willis, it is said, in the form of a letter and manuscript, both of which captivated the learned Rhadamanthus, and imposed upon that literary credulity which had so oft before been imposed upon. The letter purported to be from a gay laugh-

ing 'Fanny Forester,' yet in her teens, who, longing for a new bonnet and having scarcely wherewithal to purchase it, ventured to present the accompanying tale to the 'Mirror,' and hoped that the editor would think its author worthy of a few dollars. Miss Chubbuck, who still retained the full flushing of the poetry of youth, and whose heart was as fresh as the roses of Alderbrook, had, nevertheless, trod upon the borders of forty years; and, pleased with the fame which her writings suddenly won and the romance of her incognito, she retained her true name and position even from Willis, until circumstances constrained her to divulge them. In 1846, Dr Judson, the celebrated American missionary, sought out Miss Chubbuck in order that she might compile, from the materials in his possession, a biographical sketch of his second wife, Sarah Boardman Judson. She had scarcely finished this work when she consented to take up the cross of her whose life she had been writing; and she is now Mrs Judson, a member of the American mission to Burmah.

In the writings of 'Fanny Forester' there breathes a fresh, joyous spirit of juvenility and love, which is extremely feminine and extremely pleasing; but in her style there is sometimes perceptible that tint which is borrowed from education and effort. The heart that doats over the streams, and flowers, and memories, of sweet Alderbrook, is the heart of happy, hopeful, sunny-souled, little 'Fanny;' but the eye and judgment that analyses and distinguishes the characters of the Alderbrookians, is that of the quick, keen, penetrative, yet kindly schoolmistress.

In 1848, the collected works of Miss Chubbuck, dedicated to her husband, were published at Boston, under the title of 'Alderbrook;' and they amply establish the hopes that were entertained of her as a writer, if providence had not opened up to her what she esteemed to be a more useful path of duty. In every page of her writings is displayed a fine sense of human nature, and a correct appreciation of the proprieties of her narrative. Her inventive powers are regulated by her judgment, and her judgment is tempered by a happy benevolence and an enthusiastic love of nature. The first of her tales, 'Grace Linden,' is in our estimation the best. In Britain it would be an improbable romance, in America it is a natural and very likely history. The writings of 'Fanny Forester' are chiefly tales, but they are modelled in a moral and loving form; they are elegant as compositions, and pleasant as companions; but they are also safe and striking sermons on virtue. She has led the little meek victims of parental vice or worldly neglect forth from the holy obscurity of their suffering, to plead with their pale cheeks and patient eyes at the drunkard's heart and the statesman's bosom; she has lifted the rude garment of the woodsman and the gay robe of the millionaire's child, that men might look into their hearts and behold kindred sentiments and an identical nature. Fanny Forester is a philosopher—a knowing, thoughtful, casual philosopher; but, happily, she is a Christian one, as hopeful and charitable as she is wise. To vice and the causes from which it usually springs she is no stranger; but she can also dissociate deeds from motives, and perceive that feelings, the most holy and noble in themselves, may lead to the commission of actions the most reprehensible.

The literary productions of Fanny Forester exhibit two prominent characteristics—sensibility and love; and that these were really attributes of her character, the events of her life have proven. A love of nature and of humanity, and a keen sensibility towards all that was beautiful and good in them, pervaded her whole soul; but chief and supreme over all her affections was the love of God and of the Saviour; and so she went forth into the dark wilderness of India, with the apostle's scrip and staff to speed the apostolic work. And did she go forth singing glad songs, and casting behind, as vain, the memories which had peopled her fancy and heart since childhood? Ah, no! she left her home willingly, but she left it as woman ever should leave dear home—in tears; and she tore herself away from the kindred of her love with these soft words and blessings on her lips:—

'The hours of my childhood have gone back to their old obliviousness in eternity; youth is on the wing, fleeing—fleeing—fleeing. There is but a narrow shadow lying between my foot and the grave which it seeks—a veil of grey mist, that a few *to-days* will dissolve into—what?—the sickening perfume of dead flowers, or incense grateful to Heaven? This is a beautiful, bright world, made for pure beings. At its birth angels walked among its cool shadows, bent to its bright waters, and inhaled its perfumes; and they fled not, those holy ones, till their wings drooped beneath the defiling heaviness of sin. A false breath played up the brow of man; heedlessly he opened his bosom to it; and there it at once nestled, a fatal poison, ever distilling venom. Still the flowers bloomed; still the waters flashed and sparkled in the warm light; still the breezes waved their censers laden with rich perfume; still the birds carolled; the stars smiled; leaves rustled, kissing each other lovingly; dews slumbered in lily bells and the hearts of roses, and crept around withering roots, and revived fading petals; the sun, and the moon, and the silver twilight, each wrought its own peculiar broidery on earth and sky; but upon the flowers, and the fresh leaves, and the waters, and the breezes, the gay, beautiful birds, and the silent dews, on sun, and moon, and stars, on all, everything of earth, rested the taint of sin. In the morning of this little day of time, what more deliciously sweet than to recline among the blossoming luxuriance of Eden, and worship God there, in his own temple? It was the object of life to enjoy its own blissfulness, and praise Him who gave it. But when, on the whisper of the Tempter, sin came, it brought a change. The poison hid itself among all the beautiful things that we most love, engendering thorns and producing discord: it festered in our hearts, revelled in our veins, and polluted our lips, until the angels veiled their faces in disgust, and man was left with 'no eye to pity, no arm to save.' Then, from the dense cloud, broke forth a ray of glory; a crowned head looked out in pity; divine lips bent to the poisoned wound; and lost, ruined man found a Saviour. He was heralded by angels; angels are still whispering, 'Look! look! live!' That Saviour is standing with love-beaming eyes and arms extended; but men are blind and cannot see his beauty. Shall I sit down among thy flowers, sweet Alderbrook, while my Redeemer is dishonoured, and my brethren, the sons of those who walked with God in Eden, die? 'Faultless, if blinded.'—'The just God will not be angry with those who, not knowing, have not loved him.' Who has said it? Ah! 'The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead; so that they are without excuse.' The beautiful page of hill and dale and sky is spread open to all. I go to teach my brother how to read it. Dear, beautiful Alderbrook! I have loved thee as I shall never love any other thing that I may not meet after the sun of time is set. Everything, from the strong old tree that wrestles with the tempest, down to the amber moss-cup cradling the tiny insect at its roots, and the pebble sleeping at the bottom of the brook—everything about thee has been laden with its own peculiar lesson. Thou art a rare book, my Alderbrook, written all over by the Creator's finger. Dearly do I love the holy truths upon thy pages; but, 'I may not dwell 'mid flowers and music ever;' and I go hence, bearing another, choicer book in my hand, and echoing the words of the angels, 'Look! look! live!' I stand on the verge of the brook, which seems to me more beautiful than any other brook on earth, and take my last survey of the home of my infancy. The cloud, which has been hovering above the trees on the verge of heaven, opens; the golden light gushes forth, bathing the hill-top, and streaming down its green declivity even to my feet; and I accept the encouraging omen. The angel of Alderbrook, 'the ministering spirit' sent hither by the Almighty, blesses me. Father in heaven, thy blessing, ere I go! Hopes full of glory, and oh, most sweetly sacred! look out upon me from the future! but, for a moment, their beauty is clouded. My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lip is very bitter.

Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and aged-dimmed eyes are made dimmer by the gathering of tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here, to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the span is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us—tread we with care! My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eye, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—difficult the path may be, but very bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part nevermore. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by.—Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearth-stone! Bright, beautiful, dear Alderbrook, farewell!'

Soon after her settlement in Maulmain, Mrs Judson was robbed by the natives, to promote whose eternal interest she had left home and friends, of all her clothes, books, and those treasured relics which she carried with her as souvenirs from friends Amid such discouragements, however, listen to the touching and hopeful strains in which she addresses her father:

'A welcome for thy child, father,
A welcome give to-day;
Although she may not come to thee,
As when she went away;
Though never in her olden nest,
Is she to fold her wing,
And live again the days when first
She learn'd to fly and sing.

Oh! happy were those days, father,
When gathering round thy knee,
Stevens sons and daughters called thee sire;
We come again but three:
The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,
And sterner things than death
Have left a shadow on thy brow,
A sigh upon thy breath.

And one—one of the three, father,
Now comes to thee to claim
Thy blessing on another lot,
Upon another name.
Where tropic suns for ever burn,
Far over [illegible] wave,
The child, who [illegible] has loved, would make
Her hearth-stone and her grave.

Thou'lt never wait again, father,
Thy daughter's coming tread;
She ne'er will see thy face on earth,
So count her with thy dead;
But in the land of life and love,
Not sorrowing as now,
She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,
With jewels on her brow.

Perchance!—I do not know, father,
If any part be given
My erring hand, among the guides
Who point the way to heaven;
But it would be a joy untold
Some erring foot to stay;
Remember this when, gathering round,
Ye for the exile pray.

Let nothing here be changed, father,
I would remember all—
Where every ray of sunshine rests,
And now I go; with faltering feet,
I pass the threshold o'er,
And gaze, through tears, on that dear roof,
My shelter nevermore.

Fanny Forester, the sweet and accomplished poetess, has closed her literary career with a poem, which, perhaps, finds few parallels in all the circle of literary history. Bright be her career heavenward, and holy be the mingling of the poetic bays and Christian's wreath of amaranth upon her brow!

A SECOND PLEA FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

This is another appeal from Mr Guthrie's large, deep, philanthropical heart in favour of the destitute, the wretched, and perishing children of the streets. His original 'Plea,' which knocked at the Christian's heart, and asked the Christian's aid in a work which lay all before him, had not the authority of this, for, in addition to all that benevolence, hope, economy, and Christianity could then plead, he has now added the unconquerable arguments of fact and experience. He looked only forward then; now he can look triumphantly back, and exclaim, Behold the fruits!

We cannot conceive of a more interesting path of philanthropy than that followed by the friends of Ragged Schools. We do not know a class that so imperatively and vehemently demands the interposition of humanity as the homeless children of beggary. Mr Guthrie pleads for the little Bohemians of our city with a powerful and eloquent tongue, and would deal charity and knowledge to them freely and liberally as the Gospel commands; but the demands of the perishing are more than the treasury of the Ragged Schools can supply, and hence the necessity for his 'Second Plea.'

It is pleasing to read Mr Guthrie's pamphlet; and yet there are some of the facts which it places before us of a very sad character. The grand and cheering characteristics of the 'Plea' are the fruitfulness of Christian charity, and the abundant capacity exhibited in the children for reformation. We see Christian benevolence working the good work faithfully; and we behold the dark brooding vapours of ignorance and vice in the children's polluted natures yielding to the sunlight of love and kindness. But what strikes us as sorrowful and cruel is the aspect which our criminal jurisprudence assumes towards these children, as viewed from the enlightened testimony of our admirable sheriff-substitute, Mr Jameson. Referring to the number and character of juvenile offenders whom it has been his misfortune to try, he makes the following remarks:—

'As far as my experience goes, this system of awarding short imprisonments in the case of these young offenders produces none of the effects for which punishment is intended. It neither deters nor reforms. On the contrary, it seems only to harden the heart and destroy the character. By the time the case permits the judge to award an imprisonment of sufficient duration to give any rational prospect of benefit to the individual in the way of moral and religious instruction, the character is generally lost irretrievably. The evil is increased by the faulty constitution of the Police Courts, in which a number of unprofessional magistrates sit, who change every month, and who, differing in opinion in regard to the objects of penal discipline, pronounce every variety of sentence. The consequence is, that the punishment being uncertain and variable, as well as inadequate, the evils of short imprisonments are increased: they become a subject of mockery among the criminals themselves; and these convictions become a sort of training school for crime. Between the three years from 1843 to 1846, as appears from a published report of the governor of the Edinburgh Prison, 740 children under fourteen years of age had been committed to that prison. It is painful to think that, in the case of the mass of these unhappy beings, their sentence had no other effect than to extinguish any fear they previously entertained of the prison, and destroy any prospect of obtaining

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situation of the magistrate who is bound to sentence children from nine to fourteen years of age to repeated short imprisonments, with the moral certainty that each sentence is rendering them more hardened in crime, and diminishing the prospect of any improvement in their character or habits. To Mr Watson, sheriff-substitute of Aberdeenshire, belongs the merit of first organising an institution for arresting this great evil. He has conclusively shown the practicability of placing almost the whole destitute and neglected children of a large town in Industrial Schools, before they are destroyed by short imprisonments, and, by means of a system of religious instruction and industrial training, reclaiming them from habits of idleness and vice. It has been publicly acknowledged, that his system has already effected a great saving to the criminal expenditure of the county. Sheriff Watson endeavoured to stimulate his brother sheriff to make a similar experiment in Edinburgh; but it was not until the Rev. Mr Guthrie took up the cause, that the public attention was awakened to the subject in a way to make the attempt feasible. Since these schools have been formed in Edinburgh, as Convener of the Acting Committee, as well as in the performance of my public duties, I have watched their progress with deep interest. I have frequently taken it upon me to send very young offenders to the schools instead of the prison, having first made careful inquiry into the circumstances of each case, and the history and habits of the party, and also conversed with and obtained the consent of the parents or nearest relatives, where they could be found. Some of the most interesting children in the schools were admitted in this way. I cannot say that I ever saw cause to regret making the experiment. On the contrary, after watching the conduct and progress of those young boys and girls for many months, I have been delighted to observe a steady advancement, not only in habits of attention and industry, but also in the knowledge of those sacred truths which can alone regenerate our fallen nature, and permanently affect the heart. In many instances, those children who had lived in habits of vagrancy, and commenced a course of crime, have given evidence of a degree of improvement under the discipline of these schools, such as I have never known to follow any of the repeated imprisonments I have been obliged to award in other cases.'

It will be seen by the above testimony with what prospects, in a cycle of three years, 740 children under 14 years of age were committed to prison; and, when such a fearful number of juvenile delinquents as this are thus sent to be hardened by the punitive system of the prison, oh, is there not cause for Christian men to try and snatch its victims from the law, and to soften them by the exercise of love? Let the following facts plead for themselves:

'In regard to the number of these unhappy children, it may be proper to state, for the information of those who have not read the first 'Plea' we ventured on, that, while engaged in writing it, we had statistics to demonstrate, that within this city there were at least 1000 children growing up in total ignorance and to certain crime, whose only hope of being saved from misery lay in the opening of an adequate number of Ragged Schools. We had certain proof of 1000, and every reason to believe that the number of these outcasts was not less than 2000. We have reason to give glory to God that that 'Plea,' put forth in fear and trembling, was blessed to open the eyes and awaken the sympathies of many. Good has been done; but how much remains undone! To ascertain this, we requested our Superintendent to visit the other Ragged Schools in Edinburgh, and get an account of the numbers attending them and our own. These are nearly about as follows:—

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Assuming that there are no more than 1000 outcast children in Edinburgh at present, then we leave more than the half to perish. At that low calculation we bring off from the wreck little more than a third; and if, as is more probable, the number rises, not to 1000, but to 2000, there are now more than 1500 children within this city who are growing up to misery, to disturb and disgrace society with their crimes, to entail on the country an enormous expense, and to supply with their hopeless and unhappy victims our Police Office and prisons. How hard and melancholy their lot! These 1500 children furnish 1500 arguments for our schools; and while one solitary victim remains unsaved, and so long as one is left hanging on the wreck, we shall have standing ground firm as the truth of God on which to appeal, both to the justice and generosity of the public. So much for numbers. It may be well that the reader should next be furnished, from an actual description of the case, with some idea of the state in which these children are found. We select a few of these, and give them, as copied from our books, or the record of the Police Office. *Case* 1. 'John H——, seven years of age, has been in the habit of sleeping in stairs, or wherever he can find shelter, and was sent to our school from the Police Office, where he was well known as a juvenile mendicant. He deserted school thirteen times; and when our teachers despaired of breaking in this young savage, a sister of about eight years old appeared at the school, as wild, wandering, and wayward as himself. The report says, that the change on these children is such, that, instead of being a pest, they are now a pleasure.' *Case* 2. 'Anne B——, thirteen years of age, was sent here from the Police Court, having been convicted of public begging. She could read none, having never been at any school. Her mother is dead, and her father has long since deserted her. Her uncle resides in town,—goes to no church,—but keeps a low lodging-house in a mean locality. There are twelve beds in his house, and each of these is generally occupied by three or four persons. She had to carry drink to the lodgers at all hours of the night; and her fortune was, sometimes to get a bed for herself, sometimes none at all. This poor girl, so nigh to destruction, has been rescued from circumstances which would have speedily ended in her ruin. She has found a Saviour and an asylum in our Ragged School: and now, sheltered at night beneath the roof of a decent widow, she is happy, contented, and willing to do well.' *Case* 3. 'Jane T——, about eleven years of age. She has been wandering about the town, begging in ordinary, and stealing when she could; sleeping on stairs, or wherever a place could be found for her head to lie on, along with her brother, who is such another outcast and wanderer. She was sent to our school from the Police Court. Their case, as well as many others, proves the early power of evil habits, and how difficult it is to tame these Arabs of the city. The day after being received into the school they both deserted. There was reason to believe the boy had committed some crime, for which he had been thrown into jail. The girl was sought for: the lost sheep was found; and, by her excellent behaviour, she now promises, with God's blessing, to reward all the care and kindness she has received.'

The importance and utility of these normal institutions are being extensively acknowledged and appreciated; and in order to furnish information and induce a general sympathy upon the subject of Ragged Schools, the Ragged School Union of London now issues a monthly magazine, with reports of operations and plans for extending and perfecting the same.

There are many touching and powerfully affecting anecdotes told by Mr Guthrie in his 'Second Plea,' and in the front there are two most graphic and tell-tale illustrations. To us, however, there is scarcely a more affecting description than that of the simple routine of the school:—

'All the scholars leave their homes or lodging-houses, and assemble within our walls, at seven o'clock in the morning in summer, and eight in winter. The first passage they go through, in the way of exercise, is a purifying one: they doff their rags, and march for some three or four yards under the cooling, cleansing, and copious showers of a large bath. Attiring themselves in the school

dress,—their ordinary attire being subjected to a high temperature, for the purpose of destroying infection and all *et ceteras*—they work an hour, and then (grace being said by one of the children) have a comfortable breakfast of oatmeal porridge. So much of the day is spent in bodily labour,—so much in receiving instruction,—under the head of which we endeavour to communicate an extensive knowledge of the Bible, and a large amount of religious truth, for the purpose of bringing the child to God; since we believe that, while true of all children, it is emphatically and especially true of these, that 'the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.' They dine at mid-day; and after having partaken, about seven o'clock in the evening, of another diet of oatmeal porridge, they are sent away happy to their homes, to cheer sometimes even these dark and dreary abodes with those lessons of piety and hymns of praise which they have learned in our school.'

If there is one broad platform in all the province of humanity which admits of the exercise of a generous catholicity, it is this of Ragged Schools. The wretched barbarian children of the streets are mere nothings as regards a moral or religious nature—nothings as regards relationships. They have been physically born, but of the moral or religious birth they are destitute. The mere circumstance of natural relationship does not constitute fatherhood or motherhood; there are moral and religious obligations as necessary to a complete parentage as the animal relation; so that, although associated with their vile parents, we believe it to be the duty of Christians to take these children and supply them with ideas as well as with food and employment. We trust that this eloquent appeal of Mr Guthrie will produce as abundant fruit as did his former treatise; and that he will yet be able to look upon the scenes of his holy and generous labours, and to say with a swelling and happy heart, 'Lord, I thank thee, thy will is being done.'

WILD FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

'WILD FLOWERS in January! Who but a mad-brained poet ever dreamed of such a phenomenon?' we fancy we hear some sceptical reader exclaim, as he reads the title of our paper; and in truth we have some doubts as to whether we ought so early in the year to begin again our search after those beautiful 'stars of earth' which have long since ceased to twinkle and shine amid the waving grass of the verdant mead, on which the rich sunlight loves to bask—or in the twilight shade of the umbrageous wood, consecrated to the sister spirits of silence and solitude—or on the brink of the gliding river, where, as they trembled in the breeze and glittered in the sunshine, they seemed of a like nature with the golden ripples that quivered and flashed beneath them, so that we almost expected to see them go whirling away with the eddying waters, or to note their sudden disappearance, or playful change of form and position, which is characteristic of those dancing shapes which spring to birth whenever and wherever light and crystal waters meet in dalliance; but, alas!

> We look in vain for verdant meads, whereon
> The sunshine lieth like a sleeping child;
> The leafy umbrage of the woods is gone,
> And all is bare, and desolate, and wild;
> The river flows not, singing, as it goes,
> Unto the dancing wild flowers on its banks—
> A bright-hair'd sisterhood, that sank and rose
> With every breeze, and seem'd to render thanks
> For that soft melody, that gurgling voice,
> Now silenced by rude winter's icy hand.
> No more in their bright presence we rejoice!
> Where are they gone, that fair yet fragile band?
> Where? questioner, turn heavenward thine eyes:
> 'Tis night—behold the flowers, o'erblossoming the skies!

Yes, well and soothly has it been said that 'stars are the flowers of heaven,' even as 'flowers are the stars of earth;' and when those beautiful adorners of our terrestrial and transitory abiding-place are all withered and dead, hearts to the contemplation of higher and holier things than can be met with here, do the number and the radiance seem to increase of those shining forms that sprinkle the expanse of that celestial realm where we are taught to look for our everlasting habitation. Let us dwell upon this pretty conceit—if you will call it so, reader—for a short time, and hear what the poets have said about it. Was it Robert Montgomery, who, describing a night scene, told how

> 'The vast concave *blossom'd* out in stars?

We believe so. And how finely does the true American poet Longfellow allude to the saying of Goethe, that 'flowers were the stars of earth,' and moralise upon this apparently simple, yet in reality lofty, theme!—

> 'Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
> One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
> When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
> Stars that in earth's firmament do shine:
>
> Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
> As astrologers and seers of old,
> Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
> Like the burning stars which they beheld.
>
> Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
> God hath written in those stars above:
> But not less in the bright flowerets under us
> Stands the revelation of his love.
>
> Bright and glorious is that revelation,
> Written all over this great world of ours,
> Making evident our own creation
> In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.'

We should like to quote on, but must forbear, with a recommendation to such of our readers as have not read this beautiful poem, to get Longfellow's 'Voices of the Night,' wherein this, and many more equally fine, will be met with. Then there is another American poet, N. P. Willis, who describes

> 'Mild Sirius, touch'd with dewy violet,
> Set like a flower upon the breath of eve,'

reminding us of Wordsworth's exquisite simile—

> 'A violet, by a mossy stone
> Half-hidden from the eye,
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky;'

and another, scarcely less beautiful, having reference, however, to a greater orb of light, by Miss C. L. Reddel, whose dramatic sketch, 'the Vision,' which appeared in 'Ward's Miscellany,' vol. ii., is full of poetic beauties. The moon, she tells us—

> 'Lay like the lily of the heavens, placed
> In light amid the lochs of darkness.'

Listen, too, how Dr Darwin addresses the stars—

> '*Flowers of the sky!* ye, too, to time must yield,
> Frail as your silken sisters of the field.'

And the German poet, Rampach, what says he?—

> 'The stars show fairly in the darksome night;
> They *gem* like flowers the carpet of the sky.'

And he is not the only one, by many, who have likened both stars and flowers to gems. The former have often been called the 'jewellery of heaven,' and the old pastoral poet, William Browne, describes a bevy of maidens gathering flowers, as engaged

> 'In plucking off the *gems* from Tellus' hair.'

If Lord Byron might with truth exclaim—

> 'Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!'

so, with equal truth, might we say—

> 'Ye flowers, which are the poetry of earth!'

For what the stars are to the concave above us—beautifiers and adorners—such are the flowers to the earth beneath and around us; both are equally suggestive of pure and ennobling thoughts, and of lovely images and pleasant associations. The latter have been likened to sunshine, also. It is Vincent Thompson who walks abroad—

> 'When flowers, the *scented sunshine of the earth*,
> Sparkle on every spot like bright-eyed day.'

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will return to it with the lines of the Persian poet, Firdusi, who describes how—

> 'The bright sun sank down into the ocean:
> The black night followed in haste;
> *The stars came forth like flowers,*
> And heaven was like a garden.'

And now to conclude this short ramble among flowers, celestial and terrestrial, let us quote a piece of prose poetry, or poetical prose—which you please, reader—from 'Time's Telescope, for 1830:' 'During the evenings of the spring and summer months, as the gentle twilight steals on the path, the eyes may be elevated from the carpet to the canopy of nature, and, as the gathering shades prevail, alternately admire the clustering Hyacinth and the retiring Pleiades—the tufted Primose and the advancing Arcturus—the tender Violet, whose fragrance indicates its lowly bed, and the soft azure of the evening sky. As the season advances, and other flowers spring from the earth, and other stars gain in the heavens, we may hail the opening bud of the Rose, and the bright star in the hand of the Virgin—the glowing Poppy, and the red star Antares—the graceful Lily in all its varieties, and Gamma in the Northern Crown—while the gay and infinitely diversified Aster is connected with the return of the splendid train of Taurus, Orion, and their bright companions. Thus are these pleasing demonstrations of the Divine Being, which indicate so much tenderness and love, so associated with the magnificent display of creative power, that the mind cannot fail to perceive the same wisdom manifested, whether in the germination of a seed and the unfolding of a flower, or in the rolling of an orb and the support of a system—

> 'All acts to him are equal; for no more
> It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
> And set a sun amidst the firmament,
> Than mould a dewdrop and light up its gem.'

But the Flowers—the wild flowers!—what of them? Have none yet arisen from their winter slumber, and shown themselves above the earth, which erewhile lay wrapped in a snowy winding-sheet, and is now all miry with the fall of frequent showers. Well, let us search awhile, and we may perhaps find something to reward our trouble—some cheering indications of vegetable life and beauty, which may assure us that the spring will ere long be with us once again fresh and joyous. Lo, here, now! what is this which looks like a single white rose fully expanded, only that the petals are larger than are those of the fragrant summer flower; and the plant, too, is altogether different, growing close to the earth, and having no need for fibrous stems and branches to support the blossoms—that is the Hellebore *(Helleborus Niger)*, or Christmas Rose, a medicinal herb believed by the Egyptian and Greek physicians of old to possess extraordinary virtues, but not much used or esteemed by modern practitioners. It was thought to be a certain cure for madness, and hence arose the proverbial saying applied to persons whose mind appeared affected in any extraordinary way, *naviga ad anticyram*—'sail to Antichyra'—an island in the Gulph of Corinth, where the Hellebore grew very abundantly. Should any of our readers desire to look upon a picture of this winter flower, here is one drawn by the pencil of Darwin, who makes his plants personifications of the passions and emotions which animate the human breast:—

> 'Bright as the silvery plume or pearly shell,
> The snow-white Rose or Lily's virgin bell,
> The fair *Helleborus* attractive shone,
> Warm'd every sage and every shepherd won.'

And Chambers, too, describes it as—

> 'Triumphant over winter's power,
> And sweetly opening to the sight;
> 'Midst chilling snows, with blossoms fair
> Of pure and spotless white.'

So wonderful seemed the blossoming of this plant amidst the rigour of winter to our superstitious ancestors, that they deemed it a miracle wrought by the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. Its nature is very poisonous, and the scent of a single flower in a confined space has been known to produce very alarming and dangerous symptoms; so we will be careful how we plant and where we bestow it, for a blossom we must have for our January wreath, which shall be twined around—what? Let us see: oh! a slender branch or two of the Laurustinus, which is yet gay with its load of clustering blossoms, seeming, as Phillips tells us, to say, 'I'll tarry with you till your friends return, and cheer the scene with my pale pink buds and pure white petals.' This, however, by the way, is not a native of our northern clime, and should not therefore have been introduced here, perhaps; but we are too short of wild flowers just now to be very particular; so let it remain to form the framework of our garland, to which we have attached, as the crowning beauty, the ivory-petalled Christmas Rose. And now for a bunch, to place on either side, of the sweet-scented Coltsfoot *(Tussilago Fragrans)*. This, again, is not an indigenous plant; but we find it in almost every cottage-garden, and as widely diffused amongst us as though it sprung spontaneously from the soil. The fragrant stranger has not been with us half a century either; its introduction from the gardens of the Continent took place in 1806. It has been called the Heliotrope of the open gardens, and Phillips has attached to it the motto, 'You shall have justice,' because such was the exclamation of M. Villan of Grenoble, who found it at the foot of Mount Pilat—in his astonishment that it should not have been noticed and cultivated before. We know not that any poet has offered a tribute to this winter flower, whose pale lilac-tinted blossoms would perhaps be but seldom noticed were it not for the powerful odour, very much like that of the Heliotrope, which they exhale.

> When all other scents have fled,
> In the winter months so dreary
> When all other flowers are dead,
> And the heart grows cold and weary,
> Longing for the balmy hours
> Of the lagging spring—
> Longing for the leafy bowers,
> And bright creatures on the wing,
> Tussilago, then 'tis sweet
> To exhale thy soft perfume,
> And thy lilac blooms to greet
> 'Mid surrounding gloom.

The Aconite—the hardy little yellow Aconite! we must have that in our wreath, for all that it is a very poisonous plant, and principally known as a garden flower. What uncomplimentary things Virgil and other poets have said about some members of its family we shall not stop to repeat, as 'the Monk's Hoods' will more properly come into another paper. We must just, as we twine its pale yellow flowers with the scanty materials we have been able to gather, compose a line or two in its praise:—

> Thou comest, early Aconite,
> With blossoms fair, to deck the ground,
> When few that in such things delight
> May walk where thou art found;
> Content to beautify the earth,
> Though none thy modest charms may scan,
> And die, as thou hadst sprung to birth,
> Unnoted by proud man.

And these, with a bunch of the Red Dead Nettle, which is now in flower, are all that we can now procure for our wreath, except we are fortunate enough to find an early Daisy or two in some low-lying meadow, and a Primrose peeping out before its time from beneath the sheltering bank; and this brings us very close upon the confines of FEBRUARY—quite, indeed, up to the boundary-line between the two months. Suppose we overstep it, and gather the flowers which may be found there also. 'Tis a chill and cheerless region that we have before us—plenty of mud and mire, and all sorts of uncomfortable things. The frost has broken up, and the thick clouds have gathered overhead, and are pouring down rain, and hail, and sleet, with an assiduity and copiousness truly astonishing, considering the quantity of moisture which has already fallen in the shape of snow-flakes, which are now melting on the uplands and mountains, and helping to deluge the vales and plains; so that 'cold February' might well, as described by Spenser, come sitting

> 'In an old waggon—for he could not ride—
> Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
> Which through the flood before did softly glide,
> And swim away.'

But let us not be discouraged; for ever and anon the clouds break away, and glimpses of the blue sky are seen, and gleams of sunshine break out, and mild airs play around, on which are wafted the odour of the coming spring-flowers; and here we have a whole group of blossoms of the

'Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.'

And, look! some Violets, too,

'Like reflected stains
From cathedral panes.'

Both somewhat before their time; none the less welcome, however, for being out of season, which circumstance prevents our saying much about them at present. And here,

'Like pendant flakes of vegetating snow,'

as Mrs Barbauld hath it, swing gracefully to the play of the rude winds the 'Fair Maids of February,' the pure white blossoms of the Snowdrop *(Galanthus Nivalis)*, that old favourite of the poets, in honour of which we could quote pages upon pages of mellifluous verse—the flower dedicated by our Catholic ancestors to the Virgin Mary, and always planted in the old monastic gardens—the flower so touchingly, winningly beautiful, that all who look upon it must love it—

'The frail Snowdrop
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fix'd like a pale and solitary star,'

as Barry Cornwall describes it. But we must hastily snatch a few of its ivory blossoms, pendant from their smooth stems of emerald, and away, lest we be beguiled into the maze of poetical associations which invest it, and so irreclaimably lose ourselves. Stay, one moment's pause, while we pluck these few

'Crocuses, like drops of gold
Scatter'd o'er the deep brown mould,'

and these other purple ones, that resemble so many tiny spires of lilac-tinted flame. We shall have more to say about these anon, and of the Hepaticas, too, with which—

'Here blushing Flora paints the enamell'd ground,
Where frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves!'

as Pope sings. But now we fancy that our garland is tolerably complete, and it is no such despicable one after all, considering the rigorous season of the year in which it is entwined.

Since we sang our 'Dirge for the Flowers,' we have had little leisure and less heart to write upon floral subjects. This is our first offering to the new year; and if not so genial and hearty a one as we could have wished it—if not so rich in floral treasures as others have been, yet is it the best we have to offer. By and by we shall have the wreath of the spring months—the boisterous March, and the changeable April, and the merry laughing May—at our disposal, and *then*—but let us not promise too much. Will our readers accept, in place of the song with which we generally head our papers, the following paraphrase of a seasonable picture, drawn some centuries agone by the old Scotch poet and bishop Gawain Douglas?—

The moors and spreading heaths assumed a barren mossy hue,
And wither'd were the ferns that in the miry fallows grew;
The cattle, with their reeking sides, look'd heavy, rough, and dank,
And white and bare each hill became, and bottom-land, and bank.
The red reeds wavered in the dykes, and icicles, like spears,
Hung from the rocks and craggy steeps, where gush'd the fountain's tears;
Bereft of herbs and grass, the soil was dusky-hued and grey;
The holts, the forests, and the woods, were stripp'd of their array.
So loud and shrill his bugle-horn the boisterous Boreas blew,
That to the dells and shelter'd spots the lonely deer withdrew,
And small birds, flocking to the briars, to shun the icy gale,
Changed their loud pipings to a low and melancholy wail.
The fierce down-leaping cataracts and waterfalls roar'd loud,
And to the wind each linden tree its creaking branches bow'd;
The wet and weary labourers were draggled in the fens,
And sheep and shepherd shelter sought 'neath rocks amid the glens.

Warm from the blazing chimney-side, refresh'd with generous cheer,
I stole to bed. The wintry moon was shining wan and drear;
Her twinkling glances on the panes play'd with a sickly light,
And shrieking horribly was heard the horned bird of night.

I slept till dawn, when clapp'd his wings the cock, and thrice he crew;
A flock of geese, with screechings loud, o'er the still city flew;
And then I saw the paly moon sink in the misty skies,
And heard the jackdaws stirring on the roof with cackling cries.
The cranes, prognosticating storms, in a firm phalanx pass'd,
And pierced the ear with voices shrill as is a trumpet's blast;
A kite upon a tree, which stood hard by my chamber's side,
In sign of the approaching day, most lamentably cried.

I rose, my window oped, and gazed upon the landscape out:
All things were cheerless, livid, wan, and hoary round about.
Above, the air was overwhelm'd with clouds and vapours grey;
Beneath, the ground was stiff, and rough, and dreary every way.
The piercing blast with driving sleet had filled each miry track,
Where branches rustled at the sides, all naked, bare, and black;
To stubble, and the roots of trees, did frozen dewdrops hold,
And hailstones, hopping on the hatch, were sharp and deadly cold.

Let us finish the picture which the good Bishop of Dunkeld has bequeathed to posterity, in some such a way as he no doubt intended.

I hied me back unto my bed, and sank to rest again,
And in my dreams I heard sad sounds of misery and pain;
A host of shivering naked ones, with faces gaunt and pale,
Were crowding round me as I lay, each with some piteous tale;
And then I pray'd, or seem'd to pray, for all of humankind
That could not in this season cold, nor food nor shelter find;
'And yet, good Lord!' methought I cried, 'I'm warmly clothed alway,
And housed, and fed, though I deserve no mercies more than they.'

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

INDEPENDENCE.

TRAIN a young man to that independence of character which rests much on his own resources. The rich and the indolent procure others to do for them what the less rich and more active do for themselves. The former, depending on others, surrender their self-command; the latter, trusting in their own exertions, are independent.

Society requires for its order and harmony the reciprocal exchange of services and civilities, and cheerfully perform your part; but in the common occurrences of life, commit not to another what you can conveniently manage yourself.

A youth, who, in early life, has been accustomed to make, repair, and handle the articles of his amusement, acquires the free use of his hands and the ready exercise of his ingenuity. On the contrary, one who, by dependents or friends, is relieved from the labour of those little affairs, loses his manual dexterity and prompt ingenuity, and seems to have the use of his hands only for the purposes of animal existence.

The laws of corporeal and mental training in many points are analogous. Save a youth the trouble of thought, and you render him helpless and unfit for the active duties of life. Instruct him to think, to resolve, to act, and you prepare him to perform his part in the various relations of society.

Youth must be governed, but the pupilage of authority must be gradually relaxed as a youth requires the habit of self-government, and this is one of the most important duties of parental authority. If authority is too soon resigned, the youth becomes wilful and imperious; if it is too long continued, he remains destitute of that confidence which imparts decision to character.

MISFORTUNE.

In our several pursuits, difficulties may retard our course, and disappointments harass our mind; but these are ordained by Providence to sustain our energy and confirm our fortitude—to reward us with the pleasure of activity, and establish our confidence in divine goodness.

Difficulties, disappointments, misfortunes, and sorrows in the formation of the character, to those who know how to profit by them, are as the dark shades in painting that are necessary to beauty, or the discords in music that are necessary to harmony.

The evils of humanity, though grievous to our nature, are appointed by infinite wisdom for our physical and moral discipline. Instead, then, of indulging in vain complaint against the common evils of life, let us meet them according to the beneficent intention which permits them, and convert them to the improvement of our virtues.

The above rule, however, may be carried to a blameable extent. If we reckon among the natural and inevitable evils of humanity the adverse events which result from our own imprudence, folly, or vice, we do injustice to the Omnipotent in charging to his divine administration what originates from ourselves.

Assuredly if one brings on himself any calamity by his own misconduct, Providence must be justified, and the charge fall on himself. But to every such evil divine wisdom attaches a penalty; and to mitigate or remove the penalty, the cause must be expiated by repentance and reformation.

We are capable, to a considerable extent, of discovering the good and the evil that lie before us. Every physical and moral evil has its premonitions warning us of danger. If, with divine aid, we exert ourselves to foresee the evil, and avail ourselves of its warning premonitions—if we hold fast our integrity so that conscience shall not condemn us—in distress we may say with pious resignation, 'This is from Heaven.'

CHARITY.

In a primitive and virtuous society, poverty is modest and unfeigned; and charity, which is the bounty of kindred sympathy, can scarcely be indiscreet. In a civilised and corrupt community, idleness and vice, under the garb of mendicity, frequently impose on humanity, and in such a state, charity requires the guidance of discretion.

Commiseration and relief are due to distress; and to these duties we are called by every natural, rational, and sacred impulse of our nature. Sympathy urges us to feel for all that is human. Our noblest powers prompt us as men to assist the great family of man; and if we love our Maker, we will love our fellow-beings, and love delights in relieving distress

Charity, at least public charity, consists not so much in the kind heart that commiserates and the bountiful hand that relieves, as in the prevention of poverty, the promotion of industrious habits, the establishment of forethought and frugality, the spread of useful information, and the elevation of the moral principle.

Prodigality and parsimony deserve equal condemnation; it is the middle point between them where the rule of prudential expenditure is to be found. A person collects with parsimony, another spends with prodigality, but neither in the possession of the one nor in the expenditure of the other is there real enjoyment.

Parsimony congeals the kind and social affections at their source; prodigality allows them to flow, but it exhausts them, corrupts them, and spreads around a noxious contagion. Preserve your desires in the happy medium of prudent economy, and avoid the sordid love of accumulating wealth, as well as the ruinous passion of squandering it.

A prodigal wastes his fortune without honour and without enjoyment, and with his fortune loses his wealth and character. A wise man partakes of the comforts suitable to his station—neglects not to make a provision for the future—and while he lives to himself, he lives also to society in his acts of beneficence.

FASHION.

Attention to decent and becoming dress is a duty which a person owes to himself and to society. Slovenly dress below one's station, and superb dress above it, are equally censurable. The one evinces a careless or proud disregard of society, the other a vain and finical taste destitute of sound judgment.

The beauty of an object is derived from the general harmony of its parts, and from its fitness for the place it occupies. Propriety of dress, therefore, consists not in what is grand and costly, but in what is modest and unobtrusive, expressive of correct judgment as well as of good taste, and in accordance with fortune, character, and age.

Eagerly to follow after the fashion is the proof of a frivolous mind, as it is of an austere mind sternly to reject it. A man of good sense and good morals avoids singularity; he yields to every innocent custom, and is singular only (when singularity is required) in propriety, decency, and virtue.

To the customs of the world, when not inconsistent with propriety and decency, give up every trifling predilection, but not your integrity and peace. Hold fast your integrity and peace, and bravely resist when compliance would be the sacrifice of both.

It is not when customs are familiar, but when they are new that we can appreciate their true character. We become insensible to the ridicule, and even inapitude of objects that are constantly before us, and also of ideas that are habitually present in our minds.

The word fashion, not in dress only, but also in general manners, has an attractive charm to many people. If its influence is confined to trifling observances, it evinces a frivolous mind, and is ridiculous. If it infringes on propriety and decency of deportment it is highly censurable If it has the least tendency to induce compliances contrary to health or to virtue, no language can sufficiently reprehend it.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination is the effect of slothful disposition; and, when confirmed into habit, it is one of the most pernicious habits of social life. Activity, punctuality, and perseverance—prime qualities in every human pursuit—procrastination opposes and counteracts, and, on this account, it is to be severely reprehended in youth.

An action is to be done to-day, but indolence postpones it till to-morrow. The postponement of a necessary duty vexes the mind, and this secret vexation disposes it to shrink from the very thought of the neglected duty, as it does from self-reproach, and the duty is either wholly abandoned or negligently performed.

A bad habit rises in strength, as the power to resist it sinks in weakness; and, if the duties of to-day are deferred till to-morrow, how is diminished power to combat successfully augmented habit? If indolence shrinks from a duty to-day, it will be more inclined to do so to-morrow. Procrastination is not only the purloiner of time by its lethargic power, it also is the destroyer of the most precious qualities of the human mind.

Observe punctuality in the distribution of your time and in the discharge of your duties; allot each portion of time to its appropriate duty, and defer not to the next hour what should be done in the present. Whatever you are engaged in give it your undivided attention—nothing judicious can be planned without reflection, and nothing meritorious executed without perseverance.

END OF VOLUME II. (NEW SERIES.)

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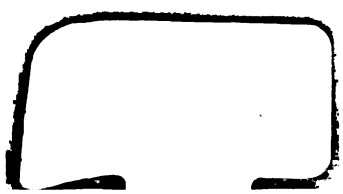

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